'*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*'

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

VOLUME XVI.

FROM JULY 4, 1857, TO DECEMBER 12, 1857.

Being from No. 380 to No. 403, and also including the Extra Number and a half for Christmas.

LONDON:
OFFICE, 16, WELLINGTON STREET NORTH.
1857.

LONDON:
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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No 380.] SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1857 {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

SUPERSTITIONS AND TRADITIONS.

The pedigree of Superstition is easily traced She is the offspring of Ignorance and Fear, and has fully developed with her growth the qualities of both her parents. She has unfortunately been very long-lived, and it is almost a question, whether she will ever die, Tradition, her daughter (whose sire was Custom), sustaining her existence with a devotion more than commonly filial Superstition is a hag that always rides in darkness, but we occasionally, even now, get glimpses of her flight, and the time is not so very far gone by since she was a constant guest not only in pauperum tabernas (the habitation of the poor), but regumque turres (in the palaces of kings also). Napoleon's Red Man, the Black Huntsman of Fontainebleau, the Spectre of the Tuileries, and other examples nearer home, demonstrate the great unwillingness of Superstition to shift her ground when once she gets into high places, while there is scarcely any one we meet, of our own or of a lower degree, who has not some tradition to tell, in which an implicit belief in an inexplicable superstition is the unalterable feature I have myself a story of this kind to repeat, at no very distant day, but in the meantime I confine the present subject to certain details of belief and observance

Let me begin with a singular account of a very curious people, the Aparctians, of whom I meet with a description in the Dictionnaire Infernal, of M. J. Collin de Plancy, a somewhat rare and rather remarkable volume The Aparctians, as their name implies, inhabit the frozen north. They are transparent as crystal, and their feet are as sharp and narrow as skates, a peculiarity which enables them to get over the ground—or rather the ice—at a most tremendous pace. Their beards are long, but they wear them at the end of the nose instead of the chin, which makes it probable that they may be icicles. They have no tongue, but in its place they clatter musically with their teeth, which are not separated from each other, but form two solid pieces. They never go out of doors in the daytime (perhaps the icy caverns, in which they dwell, have no doors), and the perpetuation of their race is insured by drops of perspiration, which congeal and become Aparctians (a simple and natural process, when once the necessary perspiration is obtained) That all things in the habits of this people may be conformable, they worship a white bear. M de Plancy's authority states, that they are not often met with,—which is probable.

From the Pole to the Equator is a long stride, but the local colour produces similar effects What the Aparctians are to northern wanderers, the race called Tibalang are to the native inhabitants of Borneo and Sumatra, with only the difference between a past and a present existence. The Tibalangs are phantoms, which the aborigines believe they see hovering over the tops of certain very old trees, in which they are persuaded that the souls of their ancestors have taken up their abodes. They describe them as of gigantic stature, with long hair, small feet, painted bodies, and outstretched wings of enormous size,—not very unlike the Vampire bat, magnified by superstitious dread.

But, there is no need to visit hyperborean regions, or to voyage between the tropics in search of the præternatural, when a steamer from Southampton can take us in twelve hours to the coast of Brittany, where, if we carefully look up the traditions of the inhabitants, we may find the means of filling a tolerably large wallet with the materials which travellers are commonly said to dispense so freely. Abundant in all parts of the ancient Duchy, there is no district in which traditions are more deeply rooted than in the department of Finistère,—so deeply, that it may be many years yet before they are dispersed by the railway whistle. In the cantons surrounding Morlaix, the popular belief is strong in a race of demons called Teus. They are of two kinds: one of them is called the Teus ar-pouliet, and the other the Buguel Nos; both are of a beneficent nature. The Teus-ar-pouliet usually presents himself under the form of a dog, a cow, or some other domestic animal, being—I suppose—unwilling to affright or astonish the natives by assuming a less familiar shape, though I must confess it would astonish me very much to see a cow attempt to iron my shirts, or sweep up the kitchen. Like Milton's lubber-fiend, however, or the Scottish brownie, this

friendly spirit does all the household drudgery when everybody is gone to bed—which is the reason, perhaps, why the Breton cottages are the dirtiest in Europe. The services of the Bugnel Nos, on the other hand, are rendered out of doors, and the shape in which he appears is human, with this peculiarity in his stature, which is gigantic, that it increases as he approaches. He is only to be seen where cross-roads meet, between midnight and two in the morning. When the belated peasant calls upon him for aid, he comes forth dressed in a long white mantle, which he throws over the suppliant; who, safe beneath its folds, listens to the terrific grating of the wheels of the Devil's chariot, as it crashes along the highway, to the accompaniment of fearful shrieks and dismal howls; or, it may be that he hides from the Carriguel-ar-ancou, or death cart, which is covered with white cloth and driven furiously by skeletons. Sometimes in lonely places, at the foot of some Menhir (the long, upright, Druidical stone), the peasant suddenly comes upon a party of those unearthly washerwomen, the Ar-cannerez-nos, or Singers of the Night; who compel him to assist them in wringing out their clothes, and woe betide him if he twists the linen differently from them, as at once they fall on him and break both his arms. This is not a country where Falstaff would have liked to be a night-walker; for, even participation in the amusements of its goblins is compulsory. There is one particular class of dwarfs, called Courils, or Poulpiquets, who inhabit the Dolmens (the *Druidical stones arranged in tabular form*), and whose *pleasure it is to caper on the heath by moonlight, pounce upon the way*farer, and oblige him to join in their dance, never suffering him to stop until, overcome by fatigue, he falls to the ground a corpse. Less malevolent than the Courils, is a family of dwarfs, about a foot high, who roam through the vast caverns that lie beneath the ruins of the old castle of Morlaix, making music with their hammers on large copper basins. These dwarfs are gold-diggers, who spread their treasure in the sun to dry. The peasant who modestly extends his palm, receives from them a handful of the precious metal; but he who provides himself with a sack, intending to fill it, is cruelly beaten and driven away. Treasure-trove in Brittany is surrounded by many uncertainties. In the district of Lesnaven, immense hoards are guarded by demons, who take the shape, sometimes of an old man or woman, sometimes of a black poodle. Having discovered the locality—which is equivalent to catching your hare—you must silently make a deep hole in the ground; the thunder will roar, the lightning will flash, meteors will shoot through the air; and, amidst the riot of the discordant elements, you will hear the clanking of chains; but, keep an undaunted heart, persevere in your toil, and you will at last be rewarded by discovering an enormous lump of gold, or silver. If you chance to utter a single exclamation while raising the treasure to the surface, it is all over with you: it sinks, and is seen no more. On Palm Sunday, during the singing of the Mass, the demons are forced to make an exhibition of their metallic wealth, though they artfully disguise its value under the appearance of leaves, stones, and bits of coal. But you are perfectly up to this dodge; and, if you can succeed in sprinkling these objects with holy water, or even in touching them with some other consecrated thing, they turn into gold, and you may fill your pockets as conscientiously as if you were a Royal British Bank director.

I know not whether the demon called Jan-gant-e-tan (John and his fire) be a treasure-fiend or not, but there is some probability in the belief that he delights in confounding treasure-seekers. It is his habit to turn out at night, and spreading forth the five fingers of his right hand, which blaze like torches, to whirl them round with inconceivable velocity, and run with all his speed, until he bogs the unhappy wretch who follows, and leaves him in utter darkness, amid screams of derisive laughter.

In the neighbourhood of Plougasnou, there is still practised a species of divination, the future being predicted by weather-wise sorcerers; who interpret the motion of the sea and the rush of the waves as they break upon the shore. These diviners fall on their knees and worship the planet Venus when she rises. Others raise an altar in some lonely spot and place on it several small copper coins which, when the evening Mass is ended, they grind to dust. This powder, taken in a glass of wine, cider, or brandy, makes him who drinks it invincible in the wrestling-match or the race: it is just possible that the liquor alone might answer the same purpose. More poetical than dram-drinking is the custom of the maidens of Plougasnou. There is a small chapel in a field that overlooks the coast, whither they repair to hang up their shorn tresses, a sacrifice which they make in the hope of securing the safe return of a sailor lover or the recovery of some dear friend who is sick. A different custom prevails at Croizic where a high rock hangs over the shore, the approach to which is by a gentle grassy slope. The women of the country and the unmarried girls dress themselves in all their bravery, and with their hair floating over their shoulders and adorned with freshly-gathered flowers, rush up the slope, and, stretching out their arms, raise their eyes to heaven, and sing in chorus:

> Sea-mew, sea-mew!
> Send back our husbands and lovers true.
>
> (Goëlans, goëlans!
> Ramenez-nous nos maris et nos amans.)

The sea-mew is a bird of good omen to the people on the coast of Morlaix. A small species called taralt, white, with red beak and feet, and a black spot on the head, appears in April and goes away in September. The period of its arrival is considered the commencement of the season of fine weather. Its perpetual cry is "Quit! quit! quit!" the synonym in Bas-breton for "Go! go! go!" The constant prayer of the women on these coasts is for the safety of their husbands; at Roscoff they have a practice of sweeping the chapel of the Holy Union after Mass, after which they kneel down and blow the dust in the direction the boats have gone, hoping by this means to ensure a favouring gale. In the little island of Sein, which is but the prolongation of Cape Raz, the doors of the cottages are never closed but when a tempest threatens. When the first whistling of the wind that announces the storm is heard, the girls and women cry: "Shut the doors quickly! Listen to the Crierien, the whirlwind follows them!" These Crierien are the shadows, the skeleton forms of shipwrecked men, who, weary of being tossed to and fro in the stormy air, call earnestly for burial. At Guingamp, when the body of a drowned man cannot be found, a lighted taper is fixed in a loaf of bread, which is then abandoned to the retreating current; where the loaf stops, they expect to discover the body.

No people are more superstitious than the Bretons in all that concerns the dead. In the district of St. Pol de Leon, if the inhabitants see a stranger treading on the graves in the churchyard, they call out: "Quitte à ha lesse divan va anasun," literally: "Begone from above my dead!" In the country round about Lesnaven they never sweep a house at night: not merely on account of the presumed services of the Buguel Nos, but because they believe that sweeping brings bad luck, and that the movement of the broom disturbs the dead who walk there. They say that on the eve of All Souls there are more dead assembled in every house than there are grains of sand on the sea-shore. To provide for their wants that night, they prepare quantities of pancakes. The presence of the unsepultured dead has its effect on the continuance of tempests. At Quimper they think that storms never subside till the bodies of those who have been drowned are cast on shore. On the chances of life and death, they believe that two ravens are attached to each house, and predict the several issues. Birth and marriage have their superstitions as well as the closing scene. At Carnac, when a child is taken to be baptised, a bit of black bread is tied round its neck to prevent the spells that might otherwise be thrown upon it; and at the christening festival a woman never allows her child to be handed across the table. For herself, when she leaves the church after marriage, it is the custom at the same place that she should be presented with a large branch of laurel, loaded with apples, and ornamented with ribbons; at the end of the branch a live bird is fastened by a wedding favour, and on reaching the churchyard wall the ribbon is detached and the bird set at liberty. To remind a bride of her domestic duties, a distaff with some flax is presented to her on the same occasion, and she spins it off before she takes any share in the festivities of the day. At Scaër two tapers are lighted at the moment the marriage ceremony is ended: one of them is set before the husband, the other before the wife; the taper that burns the palest, indicates which of the two is to die first. At Kerneval there is a very odd custom: the bride on the night of her wedding is supplied with nuts to amuse herself with during the hours of darkness! While on the subject of marriage I may mention a very generally-received superstition which is not confined to Brittany. The choice of the fourth finger of the left hand for the wedding ring arose from the belief that a nerve proceeded from it, which communicated directly with the heart. It was thought that the moment when the husband placed the ring on his bride's finger, was that which had the greatest influence on their after-lives. If the ring stopped on the finger before it reached the first joint, the wife would rule the roast; but, if he passed it on at once to its right place the mastery remained with him. Some brides have been so impressed by this tradition that they have made it a point to crook their fourth finger at this part of the marriage ceremony, so that the ring shall stick in the way.

In many parts of Brittany they keep a very watchful eye over the morals of the young women. The fountain of Bodilis, near Landividian, is famous as an ordeal to test propriety of conduct. The pin which fastens the habit-shirt is dropped into the water, and if it reaches the bottom with the point downwards, the girl is freed from all suspicion; if, on the contrary, it turns the other way and sinks head-foremost, her reputation is irretrievably damaged. The fountain of Baranton witnesses a more harmless experiment. It is one of those springs which boil up when a fragment of metal is thrown in, and the children are in the habit of gathering round its brink, and saying to it as they stoop over the water, "Smile, fountain of Baranton, and I will give you a pin!" There is scarcely a fountain in Brittany that is not consecrated by some religious monument. In times of great drought, the villagers go to them in procession to pray for rain. Such an occurrence took place as late as the month of August, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, when all the inhabitants of Kon-Kored (The Fairies' Valley), near Montfort, proceeded to a neighbouring fountain with banners and crosses, chanting canticles to

the music of the church-bells, and the curate, who headed the procession, blessed the spring, dipped in the holy-water brush, and sprinkled the water on the ground. What came of the ceremony is not recorded.

Amongst the ordinary Breton superstitions, the following may be cited:—He who eats the heart of an eel, warm from the body, is supposed to be at once endowed with the gift of prophecy. (If this were known on the turf, how many an eel-pieman might win the Derby!) A man whose hair curls naturally, is sure, they say, to be beloved by everybody (a very serviceable belief if the negroes could have the benefit of it in the United States and elsewhere). Throughout Finistère the peasants make a point of not eating cabbage on Saint Stephen's day, because the proto-martyr is said to have concealed himself from his persecutors in a field of cabbages. They suppose that if butter is offered to Saint Hervé (whoever he may have been), their cattle are safe from wolves, because the saint, stricken with blindness, was once led about by a wolf: they also entertain the notion that foxes will never enter a henroost that is sprinkled with the water in which pig's chitterlings have been boiled; but it is not set forth that any of the Breton saints were ever remarkably addicted to pig's chitterlings, though, without doubt, some of them were.

Divination, by all kinds of processes, is common in Brittany. It is accomplished by means of needles:—Five-and-twenty new needles are put into a plate; water is poured over them; and, as many needles as cross each other, so many are the diviner's enemies. To know how long a person will live, a fig-leaf is gathered, and the question asked is written with the finger upon it. If the leaf dries up quickly afterward, a speedy death ensues; if slowly, then a long life. The mole, famous always for working in the dark, lends himself very much to the practice of divination, all sorts of sage conclusions being inferred from the aspect of his entrails. He is also considered invaluable as a remedy in many parts of France, where the use of the mole-fied hand (la main taupée), in which a live mole had been squeezed to death, is the medium resorted to: the slightest touch with this hand, while it is yet warm from contact with the animal, cures the toothache and also the colic. If the foot of a mole is wrapped in a laurel leaf and put into a horse's mouth, he immediately takes fright. There is a curious magnetic sympathy, apparently, between moles and horses, for if a black horse be sponged over with the water in which a mole has been boiled, the beast will immediately turn white. There is also an alleged sympathy between men and bees, and in some districts of Brittany it is believed that if the hard-working insects are not informed of the events which interest their masters, nothing goes right afterwards about the house. It is on this account that when any one in a family dies, the peasants fasten a bit of black cloth to the hive, or a bit of red if a marriage takes place. The French, as we know, are not first-rate sportsmen—certain devices not commonly practised in England may therefore be allowed them in the pursuit of game. Thus, in the Berrichon—though George Sand says nothing about it—some artful dodgers mix the juice of henbane with the blood of a leveret, and having anointed their gaiters therewith, expect that all the hares in the neighbourhood will be attracted towards the wearer of the gaiters.

The kingfisher is held in great estimation in many parts of France, on account of certain supposed qualities. It is considered to be a natural weathercock, which, when hung up by the beak, will turn its breast to the quarter whence the wind blows. The kingfisher is also said to be endowed with the precious gift of enriching its possessor, of preserving harmony in families, and of imparting beauty to women who wear its feathers. The kingfisher's fame has travelled into Tartary, where the inhabitants almost adore the bird. They eagerly collect its plumage, and, throwing the feathers into a vase of water, preserve those that float, believing that it is quite sufficient for a woman to touch one of them to make her love the wearer. A Tartar, if he be fortunate enough to own a kingfisher, carefully preserves the beak, claws, and skin, when it dies, and puts them in a purse; as long as he carries these relics on his person, he is secure against any misfortune.

Some of the preceding superstitions have, probably, become merely traditional, and to the latter class we must assign the belief in the good traveller's walking-stick (le bâton du bon voyageur), the wondrous properties of which, and the manner of its construction, are described as follows in the Secrets Merveilleux du Petit Albert:—"Take," says the necromantic teacher, "a thick and straight branch of elder, and after extracting the pith, put a ferrule at one end. Then substitute for the pith the eyes of a young wolf, the tongue and the heart of a dog, three green lizards, and the hearts of three swallows, all of them reduced to powder by the heat of the sun" (a fragrant process) "between two papers sprinkled with saltpetre. On the top of this powder, place seven leaves of vervain, gathered on the eve of Saint John the Baptist, together with a stone of divers colours, which is found in the nest of the lapwing, and put whatever kind of knob to the stick that you fancy. You may then rest assured that this stick will not only preserve you from robbers, mad dogs, wild beasts, and dangers of all sorts, but also procure you a good supper and a night's lodging wherever you choose to stop." Such a walking-stick would have been of infinite service to the Gallician

beggar, of whom the Sieur Boguet (an old acquaintance of ours) tells a singular story in his Treatise on Sorcerers. This beggar was the proprietor of one of those Imps called the Cambion (or Devil's-brat)—the natural child of those two very agreeable demons, the Incubus and the Succubus—a creature of extraordinary weight that always drains its nurses dry and never, by any chance, gets fat. The beggar, with the imp in his arms, made his appearance one day in a certain town in Gallicia, and seemed so much encumbered by his charge, in endeavouring to ford a deep stream which ran through the place, that a gentleman on horseback, who was passing by, took compassion on him and offered to convey the child across. He accordingly set it on his horse and plunged into the stream; but the little demon was so heavy that the animal sank and the cavalier had to swim for his life. A short time afterwards, the beggar, who had run away on witnessing this catastrophe was captured, and he acknowledged that the child was a Cambion, and had been very useful to him in his calling, and turned people's minds towards alms-givings. What became of the Cambion is not stated, but I believe the beggar was burnt. These heavy little devils are the same as the German Wechselkinder, the changelings of the old English ballad.

The mention of almsgiving recalls a somewhat ludicrous story of modern date, where a most inopportune miracle was wrought. The well-known French missionary, Father Bridaine, was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of a village through which he passed, and the worthy man having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak Father Bridaine rose, according to custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighbouring church. Returning from this sacred duty he met a beggar, who asked an alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing!" said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand in his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard wrapped up in paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle! He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened into the church to return thanks to God. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine, in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed a miracle with the curate's crowns!

At a period rather more remote, Saint Antide, Bishop of Besançon, was one day walking in the fields, when he met with a very thin, ugly devil, who boasted to the bishop that he had just been committing some sad mischief in one of the churches at Rome.

"Come here, you slave of Satan," exclaimed Saint Antide, "and kneel down!"

The demon obeyed, placed himself on all-fours, and the saint, getting astride on his back, ordered him to fly off immediately to Rome. Arrived there, the bishop put everything to rights in the dilapidated church, and then returned to his diocese by the same conveyance: not forgetting, however, as he dismounted, to bestow a hearty kick on the demon, which sent him howling back to the unblissful regions.

There are many similar stories related of demons who have been serviceable to mortal masters; generally speaking, however, against the grain. Of the most usual kind was the Familiar, who was always at hand. Bodin relates that about two years before he published his Demonomania (4to, Paris, 1587), there was a nobleman at Villars-Costerets, who had one of these imps confined in a ring, which he had at his command, to do what he pleased with, and treat exactly like a slave; having bought it at a very high price from a Spaniard. But, the nobleman, as commonly happened, came to grief through this Familiar, for the spirit was possessed with an invincible habit of telling lies, and on one occasion, being very much enraged, the nobleman threw his ring into the fire, thinking thereby to burn the demon; it was, however, the creature's native element, it released him from thraldom, and the demon thereupon tormented his former master, until he drove him mad. The witch's Familiar was almost invariably a toad, but a frog was made to figure in that capacity only a few years ago with very fatal consequences. The history of the occurrence is a sad example of the effects of superstitious fear. It happened in the commune of Bussy-en-Oth, in the department of the Aube, in France, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-one. A young man of that village had been passing the day enjoying the very French amusement of fishing for frogs. He had caught a great many, and placed them alive in a bag. On his way home he saw a peasant walking slowly on the road before him, the large half-open pocket of whose waistcoat invited the fisherman to the perpetration of a practical joke. Accordingly, as he passed the peasant, he managed, unperceived, to slip one of the frogs into his pocket. The peasant unsuspectingly walked on, reached his cottage, and, tired with the labours of the day, soon afterwards went to rest, throwing his clothes as usual on his bed. In the middle of the night, Jacquemin—that was the peasant's name—was awakened by feeling something cold crawling over his face, and uttering indistinct cries; it was, of course, the frog that had crept out of Jacquemin's pocket, and had paused on its journey to croak. Jacque-

man, who was of an exceedingly timorous nature, lay as still as death till his nocturnal visitor departed, nothing doubting that he had been visited by a spirit.

The man's character for simplicity was so generally known that people were always playing tricks upon him, and on the very next morning after the preceding visitation one of his friends came into his cottage, and told him that his old uncle, who lived at Sens, had just died, and advised him to set off and claim his share of the inheritance. Jacquemin, on hearing this news, made no more ado, but at once set out with his wife for Sens, distant eight leagues from where he lived. Arrived at the house of the supposed deceased, the first person he saw was his uncle sitting in his arm-chair. Anybody else would have perceived that he had been duped, but this poor fellow, firmly believing that his uncle was dead, was seized with sudden terror, and dragging his wife out of the house, set off again to Bussy, without giving time for a word of explanation. In the meantime the frog had not abandoned his cottage, but had taken refuge in a hole in the flooring, from whence, every now and then it uttered dismal croaks. Jacquemin, convinced that he had seen his uncle's ghost, fancied that these noises were made by the spirit, and the agony he underwent became insupportable. A prey to the direst fear, Jacquemin, at last, hung himself one morning in his hayloft. On the following day, his wife, despairing for the loss of her husband, threw herself into a pond, and was found drowned,—a double suicide caused by an imbecile superstition.

MEANING ME, SIR?

It is not only Scrub, in the comedy, who says, "I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly." Scrub in the club says the same; and in the drawing-room; ay, and in the church. There is nowhere where Scrub isn't perpetually on the watch, for the faintest sound of laughter, in order to show his logical sharpness and prove that he, Scrub, is the subject of conversation. Nor does it need laughter to attract his notice. Hissing would do just as well. Even silence has its stings. "They must be thinking of me," he thinks, "they say so little." "They must be trying to spite me,—they look so happy." "She must be utterly forgetful of me,—she smiles so sweetly." Scrub, in short, is a disgusting fellow, whom all of us meet fifty times a day—apt to take offence at imaginary neglect, attributing false motives to the most reasonable actions; egotistic, exacting, self-tormenting—a prose Othello, whose Iago is his own insufferable vanity, which makes him the victim of jealousy and suspicion, and who is only prevented from having a real Desdemona by never having had manly confidence enough in any of Eve's daughters to confer on her the inestimable honour of bearing his name. A happy escape for Eve's daughter, as you will find if you peruse the following lines, which I hope will be seriously laid to heart by any of her numerous sisters who are about to marry Scrubs.

Delamour Wormwood, the chief of this distinguished family, was engaged to Phillis Daisyfield, with his own entire approbation. She was the gentlest and simplest of her sex; very beautiful and very young; never laughed unnecessarily, though she had the reddest lips and whitest teeth in the world; and, therefore, Delamour never suspected she was talking disrespectfully of him. And, indeed, she was so tender-hearted, and so modest, and believing, she never spoke disrespectfully of anybody. She thought Delamour very handsome, and in this she was not altogether mistaken; she believed a great part of the vows of attachment he made to her, and in this she was ridiculously wrong, for among the vows was one of complete confidence and unbounded trust. As he said the words he watched the expression of her face.

"You don't believe me," he said.

"Oh, yes, I do. What interest can you have in saying so, if you don't feel so?"

"But your eyes are inexpressive, your mouth is closed, your cheeks are neither flushed nor pale. I should like to see you more agitated."

"Oh, so I should be," said the innocent Phillis, "if I did not believe you. But as it is, why should I change my ordinary looks?"

"Well, there may be something in that," said Delamour; but, still he was not perfectly pleased with the gentle Phillis's self-possession.

Phillis lived with her aunt at Thistledale, in Hertfordshire, and had only a brother who could have any right to interfere with her proceedings. He was a gallant lieutenant in the Blazing Hussars, and was stationed so far away that it had not been thought worth while to ask his consent to his sister's becoming Mrs. Wormwood. Besides, he was soon coming home, and the wedding was not intended for at least a year.

Delamour, radiant with delight, got into the railway-carriage to visit Mrs. Ogleton. This was the name of Phillis's aunt; and as the train stopped at Neddithorpe, the enraptured lover stepped upon the platform and ordered a fly for Thistledale. While he waited for the vehicle, he walked to and fro in deep meditation on his own perfections, and took no notice of two other gentlemen who had apparently arrived by the same train: two pleasant-visaged, loud-voiced, military-looking men, swinging their canes or switching their lower integuments, as is the habit of English cavaliers.

"Ha, ha!" laughed one, continuing a conversation which had been interrupted by the

arrival; "I never saw such a spoony-looking snob in all my life."

"A regular pump," replied the other.

Delamour's attention was attracted. "Spoony!" he thought, "snob—pump! What are the fellows talking of?"

"And yet I believe the booby thinks he has made a conquest of one of the prettiest girls in Herts!" continued the first speaker. To which the other, who was not eloquent, said only, "Ha, ha!—what a muff!"

"Oh, by George, this won't do," thought Delamour. "I'll let the puppies know I overhear them." So saying, he coughed so loud a cough that it sounded something like a crow of defiance, and looked at the unconscious speakers as if he wished to assault them on the spot. A policeman, however, came out from the booking-office and changed the current of his thoughts.

"I advise you to be on your guard, gentlemen," said the policeman addressing the two young men who had excited Delamour's wrath; "one of the London swell-mob came by the last train, and is perhaps lurking about still."

The friends instinctively looked at the only other person on the platform; but, seeing only a very good-looking, well-dressed gentleman, they resumed their conversation, after thanking the policeman for his warning. The look was not thrown away on the irritated Delamour. He vented his rage on the policeman.

"Why didn't you give the notice also to me?" he inquired in a very bitter tone. "I believe," he added when the two companions had come within ear-shot, "that the swell-mob frequently go in couples," so saying he fixed his ferocious eyes on the countenances of the friends, "and generally pretend to be military men."

"You seem to be up to their dodges pretty well," said the guardian of the laws, who was offended at the tone and manner of Wormwood's address. "You can, perhaps, be on your guard against them, without telling, as you're so up to their tricks." And pulling from his breast-pocket a half sheet of paper, he began to read it with great attention, casting angry glances from time to time on the indignant Delamour. His patience could stand it no longer. He went up to the man and said, "You insolent caitiff! How dare you insult me by such conduct? How dare you think me a thief?"

"I don't, sir,—leastways, I never told you so," said the man, amazed.

"Arn't you reading a description of a swell-mob man, in that extract from the Hue and Cry?" continued Delamour, "measuring my features, noting the colour of my eyes, the length of my hair?—I will report you to your superiors—you shall be turned out of your corps, if it costs me a thousand pounds——"

"I say, sir,—what has the man done?" said one of the gentlemen, arrested by the noise.

"Copying the example of gross impertinence set him by you and your friend," replied Wormwood.

The fine manner of the gay stranger instantly disappeared. He spoke plainly, and like a man. "You are either under a great mistake," he said, "or are desirous of picking a quarrel with people who never offended you. I desire to know what is the meaning of your language."

"Didn't you call me a pump, a few minutes ago,—a spoony snob,—a muff?"

"I hadn't the honour of being aware of such an individual's existence," replied the gentleman, "and certainly never honoured you by making you the subject of my conversation."

"Then I'm exceedingly sorry if, in the heat of the moment——"

"There is no need of sorrow," said the stranger, smiling, "and still less for heat. I should be inclined to be more exacting if I thought you were a gentleman; but, after your altercation with the policeman, I take no notice of what you say. Good morning."

"Here's the paper I was reading, sir," said the policeman, "my instructions for the luggage-van by next train. And now what have you got to say?"

Delamour was in such fierce wrath at the two young officers who had just stepped into their fly, that he could say nothing to the triumphant constable.

"Who are those vulgar fellows in the carriage?" he cried, hoping to be overheard by the objects of his question. "If I knew the coxcombs' names, they should answer for their behaviour."

"They're Captain Harleigh and another officer of the Queen's Blazers. You can find 'em at the barracks, easy," said the policeman, with a malicious grin. "But I advise you to be quiet if you want to keep a whole bone in your body."

Delamour gulped the information, and the insult. The name of the Queen's Blazers had struck him dumb. Phillis's brother was a lieutenant in that ferocious regiment, and if he was told of his absurd behaviour, of his quickness in taking offence, his ungovernable temper, what would he say? In perfect silence he took his seat in the fly when it drew up, and placed half-a-sovereign in the policeman's hand. With a cautious look to see that his inspector was not on the watch, the policeman pocketed the money, and said, as the fly moved off, "Don't be afraid. I won't tell the captain where you be gone, or you'd get as good a kicking as ever you had in your life."

If a look could have strangled the good-natured policeman, B 30 would have been a dead man. As it was, it was a murderous glance thrown away, and Delamour pursued his way through country lanes and wreathing

hedgerows, towards the residence of his charming Phillis.

When he arrived at the Hall, he expected to find her on the lawn. When he was ushered into the house, he expected to find her in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ogleton had gone out, he was told, and Miss Phillis also, but they had both left word they would soon be back.

"Was I expected at this hour, do you know?" said Delamour to the footman.

That functionary was new to the establishment, and was not acquainted with Mr. Wormwood's person.

"Didn't a letter come this morning by post?" he inquired; "from London—pink envelope—red seal—coat of arms?"

"Yes," replied the man; "from the hair-dresser wasn't it?" he inquired, a little doubtful, but not very, as to whether Mr. Truefit's representative stood before him.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Delamour, "you insulting scoundrel! I'm Mr. Wormwood, and wrote to announce my arrival."

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir, but Miss Phillis didn't mention nobody but the barber, and of course, sir, you see—but I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir, and I hope you won't allude to the mistake."

Delamour left the house and pursued his way through the park. At the side of an ornamental sheet of water, beyond a rising knoll, he saw his adored Phillis. She had a crook in her hand and a round hat on her head, tastefully ornamented with flowers of her own gathering. A close fitting dress revealed the matchless symmetry of her figure; her petticoats were very short, and her feet the smallest and prettiest in the world. The shepherdess smiled when she saw her lover, and blushed at being detected in her festival attire.

"It is so pleasant to watch the sheep!" she said. "Oh! how I wish I had lived in the days of rustic simplicities, when everybody was so kind and innocent. It must have been charming to fold in the flock when the hot sun began to descend, and then to assemble for a dance upon the grass—no etiquette, no drawing-room false refinement."

"And Strephon?" inquired Delamour with a cloud beginning to darken his brow.

"Oh! he would have been some gentle villager,—some neighbouring farmer's son, soft-voiced and musical; for, of course, he would have sung, and played delightfully on his oaten reed."

"You know, I suppose, Miss Daisyfield, that I neither play nor sing; and, to tell you the truth, I despise any one who does either."

"But I am only painting a fancy scene," replied Phillis, alarmed at the sharpness of his tone. "You didn't think I was serious, Delamour? I was a kind of actress for the time, and thought I would speak in character." So saying she threw away the crook and took the wreath from her little straw-hat; "and now," she continued, taking his arm and turning homeward, "I will be as steady and sensible as you please. Let us go in and see my aunt."

Delamour brooded over the previous part of the conversation. He didn't like the allusion to Strephon, nor the rapture about pipes and singing.

"The girl can't be altogether devoted to me, or she wouldn't talk such nonsense about dancing with shepherds on the grass. I am no shepherd, and she knows that very well."

The aunt received them at the door.

"The post," she said to Phillis, "has just brought me a letter from your brother. He has been unexpectedly ordered to join his head-quarters, at Neddithorpe, and arrived there last night."

"Oh! I'm so delighted!" exclaimed Phillis. "Dear Edward! when does he come to see us? Oh! let us go to see him at once!"

"He promises to be here to-morrow," said Mrs Ogleton in a cold tone, "and I should like to see Mr. Wormwood for a few minutes alone."

Mr. Wormwood had just resolved to ask Phillis why she was in such rapture about the return of her brother. Wasn't he, her lover, by her side? and yet she wished to start away from him! But he followed Mrs. Ogleton into the drawing-room, and Phillis saw, there was something wrong, but could not tell what.

"The letter from Edward Daisyfield," began the lady, "is exceedingly unpleasant. He tells me that he has long promised the hand of his sister to one of his brother officers, and he has received with great disapprobation my announcement of your engagement."

"Indeed?" said Delamour, "and why? What has he or any popinjay in the Blazers to say against me?"

"Oh, nothing against you," replied the lady; "for he never heard of you before. All he says is, he prefers Captain Belford, and refuses his consent to your suit."

"And does Phillis agree with him?" inquired Mr. Wormwood.

"I have this moment got the letter," replied the lady, "and she knows nothing about it. I have given my approval, you are aware, Mr. Wormwood; but the decision, I suppose, will lie with Phillis herself."

"It is a little too late, I should think, to make it a matter of choice," said Delamour bitterly. "I have announced my approaching marriage to all my friends, and I won't be made a fool of, by either brother or sister.—Why, the world would laugh at me, and I am not a man to be laughed at with impunity."

"I never heard of Captain Belford," said Phillis, when she was informed of her brother's epistle. "I will have nothing to say

him, and I'm sure, Edward only requires to know you as well as I do, to see that I can never be happy with any one else."

"Dearest girl! you make me happier than ever I was before."

"You are always so kind and trusting—" continued Phillis,—and Delamour looked searchingly in her face—

"You are so generous and open and unsuspicious—"

A cloud darkened on the lover's brow—

"And I'm sure you'll be great friends with Edward, and indeed with all the Blazers, for he says they are the most gentlemanly fellows in the world. It will be so pleasant when he brings some of them here!"

"I trust he won't, for a more disgusting set of snobs and puppies —— but, pray, excuse me, dearest Phillis, your assurance of affection is all I require, and I laugh at the pretentions of a whole regiment of Belfords; so let them come whenever they like."

He was delighted with the transparent truth and simplicity of his artless Phillis, and took his way to London more satisfied with her (and himself) than ever. But on reflection—and he took three days at least to reflect—he perceived, that he must come to an understanding with his rival.

It was necessary for his self-respect that he should show that gentleman how thoroughly he despised him, and accordingly he wrote an insulting letter to the distinguished Blazer, and was about to send it to the post, when his servant entered with a card, and said, "the gentleman is in the hall."

Delamour looked at the card, and saw printed thereon the name of "Captain Belford."

"Show him in," he said, and prepared for battle. There was no battle in the face or manner of his visitor, however. Fair, honest, happy-looking, as becomes perfect health and three-and-twenty years of age, the captain smiled graciously as he entered.

"You are surprised to see me here, Mr. Wormwood," he said; "but the fact is, I think it right to come to an explanation."

"Exactly what I wished, sir," said Delamour, biting his lips.

"My friend, Ned Daisyfield," he continued, "is too flattering in his estimate of my merits. He wished me, of course, you know, to offer my hand to his sister. He introduced me to her two days ago. A charming girl, I confess—very pure, very beautiful, and as her aunt is rich, I believe, an heiress, if she pleases the old lady in the choice of a husband. I dare say time and assiduity, with the favour of her brother, might enable me to make an impression on her heart; but — I am not going to try—I resign all claim into your hands, and trust sincerely you will make her happy, for no one can deserve it more. Good morning."

Before Delamour could recover from his surprise, the visitor was gone. "Before I had time to call him to order for his behaviour at Neddithorpe, for he is Harleigh's companion," he muttered; "and yet he is a fine fellow—open—noble—and very handsome. Why has he surrendered his chance of Phillis? He admires her beauty, her character, and knows she is to have a fortune—How kind!——But is it not rather strange? Why is he so absurdly friendly? Ah!"—And here for an hour he sank into a fit of musing. "Can he have heard anything about Phillis? Is there a vulgar Strephon after all, with his disgusting pipe? I don't like this." And he smiled as he went out—perhaps he laughed when he reached the street. "He rejects her. There must be a reason"—And here he mused again.

At the end of three hours' meditation, he packed up all his traps, supplied himself with circular notes, took out his passport, and went, sulking, gloomy, and quarrelling, through France and Italy for three years. At the end of that time he came home. On landing at Southampton he saw a face he knew. Curiosity as to what had become of Phillis, induced him to speak. He went up and held out his hand. "Captain Belford," he said. "I fear you have forgotten me."

"Oh, not at all," replied the gentleman; "you are Mr. Wormwood,—but I am not Captain Belford; I am Ned Daisyfield, Phillis's brother. I called on you, and pretended to be Belford; it was only to try you, for Phillis had written you were of a sour, suspicious disposition; but she didn't wish to offend her aunt, who supported your cause. The bait took. You thought something must be wrong,—some trick intended against yourself,—and gave poor Phillis up, without condescending to assign any reason. Charley Belford stept in. In a fortnight Phillis was quite reconciled to my choice. They have been married more than two years——and I have the honour to wish you a remarkably good day."

DISINFECTANTS.

After all, in many of our modern social improvements, we do but go back to the wisdom of our ancestors: we do not deserve the whole merit of invention. In certain sanitary practices, for instance, the ancients were farther advanced than we are at present—infinitely farther than we have been until quite lately. Take the questions of ventilation and disinfection, as treated of in Dr. Angus Smith's careful and comprehensive paper, published in the Journal of the Society of Arts; and let us see how far we have gone beyond or lagged behind the sanitary expedients which were fashionable when the Pyramids were being built, and Penelope was weaving her bewildering web; or, later, when Constantine sat

on the throne of the she-wolf's sons, and the greatest empire that the world has ever seen was beginning to break beneath its own enormous weight.

In an early period of the eastern empire the Justinian code provided for the complete ventilation of the fine new city of Constantinople, by ordering that no one should stop the view, in any manner, of the windows looking towards the sea, and that the minimum width of the streets should not be less than twelve feet. In Rome, the minimum was five feet—a law which the authorities were not able to improve, owing to the landlords, whose private vested interests jostled public advantage out of the way. But, the perfect sewerage of Rome, being one of the most important disinfecting conditions of a city, made up for this want of a freer circulation of air. Her cloacæ are marvels to the present day, and the duty of keeping them cleansed and in good repair was a grave state matter, delegated to the prætor as one of his most important functions. Jerusalem even had her streets swept daily, though in no time has the Hebrew been remarkable for a fanatical attention to cleanliness, either of person or of dwelling. But, the world went back in this common sense of the streets; and, in spite of the example and experience of the past, it was only in the twelfth century that the first pavements were laid, by Philip Augustus, in Paris. Heaven knows how long the mother-city of la belle France would have yet remained ungarnished with paving-stones, had not the royal nose been one day unpleasantly assaulted during a ride taken through the streets; when the filth stirred up by the hoofs of the cavalcade bore such pungent evidence to the need of improvement that a ray of light penetrated the kingly brain, and pavements were the result. Yet matters went on so slowly, even after this initiation, that so late as last century there was a riot in Paris because of the accumulation of filth and refuse in certain quarters, which the authorities did not care to remove. Things are mending now; and Paris, with her streets washed and brushed every day, like a dainty lady's face, is one of the cleanest, if one of the least efficiently drained, cities of the civilised world; while London is fidgetting so feverishly over her sanitary short-comings, that surely all must soon be put to rights there, from the great central river sewer to the smallest drains of the outcast courts.

But our business is with positive rather than with relative disinfectants. Besides ventilation and sewerage, the ancients knew various chemical agents of purification which we have re-discovered in quite late times The natron or nitre, with which the Egyptians washed the bodies they were about to embalm, was our modern caustic soda; their oil of cedar was turpentine; they distilled both pitch and tar, and cured toothache with kreosote, using this last also for skin diseases in cattle, for which it has been found valuable. Another mode of using kreosote may be seen in the circumstance that hams were hung up on the roof, and apparently smoked. Sulphur was one of the most valued disinfectants in Greece and Italy. When Ulysses killed the suitors, after putting matters in order, he called for sulphur to sulphurise the place by burning the sulphur, and so causing acid fumigations. It was also a sacred method of purification, and its name in Greek signifies divine. It was burnt in lustrations, as a religious ceremony; and the shepherds yearly purified their flocks with it. The Italians have re-discovered its use in their vineyards, as a cure for the oidium—at least, as a check and preventive, if not wholly a cure. Bitters, also, were used to preserve new wines, much in the same way as we use hops. Honey, again, for purposes where we use sugar, and sometimes for preserving specimens, as we would now employ spirits of wine. Thus, a centaur which was born in Thessaly, but which, unfortunately for mankind, died the day after its birth, was sent, preserved in honey, to a museum in Egypt. That centaur would be worth finding, in this age of the Feejee mermaid and the woolly horse. Fire was another great purifier. In times of plague or general distemper, fire, accompanied with perfumes, flowers, vinegar, aromatic substances, pepper, mustard, &c., was used in the streets as a disinfectant. We have all read of its value in our own Great Plague. But, in ancient times purification by fire had a literal as well as a moral sense, and meant something more real and living than what the same words mean used now as a mere forgotten sign. Water was also much relied on as a means of purification; and our far-away progenitors knew how to check epidemic disease by closing the windows looking towards the infected quarter, and opening those with the contrary aspect. They knew, also, the use of anaesthetics, and could perform painless extraction of teeth by means of white hellebore. In the fifteenth century, too, Philip Bersaldo speaks of amputation without pain as an idea and practice of common use. This, though beside the general purport of our paper, is a fact too curious to be omitted.

The modern history of disinfectants began in the seventeenth century; but it was only in seventeen hundred and thirty-two that Dr. Petit made the first notable experiment in antiseptics; using small pieces of mutton to try how long each special antiseptic preserved a piece untainted. His conclusions were, that astringents were the best, their action being similar to that of drying. Sir John Pringle followed in the same track. His antiseptic panaceas were salts, and the astringent gummy and resinous parts of vegetables and fermenting liquors. Dr. Macbride, after him, speaks of acids as the long-

prescribed antiseptic agents; even when considerably diluted, still powerful. He adds the following substances to his list. Alkalies and salts; gum-resins, such as myrrh-assafœtida, aloes, and terra japonica; decoctions of Virginian snake-root, pepper, ginger, saffron, sage, mint, contrayerva root, valerian, rhubarb, angelica, senna, common wormwood; and to some extent, mustard, celery, carrots, turnips, garlic, onions, cabbage, colewort, and horseradish. Lime, he says, prevents, but does not remove putrefaction; while astringent mineral acids, and ardent spirits, "not only absorb the matter from the putrescent substance, but likewise crisp up its fibres, and thereby render it so hard and durable, that no change of combination will take place for many years." Molasses closes this list of Dr. Macbride, drawn out in the latter half of the eighteenth century. In seventeen hundred and seventy-three, Guyton Morveau proposed fumigating hospitals with muriatic acid vapours; and in seventeen hundred and eighty, Dr. Carmichael Smyth used nitrous fumes at Winchester, and in the Fleet, without giving the French chymist the credit of that rediscovery of antique wisdom, —namely, acid fumigation. Parliament, in eighteen hundred and two, voted five thousand pounds to Dr. Smyth; and poor Guyton Morveau was horribly disgusted, both at the theft and its unjust reward. As well he might be. In seventeen hundred and seventy-one and seventeen hundred and seventy-two, Fourcroy discovered the properties of chlorine as a fumigating agent; and Dr. Cruikshank introduced the application of it to us in England. "All these acids," says Dr. Angus Smith, "are very violent, and fitted only for extreme cases, which ought not to be allowed to occur. Chlorine may be excepted; it may be used with advantage in minute quantities, at least for a limited period. When applied to centres of putridity, the great objection to it is, that it destroys the ammonia, sending off the nitrogen as a not very pure gas. It soon acquires much moisture, loses its power, and gives a very unpleasant odour to the hand when touched. Its destruction of manures is, however, the principal objection to it."

"Chlorine acts by uniting with hydrogen, acids by uniting with the compounds of hydrogen — water and ammonia. Chlorine decomposes the sulphur and phosphorous compounds of hydrogen. It will even dissolve a piece of flesh, so as to form a transparent liquid."

Oxygen has a double action: the first is to cause putrefaction, the second oxidation or disinfection. In soldering preserved meats in air-tight vessels, not a trace of air must be left behind; and one bubble of oxygen in grape-juice ready to ferment, will originate that process through the whole quantity. Hildenbrand found that meat in a vessel of oxygen, putrified in eleven hours. Sweeny preserved meat in water by first boiling out the air, cooling it, covering it with a stratum of oil to keep out the air, and adding iron filings to absorb what might have been allowed to enter. Meat preserved thus remained sweet seven months. Leuch added a covering of oil also, but used unboiled water and sulphur, instead of iron. His process kept the meat sweet for only two months. The Damaras of South Africa cut their meat into strips, and dry it in the sun; for simple dryness arrests decay and prevents infection. So does intense cold. As for the first method, Dr. Henry disinfected the clothes of fever patients by baking them. But to return to our oxygen.

"Air being the initial cause of putrefaction," we are quoting Dr. Smith, "it would seem strange to class it among disinfectants, but in some respects it is the greatest of all. Its first action is mechanical, as in natural or artificial ventilation. It is known that the worst plagues have arisen in great calms; crowded rooms and unchanged air increase almost every disease, whilst ventilation has a contrary effect. The action of the air on putrid matter is too slow for many of the wants of civilisation, and hence the need of an artificial disinfectant. But, Nature herself has a mode of hastening it by giving an increased power to it under the influence of porous bodies. The porous body most in use is the soil, which is a powerful disinfecting agent, so much so that putrid matter, when completely absorbed by it, unless in excessive quantities, entirely loses its smell, and water drained from the soil at a sufficient depth is found to have lost all its organic matter; so thoroughly has it been disinfected. In doing this, oxygen is absorbed; and it will be found that water containing decomposing organic matter, has its oxygen removed, serving frequently as a useful index to the state of the decompositions going forward."

The soil, by virtue of its porosity, presses gases into smaller space than they occupy under ordinary atmospheric pressure, and thus mechanically compels combination. But for this power, the soil of towns would be one mass of corruption; whereas, the water from the soil of towns is much valued, even when too impure for drinking. "This is caused by the formation of nitric acid, which is the result of purification, and not only so, but a reservoir of air or oxygen, wherewith to purify still more." This purifying power of percolation is the reason why the Thames "is not intolerable;" were it not for this, that river would indeed be the great River of Death to London. The reason, also, why charcoal is so valuable as a disinfecting agent, is, that being one of the most porous bodies, it absorbs impure gases and oxidises them. But, it does not preserve organic substances. Mr. Condy has applied condensed oxygen as a disinfecting agent, and French

anatomists have begun to use sulphate of soda for the same purpose, with success, especially when mixed with kreosote. Alkaline salts are rather antiseptic than disinfectant; metallic salts are disinfectant. Lead, arsenic, mercury (as corrosive sublimate), are singularly useful. Sulphate of iron, too, has wonderful disinfecting properties, "as wonderful as it used to have when it figured in the world as the powder of sympathy." Gay-Lussac and Mr. Young recommend the chloride of manganese, "the waste product of the manufacture of chlorine;" but Dr. Smith shows that this is a harmful and dangerous application, substituting chloride of zinc as one of the best disinfecting salts known. But, we must give a word to his own discovery—the disinfecting agent known as McDougall's Disinfecting Powder.

Finding that magnesia was the best base to use in the disinfection of manures, as the only one which gave an insoluble ammoniacal salt, and preserved the ammonia at the same time; finding, also, that of all acids sulphur was the best, equal at least in power to chlorine, without the destructive property of chlorine—namely, the decomposing of ammonia—Dr. Smith combined magnesia and sulphurous acid, and found the effect as a disinfecting and deodorising agent as efficient as he could desire, save in one particular—a slight remaining smell. He therefore added to the sulphite about five per cent. of phenic acid (got from coal-tar), and with these combinations obtained a perfect disinfecting powder. It has been tried at the Manchester cavalry barracks, sprinkled on the floor of the stable, with the bedding laid over it; it was used on board the transport-ships carrying troop horses to the Crimea; and it has been found specially valuable in certain large stables of private owners.

In consequence of powdering the floor with it almost daily, the manure becomes thoroughly mixed with the disinfectant. The results are remarkable. The manure does not heat or ferment, as in other cases, so that there is no fear of loss by ammoniacal gas, or by putrid vapours. The liquid which flows from it is without smell. From the arrest of decay, flies do not come around it in numbers, and the horses also are preserved from flies, a state which has a very favourable effect upon them. Mr. Murray, who has always four or five dozen of the most valuable horses on hand, says that headache has disappeared from his stables; and of lung disease, which was formerly common, he has not had an instance. The horses are healthier, and in better spirits, whilst a good deal of straw is saved. They breathe air without either ammonia, which hurts the eyes of those who enter, or of putrid matter; the whiteness of the powder makes the stable appear as if constantly newly whitewashed. A curious circumstance is said by most of those who use it to occur. The stable is cooler, not only to the feeling, as we might suppose, by removing animal matter, but to the thermometer. I have not made the observations myself, but they are to be relied on, and to the feeling the change is distinct. The removal of heat I ascribe to the fact that the animal matter has ceased to oxidise. The slow combustion or putrefaction produces heat in the manure, probably also in the atmosphere itself, where the vapours are mixed with the oxygen. The oxidation and putrefaction are simultaneously arrested. It might be said that since decomposition is arrested, the manure is made unfit for plants; besides, it is known that liquids from tar put a stop to vegetable life as they do to animal. But Mr. Murray found that after having sold his manure of one year with the powder in it, he was offered double for it next year. It is therefore established that a just medium has been attained, the preservation of the manure on one side, and the health of the plant on the other.

The great object to be attained is the disinfection of town sewage. Last year the little town of Leek was attacked by an epidemic. A council of medical men decided on trying this McDougall's disinfecting powder. It was tried, and the following are the results communicated by Mr. Dale, town surveyor.

Its use was most efficient in staying the plague; never was the intimate connection between foul cesspools, &c., and disease more strikingly demonstrated. The fever and putrid sore throats prevailed most in the neighbourhoods nearest to the open sewers and cesspools. On using the disinfecting powder, the offensive smells were perfectly removed, and the abatement of the disease immediately followed. There were no new cases, and those under treatment at the time assumed a much milder form. We exhausted a small stock of disinfecting powder on the third of January. In the course of a few weeks, when the cesspools began again to give off offensive smells, the disease broke out a second time, when the authorities ordered a further supply, and upon using it as before, the disease again assumed a milder form and eventually disappeared.

THE DISMAL POOL.

It lies in deepest forest gloom,
  Where huge trees push the sun away,
And tall weeds catch each struggling beam
  That through the branches peers its way.

It sleeps in bed of flinty rocks
  Whose shatter'd foreheads shrink from light,
And scowl from out their dusky home
  With frown that makes a blacker night.

It dwells encinctured from the view,
  And stamp'd as with a brand of doom,
As hated as a spot accursed
  And shunn'd as is a plague-fill'd tomb.

It seems a haunt where Horror sits,
  And fixes deep her ebon rule;
And men have named it, passing by
  With bated breath, The Dismal Pool.

A wondrous sorrow seems to rest
  Upon the almost stirless trees;
And listless as the eye of death
  The livid lake looks up to these.

And never at the morning's birth
  The sweet lark soars this lake above;
Nor children come with matin glee
  To read their mirror'd smiles of love.

And never in the sunny noon
The small flies skim its leaden breast;
Nor even 'mid those death-bound leaves
The woodguest hums herself to rest.

And nowhere through the lanky grass
Beams out the violet's tender eye;
Nor lily pale upon the bank
Bends down to see its beauty die.

But all is rough, and all is still,
And all is night that dimmeth day,
And all is Upas deathfulness,
That saps the spirit's life away.

Oh, why, when all the earth is glad,
And every lake is fringed with bloom,
Hast thou been chosen, Dismal Pool,
To be the only home of gloom?

'Tis surely from some primal curse
Thou liest thus so deep away;
Unvisited of moon by night,
Unvisited of sun by day.

Or are thy waters human tears
That flow in secret evermore?
And are those traces human steps
That, like mine own, have press'd thy shore?

But wherefore have I hither come?
And wherefore am I tarrying still
Where loathsome things of fear and doubt
Sink on my heart their pinions chill?

Already droops my soul of Youth
Within this deadly atmosphere;
And o'er the morning's hills of gold
Are clinging shadows dense and drear.

Fast fades the past, where life was peace;
Dim grow the future's gates of bliss,
Ah! luckless one, if all thy days
Shall be a present like to this!

O, burial-place of every love!
Dread catacomb of faith and joy!
Come, Hope, to lead me from this spot,
Thou wast my angel when a boy!

HELENA MATHEWSON.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

My father was rector of Lichendale, a little, grey-walled town, of which few but north-country people have ever heard. My mother died when I was quite a child, leaving me—little Helena, as I was always called—with no other companions than my two brothers, Paul and Lawrence, and our faithful, old nurse, Hannah. My eldest brother, Paul, was a grave and moody; and Lawrence and I, who were warm allies, were nearly always quarrelling with him. Lawrence could not bear to hear what Paul so firmly maintained;—that unless Helena were a better girl, and more careful over her spelling, she would be burnt alive after she died. Not seeing the inconsistency of this terrible threat, and, fearing from Paul's authoritative tone, that he had the power to execute it, Lawrence would take up my cause with fiery zeal, and often cudgelled Paul into granting me a milder sentence. We used to take our lesson-books into the study every morning; and, while I learnt my spelling, my brothers read and construed with my father.

But Paul soon grew too old for mere home-schooling; and, after much secrecy and mysterious preparation, he was sent to the grammar-school at Sawbridge. Lawrie and I made merry over his departure. We had wilder games than ever in the garden and woods, and got into twice as many scrapes as before; so that sometimes even Hannah lost all patience with us, and dragged us—little trembling culprits—before my father, who lifted his kind eyes from his book, and tried, with but little success, to look displeased.

Those happy days passed too quickly. Lawrence went to school; and, after two or three years there, to Rome. He had always said he would be an artist; and he did not flinch from his plan as he grew out of childhood, but adhered to it so steadily that at length my father consented to his going to Italy to study. He was very young to be sent so far alone; but my father had lived for so long in Lichendale, that he seemed to have forgotten how full of danger and temptation a city like Rome would be to one eager and reckless as Lawrence.

Poor Lawrie! I remember our last parting well. He was so glad to be going to Italy, so sorry to leave Lichendale, and so charmed with the unusual hurry and bustle, and his suddenly acquired importance, that smiles and tears chased each other away in quick succession from his face. I can see now his last, sad look, as the mail-coach, which had stopped for him at our gate, drove off; and I remember turning out of the sunny garden into the house, and running upstairs that I might sob undisturbed in some quiet hiding-place. But Paul, who had come over for the day to say good bye to Lawrence, soon discovered me; and, instead of trying to comfort me, talked in a slow, measured moan of the wickedness of my grief, and of his belief that despondency was a child of the devil.

Lawrence's letters were frequent and affectionate, and at first almost homesick. The pleasures of Rome were great, he wrote, but still he loved Lichendale and Helena, far, far more dearly than ever, and often longed to come back. Gradually, however, another tone crept into them. There were fewer allusions to home, and to the time when he should return to us; but, instead, the thin blue sheets were covered with accounts of the grand English families that he met, whose patronage seemed to intoxicate him, and of beautiful ladies, whom, I feared, he liked better than little Helena,

if they were really as lovely as he described them. Sir Edward Stamford, the owner of Lichendale Hall, and who would have been the great man of our neighbourhood had he ever visited it, was one of the acquaintance of whom we heard most. My father regretted this much; for reports had travelled home that the life Sir Edward led abroad was wild and dissipated; and those who recollected him at Lichendale, in the old Baronet's time, declared that he had been always self-willed and passionate.

Lawrence had been absent six years. I was grown into a tall, shy girl of sixteen; and Paul, after a successful career at Cambridge, was on the eve of being ordained. Surely, Lawrence would soon come back, I thought. My father also longed for his return, and wrote to urge him to leave Rome, at least for a while. We were full of glad expectation. My father counted the weeks that would elapse before his return, and I counted the days and hours, which I thought would never pass.

Before that day came a more terrible—a more suddenly terrible one. A letter came for my father from Italy, but not directed in Lawrence's hand. I took it into my father's study myself, and watched him as he read it. He seemed to dread evil. He broke the seal slowly, and paused before he dared to glance at the contents. I was so frightened and impatient that I could have torn it open, had it been bound with iron, and my father's delay was dreadful to me. One look at his face, as he stared in horror at the short, Italian sentence, confirmed my worst fears, and I did not need to hear the word "Dead!" rise slowly to his lips, to strike the awful certainty through me, that Lawrence—affectionate, wilful Lawrence—would never come back to us. I did not scream or faint. I felt the longing that I have had from childhood, whenever I have been unhappy or terror-stricken, to creep away with my grief and hide; but I could not leave my father, pale and ghastly as he looked. Thank God! I did not. For years he had had symptoms of heart-disease. I clung to him in silence, thinking that it was only his great mental pain that made him so deadly still and white. I chafed and kissed his hands; and, in grief for his grief, almost forgot my own. "Paul—send for him!" he sighed. I left the room, wrote a short note to summon him, and then hastened back to the study, for I began to fear my father was ill.

In those few minutes Death had entered, and claimed his victim. What a night of misery I passed! I longed to die. Why was I spared?—spared to pain and mourning and craving grief?

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

Nearly two years passed, and I still lived at the dear old rectory. Sir Edward Stamford, the patron of the living of Lichendale, had written to offer it to Paul when he heard of my father's death. The letter was kind, and full of polite regrets that they should most probably never meet, as he intended to remain always abroad. There was no mention of Lawrence in it; which I thought strange. My brother hesitated for some time before accepting a living from one whom he chose to call a sinner in the sight of the Lord; but his affection for Lichendale; for its grand, old parish church, and the sober, godly towns-people, overcame these scruples, and he settled down into my father's place, if not to fulfil its duties as mildly, at any rate with as rigid conscientiousness and self-denial. Hannah had left us, to live with some orphan nieces of hers in another town; so I was Paul's little housekeeper, as I had latterly been my father's. There were none of the few families of our own rank in Lichendale that I much liked, or with whom I kept up any great intimacy, so that I often felt sadly lonely. Paul loved me in his grave way, but he seemed to think that any unnecessary display of affection was harmful, and I cannot remember his ever petting or caressing me. Still, after the first great grief for Lawrie and my father had been softened by time, I was happy—in a sort of quiet, listless way. The country round Lichendale was beautiful. On one side, was the park, with the Hall peering through the trees; and, on the other, the red sands which the tide rarely covered, stretching away to the silver sea-line. I used to take long walks by myself on these sands, or in the woods. I did not read much; for the only books that Paul allowed me were what I did not care for; either abstruse treatises on religion, or biographies, in which the history of the man was made subservient to all manner of doleful morals, and melancholy hints to sinners. We lived very simply. Lawrence had left many debts in Rome; and, to pay these, it was necessary for a few years to give up many luxuries, and to part with one of our trusty old servants. So I found some pleasant occupation in little household duties.

This was my life when I was eighteen; and it was then that Sir Edward Stamford suddenly returned to Lichendale. He was brought by the report of an approaching dissolution of Parliament, people said; for, they whispered, he meant to stand for Lichendale, to turn out the present sleepy old member. Lichendale is one of the smallest borough-towns in England; but, at the passing of the Reform Bill, everybody thought it likely to become a populous seaport. There were rumours of docks to be built, and new lines of traffic to be opened; and the old inhabitants, terrified at the prospect of these changes, swore vengeance against the different companies that were to effect them; but, as time

wore on, and year after year the sea gradually receded from the town, these projects had to be abandoned, and people began to see that Lichendale was doomed to sink into a quiet, decaying town; instead of rising to any great maritime importance, and they almost questioned the necessity of its being represented. The constituency was small and tractable, with but vague political notions. Colonel Peterson had been elected more on account of his high character as a squire and country gentleman, than for anything else; and even though Sir Edward should enter the lists, with his brilliant talents and strong opinions, yet it would be doubtful, unless his character could bear comparison with the honest old colonel's, whether he would succeed in his attempt to wrest the borough from his hands.

On the afternoon of the day which followed Sir Edward's return, Paul bade me get ready to go and call with him at the Hall. I dared not disobey; yet the thoughts of venturing, even with my brother's protection, within that terribly grand house and encountering its master, made me feel shy and frightened. But our walk through the park, with our feet sinking deep into the mossy, daisy-spotted grass, and the sea-wind making a low, surging sound in the dark pine trees round us, freshened me up, and gave me a merry courage. I danced along, laughing at the notion of my going like a grand dame to call on the lord of the manor in the afternoon,—I who had spent the morning in mending stockings, and shelling peas. At another time, Paul would have reproved me for my wild spirits; but he was now busy turning over and over and perfecting the speech of welcome and thanks with which he meant to greet his patron. We reached the great portico. I had once been shown over the Hall by a cross old housekeeper, but I had never before called there, or leisurely examined any of the beautiful rooms; so that I was quite delighted that Sir Edward delayed coming to us, and left me time to look at all the curiosities with which the spacious ante-room was filled. Sir Edward kept us waiting a long time; and when he at length entered, he looked pre-occupied and somewhat constrained. He was about thirty, to all appearance; tall and firmly built, with a face passion-worn and pale, yet strangely attractive. He hardly raised his eyes to our faces as he approached us; but once, when the conversation flagged and he turned them full on me, I quailed beneath their steady, lustrous gaze.

"Paul," I said, as we walked home, "I did so wish you would have asked Sir Edward about Lawrie. He might have remembered much to tell us if you had but begun the subject, which perhaps he did not like to introduce himself."

"I could not mention his name to a stranger: it would not be right in me, if I could. You talk about Lawrence freely and often, as if you felt no shame in his death; but when you grow older, you will feel as I do, and shudder when you remember that he was a duellist."

Poor dead Lawrie! I felt as if it was some great moral want in me that prevented my blaming him as Paul did. To Paul a duel was murder in its most cold and wilful form. He seemed to forget the temptations to which Lawrence had been exposed, and the fact that he was the challenged—not the challenger; nay, sometimes it seemed as if he forgot that it was his own brother whom he so relentlessly condemned. I could only pity Lawrie goaded—as I felt he must have been, by false shame, and not by any unforgiving passion—to that last act which he had expiated with his life. But Paul, as I have said, felt differently. It hurt his pride of goodness that his brother should have died such a death. He hushed it up as much as he could; notwithstanding, the report spread through Lichendale that "young Mathewson had died far away across seas in a murdering-match;" and deep words of wrath against his murderer were mingled with regrets for my father; whose death, it was known, had been caused by the sudden sorrow. With whom Lawrence had fought, we did not know. No details had been given in the letter which my father had received; and Paul would never make inquiries, either as to the cause of the duel, or the name of the challenger; so that the suspicions which rested, with but little ground, on a French artist were never confirmed. "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord," Paul would repeat to himself, half aloud, whenever people talked of the chance of discovering the unknown murderer; as if it gave him a kind of grim pleasure to remember into what Almighty hands he had yielded his cause. Surely, I thought, the Creator in his great goodness judges more mercifully than men judge.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The morning after our call, Paul was out, and I had gone up-stairs to get my hat for a stroll, when Jane came panting up the stairs, breathless with astonishment, for "Sir Edward was in the parlour!" What could he want?

"Did you tell him Mr. Paul was out, Jane?"

"Yes, Miss Helen; but he asked if you were in the house, and he comed in almost afore I'd time to answer yes."

He must have called on some urgent business, I thought; and I hurried down to him. His ride through the fresh morning air had flushed his cheeks, and he looked very handsome. His half-haughty, half-careless bearing impressed me as something strange and striking; it was so different from Paul's grave, slow manner.

"You must not think me an impertinent

intruder, Miss Mathewson," he said, as I entered; "I bring my excuse in my pocket," and he tossed a note on to the table. "It is to beg you and your brother to dine with me to-morrow. I wrote it for the chance of your being out. There seems but little prospect of a dissolution, and time hangs heavily on my hands; so, if you and Mr. Mathewson will give me the pleasure of your society for to-morrow evening at least, I shall be quite delighted."

I felt that I ought to respond to this invitation with some very civil thanks; but the thought that came uppermost in my mind was of surprise at Sir Edward's want of occupation.

"All your tenants would be so glad to see you," I said, hesitatingly; "if you have so much spare time, I mean."

"Do you think they would?" replied Sir Edward, looking surprised at my daring to hint at his neglect of duty as a landlord. "I have always transacted business with them through my agent. Still, perhaps, they might care to see me, though I can't say the anxiety to meet is mutual. The farmers round Lichendale must be a very dull set of people. Can you tell me what character I bear here, Miss Mathewson? You must know my tenants well. Do those in the town, for instance, hold me very low in their righteous estimation, pray? Have reports unfavourable to me travelled from Italy?" he said, with a bitterness which a smile faintly concealed.

"I do not know if they love you at present; for it is difficult to love those one never sees. No! no! I don't mean that," I added quickly, thinking of Lawrie; "but it would be difficult for them to love one who has left them, and shown no interest in their welfare. I know that they are a good and grateful set of people, and that you might easily win their affection I am sure."

"I was thinking of their good esteem merely as regarded the probabilities of my being elected, if there should be a dissolution," said Sir Edward, earnestly; "but you make me feel ashamed of myself. I ought to consider it more as a proof of my having been a good landlord to them, and less as a means of my own success in life. I shall take your hint; meanwhile, I am confoundedly disappointed at Parliament having settled down again so quietly. I had quite worked myself up into a fever of imagination, at the thoughts of my contesting the election with Colonel Peterson."

"You left Rome on purpose to stand for Lichendale, did you not?"

"Yes," said Sir Edward, musingly, and his face brightened with some unspoken, sunny recollection of the Eternal City.

"Did you know my brother Lawrence there?" I asked quickly, for I was afraid of my courage failing me if I did not grasp at the first opportunity of asking the question which Paul had so strongly discountenanced.

"I met him many times," said Sir Edward, in a low, indistinct voice, starting from his reverie. His eyes were fastened on me—full of pity, I fancied; but I dared hardly meet them. He said little more, and soon went away.

Oh! he, too, thinks like Paul, that Lawrence has sinned deeply, and would avoid the subject, I thought to myself, as I pondered over the visit; and I wondered if Sir Edward disliked me for mentioning Lawrence so shamelessly.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Sir Edward was like a flash of lightning striking across my quiet path. Everything in my daily life lost its brightness. We saw a good deal of him, and soon I began to feel those days which passed without meeting him, long and dreary. Each day I liked his face better; and the look of passion, that I had at first noticed in it, seemed, by degrees, to give place to one of gentleness and kindness. Gradually, too, tales of recent kind deeds amongst his tenantry, took the place of the reports which had been rife in Lichendale before his return, of his dissipation at Rome. I sometimes wondered if my few words were the cause of his kindly intercourse with the poor people; but I checked myself quickly in this presumptuous supposition, and attributed the change to his natural good feeling. At any rate, it could hardly be to curry favour with his constituents; for, all chance of a speedy dissolution of Parliament seemed past.

He seemed, to my astonishment, to care to talk to me even more than to Paul, whose prejudice against him never quite wore off. Paul—if ever I ventured to express any of my boundless admiration for Sir Edward's wit or genius—checked me, and reminded me of all we had heard against his character.

"I can believe him passionate, Paul; but surely he is nothing worse."

"Passion is a fearful thing, Helena," Paul would reply; "and I believe Sir Edward to be selfish—more from habit than disposition perhaps; but still inexcusably selfish."

"He has had no motive for self-denial, most likely," I urged.

One beautiful evening—it was then the month of June—I set out to walk by a short cut through the park, to see a woman who was ill, and to whom I was taking some things. I hurried along; for I was late. Paul had set out some time before to the church, where there was service that evening, and I knew he would be vexed if I were not in time for it. I had got into a way of always looking out for Sir Edward; and, that evening, although I had to walk quickly, I could not refrain from stopping every now and then to see if he was in sight. I met the curate hastening to the church. I quickened my steps, and determined not to stop again till I reached the cottage. Nothing startles one so much as the sudden fulfilment of some present dream that hope has conjured up.

And, as I walked along, fancying what I should do and say if Sir Edward were to appear, I was startled by the well-known canter of his horse. My heart beat wildly. I thought it would have burst. The hoofs struck louder and louder on the grass, as the horse bounded towards me, but I did not turn round again. I longed to see if it really were Sir Edward, or whether I was mistaken; but I felt that I was scarlet, and I bent my head under my hat, and tried to hide my blushes. Sir Edward sprang from his horse, and stopped me. I do not know now exactly what he said. Even then I caught at its meaning from his face rather than heard his words; for my brain reeled—the trees seemed to rock, and the light to quiver and fade before my eyes. Faint and dizzy, I thought I must have fallen to the ground at his feet; but Sir Edward saw how white I grew, and passed his strong arm round me. I think he did not dislike my weakness; for as we stood there, he told me how, from his first look at my face he had liked me, and cared to see me again, and that he now loved me dearly, and wanted me to promise to be his wife. It was strange to me, and yet very sweet, to be spoken to with such loving tenderness. It brought back to my mind the days when I had my father and Lawrence to caress me; and, mistily, there uprose a dim remembrance of one, holding me tight in her dying grasp, pressing long, soft kisses on the little cheek she had wetted with her tears; for, with such gentle words and ways as a mother might use to a frightened child, did Sir Edward strive to soothe me, till my faintness passed, and he had gained my answer.

The church bells stopped.

"I must go, Sir Edward, or Paul will be so vexed?"

"You shall neither go to church, nor call me Sir Edward," he said, smiling; and detaining me with playful force, he made me sit down on a low ledge of rock that pierced the grass close by, cushioned with soft, purple thyme, and golden-starred moneywort. "Helena," he continued, his eyes pleading more earnestly than his words, "can you forgive the wild, wicked youth that I have spent? Will you strive to forget what I have been, and learn to think of me only as I now am: pardoning all that I have done wrong for the sake of my true, deep love?"

I did not answer. I hardly heard his last words. A sudden doubt had filled my mind, that cast a dark shadow across the sunshine of my happiness.

"When you ask me to be your wife, Sir Edward," I said, trying not to dread his answer, "do you remember the shame that Paul says attaches to our name? Do you remember that my youngest brother died in a duel?"

Sir Edward started.

"Those are your brother's rigid notions, Helena—very orthodox no doubt—but they are not mine. In this peaceful place, perhaps, duelling seems a terrible thing; but it is nonsense, of Mr. Mathewson to talk of it so. No stain inflicted on your name from that—though if it did—still I would marry you."

"I have always thought Paul judged Lawrie too harshly," I said, "and I am glad you think the same. Did you first like my face because it reminded you of Lawrence's, Sir Edward?"

Sir Edward answered me with a gay laugh; but his voice trembled.

I wished the church bells to ring again, with their peaceful, booming sound. There seemed something half unholy in the light, careless way in which he had spoken of duelling; although intended to quiet my doubts. It felt to me—yes! I am sure that it is not my present fancy—it felt to me at that moment, as if Lawrence stood unseen between me and Sir Edward. The wind, chill and damp, rustled through the trees, with a dreary, shuddering sound. Sir Edward rose, and walked apart for a few minutes.

"Go home, dear little Helena," he said, at length; "I shall come and see your brother to-morrow."

I got home quickly, and sat in the twilight waiting for Paul.

CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

I had half feared that Paul might refuse his consent to our engagement; but I was mistaken. His opinion of Sir Edward had that very day been greatly improved by something he had heard in the town—some kind or honourable deed, I forget exactly what; and, with many admonitions as to my future conduct, and not a few reproofs for past misdemeanours, he gave a slow, solemn consent.

The few weeks of my engagement were perfect happiness to me. Before, I had had no one to sympathise with me in all my daily joys and sorrows, or in my deeper feelings; but, now, Edward would listen with untiring patience and ready sympathy to anything that came into my head. Only about Lawrence I never talked to him. Paul's opinions—although I could not accept them—had yet sufficient power, by their firm persistency, to shake my confidence in my own; and I dreaded lest Edward's pride should ever turn and rebel at the remembrance of what Paul called our tarnished name, and felt glad that Sir Edward himself never alluded to the subject, of which I feared to remind him. Paul's grave, sullen manners hardly vexed me now; for I knew it was but to bear with them for an hour or so, and that in the next, Edward would be at my side. He awoke my interest in a thousand new things. To be his fit companion, I felt I must read books which I had never even seen, and these he gladly lent me from the library at the Hall.

One day when I was there, and he was hunting up some volume for me, my eye was attracted to a drawer which was partly open. I looked into it. It was full of beautiful gems, delicate enamels, and mosaics, that he had brought from Italy; and, in the furthest corner, glittering in the darkness, lay some quaintly carved pistols.

"Shut that drawer, Helena!" said Sir Edward, fiercely, turning round suddenly, and seeing where I stood.

I obeyed, and laughingly asked if it was a second Blue Beard's cupboard. But I got no answer, and when I looked round, Sir Edward was fixedly watching me, all colour gone from his cheeks—all tenderness from his eyes.

Did you again stand between and part us, Lawrence?

Edward had promised to walk with me on the sands, on the evening of the day but one before that fixed for my wedding. I was punctual to my appointment. The stable clock at the Hall rung out eight as I reached the bridge which, crossing the river, leads into the park, and which was our usual trysting-place; but no Edward was there. I waited till nine o'clock, and then, frightened at his not coming, ran to the Hall with beating heart and dark misgivings.

Sir Edward was in the library, but very busy, the servant said, in answer to my inquiry. He could not be too busy to see me, I thought, so I heeded not what else the man said, but went quickly to the library.

"Colonel Peterson is dead!" said Sir Edward eagerly when I burst into the room, "I am sorry I have broken my appointment. but these gentlemen," and he bowed to two whom I recognised as leading people in our little town, "have already honoured me with a request that I shall supply his place. You had better go home now."

I felt sad as I walked home. It was wrong, however, I knew, to mind that Sir Edward seemed engrossed in this sudden prospect of entering the political field, where he longed to distinguish himself; and I made many resolutions not to think of my own claims, or to mind how I, for a while, might be discarded.

Our marriage was put off. Sir Edward was fully occupied with the chances of his election. Paul went up to London, and I begged him not to hasten home; for I determined to conquer the old feeling of loneliness, which was creeping over me, and not to own its power by requiring him as a companion. Two or three days after he had left me, I was sitting in the evening reading in the drawing-room. The morning of that day had been sunny and bright; but, in the evening, a heavy, grey mist had closed round the dale, and sad feelings of depression had come over me. Edward had been only once to see me in my solitude; and, in that short visit, he had seemed abstracted and half-longing to be gone. I knew that, fair as his chance was, there was yet need for exertion, as two other candidates had come forward. I knew that he was much occupied; still it was difficult to keep my resolution of not minding how much he might seem to neglect me. The wind and rain sounded so dreary, and my heart was so heavy, that at length I buried my face in my hands and sobbed.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

A ring at the door startled me. I wiped away my tears. It must be Edward. How hasty and unjust I had been! I rose to meet him, but instead of Edward I saw Paul. "Helena," he said, "before I had even time to exclaim at his sudden appearance, or almost to notice his wet, disordered dress, "I have heard some dreadful news in London, and I have hastened straight home to tell you it—to warn and save you."

"Oh! tell me quickly, Paul," I gasped; "what is it? Do not stop to break it to me, but tell me. Anything is better than suspense."

"Bear it bravely then, Helena," he said; but he himself was pale and trembling, and as he continued, his voice sunk to a low, hoarse whisper,—"Sir Edward Stamford is Lawrence's murderer."

I uttered a fierce contradiction; and I felt defiantly indignant.

"Alas, Helena!" said Paul, "the person who told me—a Signor Corti—stood beside Lawrence as his second in the duel; but had promised him, as he lay dying, never to reveal by whose hand he fell; for the challenge had been tauntingly given, and the offence pitilessly avenged. The quarrel arose about some girl they both admired—a Miss Graham—and Lawrence knew, I suppose, what shame would clog his adversary's steps were his crime known."

"Yes, Lawrence's generosity would be true till death," I broke in, "but, oh! that man must be deceiving us; it cannot be Sir Edward who has done this cruel deed."

"He showed me the letter, Helena, in which Lawrence asked him to be his second, and in which Sir Edward's name was mentioned. Nay, he had even the pistols with him in London, which had been Sir Edward's, and bore his crest and initials, for they had changed weapons before fighting. Lawrence's must be in Sir Edward's possession, no doubt; they were that clumsy old pair that my father had mended up for him.

"I have seen them," I said. Alas! I could no longer doubt Paul's statement; for, with fearful distinctness, the scene in the Hall-library flashed back upon my mind—the open drawer, the bright pistols, Sir Edward's face, rigid and white with alarm—and I wondered how even my trustful love could have blinded me to the truth for so long.

"Corti would never have broken his promise, Helena, if it had not been necessary to do so, to save you from marrying your

brother's murderer. Report had told him what you were about to do."

"'To save me from it,' Paul," I exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"Is it possible, you misunderstand me?" he said. "I mean that your duty and your natural affection ought to strengthen you to renounce Sir Edward. I can hardly believe that you will find it a difficult task," he added, bitterly, "not to love your brother's murderer."

"I cannot take back my love, Paul. I never gave it for any definite reason; it was sent like some blessed instinct, and now, though I shudder to think what he is, I cannot—cannot part from Edward. It may be wicked and unnatural of me; but I cannot!" Paul groaned aloud with horror. "Why did I ever allow this engagement?" he muttered to himself.

"Only think of the terrible remorse he must have suffered, dear Paul," I pleaded, trying to be calm.

"I cannot count, Helena, his so cruelly deceiving you, as remorse. No: you must and shall break off this engagement. His guilt has cancelled any promise you can have made him."

"I am stronger-hearted than I seem," I said; "and, although the whole world cry out and condemn me, I will stand by him, comforting him, and strengthening him to a right repentance. I know you can tear and keep me away now; but, when I am of age, I will spring free from you and return to Sir Edward."

I stood there firm and resolute. A deep pain was at my heart, and terror struggled with my love; but still it lived imperiously strong, bound up, as it seemed, with my life. Paul was silent.

"Good night," I said, and moved towards the door.

He detained me by the arm.

"Hear!" he said, and his voice was cruelly calm, "the determination to which your obstinacy forces me; and from which no earthly power shall make me flinch. If you persist in your refusal to break off with Sir Edward, I will make known his guilt in every home around. No child but shall point at him, and cry, 'Murderer!' no mother but shall pray that her daughter may not live to love like you. Do you think, Helena, that the people of Lochendale will then choose him, his name blood-stained and blackened, for their representative? They will not—they shall not—if my words have power to move them. Murderer—deceiver as he is, what should it matter to him who has lost heaven, if this chance of earthly success escape him? I place it in your power to prevent this: make your choice."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

I STAGGERED up to my own room, and threw myself on the bed. I lay sobbing in the darkness till Paul heard me, and came to me. I would not listen to him; but turned away with angry dread. When he had left me, I rose from my bed, went to the open window, and, leaning out, strove to see through black vacancy the Hall, where Sir Edward was sleeping, ignorant of my wild despair. The night-air cooled my burning cheeks, and the peaceful silence, only broken by the roar of the distant tide, stilled my passionate grief. I knelt down and prayed. I prayed that my love might be unselfish, and that I might, if necessary, be strong enough to sacrifice my own happiness to his.

Slowly but surely the conviction stole upon me that, to do right, I must give him up. I tried to resist it. I grappled with it; but in vain. It mastered me. The impetuosity of his love had been trampled down by his ambition. I did not love him the less for this. It merely made me long that, when his ambition was gratified, I might be taught how to win back his first great love. Paul had acted with cruel and unerring foresight, when he had made the alternative of my refusing to give up Sir Edward the almost certain loss of his election, and he had rightly guessed the conclusion I should work out in my own mind. For I felt that Sir Edward, triumphant in his election, and carried by it into new scenes and society, would soon forget me, and any pain resigning me might at first cost him.

The dawn crept slowly on, and the great white lilies, that I had planted out in the garden to make it gay for Paul when I should be gone, grew into distinctness, pointing with their golden fingers towards heaven. I still knelt by the window, praying that I might not shrink from the sacrifice.

What Sir Edward answered, when Paul wrote to him to tell him of my determination to break off the engagement, I was never told exactly; but I fancy his reply consisted chiefly of thanks for the assurance, which I had made Paul promise to give, that his secret should not escape through us. I had asked Paul to write, because I could not have borne to do so without giving any explanation, and the only true one would have bound Sir Edward in honour to hold to his engagement.

For several days after that terrible night I lay in a death-like stupor. The merry church-bells woke me from it.

"Is it my wedding-day to-day?" I asked, as I sickened back into half-consciousness.

"Oh, Miss Helena!" said Jane, who had watched with Paul by me, "I am right glad to hear your voice again. It's no wedding. The bells are ringing for Sir Edward—Sir Edward, Miss."—She guessed rightly, that name would rouse me. "He's won the election, and he's given the ringers a power o' money."

A flood of recollection was let loose. It was all too true! I turned my face to the wall—I wept bitter tears. "Oh! that I had a mother to comfort me."

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

Three years passed. As soon as I recovered from my illness I resumed my household duties. I even went out in the town, after I heard of Sir Edward's departure for London; for I knew that the longer it was deferred the more painful would it be to me to revisit the places which his presence had made so dear. I strove hard to conquer my grief. In the daytime, by constant occupation, to which I forced myself, I contrived to drive it from me; but, at night, when I was alone, it sprang from its hiding-place, like some horrid spectre, and stared me in the face with relentless eyes. Sir Edward seldom came to Lachendale, and, during these rare visits, I never left the house. His career in public was brilliant. Had I not paid for it dearly? Even in his absence he continued to do much good amongst his poorer tenants; and if ever, by chance, they forgot my past history and in my visits named him to me, it was with love and respect for his character. If, instead of receiving this approbation, he had been branded and condemned by the world, would he not have sunk in his own self-respect, and have verified the unjustly harsh opinion of the public?

My love for him never wavered. The recollection of those few happy weeks when I had been his, gradually became more and more dream-like; but my love continued unquenched. For many months Paul and I led a life of silent antagonism. Although I tried to forgive, I could not forget what he had done, and I do not think I considered enough how little he had ever understood, or even been capable of understanding, my devotion to Sir Edward, or how much of his childish experiences had been calculated to increase his naturally harsh, unforgiving disposition. Hannah, loving Lawrence the most for his little winsome, sportful ways, had often unknowingly checked Paul's affectionate impulses. Once as I watched him reading, and noticed the lines of care and thought deepening on his face, I was startled into a painful consciousness of what a loveless life we led; only brother and sister to each other as we were. I was humbled by my sorrow, and I did not repress the thought that perhaps it was my fault for always striving and chafing against his will, instead of showing him a loving submission. With a sudden impulse I sprang up, and flung my arms round his neck. "I do love you, Paul," I murmured, "I really do." I feared he might put me coldly from him. I felt half ashamed that I had not restrained myself; but his low, "God bless you for this, Helena," dispelled all doubts, and thrilled me with joy. Those few words seemed to draw us closer together than I could once have deemed possible; and I strove my utmost to hold fast what I had gained by them.

CHAPTER THE NINTH.

One day I was returning slowly home, after a morning spent at the school, when I saw the doctor rush past me without a nod or word of recognition. A servant followed him, hot and out of breath. I glanced at the livery—it was Sir Edward's!

"Who is ill at the Hall?" I asked. The man, a stranger to me, stared at me; for, I suppose, I looked wild and eager.

"Sir Edward," he said, "he's got a fever. I told him last night he had better have the doctor, but he wouldn't listen to me, and now he'll want the doctor and the parson both."

Terror seemed to give me strength. I got to the Hall without stopping to think. I opened a side-door that I knew was left unlocked, and sprang up the wide stairs, and on—on—into Sir Edward's presence. A wild, ringing laugh greeted me—

"Ha! Helena!" he screamed in his delirium, "is that you? and where is Lawrence? —poor, bleeding Lawrence!" His eyes glared with fever.

Paul stood at the bedside; brought there, face to face with his enemy, by a summons which he had not dared to disobey—a summons to give spiritual peace and comfort to one, who, the messenger had said, lay at the point of death. He saw me as I entered; but he did not send me away. The past was forgotten in that awful present.

Long, weary days of watching followed. Out-of-doors, I remember, everything was so bright and joyous in the summer-weather. All day the belling of the deer, and the low, sweet notes of birds calling to each other, came floating through the open window into the darkened room; and I could hear, too, the people passing through the park laughing gaily in the sunshine. It seemed as if the full measure of my misery, beneath the weight of which I thought my heart must surely break, were but a little drop of sorrow in the great stream of glad life, that eddied sparkling on, untroubled, unpitying. It was terrible to see Sir Edward suffer, and to be able to give him no relief: to hear him shriek in his delirium like one tormented, and have no power to soothe. Lawrence's death-scene seemed to haunt him like a ghastly vision. He mentioned his name perpetually, in rapid, incoherent sentences, that were sometimes half-Italian, and of which I could only guess the sad meaning. Often his voice sank to a low moaning for Helena; but, when I came forward and spoke to him—hoping that as at first he would recognise me—he shrunk shuddering away, with shut eyes, seeing in me only my likeness to Lawrence; whose face, as he last looked upon it, was

not, Ellen, more whitened with that mine became in those hours of misery.

It was during the second night of our watching that the physician, for whom Paul had telegraphed from London, arrived. I heard the hoarse grating of the carriage-wheels over the gravel. I knew that he was come, and with him, I hardly doubted, relief for Sir Edward. He came up-stairs immediately, and entered the room with a quiet, cautious tread. I could hardly bear the suspense of those moments. I crept out into the dark ante-room, and stood there straining with expectation, and vainly trying to forget that it was for a verdict of life or death that I waited. Sir Edward's great dog left the side of the door, where he had lain ever since his master had been taken ill, and came to me with a strange, piteous whine.

At length the physician left the patient's room, and Paul followed him, pressing him for an opinion. They did not see me standing there in the faint moonlight, and I was too anxious, too eager, to move, so they spoke out the cruel truth plainly, and I drank in their words as some poor creature mad with thirst, might snatch and swallow poison.

"Did you say there was no hope?" said Paul. My breath came and went quick.

"Not a shadow," the physician replied, "I do not see a chance of recovery with that pulse, and I am not apt to give up a case. You haven't gained much by bringing me down here, you see," he added, lightly, as he and Paul passed on into the gallery.

I tried to go towards the room, but my strength failed. I sank to the ground like one paralysed. As I crouched there, in the darkness, I heard my name loaded with reproaches. In delirious anguish my faithlessness was denounced for killing its victim, and, in that manner, avenging Lawrence. These reproaches had enough of terrible sense in them to sound more than mere ravings. But, through the tumult of my grief, holy words of promise rose to my remembrance—"Ask, and it shall be given unto you." I raised my hands in an agony of supplication, and prayed for Edward's recovery with intense longing.

I do not know why I longed for it so earnestly, remembering always as I did that when he got well I must leave him. I suppose I had unconsciously some expectation that, if he lived, he would in some way learn how true I had been to him, and, before death, give me one word or look of gratitude. I rose, strengthened and comforted, and went to him.

The crisis of the fever passed. Sir Edward's strength had been spent in the fury of his delirium, and he lay prostrate and weak as a little child; but he lived, my prayers were heard. Death had hovered very near; but at His commands, he spread his black pinions and fled. I watched on day and night by Sir Edward till he was out of danger, and his consciousness returned. Then Paul bade me go home, and there was a gentle pity in his voice that filled my heart with a new hope.

He still stayed at the Hall, nursing Sir Edward. Twice or three times every day he sent me short bulletins, and, on the expectation of these, I seemed to live. Each day Sir Edward was getting better. Each day I felt sure that Paul's heart was softening towards him, and yearning more and more to proffer forgiveness. One day (it was more than a week after the crisis) Paul's note was longer than it had ever been before.

"I have told Sir Edward everything—my threat which Heaven has taught me to repent, and your sacrifice. His joy when I told him why you had parted from him, was so great that I was quite afraid lest its effects should throw him back. I must tell you what he says, for, at present it would be dangerous for him to see you. He declares, that I was quite deceived in thinking that he felt no remorse in meeting us; and that it was only from a strong desire to make every reparation in his power, that, by giving me this living, he insured our home so near his. He says, that he had a shuddering reluctance to meet those whom he had so deeply injured, but that, directly he had seen you, he felt it impossible to stop his intercourse with us. He blames himself bitterly for the sorrow he has caused you by the cowardly concealment of his crime when he engaged himself to you. When he heard of your determination to part from him, he naturally concluded that it resulted from indignation at his conduct, with which I had told him we were acquainted. But he now knows how it all was. He says, that ever since then he has been making most earnest efforts to subdue the passionate heat of temper which drove him to his crime, but that he had determined not to plead for your forgiveness till he could prove, by his having conquered his evil disposition, that he had striven hard to earn it. These are nearly his words. I believe that he meant to have seen you, to tell you all this himself, during this visit to Lichendale, and that his anxiety as to your answer, in great measure, brought on the fever. His repentance has been bitter; but a day of gladness has dawned.—Yours, P. M."

My tears fell fast and thick as I finished this letter, but through them I saw Lawrence's eyes shining from his portrait on the wall,—bright and glad, and it seemed to me as if his spirit spoke through them, rejoicing with me, and sanctioning my perfect happiness.

"Helena," said Sir Edward to me the other day, "miserable as those three years were, even if it were possible, I would not have them undone. They taught me how precious you were, and, in striving to win you back, my love for you helped me to overcome evil in many a fierce conflict."

"That time has done us all good," I said. "It made Paul and me love each other, as we should never otherwise have done. I see now how sorrow is sent with divinely merciful purposes."

"O baby, baby," said Edward, catching up our little girl from the floor, "we will never let you marry such a wicked man as Sir Edward Stamford, though mamma has done so,—will we?"

AT THE COULISSES IN PARIS.

The features of this region of enchantment are pretty much the same all the world over, excepting always the tawdry efforts of provincial theatricalism, sure and fatal awakener from all romantic notions. In the wide domain of the great metropolitan boards there are no such jarring associations. The colouring, seen afar off through the misty haze always floating over the parterre, is softened away into a golden vision; while all other stage trickeries become invested with a certain dignity that forbids any degrading ideas. It is one magnificent sham, in which all believers coming to worship have unbounded faith, and would grieve to be awakened from their delusion. Especially is there a certain grandeur in the aspect of a great Paris opera-house, very inspiring even to blazé habitués, when imperial visitors are expected to occupy the grand loge on the left, and the stalls below are crowded to the full, and the balcony tiers are peopled with noble ladies, round whom float clouds of snowy muslin—all so many pictures in gorgeous gold and crimson setting. For everywhere is there gold and crimson—golden shields and garlands on this same rich crimson ground. There is a flood of white subdued light from lustres diffusing everything. The grand army in the orchestra, ranged in many long files behind each other, are arrayed in gala costume—white ties and evening garments—to do honour to the august presence on the left, soon expected to be here. By-and-by, a rustle and general flutter running round, and upturning of faces in the parterre, betoken that beneath the golden crown and bee sprinkled draperies of the grand loge visitors have arrived, and are bestowing themselves in their places. Those who sit opposite can discern, through the open door, the tall figure of a Cent Garde, keeping watch and ward in the corridor. After an instant's further delay, the chef appears suddenly in the orchestra—a man with high bald crown and spectacles. He opens his music hastily, and, looking around him, lifts his bâton in the air. Then, one, two, three, and from a lone, mysterious corner rises the subdued tremolo of the drum. An exciting, soul-stirring moment that, if it be the first night of a new opera—M. Verdi's Vêpres, say—in which the Parisian public takes exceeding delight.

Supposing it now to have reached the end of the opening act, and that the parties who purvey that ingenious sheet, L'Entreacte, the evening journals, and lorgnettes, are all busy with their callings, the curious stranger, looking about him, will note that many are deep in those evening papers, and that many more seats are void, and garnished round curiously with a ligature formed of a white handkerchief. This is but a sign that the absence of the late occupant is only temporary, and that he will shortly return and resume his rights. But he will likewise be attracted by a door towards the right of the orchestra opening every now and then, and swinging to behind men of all ages and qualities. That swinging door, he will be told, leads to the mystic regions of the Coulisses. Those gentlemen have perpetual entrée behind the scenes; and it is by them, most likely, that the white mementoes have been left on the parterre seats.

Behind that awful door, sits always a stern Cerberus—stern, that is, to all who come without just title of entry, but otherwise endowed with persuasive and insinuating manners. He has come in contact with so many ranks and characters, that he has grown in some sort to be a man of the world. But, in matters connected with duty he is utterly inflexible. To those whose names are wanting on the little roll that hangs before him, neither prayers, nor soothing persuasion, nor gold itself, can open the passage. That man is known to be incorruptible. M. Cerberus is not to be seduced.

Supposing, however, the stranger to have cemented friendly relations with one of the orchestra, or that M. le Directeur has kindly furnished him with a passeport, and the door has swung-to behind him, he will find himself, after a few steps forward, in a very strange and novel scene. To say nothing of the mysteries overhead—the pulleys and cordage, like the rigging of a great ship, the ponderous bits of scenic furniture descending slowly, the figures seen high in the air, walking across frail bridges—he will be more puzzled with the stranger scene going on below. Here is a flood of people newly entered by that same swinging door, who are now busy seeking out their own friends and familiars. Great toppling structures are being moved forward by strong arms to the front. Here are singers walking to and fro, chaunting their parts softly to themselves; ballerinas disporting fancifully, for practice sake, in the centre of the stage; captains of firemen, with their lieutenants and subordinates, prying curiously into out-of-the-way corners and by places; M. le Directeur himself, walking up and down thoughtfully—in charming spirits if the house be crowded to inconvenience. There must be added to this, a perfect Babel of many tongues, of words of command, angry chiding, and inextinguishable laughter, from the lively groups scattered over the stage. In the midst of all this, a voice is heard sounding clear above the storm, "Clear the stage, messieurs et mesdames! the curtain is about to rise."

Clouds of muslin float away airily to the side. Gradually, the little groups are broken up, and a stream of habitués begins to flow steadily through the swinging door. There are signs of life to be seen in the prompter's little music-book opening, as it were, of itself. The chef re-appears in his place, and all is ready for the opening of act the second.

There are, however, certain risks and ills which inexperienced Coulisse visitors are in some measure heir to. It is not universally known that there are huge balance-weights swinging over-head, by way of counterpoise, the cords of which have been known to give way, and the weights to come crashing down with terrific effect. Now and then cords and blocks drop from above, with a stray man occasionally. Sometimes a trap will open suddenly at the feet of a curious observer, and, if he be tempted to look down and see what may be coming next, he may perhaps find himself à cheval on some construction, and borne aloft to the clouds—thus, for once in his life, realising his apotheosis. The toe of a pirouetting danseuse has, before now, done grievous mischief to a bystander's physiognomy. To such pitfalls are the unthinking exposed. Therefore has it been held that the foremost portion of the stage—namely that nearest to the curtain—is the most secure, and furthest removed from peril.

Far behind, beyond even the remotest flat, may be noted two other doors, each leading to more regions of mystery. Thus is there mystery within mystery—wheels within wheels. One of these opens into the dancers' hall and tiring rooms, the other into that set apart for the singers. Once on a time, this singers' room was a glittering salon in the famous Hôtel de Choiseul, and still shows the rich white and gold adornments of that decorative age. At present it is a bald and desolate looking apartment, its only furniture being a single pianoforte and a few benches. For, hither resort, each in their turn, the leading artistes to make their early répétitions of the new opera, the maestro himself presiding. But, in the other salle—that on the right—the proceedings are of a more stirring and enlivening quality. It is always brilliantly illuminated and garnished plentifully with handsome looking-glasses reaching to the floor. Here congregate the danseuses and their intimates in noisy groups. Ambassadors, ministers, peers, deputies, and marshals of France are to be seen here, night after night; Veteran Bugeaud, on one of his short Algerian furloughs, came often too. Very motley and diverse are the occupations of all present. Some are busy putting a last finish to their toilette, while many more are clustered round an ancient and generous friend—affectionately known as papa—who is distributing bonbons and other sweet confection. Others, again, whose turns go on will come round presently, are hard at work practising steps, putting themselves, as their phrase runs, en train. For this purpose specially, are fixed before the looking-glasses, at a convenient height from the ground, certain smooth blocks of wood. To such elevation will the conscientious danseuse raise her foot, and keep it there poised for many minutes. This process secures proper flexibility for what may be termed the pair of compasses manœuvre. After a fair allowance of this exercise, mademoiselle takes in her own hands a coquettish little watering-pot, and, with abundance of graces, proceeds to sprinkle a small circle in front of the glass. Wrapt admirers look on in ecstasy, mademoiselle's own particular worshipper holding the sacred watering-pot. Then follows a series of bold springs—entrechats, as they are called—and other light gymnastics, until Monsieur l'Avertisseur—there is no such degraded being as a call-boy—until Monsieur l'Avertisseur draws near and informs mademoiselle that her hour has come; thereupon, mademoiselle delicately withdraws certain preservatives against dust and other foreign matter—inimical to the tint of delicate silken hose—and in an instant has substituted new bright satin shoes for the more elderly ones in which she has been practising. The worshipper is privileged to stand by, and looks on reverently at this toilette.

Here, too, come the first-class artistes, in the broad daylight, to rehearse and receive instruction in their distinct specialities, for, there is a reign of terrible drudgery at those glittering Coulisses, side by side with that other reign of spangles and enchantment. All day long, there is a treadmill turning, which is worked wearily by the lofty and lowly of the profession. All must bend to this stern training regimen, and Pale Maître de-danse—as surely as Pallida Mors—stamps his impartial foot alike before the première of the ballerinas as before the humblest supernumerary coryphée. For these there is no private salle: it is a stern law that all their répétitions shall take place on the stage itself, to the bald accompaniment of a single violin. Very dreary, and at the same time very curious, are the scenes at this ballet rehearsal, in dull theatrical daylight, if only from the strange contrast to be seen there. Some ladies arrive magnificently, in their carriages drawn by English horses, and superbly habited in costly finery, while near them stands a young creature in mean, shabby garments, who has had to trudge it from some remote quartier. The stranger who is prying curiously about, will take note of their bonnets lying together upon the table—one, an exquisite little construction, elegance itself, from the atelier of the imperial modiste; the other, a faded, flattened thing beaten out of all shape, and washed in many a deluge of rain. Yet does mademoiselle

accost her humble sister with singular grace and kindness, and suffer herself to be addressed on the same easy terms. Further, if the poor supernuméraire has met with some grievous accident, or has fallen sick and is thus hindered from supporting her large family, mademoiselle has been often known to take up the case with a sort of furore, going round among her brother and sister artistes, gathering moneys for the distressed. A dash of piety, too, occasionally seasons the light manners of the Coulisses, most of the young ladies attending mass regularly every Sunday, and being otherwise devout. They may be found burning their votive candles before Our Lady's altar, in the hope of deliverance from some little trouble. They are given to little pilgrimages to holy places, and pray earnestly, poor souls! too often, it is to be feared, that some erratic lover may be given back to them.

Returning again to this day rehearsal, which may be likened to a sort of bivouac, the contemplative stranger will find many more subjects for his recreation. Looking round him, he will discover some seated in remote corners, deep in Sue or Paul de Kock, thus diligently improving their spare minutes; some others are keeping close to maternal shelter; while many more are reposing their weary limbs on sofas.

Discipline is very strictly enforced in all stage business. During répétition a certain amount of toleration is extended to mirth and high spirits; but, once the lamps are lighted and the audience gathered in front, any inattention or levity is visited with severe penalties in the shape of heavy fines. Mademoiselle is often disagreeably surprised, when betaking herself to the treasurer's office, at finding the week's salary sadly reduced by these. Oftentimes a note arrives from a lady, stating that she is stricken with sudden indisposition, and is consequently obliged to forego the pleasure of assisting at the evening's performance. This ought to be enough for the direction, who should have sympathy for the fair sufferer; but the direction has little faith, being a dull sort of body much given to doubting, and so sends off suspiciously to know if mademoiselle be really at home and confined to her room. For the poor convalescent has been known to muster strength sufficient for a little dinner at the Frères Provinçaux or Maison Doré, and have occasionally been seen, when actually thought to be in extremis, sitting in a stall at the Français, arrayed in toilette most éblouissante. But, though unreasonably sceptical at times, the direction has still bowels for its flock of bonâ fide sick and wounded. Fractures and sprains attendant on miscalculated pirouettes, accidents from falling scenery, with other mishaps, are sure to make up a full morning's list of casualties. Medical officers, therefore, attached to the establishment, receive their list every morning, and set forth upon their rounds, visiting impartially the highest mansarde and stately premier. A wise and humane dispensation this, and, in the end, profitable to the direction.

The popular refection behind the scenes is the simple, old-established drink known as eau sucrée, or else a little Madeira wine and water, or, for those who have demi voltes and such trying exercise before them, some very strong cold soup, held to be the best restorative of all. The danseuse usually has her maid, her sister, or mother, waiting at the side-scene, and holding for her a handkerchief and cloak, with a cup of the cold soup elixir. The tried campaigner of the ball season also knows the efficacy of this strengthening extract. Often does some figurante, after lavishing her set round of smiles upon parterre and stalls, fall trembling into her mother's arms at the wing with a deep cry of pain "O, mother! how I suffer!" Then, after a little of the panacea and a few moments' rest, she goes forth again full of nods and becks and wreathed smiles, and all the world theatrical holds unanimously that never was mademoiselle in more bewitching or in better verve than to-night. A common ill to which the danseuse is subject, is a sort of chronic inflammation of the nostrils, which obliges the mouth to be kept open for the sake of taking breath, and is found very distressing. This is the bête noir of the ballet, for which, as yet, there has been no cure discovered beyond time and patience.

We have taken but a glimpse at the Coulisses, hardly sufficient perhaps for those who, being men of Bohemia, wish to go deep into the subject. For such readers, have been lately written certain voluminous chronicles, records of managerial life and troubles, with which the Parisian market has been inundated, and which set forth minutely, many curious details.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 381.] SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

DOCTORS' BILLS.

When a young gentleman who has no incapacity for the enjoyment of baked meats and pastry, being tried with beef can eat none, being tried with turkey turns against poultry, chokes in the struggle to get pudding down, and even lets a strawberry lie whole in his mouth because he cannot make up his mind to swallow it, there is a question that may reasonably occur to his friends,—Can he be hungry? We are good friends of the medical profession, and we have now at our elbow a pile of Parliamentary bills that have been introduced by one at a time or two at a time—just now trial is being made with two at a time—under the belief that each may be the bill beginning, "Whereas it is expedient to amend the laws relating to the medical profession," which the medical profession says it wants. The profession cries, or is said to cry, "Beef!" gets beef, and declares it too tough or too tender, too dry or too juicy. Away it goes. The profession cries—or is said to cry—"Pudding!" and is offered a great choice of puddings, but eats none. The profession only wants a bit of cheese, but there is no cheese that is *the* cheese. Yet the profession, though it can eat nothing, really seems to feel uneasy in the stomach. As friends, we suggest that, perhaps the sense is one, not of a void to be filled, but of a weight to be thrown off. The similitude is less agreeable than apt. We take another.

A young lady, tending to be buxom, feels a difficulty in getting on, complains of cold at the extremities, looks blue in the face, and calls in a variety of surgeons and physicians. The young lady's name is Miss Hygeia. One adviser prescribes blisters to the right leg, another prescribes blisters to the left leg; various cunning surgeons even suggest odd morsels of amputation here and there, and there is no potion that is not to be found in the prescriptions laid upon the table for her benefit,—upon the table of the House of Commons. The young lady is the medical profession. Some very ordinary persons, who are not cunning at all, don't see any use in blistering her legs—cauterising by law the medical corporations—or in shaving her head, and cupping her behind the brain—taking the strength, by law, out of the universities; and think it a wise instinct that keeps her from the swallowing of any legal potion. It is, they say, a pure case of tight lacing. Cut her stays.

While we write, two rival dockets of opinion and advice upon her case—medical bills—are before the public. In each, the advice is to put her in some sort of irons, dose, and bandage her; in neither is it recommended that her chest be cut loose, and allowed to work as it can work if left to nature. A woman can live without being fixed in a machine that shall inflate her lungs for her, push up her diaphragm, and regulate the rise and fall of every rib. So can a profession; though the legislators for physician, surgeon, and apothecary don't appear to think so. Of the two courses of treatment proposed in the case of Hygeia (the one by Mr. Headlam, the other by Lord Elcho), one involves more cramping and dosing than the other, and is, therefore, by so much worse than the other. If either be adopted, we shall presently have reason to show why one should be taken and the other left. But we have, in the first place, our own counsel to give. Undoubtedly Hygeia is blue in the face; she does find some difficulty in getting on, she is very much starved at the extremities, and is weaker than she ought to be about the head. Something must be done for her; but what? We say, do not dose, bleed, blister, amputate, or bandage: simply, Cut her stays.

Setting aside metaphor, let us ask what is the main thing proposed by the law-makers?—or the bill-makers: they never get so far as to the making of a law. "For the good of the public," one bill declares itself to be. "For the good of the profession, I am," says another.

Here is one that was introduced by Mr. Warburton, Mr. Wakley, and Mr. Hawes, in the year eighteen hundred and forty,—whereas and because it was "expedient that all male persons practising medicine in the United Kingdom should be registered; and that all properly educated medical practitioners should be encouraged to exercise their profession, in all or any of its branches in whatsoever parts of the British,"—et cætera. The bill set up a machinery of registrars and

sub-registrars, and proposed taxing the doctors for the means of paying its expenses. It proposed to get up a medical council for each of the three parts of the United Kingdom; in each council there were to be thirty-six men; in each thirty-six there were to be four-and-twenty representatives chosen by universal suffrage of the registered practitioners, &c., &c.; also there was to be a general election of six every year, &c., &c. There was to be a medical senate, as there is a clerical senate (a senate among senates), and then there was to be a new college of medicine. We need not go into details It is not at all surprising to us, that the medical profession could not make up its mind that this was the bill of bills.

In the year following, Mr Hawes, Mr Ewart, and Mr. Hutton introduced this bill again, with variations of detail; the chief variation being the extinction of the idea of another college. There was to be general registration. Bolus and Scalpel were to take out annual certificates, and pay for them There was to be a Scotch council, an Irish council, and an English council, of twenty in each, the members elected by ballot They were to form a lower house; and there was to be formed of its select men an upper house or medical senate. The profession naturally did not care greatly to be bothered with the addition of this new machinery to the clogs already tied about its body.

We jump to the years forty-four and forty-five, during which Sir James Graham was engaged in compounding a pill for the doctors. Forty-five was a great year for measures and amended measures. Sir James, in a second version of a former device of his own, proposed a new council of health, with one of Her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State for president, the medical Regius Professor, and certain other persons for the members. The council was to see that a register was kept, to see that examinations were of the right sort, and to protect as well as meddle with existing medical corporations, leaving them their monopolies to all intents and purposes intact. This bill was taken into a committee room, whence it emerged with a new royal college of general practitioners fastened to its tail. But the profession didn't really care about state councils and royal colleges. The bill was torn down; and, in the succeeding year, a new bill was pasted over it by Mr. Wakley and Mr Warburton. This bill aimed simply at securing registration. It went into committee and came out an amended bill; of which the purport was that all qualified surgeons were to be compelled to take in, as a sort of annual, price five shillings, their marriage lines to the profession whereto they were joined, and be able to prove by them, and by them only, that they were wedded to it lawfully. The doctors didn't care very much about these marriage lines. They were proposed to them again in the year following, with the addition of some machinery for enabling a "said Secretary of State" to secure uniformity of qualification among doctors. The profession didn't believe in this bill either. We break off the catalogue and come at once to the time present,—which begins last year.

Mr. Headlam introduced last year a new medical bill, which suffered metamorphosis in a committee of the House of Commons. This year the metamorphosed bill appears in the House under Lord Elcho's guardianship, and the unaltered bill also appears in the House, it being again brought forward by Mr. Headlam.

Before we describe the substance of the two new propositions, we must state one very essential fact; because, in the different modes of dealing with this fact, there lies the real difference between the spirit of the one bill and the spirit of the other. There are two sets of examining bodies in Great Britain, first, the corporations of physicians, of surgeons, and of apothecaries; second, the several universities. The universities can grant degrees, of which some do and some do not convey the right of practice, and some give the right of practising only within a given area. The general spirit of Mr. Headlam's bill is to protect the corporations and keep down the universities; the general spirit of the other bill is to protect the universities and keep down some, at least, of the corporations. Each, at the same time, sets up a medical council and a scheme of registration.

So we have in the new bills a strong family likeness to the whole gallery of their predecessors. Medical reform is still held to be the destroying of something that does exist and the creating of something that does not exist. As commonly proposed, it is the destruction of some bit of life and the creation of some bit of machinery in place of it.

But the thing really wanted is more fulness of life and less restriction. While the bandaging of the afflicted profession has been discussed year after year in Parliament, the afflicted profession itself, restive or indifferent about every such proposal, has been developing fast, and working its way nobly forward to a higher life. Except the London College of Physicians, there is scarcely a medical examining body in the kingdom that has not made more or less rapid advance in its demands on the wit of candidates for its approval; and in the very front of this great forward movement there now stands the University of London. It is, we think, simply absurd to propose the delivery of this young giant of a calling, tied and bound, into the hands of any single state council, or of any corporation. To deliver up the profession of physic in England as serf to the London College of Physicians—one consequence of Mr. Headlam's propositions—is of all conceivable mistakes the worst. That body includes many very able men; but, as a

body, is so starved by the legal fiction that its F.R.C.P.s are the Few Really Competent Persons practising medicine in the metropolis, that there is not a more decrepit corporation to be found in the three kingdoms. Some little time ago, when a medical journal said that a certain physician of mark had applied for and obtained the fellowship of the London College, that physician thought it due to his credit to write to the medical journal and explain that he did not ask the college to give; but that on the part of the college he was asked to take. The college has nothing to rely upon but the prestige of an old name and a reputation bolstered up by law. It is as dead as the dead tongue in which it carries on the farce of an examination with its candidates. Nothing short of the abandoning of its monopolies will bring its blood again into free circulation. Corporations could work under the defence of monopolies in those old days when men worked under the defence of helmet, breastplate, gauntlet, greaves, and buckler. Now-a-days, there are many fragments of old charter still in use, that are fit only to be exhibited at Manchester in the same cases with the old armour and firelocks of three centuries ago.

We are persuaded that what the medical profession really wants in this age of its most rapid progress, is a complete abandonment of the dead principle of protection, and the admission of free trade throughout its borders. The article to be produced—as all the bill makers protest—is a well-educated practitioner of medicine. We are more likely to get this when there are fifty licensing bodies, all dependent for their life on their good reputation and competing for precedence of credit, than when there is one central council managing everything, and there are one or two fat corporations undertaking to do all the work in a sweet concord with the denizens of Downing Street.

It is said that we have here a special case to which it is not possible to apply the principle of competition. That licensing bodies have a tendency to underbid each other, and to pass incompetent men for the sake of pocketing their fees. The plan was tried by one or two bodies, and was found so ruinous—so perfectly analogous to the killing of the goose which laid the golden eggs—that the utmost pains were taken to give publicity to the fact of its utter abandonment.

London corporations sometimes sneer at the Scotch universities. A London practitioner is often heard to say that a St. Andrew's degree is good for nothing. But we find, on inquiry, that only last May, of fifty-seven candidates for the M.D. of St. Andrew's, fourteen were rejected; and that, of the fourteen, all but one had obtained licences and diplomas of other privileged corporations, chiefly in England. English general practitioners every year show in many cases, that they are not up to the St. Andrew's mark, whatever that may be. There is another fact. Public opinion in the profession does not regard a degree obtained at St. Andrew's University as, by itself, a complete title to practise physic. The consequence is that during the last eleven years, five hundred and seventy-three persons have obtained that degree at Aberdeen; and, in this number, there were only thirty-four who so much as applied for a diploma without being already furnished with another licence: while, even of the thirty-four, there can be no doubt that the greater number afterwards presented themselves elsewhere for examination. Does this look as if medical licensing bodies thought it worth while to underbid each other, or as if medical men found their account in getting a small licence to practise on the easiest terms and in the cheapest market?

Our belief is, that the thing really wanted by the medical profession, is permission to take freely its own manner of growth. Let no establishment,—whether an old guild or a new university,—claim any title to respect that it cannot make good, and let the lead be taken by whatever body can command it best. Let there be no licensing to practice within so many miles of Charing Cross, and not beyond. Within reasonable bounds let all licensing bodies have full play for their best energies, and let a man declared competent to physic his neighbour on one side of the Tweed, physic him also on the other side. Let no institution have about itself an atmosphere poisonous to men licensed by any rival body. Let every licence be a licence, full and frank; only, whenever a man practises, let it be known whence his licence comes, and how much it is worth. Experience of late years has clearly shown that the tendency of competition among licensing bodies is to increase the strictness of the test applied to candidates, it being felt that this determines, more than anything, the value of the licence and the degree of respect paid to the body giving it. Now, what do the manufacturers of parliamentary bills for the doctors usually want?

They want a public registration of all qualified practitioners, and a uniform standard of qualification, generally determined by some sort of professional Privy Council, Parliament, or House of Convocation.

There can be no harm in an official register. Private enterprise has indeed already furnished two medical directories, published annually, and containing the names and qualifications of all legal practitioners of medicine. Jealousy and self-interest keep watch over the accuracy of these volumes; they are cheap, and a patient who may happen to know so little about his medical adviser as to wish to look his name out in a dictionary, may as well, we think, turn to a cheap medical directory managed by private enterprise under the corrective influence of competition, as to a dear article of the same sort

compiled in an ostentatious, cumbrous way by the official medical council, and one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State. The register, we may be sure, will not be the more popular for being a blue book instead of a red book. But, we do not dwell upon that point. A trustworthy medical directory is a good thing, and such a work may need an Act of Parliament for its production—or it may not.

The next is the troublesome point—uniformity of test. That notion is, we are convinced, moonshine. To have uniformity of test in examinations, one must have uniformity of brains in all examiners, and uniformity of ready wit in all the candidates. On the whole, up to a certain point, the tougher the examination has been the more it is worth; but the best parts of a man's skill are those that cannot be brought out—except by one examiner out of a thousand—in the way of catechism. Comparative ignorance with tact, may find its use among the sick more surely than dull knowledge that does not give heed to the mere instincts of quick wit. There are not two practitioners in Britain uniformly qualified; and we believe that the differences between mind and mind, after examination has been passed, are so great, as to reduce to insignificance the value of a few questions, more or less, in the preliminary test. A physician who has obtained his degrees with honours recognised as honours by his own fraternity, may be content with the seal thus set on his preliminary studies, and thenceforward practise as if all the ends of study were achieved. His friend, who narrowly escaped rejection at the easiest examining board to which he could apply for a diploma, may have been admonished of his slender competence in knowledge, and impelled to study as he works on in the world. In five years the position of the two men is reversed. By the preliminary test in medicine, as in all other walks of life, the subsequent career can seldom be determined.

We do not believe, then, that it matters a jot to the profession or the public whether there be ten or a hundred licensing bodies in Great Britain to whom students may apply for leave to practise medicine, so long as it is made certain by the course of past experience, and by the increasing height of the ground taken by its practitioners on behalf of physic and surgery, that nobody will get a legal qualification who has not spent several years in a fixed course of training for his work, and who has not satisfied certain examiners. Of these examiners, the easiest we know, measure their candidates by as high a standard as a Secretary of State would find it prudent or just to assign as a minimum.

Thus far we have expressed our opinion of the bills usually framed relative to doctors. Of the two doctors' bills introduced during the present session we have sundry things to say, and if they, or either of them, be proceeded with in Parliament, we shall proceed to the discussion of them in this journal also. But if they be dropped, we shall save our ink and paper.

GASTON, THE LITTLE WOLF.

In eighteen hundred and twenty-four an old lady named Madame de Sariac, living in Gascony, had one of those nursery fights with her grandson aged seven, which at the time are treated as eternal sins, and afterwards regarded as prospective virtues. Young master had been required to kneel and demand pardon for some misdeed: young master refused. Backing into a corner, he doubled his little fists, and in a voice of infantine thunder exclaimed, "Touch me if you dare!" Old grandmamma Sariac was fain to leave her rebellious descendant to his own devices: which rebellious descendant was Gaston de Raousset-Boulbon, the Little Wolf of that Gascon household. On another occasion the Little Wolf, offended by Baptiste, ordered Baptiste out of the house. The old servant, not taking the dismissal of a baby much to heart, remained; and the next morning performs his services as usual. Little Wolf, furious, appeals to grandmamma. Grandmamma, indignant at this baby invasion of her authority, upholds Baptiste.

"Very well!" lisps Little Wolf in an agony of passion, "then you must choose between him and me! If he stays I go."

True to his word the young autocrat disappeared that very night, and was only recovered when he had wandered three good leagues away on the Toulouse road. Another time also he started off. This was when M. le Comte de Raousset-Boulbon, senior, came to take him to the Jesuits' College at Fribourg; and papa Boulbon was a man so cold, so stern, so severe, that even the Little Wolf was daunted, and preferred the woods and hunger to that iron face and icy heart. This time he was two nights in the forest; but the old count caught him at last, and hauled him off to Fribourg.

The Jesuits received him kindly, and educated him judiciously. He had been eight years at the college, and had never received a punishment in any shape, when, one day—he was seventeen now—the reverend father ordered him to kneel during the evening lesson, as expiation of some collegiate offence of which he had been guilty.

"I will only kneel before God," he said to the father Gralicó.

"You must obey, or leave the college:" answered the father.

"My choice is made;" replied Gaston, and he left the college that very evening.

A short time after this he came of age. His father called him into his study, and in the presence of a notary, gave him up all the accounts of his minority, putting

him in immediate possession of the fortune devolving on him through his mother, and taking his receipt with the terrible formality and automaton-like stolidity of his character. Gaston remained a short time with his father after this; but the severe rule of the old royalist was not much to his taste; and, in a few months, the young Count de Raousset-Boulbon, handsome, ardent, rich, accomplished and generous, found himself in the full flood of Parisian temptation and Parisian excess. He was not long in wearing off the thin lacker of modesty and humility with which his collegiate education might have covered his natural impetuosity; not long either in forsaking the white flag, in allegiance to which he had been brought up, for the tricolor and the faith of la jeune France. A year of Parisian life sent him down to his father's house a very different being to what he was even when he left it. From the royalist school-boy had emerged the republican dandy. Papa Boulbon was horrified. After dinner, while Gaston smoked his cigar on the terrace, he said to his wife (Gaston's mother-in-law; his own mother had died when he was an infant):

"Madam, it will be painful to me to dispute with my son; impossible to support his opposition. You see him! He returns to us from Paris with a beard, and a cigar between his lips. Let the cigar pass: but tell him, I pray you, madam, that it does not become a man of his birth to wear a beard like a moujik, and that I shall be obliged to him if he will make a sacrifice of it to my wishes."

Gaston's beard was a very fine one: he was proud of it, and it added not a little to his beauty; but the old man was not one to say nay to. Gaston yielded; and, the next morning, appeared with a smooth chin.

"Monsieur," said the count to him, "I thank you for your deference to my wishes."

A few days after this, he said again to his wife: "Madam, I authorise you to tell my son, that he may let his beard grow again. After duly considering the matter, I do not see any objections to it."

Gaston, charmed, locked up his razors; but the old man soon grew disgusted and impatient at the unseemly stubble that necessarily prefaced the full-grown beard.

"Madam," he said, one evening, "decidedly a beard does not become Gaston. I pray you, tell him to shave it off again."

For all answer to this request, Gaston went up stairs, packed up his trunks, and started that night for Paris. The father and son never met again.

Returned to Paris, Gaston plunged with even fiercer passion and more reckless licence, into the dissipations and vices of his class; realising in himself all the mad extravagances which Leon Gozlan, Balzac, Kock, and others, have described as belonging to the "lion" of the nineteenth century. Of course, his fortune was soon dissipated, and he had to take to various unpoetical means of earning a simple subsistence. At last, wearied with his position, and having in him a far nobler character and larger nature than the life of the Boulevards could satisfy, he resolved on going to Algeria; there to settle and colonise on a grand scale. Gaston de Raousset could do nothing in miniature. His father died about this time, and the additional portion which came into his hands helped him on wonderfully in Algeria.

His life was by no means dull or uninteresting there. He made himself renowned as one of the most daring sportsmen of the colony; he performed many brilliant actions as a military volunteer; and he kept a kind of open house for all who cared to accept his almost regal hospitality. He also wrote a political pamphlet, which attracted considerable notice, and procured him the favour of the new governor of Algeria, the Duc d'Aumale. All was going on merrily, when the revolution of Eighteen hundred and forty-eight broke out; and Gaston de Raousset, like many others, was crushed and ruined by the blow. But Gaston was none the less a republican because the republic had destroyed his fortunes. He was not one to hunt with the hounds for the moment of their success, unless he could join heartily in the game; and his speeches to the electors of the Bouches des Rhône, and of Vaucluse, his articles in the journal which he edited for more than a year, his whole conduct and language bound him publicly to the cause of liberty, though he made but little personal gain out of his advocacy. For, he failed at the general elections; and he failed at the election for the Legislative Assembly. Disgusted at his non-success, he quitted Paris and France for the golden land of California.

He sailed from Southampton on the seventeenth of May in the Avon, going as a steerage passenger among sailors and servants. It was a hard trial for his pride; also for one of his luxurious habits; but the other French gentlemen on board soon found out his real value, and, steerage passenger as he was, he associated with the cabin passengers as their equal: which assuredly he was, and somewhat their superior. At San Francisco he turned fisherman and fish salesman; then he was a lighterman, working hard from morning to night, in lading and unlading ships; and lastly, he went off to Los Angeles and San Diégo to buy cows, for the purpose of reselling them at an enormous profit at San Francisco. He made the journey many times; once striking off on a solitary voyage of discovery. But his cow-selling ended disastrously, though it gave him a clear knowledge of the country, and enabled him to mature the great project he had conceived. The weakness of the Mexican government, and the hatred of the people for the Americans, gave him the idea of forming a

Sonora, "a valiant French barrier," which should both protect Mexico against the United States, and form the nucleus of an important French colony. Mr. Dillon, the French consul at San Francisco, was consulted on this project. He entered into it warmly; gave M. de Raousset letters of introduction to leading people, able to help him; and, our hero left for Mexico, to lay his plans before the house of Jeker, Torre, and Company, bankers.

This was the project proposed:—The mines of Arizona, which had been abandoned for a long while, owing to the terrible neighbourhood of the Apaches Indians, were known as the richest and most easily worked in all Sonora. The Mexican government was to grant these mines to Raousset, and he was to free them from the Indians, develop their resources, and make them the nucleus of French emigration. In about two months' time, the Restauradora company was formed, and a formal concession of the land was made to it by General Arista, president of the Mexican republic. Two months after, Raousset signed a private treaty with the directors of the company engaging to land at once at Guaymas, in Sonora, with a hundred and fifty armed men under military organisation, to explore and take possession of Arizona and her mines; the society undertaking the cost of the expedition, sending ammunition and provision to Guaymas, and to Saric,—half way between Guaymas and Arizona. For his share, Raousset was to have the half of the land, the mines, and the places already found and to be found. M. Aguilar, governor of Sonora; and M. Levasseur, French minister at Mexico, were members of the Restauradora Society; furnished with powerful letters of introduction and protection, notably to General Blanco, military chief of Sonora; our hero and his little band disembarked at Guaymas, in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-two.

Immediately on landing, he wrote to General Blanco, who had been apprised beforehand by M. Levasseur of the expedition. The general feigned astonishment, ignorance, and hesitation; and commanded Raousset to wait inactive at Guaymas until he had made up his mind what he should do with him and his followers. The minister remonstrated; Raousset complained; the general was firm. For, a rival company had been formed in Mexico to dispute the possession of Arizona with the Restauradora Society; and Blanco and the leading men of Guaymas belonged to it. After a month spent in inaction, luxury, and rapid demoralisation of the whole band, Raousset went alone to Hermosillo, where his volunteers were to join him. But his troops fell into disputations and anarchy by the way; and Raousset had to gallop back to near Guaymas, to rally, rate, and reform them. At Hermosillo he made an example of some of the ringleaders, whom he dismissed with contempt, and the little band fell again quietly under his control. On the fifteenth of August they arrived at the Pueblo di Santa Anna, en route to Saric, where food and stores awaited them; and there Raousset received a notice signed by Blanco, and addressed to the department, which "required the French to renounce their nationality; or, in case of refusal, they were to be forced to re-embark." M. de Raousset refused to obey this dictum, or to accept the alternative; and he and his men pushed on to Saric, where two dragoons brought them the general's final and irrevocable decision: that they must either become Mexican soldiers without pay—as such they might claim the mines; or they might be still Frenchmen, but then strangers, and incapable of possessing land, according to the ancient law of Mexico; or they might reduce their band to fifty men, under a responsible Mexican chief, in which case they might march at once to Arizona, and take possession of the mines in the name and for the service of the Restauradora Company. Raousset assembled his men, read them the conditions of the general, and asked what course they would take? They unanimously refused Blanco's proposition, and determined on continuing the expedition according to the terms of the agreement made with the Restauradora Company. The prefect of Altar, under whose jurisdiction Saric was included, next forbade further march, or future possession to these armed French immigrants; and Colonel Giménez not only added insult to his compatriot's breach of faith, but even wrote privately to Lenoir, Raousset's senior lieutenant, to urge him to seize the command of the troop, and deliver them over to the Mexican authorities. Lenoir gave the letter to Raousset, who read it aloud to the band; and they, for all answer, cried "To arms!" with more vigour than prudence. Raousset restrained them for the moment; but further correspondence with the Mexicans having proved to him that nothing was to be got by patience or by parley, he declared war. On the twenty-third of September, he and his men quitted Saric, and marched back on Hermosillo, stopping for a week at La Madelaine, then in all the gaiety and joyousness of her fête-time. At La Madelaine was a young girl, fair as a Saxon, tall, proud, and beautiful. Some one at her father's attacked the character of Raousset. She defended him, although her father, being one of the principal authorities of Sonora, was officially his enemy. An old lady said satirically; "My dear Antonia, are you seriously in love with this pirate chief?"

"Yes," answered Antonia, rising and draping herself in her rebozo, "I do love this pirate, as you call him. Yes; I love him!"

The next evening Antonia, in the sight of six thousand people, went to the pirate-count's camp, and into the tent.

In eight days Hermosillo was reached; and in an hour after the preliminary parley with Novara, the temporary prefect, the French—with a severe loss of officers and men—were masters of the town, and the war was fairly begun. As the Northern Sonorians hated the present government and favoured the French immigration, it seemed as if it would be the signal for a general revolt. Perhaps it would have decided the question had Raousset been enabled to follow up the advantage he had gained; but, unfortunately for him, he fell sick immediately after the battle, and, more dead than alive, was carried back to Guaymas by his men, utterly demoralised by the want of their leader and the loss of their officers. A short distance from Guaymas a messenger from M. Calvo, a French merchant, prayed de Raousset not to advance further; but to see the general and to patch up some kind of treaty which should prevent further bloodshed. Raousset was marching on Guaymas, and would have surely taken it, even in the present enfeebled state of his band, as it was totally undefended and unprotected. Raousset obeyed the suggestion; but no good came of it; and, in the evening, his sickness increased, so that for three weeks he was insensible, and hovering between life and death. When he recovered he found that the company had treated with General Blanco, and had accepted forty thousand piastres for the evacuation of Sonora.

As soon as he was able Raousset went to San Francisco to organise another expedition; and at this moment Walker, the Fillibuster, offered him the command of his troops in Lower California, which offer he refused. Arista now gave up the presidency of the Mexican republic, which Santa Anna assumed. The Frenchman believed in Santa Anna, and hoped as much as he believed. But the two men quarrelled in their interviews; and de Raousset in revenge entered into a plot against Santa Anna, which was discovered; the plotter himself receiving timely intimation of his betrayal, and so able to escape the doom which else would have overtaken him then. He returned to San Francisco; still with Sonora, the mines of Arizona and Antonia in his head, and he worked at his plan so well that in the middle of May, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, he sailed for Guaymas, prepared to take his own course for weal or woe. He began his journey by garotting the American captain, who wished to delay the start owing to the terrible weather; and, on the twenty-eighth of June, he landed at Guaymas. His first measures were abortive; but his presence excited the French soldiers and emigrants in the town to the last degree. Mexican folly and insolence were not wanting to exasperate this French pride and rapacity, and soon a struggle between the two parties was inevitable. Fights in different parts of the town inflamed the bad blood already roused; and, when a body of armed Indians and a large number of troops from the interior arrived to strengthen the Mexicans, all hope of peace was at an end. The French soldiers clamoured for war; for a sudden onset and the leadership of the count; Raousset—nothing loth—urged on the scheme, of which he undertook both the responsibility and the command. After three hours' hard fighting the insurgents laid down their arms; Raousset broke his sword, and was conducted as a prisoner to the consul's house. It had been a combat between four hundred on the insurgents' side and eighteen hundred on the Mexican. Ten days after Raousset was tried and condemned, and, two days after, was executed. He refused to allow his eyes to be bandaged, and met his death with a calm, grave courage that had something truly heroic in it. He fell at the first volley, and the Sonorians lamented him as the fallen defender of their independence. Here were grand talents and a rich nature lost, which under more favourable circumstances might have revolutionised a hemisphere. His biographer, Henry de la Madelène, calls him a "Cortes slain at the outset;" and a second Cortes he might, indeed, have proved, had he known the material out of which man fashions success.

STICKYTOES.

In these latter days, a radical revolution has broken out in the kingdom of Petland. The lowest members of zoological society have risen to the highest dignities. Sea-anemones, and others of equally doubtful position, assume to be regarded as domestic pets. The aquavivaria, marine and fresh, have introduced a host of aspirants after the daily smiles and tenderness of ladies; and there are symptoms that even invisible pets, curious and choice animalcules, rotifers, and vorticellæ, will, before long, be tended, fed, and cherished, as rustic adornments in our homes of taste. "Liberty, fraternity, equality!" is the unanimous cry of multitudes of oppressed candidates for admission to our drawing-rooms. "A fair stage, and no favour!" shout an ark-full of dumb but noisy animals. "No close boroughs, for proud, exclusive, long eared rabbits! down with aristocratic Italian greyhounds, King Charles's spaniels, and Angora cats! Abolish the privileged monopoly of canaries, guinea-pigs, piping bulfinches,—and your petitioners, the entire roll-call of living things created, the united body of members entered on the list of Cuvier's Zoology, will ever pray. Justice to flying things; justice to swimming things; justice to all!"

At the next election of a fashionable pet, I have a candidate of my own to propose. Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to present to your notice the Honourable Mr. Verdant Stickytoes, of ancient lineage, accustomed to

public speaking in a clear flute-like voice, which you may distinctly hear further off than I dare state, and which has earned for him, from ill-natured auditors, the nickname of roquet, cur-dog, or barker. But, as every village dame thinks the mew of her own proper cat melodious; as every proprietor of a husky-voiced dog considers that hoarse dog's bark equal to the finest tenor voice; why may I not rank the cry of my protégé to be equal in tone to the sweetest flageolet?

My first acquaintance with him happened thus:—Walking in the environs of Padua one blazing September afternoon, while wondering whether Portia had ever strolled in that direction, my eye was caught by the leaf of a plane-tree, whose yellowness betrayed the approach of autumn. In the middle of that leaf was a bright green spot, in which, on close inspection, might be detected something of a human shape, squatting close, with eyes, hands, arms, and legs, of tiny and imp-like symmetry. It was a miniature of Nicholas Senior, after he has put on his pea-green suit, which he keeps in his wardrobe for state occasions. It was Puck crouching low, to catch the fairies at some forbidden frolic that would get them a good scolding from their Queen, Titania. I seized the little demon, plane-leaf and all, wrapped him well in a lawn handkerchief, put him in my pocket, and stalked back to the city, to examine the prisoner in the presence of witnesses. When the court of inquiry was formally opened, though the handkerchief was all right, Mr. Verdant Stickytoes was gone.

Padua and its arcaded streets were nearly forgotten; I was crossing a vast tract of fertile country in the north of France, which, long after the foundation of Padua, was nothing more than a tidal estuary, but is now good dry solid land, selling at a high price per acre. In a pond, in this consolidated estuary, I again beheld Mr. Verdant taking a bath, which is rather contrary to his daily habits. This time I captured and kept him. Safe imprisoned in a crystal cage, with every comfort except liberty, he was exhibited to numerous wondering Frenchmen, who were astonished to learn that the Stickytoes family were settled in the neighbourhood. Since that date, lettres de cachet have been issued against many innocent members of the race by parties desirous of possessing specimens of hyla viridis, or rana arborea, or rainette, or graisset, or tree-frog, or grenouille de St. Martin, all which are aliases adopted by these slippery gentlemen.

Hyla is derived from the Greek word ὑλη, a wood, and is appropriately given to that branch of the frog family which are adepts in climbing. The English popular mind is acquainted only with frogs that swim in the water or leap over the grass; but the hylæ are gifted with the faculty of mounting, which they accomplish by means of an expansion of the skin, forming a moist disk, at the tip of each toe, on the hind feet as well as on the fore, evidently acting as a sucker, like the round bits of wet leather at the end of a string with which school-boys delight to carry stones. It is this peculiarity which distinguishes them from frogs proper and from toads in general, enabling them to adhere and hang even to the underside of leaves. Hylæ are aquatic in their habits only at certain seasons. They are oviparous, tailless quadrupeds, whose reproduction, and the growth of whose tadpoles, accord exactly with those of the grand assemblage of toads and frogs. When their spawn is once deposited, they betake themselves to the cultivated uplands, catching their prey amongst the growing corn. The greater part of my summer captures have been made in hawthorn hedges, where the Messieurs Stickytoes hop from twig to twig in chase of the gnats, with the ease of a tomtit in a lilac bush. In fact, they are fond of air and sunshine, and warmth. Their bold leaps resemble those of the flying squirrel; they have no fear of consequences when they dart from a branch. An insect passes within vaulting range; they spring at it into mid air, and a clutch at a leaf with a single hand, or even a finger or two, is sufficient to uphold them.

In captivity, they jump with equal expertness and grace if a bluebottle is introduced within their crystal prison. Their diet appears to be living insects exclusively; some books talk of feeding them on bread and milk, but I have seen no symptom that they would accept such an Arcadian regimen. Hence, they are useful friends and neighbours in a country plagued with insect vermin. If St. Patrick had been lord of an island swarming with mosquitos and blowflies, he would have welcomed tree-frogs, and made them comfortable at home, instead of banishing them from his realms. They do no harm, if they do no good, even supposing that you neither eat them nor amuse yourself with their antics; but you may do both profitably. The hylæ fill a respectable and useful position in the world, and have no right to be spoken of with disparagement. Jumpers you may style them if you like, but I cannot agree to call them reptiles. An open attack is not a crawling surprise. They do not appear to exercise on their victims any of the terror or fascination attributed to snakes; on the contrary, they manifest a certain forbearance and dry humour. The flies seem to have no instinctive dread of the owner of the mouth that is soon to entomb them. A bluebottle will walk up the inclined plane of a hyla's back, settling on the tip of his nose as a convenient point whence to enjoy the prospect. Stickytoes remains, politely immovable, showing no outward symptom of the tickling he must have felt on his skin, but simply rolling his prominent eyes at the uninvited visitor. The fly soon starts off for an

excursion in the air; but, when he has risen to the altitude of an inch or two, Mr. Verdant cuts a violent caper, and catches the flutterer on the wing. If the frog is large and the fly little, it is gone without further ceremony; but if the fly is nearly as big as the frog, its struggles are wrestled with by the conqueror's fore-paws, which push it down the wide-open throat, much as a clown in a pantomime contrives to swallow his string of stolen sausages.

Poor Mr. Verdant is often kidnapped by continental savans, in preference to his relations the Browns, for the purpose of serving in electrical experiments, or as a living hygrometer or hygroscope, in which latter capacities I have no faith in him. He is also employed by microscopists, to show the circulation of the blood in the web of his foot; philosophers (whose blood must be as cold as a frog's) also indicate the cruel means by which the same wonderful spectacle may be beheld in his tongue. The latter sight will certainly not be enjoyed by any one who is weak enough to feel a tenderness for the brute creation. The former method (by distending the web) merely causes the creature temporary inconvenience and slight pain, if any. But the readiest way of contemplating the magnificent phenomenon of the circulation of the blood made visible,—which has been compared to the sudden animation of a geographical map, by their proper motions being imparted to all the rivers delineated upon it, from their fountains to their embouchures, with their tributaries and affluents,—is to submit the tail of a tadpole to the microscope. After you have gazed your fill, you may return him to his native element, when he will swim away as if nothing had happened. Even if you despise the life of a tadpole, and leave him to die of drought on the slip of glass,—at least you do not torture him. True, you can't have tadpoles to exhibit, as you can frogs, at all times of the year; but you might kindly profit by the opportunities of April and May. You can surely spare Mr. Verdant Stickytoes and his dusky fraternity all unnecessary stretchings on the rack, by studying circulation less after the Abyssinian method, in the tails of tadpoles, the gills of young newts, and the yolk-bags of new-born fishes.

The genus, of which Mr. Verdant may be taken as the type, has its representatives in almost every warm and temperate country of the globe. In the Reptile House of the Regent's Park Gardens, a Hyla from New Zealand may be seen reposing side by side with some of our present friends from the Pas-de-Calais. A humpty one is found in the isle of Lemnos; another in Surinam. America has a considerable variety of tree-frogs; milky-white, red, and orange-yellow. None of these Stickytoes are superior, or equal, to our own Hyla viridis in their saltatory performances.

Hyla viridis is bright green on the back and all the upper part of its body, and white beneath, which portion is entirely covered with little tubercles. In the males, the throat is brownish, of different degrees of depth, especially in spring, while that of the ladies always remains white and delicate, as beseems their sex. Their bright eyes have oblong pupils with orange irides. They are said not to propagate till they are four years of age; in which case they must be long-lived creatures, barring accidents. They have good reasons for avoiding pools of water; because water is the resort of ducks, who would swallow a party of Verdants, whole and entire, with as much ease as a cabman would engulph a dozen Milton oysters. One individual is recorded to have lived eight years in a jar of water covered with a net. During summer, they gave him fresh grass, with flies and gnats for food. In winter, he was kept in a hothouse, secure from chilly weather. He was supplied with hay slightly moistened, and the few flies that could be found for him, which he awaited open-mouthed, and seized with surprising address. Late in the autumn he grumbled evidently at the rise in the price of flies and spiders, which grew scarcer every day; and when he could only get an insect once a week or so, he grew visibly thinner and weaker. Nevertheless, with the return of spring and its winged game, he soon recovered. This Stickytoes used to croak in his glassy prison, and was now and then indulged with an exit from his jar and a jump about the room. And so he led his damp and contemplative existence, till in his eighth winter, no flies being obtainable for love or money, he languished and died.

Our own Verdants, kept in a warm parlour all winter, had not the strength left to bear a voyage across the Channel, except one; who languished for a time, refusing meal-worms and such food as could be got for him; but who now thrives a prosperous frog in the Reptile House of the Zoological Gardens. He and his companions had remained wide awake from October till April, when they ought to have been asleep: devouring flies greedily whenever flies were forthcoming. Other Verdants, wintered in a cool cellar, returned to the realms of light in much better condition. Hence it appears that animals, naturally falling torpid from cold, dissipate but little of their substance, and have no need of food; while, if excited by the stimulus of heat to frequent breathing and exercise, they require more nourishment than is to be found at that time of year. It is only another proof of the harmony of Nature's operations. In the Reptile House, the Stickytoes are supplied with mealworms, which are to be had at all times of the year.

The voice of the Hyla viridis, when heard in a room, is something astounding in respect to loudness, as coming from so small a creature. The captive vocalist may sometimes

be excited to perform by a noise having a slight resemblance to his own melodious organ. One of my tree-frogs commenced his song in answer to the sound of a carpenter's saw, who was fitting a new shelf into a closet. The experiment was repeated with gratifying success. The voice is not emitted so much from the lungs as from the pouch of skin beneath the chin, which is swollen out into enormous balloon-like proportions. The balloon, in fact, fulfils the office of the bag in a bag pipe, or the bellows in an organ. It must have been the sight of the Hyla croaking which suggested to Æsop his fable of the proud frog swelling himself out to the size of the bull. In fact, the fable is not a pure invention utterly devoid of foundation in nature.

Professor Forbes admits the Hyla viridis as a member of the British Fauna. There is so little difference between the climate of our southern counties and that of the haunts of my Verdants, that it would be surprising if they were not to be found in England, as in France, in greater actual numbers than the human natives suspect. When Great Britain and the continent of Europe were one, tree-frogs would naturally abound in Kent and Hampshire, as well as in Pas-de-Calais and Somme. The slight separation caused by the Straits of Dover would simply fix the terrestrial inhabitants on the spot where they happened to be at the time.

The establishment of a colony of tree-frogs in an English park is an enterprise in which there would seem to be no difficulty wherever there was a sufficiency of bushes for cover and hunting-ground, and stagnant water for breeding, with a fair amount of summer warmth. In France, the late severe winters have not diminished the number of the Verdants. In captivity, the grand desideratum is live flies, of which we have often many more than enough. I should like to offer a prize for the best cage for tree-frogs contrived on the principle of their being self supplied with prey—a sort of fly-trap, in short. There must be holes through which flies of various sizes from a green-bottle downwards, may find an easy entrance, without allowing any exit on the part of the frogs. A blue-bottle is as big as an infant Verdant, and where that could get in, the frogling could get out. There must be the means of luring in the insect poultry in such abundance that froggy may live like an independent gentleman, with enough for himself, and something to give away amongst his indigent neighbours. Such a mode of thinning the summer plague of flies would be much more humane than the atrocious system of converting flies into Stickytoes by means of glutinous sheets of paper, sold in the streets under the name of "Catch 'em alive!" The commissariat is the principal difficulty in domesticating Mr. Verdant. He is very fond of spiders; but what properly regulated house will own to harbouring them? Several were collected in a paper-bag for some tree-frogs which are thriving pretty well in a small Fernery, and into this they were put, bag and all. Next morning two of the frogs were found—like gluttons as they are when tried with spider-diet, inside the bag—without a vestige of the spiders to be seen.

With being made torpid in winter (perhaps by burying them alive in a bottle), we may succeed in making Stickytoes an established pet, as his prettiness and oddity deserve that he should be made.

CHIP.

THE FRENCH WAR-OFFICE IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE

The encouraging notion first sent abroad by the great Napoleon, that every soldier carries a bâton de maréchal in his knapsack, has a less figurative signification than would at first sight appear. It is true that the proportion of the marshals to the body of the army—in the ratio of about a dozen to some half a million—render it highly probable that the private will have to bear about this ideal bâton to the end of his days. He himself well knows that there is but slender prospect of the tempting bauble ever leaving that corner of his knapsack, and taking appreciable shape. But he knows, besides, that he carries in that same store of his other more tangible badges of distinction such as the sous-officier's golden epaulette, the laced hat of the General of Division, and the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. These are prizes—all within his grasp—for which the maréchal's bâton stands but as a figure.

In our own army, on the other hand, it is an old complaint, of which men are almost weary, that such glittering trophies may be looked for in vain among the soldiers' furniture. Not even in that metaphorical shape of the phantom maréchal's bâton, which would be some poor encouragement. This grievance is now in process of being redressed; but it is certain that until the date of this Napoleonic saying, the French army, under Bourbon handling, was in more cruel plight than ever were British forces in the worst days of Crimean confusion. Had but Egalité, or other obstructive of those times, prayed for a commission of enquiry into the management of the war-office, what marvellous disclosures would have been sent forth! The famous Livre Rouge, with its crimson type and list of mysterious pensions, could scarcely have caused more astonishment. The world—the reforming world especially—is apt to forget this fact when it points so triumphantly to the perfect arrangement of our allies—to their smooth roads to promotion, to their ingenious fashions of cooking, hutting, and the like; and, above all, to the pleasing addition to the soldiers' necessaries before-mentioned, the bâton in nubibus, carried about in the knapsack.

Until the date of the Revolution and the military dictatorship, such things were not heard of. On the contrary, everything military seemed to be utterly sunk in corruption, and the prey of a gigantic jobbing system. The broad features of this fatal mismanagement are tolerably well known to the world; but, from a tell-tale Army List issued from the office of M. le Maréchal de Segur, Minister of War, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-five, only four years before the Revolution, a few significant facts may be gleaned. What would seem at first only a barren catalogue of names, becomes, for us, a Blue-book impeachment, as it were, of those days. For, through the pages of this little volume the truth slips out accidentally, and lets us officially into the secrets of the whole system. The very first glance at its crowded pages discovers a strange principle in their distribution of military honours and rewards.

In each regiment are to be found between seventy and eighty officers. Of these, some five or six on an average bear titles, or at least enjoy the Corinthian prefix "de," before their names. This proves the aristocratic element to have been slender indeed in the French army,—somewhere in the proportion of one to about fifteen or sixteen. Turning then to the higher grades—those including the marshals of France, generals, and brigadiers—which make an overgrown total of nearly thirteen hundred and thirty—it would be expected that the greater half at least would fall to the share of the untitled many. Twelve hundred such appointments would be the proper proportion. On the contrary, we find no less than nine hundred and twenty filled by dukes, barons, marquises, and other gentles with the privileged "de;" and the miserable dole of scarcely four hundred reserved "pour encourager les autres"—namely, those fifteen or sixteen thousand officers who practically worked the French army. No wonder then that when the hour of trial arrived, the army was found to fail in its duty.

Another significant token of decay meets us in the costly institution known as "Maison du Roi," or Royal Guard. In this choice corps—which was intended as provision for poorer scions of the aristocracy—it was contrived that there should be an officer to about every three men. Which arrangement, however convenient as a mode of provision, could scarcely have contributed to the efficiency of the army. Very stately is the enumeration of the various divisions and subdivisions of this body—leading off with the Scotch companies, in whose ranks, as was to be expected, not a Scot was to be found. Next came the "Hundred Swiss," precursors of the giants in sky-blue, and bright cuirasses, who now watch over the person of Napoleon the Third. After these we find the Garde de Porte, or door-guard, of royal Louis; the guard of the Hôtel du Roi; gendarmerie of numerous denominations; light horse; and the Gardes Françaises, of questionable notoriety, who abandoned their king in his extremity; next follow the Swiss Guard, the valiant Swiss, whose bright scarlet uniforms on that fatal tenth of August, was the mark for many a bullet. More ingenious denominations follow,—such as the Scotch gendarmerie, and, curious to say, the English! raised, it seems, so far back as the year sixteen hundred and sixty-seven. The queen had her gendarmes; so, too, had his highness the Dauphin; so had Monsieur, the King's brother, and the Count d'Artois. Monsieur is also provided with a body-guard of his own, to say nothing of his Swiss guard and his door-guard. The Count d'Artois must likewise have his Swiss-guard, his body-guard, and his door-guard; which filled up, with tolerable completeness, the roll of this Maison du Roi.

Pluralism was another plague-spot in the system. The kingdom was at that time parcelled out into a number of small governments,—all which became so much "provision" for favourite commanders. The Comte de Rochambeau, who conducted the war in America, found time, perhaps when abroad in that country, to fill the offices of chief-governor of the Boulonnois, governor of Villefranche, and commander-in-chief of Picardy, besides keeping a few spare moments for the duties of the colonelcy of the Auvergne regiment. But, he pales his ineffectual fires before the star of Baron Besenval, the Swiss legionary; "an amiable sybarite," as he is described in a strange pamphlet of the time, "possessed of very little esprit; but who has raised himself above his fellows by making good use of his eyes and ears. His handsome person was of some service to him at court, and his ample fortune furnished him with the means of shining there." This favoured soldier of fortune enjoyed the following high commands. He was sub-governor of Huguenau, in Alsace; sub-governor of the Champagne and Brie district; sub-governor of the province of Nivernois; and sub-governor of Berri; — here were sub-governorships in plenty. But, there was more to come. He was commander-in-chief of Tournois; commander-in-chief of the city of Paris; and lastly, lieutenant-colonel of the Swiss-guards! This was a strange gathering of high offices in the person of one man; a simple colonel. It would be thought that the care of a single province would be sufficient to give full employment to any mortal with ordinary capacities. Still, he and his major, Baron Bachmann, proved themselves not unworthy of such high distinction, and did good service when the day of trial came round.

Another abuse was the accumulating of great offices in the hands of children of tender years,—of boys at school, and of young men wholly unequal to the duties.

Thus the Duc de Richelieu—the "vainqueur de Mahon," as they were fond of calling him, in glorification of that diminutive victory,—was appointed colonel of the Bearne regiment at the age of twenty-two; while the Duc de Broglie was similarly "provided for," at the earlier age of sixteen. But the Duc de Mouchy was even luckier in his generation. He found himself military governor of the town, castle, and parks of Versailles and Marly, at the capable age of five years! Another marshal became colonel at nineteen; while the Maréchal de Castries rejoiced in the important posts of king's lieutenant in Languedoc, and governor of Montpellier and Cette, when only thirteen years old.

This glance at the pages of this official handbook helps us to some knowledge of the way they were ordering matters military in France, just before the great crash came.

UNOPENED BUDS.

A shape of beauty beyond man's device,
Which held a precious life with us begun,
Light feet at rest, like streamlets chain'd with ice,
And folded hands whose little work is done,
Make this poor hamlet sacred to our grief:
Pass'd is the soul, which was of nobler worth,
Like fire from glowworm, tint from wither'd leaf,
Perfume from fallen flower, or daylight from the earth.

Star, faded from our sky elsewhere to shine,
Whose beam to bless us for a while was given;
Little white hand, a few times clasp'd in mine,
Sweet face, whose light is now return'd to heaven.
With empty arms, I linger where thou liest,
And pluck half-open'd flowers as types of thee,
And think that angels, amid joys the highest,
Are happier for thy love, which still they share with me.

AGNES LEE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Mrs. Warren was a charming woman—as like the popular notion of a perfect angel as anybody could hope to find, if they took the longest summer day for the search. She was an Irishwoman, the widow of an English gentleman of large fortune, who had left her endowed with an ample jointure and a handsome manor-house in Staffordshire. She was young, bright, fascinating, and thoroughly good-natured; she enjoyed nothing so much as making people happy, and would sacrifice her own pleasure or convenience even, for an entire stranger, provided the necessities of the case had been brought before her with sufficient eloquence or emphasis. She did everything in the easiest and most graceful manner, and had the virtue of forgetting all about it herself, as soon as the occasion had passed away. She was devoted to her friends, and loved them dearly, so long as they were there to assist themselves; but, if they went away, she never thought of them till the next time she saw them, when she was again as fond of them as ever. With all her generosity, however, her tradespeople complained that she did not pay her bills; that she did very shabby things, and that she drove dreadfully hard bargains. A poor woman whom she had employed to do some plain work, declared contemptuously that she would sooner work for Jews than for charitable ladies: they screwed down so in the price, and kept folks waiting so long for their money.

It was not difficult for Mrs. Warren to be an angel: she had no domestic discipline to test her virtues too severely, nor to ruffle the bird of paradise beauty of her wings. Husbands are daily stumbling-blocks in the path of female perfection; they have the faculty of taking the shine out of the most dazzling appearances. It is easier to be an angel than to be an average good woman under domestic difficulties.

Mrs. Huxley was the wife of the hard-working clergyman in whose parish Mrs. Warren's manor-house was situated. She had a cross husband, who did not adore her, but who (chiefly from the force of habit) found fault with everything she did; nothing but the purest gold could have stood the constant outpouring of so much sulphuric acid. Yet Mrs. Huxley went on in the even tenor of her way, struggling with straitened means, delicate health, recurring washing-days, and her husband's temper. Her economical feebleness, and the difficulties of keeping her weekly bills in a state of liquidation, were greatly complicated in consequence of all the poor people in the parish coming to her as to a sort of earthly Providence, to supply all they lacked in the shape of food, physic, raiment, and good advice. Strangers said that Mrs. Huxley looked fretful, and that it was a pity a clergyman's wife should have such unattractive manners; that it must be a trial to such a pleasant genial man as her husband to have a partner so unlike himself, and all that. The recording angel might have given a different verdict; the poor of her parish knew her value.

The family at the Rectory consisted of one daughter, named Miriam, and an orphan niece of Mr. Huxley's, whom they had adopted. Mr. Huxley had made many difficulties when this plan was first proposed. He objected to the expense, and wished the girl to be sent as an articled pupil to some cheap school, where she might qualify herself to become a nursery governess, or to wait on young ladies. This he said on the plea that, as they would not be able to give her any fortune, it would be cruel to give her a taste for comforts she could not hereafter expect; that it was best to accustom her betimes to the hardships of her lot. Mrs. Huxley did not often contradict her husband; but, on this occasion, she exerted her powers of speech; she was a mother, and acted as she would have wished another to

act by her own Miriam. Mr. Huxley graciously allowed himself to be persuaded, and Agnes Lee, the child of his favourite sister, was adopted into the Rectory nursery on a perfect equality with her cousin. It somehow got to be reported abroad, that Mrs. Huxley had greatly opposed her husband's generosity, and had wished the little orphan to be sent to the workhouse.

The two children grew up together, and were as fond of each other as sisters usually are; but Agnes Lee had the strongest will and the most energy. So it was she who settled the plays and polity of doll-land, and who took the lead in all matters of "books, and work, and needle-play." Agnes was twelve, and Miriam fourteen, when the fascinating Mrs. Warren came to live at the Great House.

She took up the Rectory people most warmly, and threw herself with enthusiasm into all manner of benevolent schemes for the benefit of the parish. To the two girls she seemed like a good fairy. She had them constantly to her beautiful house, she gave them lessons in singing, and taught them to dance; her French maid manufactured their bonnets and dresses; she lavished gifts upon them, she made pets of them, and was never weary of inventing schemes for giving them pleasure. It was delightful to see their enjoyment and to receive their gratitude, and she never suspected the delicate unobtrusive care with which poor cold, stiff, Mrs. Huxley contrived that the two girls should never fall too heavily upon the hands of their beautiful patroness. She also tried to inspire them with a portion of her own reserve; but that was not so easy. Miriam—a mild, shy, undemonstrative girl—felt an admiration of Mrs. Warren that approached to idolatry. It took the place of a first love. Mrs. Warren liked the excitement of being loved with enthusiasm; but she never calculated the responsibility it brought along with it, and omitted nothing that could stimulate Miriam's passionate attachment. Agnes was less impressionable. She had a precocious amount of common sense, and Mrs. Warren's fascinations did not take too much hold upon her. The Rector was almost as much bewitched as his daughter by the fair widow. She talked gaily to him, and obliged him to rub up his ancient gallantry, which had fallen into rusty disuse. She dressed all the children of his school in green gowns and red ribbons. She subscribed a painted window to the church. She talked over two refractory churchwardens, who had been the torment of his life: above all, she admired his sermons; and, as she was in correspondence with a lord bishop, he had sanguine hopes that her admiration might lead to something better. Mrs. Huxley was the only person who refused to be charmed. She did not contradict the raptures expressed by her husband and daughter, but she heard them in silence.

When Miriam was sixteen, she fell into delicate health; a slight accident developed a spinal affection. A London physician, who with his wife was on a short visit to Mrs. Warren, saw Miriam at her request, and gave little hope that she would ever be anything but a life-long invalid. She was ordered to keep as much as possible in a recumbent position. Mrs. Warren was on the point of departing for London. Nothing could exceed her sympathy and generosity. At first she declared she would postpone her journey, to assist Mrs. Huxley to nurse her sweet Miriam; but she easily gave up that idea when Mrs. Huxley declared, rather dryly, "that there was not the least occasion; for, as the case was likely to be tedious, it was better to begin as they could go on." Mrs. Warren, however, loaded Miriam with presents. She made Miriam promise to write to her all she read and thought; and, for this purpose, she gave her a supply of fairy-like paper and a gold pen. Miriam, on her side, promised to write twice a-week at least, and to tell Mrs. Warren everything that could amuse her. Mrs. Warren gave orders to her gardener to supply the Rectory with fruit, flowers, and vegetables; but either Mrs. Warren's directions were not clear, or the gardener did not choose to act upon them. He charged for everything that he sent down, and gave as his reason that his mistress paid him no wages in her absence, but let him pick up what he could.

After Mrs. Warren's departure, she wrote for a month; after that, her letters ceased. Newspapers supplied their place; and, it appeared from the notices of fashionable life, that Mrs. Warren had taken her place amongst the gayest. At last the newspapers ceased; the last that came contained the announcement that Mrs. Warren had left town for Paris. After this, no more news reached the Rectory. The Manor House remained shut up, and the lodge-keeper said "that the Missis was spending the winter at Bath."

At first Miriam wrote in all the enthusiasm and good faith of youthful adoration. Mrs. Warren had begged she would not count with her letter for letter, but have trust in her unalterable attachment, &c., &c.; and Miriam went on writing, long after all answers had ceased. Everything earthly has its limit; and, when reciprocity is all on one side, the term is reached rather earlier than it might otherwise have been. Poor Miriam lay on her couch, and went through all the heart-sickening process of disenchantment about the friendship which she had made the light of her life. She rejoiced moodily in her physical sufferings, and hoped that she should soon die, as she could not endure such misery long. The young believe in the eternity of all they feel.

She was roused from this sorrow of sen-

timent by a real affliction. Scarlet fever broke out in the parish. Mr. Huxley caught it, and died, after a fortnight's illness. A life insurance for a thousand pounds, and a few hundreds painfully saved and laid by in the Bank of England, was all the provision that remained to his family.

A fortnight after the funeral, Mrs. Huxley and Agnes were sitting sadly before the fire, which had burned low, on a dull, chill November evening. Miriam lay on her couch, and could scarcely be discerned in the deepening shadow. The dusk was gathering thick, the curtains were not drawn; both without and within, the world looked equally desolate to these three women The silence was broken only by the sighs of poor Mrs. Huxley; the dull firelight showed her widow's cap, and the glaze of tears upon her pale clay-like cheeks. At length Agnes roused herself. She had taken the lead in the house since the family troubles, and now moved briskly about the room, endeavouring to impart something like comfort. She replenished the fire, trimmed the lamp; and made the old servant bring in tea.

Agnes threw in an extra spoonful of green, spread a tempting slice of toast, and placed a small table between Mrs. Huxley and Miriam, who both began insensibly to be influenced by the change she had produced. When tea was over, they became almost cheerful. After tea, Mrs. Huxley took out her knitting, and Agnes brought out her work-basket.

"Now listen, dear aunt; for I have schemed a scheme, which only needs your approval."

"That will go a very little way towards doing good," sighed Mrs. Huxley.

"Oh, it will go further than you think!" said Agnes, cheerfully. "I was up at the Green this morning, and I heard that Sam Blacksmith is going to leave his cottage for another that is nearer to his smithy. It struck me that the one he is leaving would just suit you, and Miriam, and old Mary. There is a garden; and the cottage in your hands will be charming. This furniture will look to more advantage there than it does here; and, when I have seen you comfortably settled, I shall leave you, to seek my fortune."

"My dear, you are so rash, and you talk so fast, I don't hear one word you say," said Mrs. Huxley, querulously.

"I was talking, aunt, about a cottage I had seen this morning," said Agnes, gently "I thought it would just suit us."

"I am sure I shall not like it. It will have stone floors, which will not do for Miriam. You talk so wildly of going to seek your fortune. I am sure I don't know what is to become of us. You are so sanguine: no good ever comes of it. You were all so set up with Mrs. Warren, and you see what came of it."

"Well, aunt, my belief is, that Mrs. Warren would be as good as ever, if she only saw us; but she cannot recollect people out of sight."

"She loves flattery, and she likes fresh people," said Miriam, bitterly.

Agnes went to the piano, and began to play some old hymn tunes very softly.

"Agnes, my dear, I cannot bear music. Do come back and sit still," said her aunt.

The next morning Agnes persuaded her aunt to go with her to the Green; to look at the cottage; and, after some objections, Mrs. Huxley agreed that it might be made to do.

Whilst making arrangements for the removal, Agnes thought seriously how she was to obtain a situation of some kind, and anxiously examined what she was qualified to undertake. She knew that she had only herself to depend upon. A few days afterwards the postman brought a letter with a foreign postmark. It was Mrs. Warren's handwriting. Agnes bounded with it into the parlour, exclaiming, "See! who was right about Mrs. Warren? It is for you."

Miriam turned aside her head. Mrs. Huxley put on her spectacles; and, after turning the letter over half-a-dozen times, opened it. A bank-note for twenty pounds fell out The letter was written in the kindest tone She had just seen the mention of Mr. Huxley's death, and wrote on the spur of the moment. She was full of self reproach for her neglect; begged them to believe she loved them as much as ever; spoke of Miriam with great kindness, but without any speciality; begged to be informed of their plans for the future; and, in a hasty postscript, said, that the enclosure was towards erecting a tablet to the memory of her dear friend, or for any other purpose they preferred.

Nothing could be kinder or more delicate; but Miriam was nearly choked with bitter feelings. The letter showed her how completely she had faded away from Mrs. Warren's affection. She vehemently urged her mother and cousin to send back the money.

Agnes undertook to answer the letter; which she did with great judgment. Even Miriam was satisfied. She mentioned her own desire to find a situation as preparatory governess, and asked Mrs. Warren if she had it in her power to recommend her.

As soon as could reasonably be expected, the answer came, addressed to Mrs. Huxley, begging that Agnes might at once join the writer in Paris, where, she had not the least doubt, she would be able to place her advantageously. Minute directions were given for the journey. On arriving in Paris, Agnes was to proceed at once to the Hotel Raymond, where Mrs. Warren was staying.

"How kind! how very kind!" exclaimed Agnes. "You see her heart is in the right place after all!"

"It is certainly very kind; but I do not like you to take so long a journey alone, you

are too young. I cannot feel it either right or prudent," said Mrs. Huxley.

"My dear Agnes," said Miriam, "you shall not be trusted to the mercy of that woman. She cares for nothing but excitement. She has no notion of obligation, and will be as likely as not to have left Paris by the time you arrive, if the fancy has taken her for visiting Egypt or Mexico. I know what she is, and you shall not go."

"My dear aunt, as I am to make my own way in the world, the sooner I begin the better. I am to take charge of others, and I must learn to take care of myself. My dear Miriam, you are unjust. I place very little dependence on the stability of Mrs. Warren's emotions; but she always likes people when they are with her. It is an opening I am not likely to have again, and the sooner I avail myself of it the better."

"Agnes, be warned, I entreat you. No good will ever come out of that woman's random benefits. They are no better than snares. Have nothing to do with her."

Agnes would not be warned. She wished to go out into the world, to make her own way. She had no fears for herself. She argued and persuaded, and at last her aunt consented. Miriam was over-ruled, and a grateful acceptance was written to Mrs. Warren, fixing that day three weeks for her departure.

"The die is cast now!" said Agnes, when she returned from carrying the letter to the post. "I wonder what my future lot will be!"

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

The diligence rolled heavily into the Court of the Messageries Royal in Paris, towards the middle of a keen bright day in the last week of December. A fair, elegant English girl, in deep mourning, looked anxiously out of the window of the coupé, in search of some one to claim her.

"Is there any one waiting for you, Ma'mselle?" asked the good-natured conductor. "Will it please you to alight?"

"I see no one," said Agnes, who was bewildered with the noise and bustle. "I must have a coach to go to this address, please."

"Mrs. Warren, Hotel Raymond," read the conductor, looking at her keenly. "You want to go there, do you? Well, I will see. Your friends ought not to have left you to arrive alone. But the English are so droll!"

In a few minutes he returned.

"Now, Ma'mselle, here is a coach. The driver is my friend; he will see you safe. You may trust him. I would go with you myself, but—"

"You have been very kind to me," said Agnes, gratefully. Her command of French was very limited, and she said this in English; but the look that accompanied it spoke the language which needs no interpreter.

"Pardon. No thanks; it is my duty. Ma'mselle is too generous! There is no occasion." And the gallant conductor put back the five-franc piece that Agnes tendered with some embarrassment; for, during the journey he had shown her kindness that she felt could not be repaid in money. She took from her purse a half-crown piece English money. This the conductor put into his left waistcoat-pocket, as he said "for a remembrance of Ma'mselle."

The hackney-coach soon arrived at Raymond's. A grand-looking servant came to the door of the coach, and inquired her pleasure, with an elaborate politeness that would have been overwhelming at any other time; but Agnes scarcely noticed him. She eagerly handed him Mrs. Warren's card; but what little French she could command had entirely departed, and she could not utter a word. The garçon took the card, looked at it with a slight gesture of surprise, and returned to the house. In the meantime the coachman dismounted, took down the modest luggage, and demanded his fare. Agnes alighted, gave the man what he asked, and he had just driven away, when the garçon returned, accompanied by another.

"Ma'mselle is under a meestake," said the new comer, who evidently believed that he spoke English like a native. "Madame Warren is no more here—she departed two days since for Marseilles."

Agnes looked stupidly at him. She had heard what he said perfectly, and she was quite calm; but it was the calmness that makes the heart stand still, and turns the life within to stone.

"She told me to come here. She knew I was to come." Agnes spoke with stiffened lips and a voice that did not seem her own.

"She may have left some message—some letter for Ma'mselle," suggested the first garçon. "I will inquire."

Agnes sat down upon her trunk. She felt convinced that Mrs. Warren had gone and left no directions about her. She had just five francs and half a guinea left of money. Her position presented itself to her with perfect lucidity; but she felt no alarm, only a horrible stillness and paralysis of all emotion.

The garçon returned: he had a letter in his hand. Madame Warren had departed for Marseilles, en route for Sicily. She had left no message or direction. That letter had arrived a few hours after her departure, but they did not know where to forward it.

Agnes looked at the letter. It was her own, stating the time she would arrive in Paris, and requesting to be met. She gave it back to the garçon without speaking, and rested her head dreamily and wearily upon her hand.

The sight of a young and extremely pretty English girl in deep mourning and sitting upon her trunk, had by this time attracted

a group of curious spectators. The fate of Agnes Lee was trembling in the balance. Already, a man, no longer young, who had lost his front teeth, and who looked as if he had no bones in his body, and a woman with a hard, insolent, determined face, varnished with cajolery, approached her. The woman addressed her in passably good English, but Agnes seemed not to hear. At this crisis a grave, middle-aged man made his way from the street. He looked round with surprise at the persons crowding in the court, and his eye fell on Agnes. He went up to her. The man and woman both shrank back from his glance.

"What is the meaning of all this, my child? How came you here, and what do you want?"

He spoke with a certain benevolent austerity. His tone roused Agnes; she looked up and passed her hand in a bewildered way over her forehead; but she could not recollect or explain her story. Mechanically she gave him Mrs. Warren's letter directing her to the Hotel Raymond, and looked acutely at him as his eye glanced over it.

"My poor child, you cannot remain here. They ought not to have left you here for a moment. You must come in and speak to my wife. We will see what can be done."

The loiterers dispersed—the new-comer was the proprietor of the hotel. Desiring a porter to take up her trunk, he led her into a private office, where a pleasant looking woman of about forty sat at a desk surrounded by account-books and ledgers. She looked up from her writing as they entered. He spoke to her in a low voice, and gave her the letter to read.

"Mais c'est une infamie!" said she, vehemently, when she had read it. You have done well to bring her in—it was worthy of you, my friend. Heavens! she is stupefied with cold and fear!"

Agnes stood still, apparently unconscious of what was passing; she heard, but she could give no sign. At length sight and sound became confused, and she fell.

When she recovered, she was lying in bed, and a pleasant-looking nurse was sitting beside her, dressed in a tall white Normandy cap and striped jacket. She nodded and smiled, and showed her white teeth, when Agnes opened her eyes, shook her head, and jabbered something that Agnes could not comprehend. The girl felt too weak and too dreamy to attempt to unravel the mystery of where she was and how she came there. In a short time, the lady she had seen sitting in the office amongst the day-books and ledgers came in. She laid her hand gently on her forehead, saying, in a cheerful voice, "You are better now. You are with friends. You shall tell us your story when you are stronger. You must not agitate yourself."

Agnes endeavoured to rise, but sank back; the long journey and the severe shock she had received had made her seriously ill. The doctor who had been called to revive her from her long trance-like swoon ordered the profoundest quiet, and, thanks to the Samaritan kindness of her new friends, Agnes was enabled to follow the doctor's directions: for two days she lay in a delightful state of repose, between waking and dreaming. Everything she needed was brought to her, as by some friendly magic, at precisely the right moment. On the third day she felt almost well, and expressed a wish to get up and dress. Her hostess took her down to a pleasant parlour beyond the office. There were books, and prints, and newspapers; she was desired to amuse herself, and not to trouble her head with any anxiety about the future: she was a visitor.

M. Raymond, the proprietor, came in. Agnes had not seen him since the day he brought her into his house. He was a grave sensible man. To him she told her whole story, and gave him Mrs. Warren's letters to read. "My good young lady," said he, as he returned them, "we have only a little strength, and should not waste it in superfluities; we need it all to do our simple duty. This lady was too fond of the luxury of doing good, as it is called; but I cannot understand her thoughtlessness. There must be some mistake; though, after incurring the responsibility of sending for you, no mistake ought to have been possible."

Agnes tried to express all the gratitude she felt; but M. Raymond interrupted her. She was far from realising all the danger she had escaped; she knew it in after years. "I shall write home," she said; "my aunt and cousin will be anxious until they hear."

"Let them be uneasy a little longer, till you can tell them something definite about your prospects. Anything you could say now would only alarm them."

Two days afterwards M. Raymond came to her and said, "Do not think we want to get rid of you; but, if it suits you, I have heard of a situation. Madame Tremordyn wants a companion—a young lady who will be to her as like a daughter as can be got for money. She is a good woman, but proud and peculiar; and, so long as her son does not fall in love with you, she will treat you well. The son is with his regiment in Algiers just now; so you are safe. I will take you to her this afternoon."

They went accordingly. Madame Tremordyn—an old Bréton lady, stately with grey hair and flashing dark grey eyes, dressed in stiff black silk—received her with stately urbanity, explained the duties of her situation, and expressed her wish that Agnes should engage with her. The salary was liberal, and Agnes thankfully accepted the offer. It was settled that she should come the next morning. "Recollect your home is

with us," said M. Raymond. "Come back to us if you are unhappy."

That night Agnes wrote to her aunt the history of all that had befallen her, and the friends who had been raised up to her, and the home that had offered in a land of strangers. But, with all this cause for thankfulness, Agnes cried herself to sleep that night. She realised for the first time that she was alone in her life, and belonged to nobody.

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

All who have had to live under the dynasty of a peculiar temper, know that it can neither be defined nor calculated upon. It is the knot in the wood that prevents the material from ever being turned to any good account. Madame Tremordyn always declared that she was the least exacting person in existence; and, so long as Agnes was always in the room with her, always on the alert watching her eye for anything she might need—so long Madame was quite satisfied. Madame Tremordyn had a passion for everything English. She would be read aloud to at all hours of the day or night. Agnes slept upon a bed in her room, whence she might be roused, if Madame Tremordyn herself could not rest; and woe to Agnes if her attention flagged, and if she did not seem to feel interest and enjoyment in whatever the book in hand might be—whether it were the History of Miss Betty Thoughtless, or the Economy of Human Life. Madame Tremordyn took the life of Agnes, and crumbled it away: she used it up like a choice condiment, to give a flavour to her own.

Yet, with all this exigence, Agnes was nothing to Madame Tremordyn, who considered her much as she did the gown she wore, or the dinner she ate. She was one of the many comforts with which she had surrounded herself; she gave Agnes no more regard or confidence, notwithstanding their close intercourse, than she granted to her arm-chair, or to the little dog that stood on its hind legs. Yet, Agnes had no material hardship to complain of; she only felt as if the breath were being drawn out of her, and she were slowly suffocating. But where else could she go? what could she do? At length, Madame Tremordyn fell really ill, and required constant nursing and tending. Agnes had sleepless nights, as well as watchful days, but it was a more defined state of existence. Agnes was a capital nurse; the old lady was human, after all, and was touched by skill and kindness. She declared that Agnes seemed to nurse her as if she liked it.

Henceforth Agnes had not to live in a state of moral starvation. The old lady treated her like a human being, and really felt an interest in her. She asked her questions about home, and about her aunt and cousin; also, she told Agnes about herself, about her son, and about her late husband. She spoke of her own affairs and of her own experiences. It was egotism certainly; but egotism that asks for sympathy is the one touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Agnes grew less unhappy as she felt she became more necessary to the strange exacting old woman with whom her lot was cast. She had the pleasure of sending remittances to her aunt and cousin—proofs of her material well-being; and she always wrote cheerfully to them. Occasionally, but very rarely, she was allowed to go and visit her friends the Raymonds.

No news ever came of Mrs. Warren. She might have been a myth; so completely had she passed away. There had been an admixture of accident in her neglect; but it was accident that rather aggravated than excused her conduct. The day after she wrote so warmly to Agnes to come to her in Paris, Sir Edward Destrayes came to her, and entreated her to go to his mother, who was ill; and Mrs. Warren was her most intimate friend: indeed, they were strangers in Paris, and Mrs. Warren was nearly the only person they knew. Lady Destrayes was ordered to the South of France—would dear, kind Mrs. Warren go with her? It would be the greatest kindness in the world! Mrs. Warren spoke French so beautifully, and neither mother nor son spoke it at all. Sir Edward Destrayes was some years younger than Mrs. Warren. The world, if it had been ill-natured, might have said he was a mere boy to her; nevertheless, Mrs. Warren was in love with him, and she hoped it was nothing but his bashfulness that hindered him from declaring himself in love with her. Gladly would she have agreed to the proposed journey; but there was that invitation to Agnes. She must await her answer. Agnes, as we have seen, accepted the offer, which Mrs. Warren felt to be provoking enough—Lady Destrayes needed her so much! What was to be done? A certain Madame de Brissac, to whom she confided her dilemma, offered to take Agnes into her own nursery (without salary) until a better place could be found. Mrs. Warren was enchanted: nothing could be better. She wrote a note to Agnes, telling her she had found her a situation with Madame de Brissac; where she hoped she would be happy, and enclosed her some money, along with Madame de Brissac's address. The preparations for departure were hurried; for the party set out some days earlier than was intended. Agnes and her concerns passed entirely from Mrs. Warren's mind. Six weeks afterwards, searching her portfolio, a letter fell out with the seal unbroken; it was her own letter to Agnes. The sight of it turned her sick. She did not dare to think of what might have happened. She sat for a few moments stupified, and then hastily flung the accusing letter into

the fire, without a thought for the money inside. She tried not to think of Agnes. She did not dare to write to Mrs. Huxley to inquire what had become of her. Mrs. Huxley and Miriam never heard from her again; the Manor House was sold, and Mrs. Warren passed away like a dream. Meantime she married Sir Edward Destrayes against his mother's wishes. It is to be presumed that he did not find her the angel she was reputed to be; for, at the end of a year, they separated. She always got on better alone; but, as she had married without settlement, she had not the wherewith to be so much of an angel in her latter days as in the beginning.

Agnes wondered and speculated what could have become of her. Madame Tremordyn grimly smiled, and said nobody ever made such mischief in life as those who did at once too much and too little. "If you begin an act of benevolence, you are no longer free to lay it down in the middle. So, my dear, don't go off into benevolence. You never know where it will lead you."

When Agnes had been with Madame Tremordyn a little more than a year, Madame Tremordyn's son came home from Africa. He was a handsome, soldierly young man; but grave and melancholy; poetical, dreamy, gentle as a woman; but proud and sensitive. Agnes was nineteen, extremely lovely, with golden hair, blue eyes, and a delicate wild-rose complexion; a little too firmly set in figure for her height, but that seemed characteristic. She had learned to be self reliant, and had been obliged to keep all her thoughts and emotions to herself. At first Madame Tremordyn was proud to show off her son. She insisted that Agnes should admire him, and was never weary of talking about him. Agnes had been trained to be a good listener. Madame liked her son to sit with her, and he showed himself remarkably tractable—a model for sons. He did not seem to care in the least for going out. He preferred sitting and watching Agnes—listening to her as she read—whilst he pretended to be writing or reading. In a little while Madame Tremordyn opened her eyes to the fact that her son was in love with Agnes—Agnes, a portionless orphan, with few friends and no connexions. But Agnes was a mortal maiden, and she loved M. Achille Tremordyn, who might have aspired to the hand of an heiress with a shield full of quarterings.

M. Achille Tremordyn opened his heart to his mother, and begged her blessing and consent to his marrying Agnes. Madame Tremordyn was very indignant. She accused Agnes of the blackest ingratitude, and desired her son, if he valued her blessing in the least, not to think of her, but dutifully to turn his eyes to the young lady she destined for him, and with whose parents she had, indeed, opened a negociation. M. Achille declared that he would have his own way; Agnes only wept. The storm of dame Tremordyn's wrath fell heaviest upon her, she being the weakest, and best able to bear it without reply. The result was, that Agnes was sent away in disgrace.

The Raymonds gladly received her, and entered warmly into her case. Madame Raymond declared it was unheard-of barbarism and pride, and that the old lady would find it come home to her. M. Achille Tremordyn left home to join his regiment, first having had an interview with Agnes. He vowed eternal constancy, and all the passionate things that to lovers make the world, for the time being, look like enchantment. It was the first ray of romance that had gilded Agnes's life. She loved as she did everything else,—thoroughly, stedfastly, and with her whole heart; but refused to marry, or to hold a correspondence with her lover, until his mother gave her consent. She would, however, wait, even if it were for life.

After her son was gone, Madame Tremordyn felt very cross and miserable. She did not, for one moment, believe she had done wrong; but it was very provoking that neither her son nor Agnes could be made to confess that she had done right.

Agnes remained with the Raymonds, wrapped round with a sense of happiness she had never known before. She assisted Madame Raymond to keep the books; for they would not hear of her leaving them. Madame Tremordyn felt herself aggrieved. She had engaged a young person in the room of Agnes, with whom no man was likely to be attracted; but, unluckily, Madame Tremordyn found her as unpleasant and unattractive as the rest of the world did. She missed Agnes sorely. At length she fairly fretted and fumed herself into a nervous fever. Mademoiselle Bichat, her companion, became doubly insupportable. Madame wrote a note to Agnes, reproaching her with cruelty for leaving her, and bidding her come back. She signed herself The Mother of Achille. There was nothing for it but to go; and Agnes went, hoping that the difficulties that lay between her and happiness were soluble, and had begun to melt away. The demoiselle Bichat was discarded, and Agnes re-installed in her old place. The old lady was not the least more amiable or reasonable for being ill. She talked incessantly about her son, and reproached Agnes with having stolen his heart away from her, his mother; yet, with curious contradiction, she loved Agnes all the more for the very attachment she so bitterly deprecated. If Agnes could only have loved him in a humble, despairing way, she would have been allowed to be miserable to her heart's content. But to be loved in return! To aspire to marry him! That was the offence.

Two years passed over. At the end of them Achille returned on sick-leave. He

had had a fever, which had left him in a low, desponding state. Madame Tremordyn would not spare Agnes,—she could not do without her. She told her she would never consent to her marriage with her son, and that she must submit to her lot like a Christian, and nurse Achille like a sister; which she had no objection to consider her. The sight of Achille, gaunt and worn with illness, made Agnes thankful to stop on any terms.

Achille was greatly changed; he was irritable, nervous, and full of strange fancies. He clung to Agnes as a child to its mother. Her calm and tender gentleness soothed him, and she could rouse him from the fits of gloom and depression to which he was subject. His mother lamented over the wreck he had become; but, the love of Agnes became stronger and deeper. The nature of it had changed, but his need of her had a more touching charm than when, in his brilliant days, she had looked up to him as a something more than mortal, and wondered, in her humility, what he saw in her to attract him. Gradually he seemed to recover his health. The shadow that lay upon him was lifted off, and he became like his old self. He was not, however, able to return to the army. He retired, with the grade of captain and the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

Madame Tremordyn's fortune was small, and consisted in a life-rent. There would be little or nothing at her death for her son. It was necessary he should find some employment. Through the influence of some relatives, he obtained a situation in the Customs. The salary was modest, but it was enough to live upon in tolerable comfort. He again announced to his mother his intention of marrying Agnes; and, this time, he met with no opposition—it would have been useless. Agnes was presented to friends and relatives of the clan Tremordyn as the betrothed of Achille. It was half settled that Agnes should pay a visit to her aunt and cousin whom she had not seen for near four years; but Mrs. Tremordyn fell ill, and could not spare her. The visit was postponed till she could go with her husband; and, in the meanwhile, letters of love and congratulation came from them. The whole Tremordyn tribe expressed their gracious approbation of the young English girl their kinsman had chosen, and made liberal offerings of marriage gifts. The good Raymonds furnished the trousseau, and Agnes could scarcely believe in the happiness that arose upon her life. Once or twice she perceived a strangeness in Achille. It was no coldness or estrangement, for he could not bear her out of his sight. He was quite well in health, and, at times, in extravagantly good spirits. Yet he was unlike himself: he appeared conscious that she perceived something, and was restless and annoyed if she looked at him. The peculiarity passed off, and she tried to think it was her own fancy.

The wedding-day came. The wedding guests were assembled in Madame Raymond's best salon; for Agnes was their adopted daughter, and was to be married from their house. Neither Achille nor his mother had arrived. Agnes, looking lovely in her white dress and veil, sat in her room until she should be summoned. The time passed on—some of the guests looked at their watches—a carriage drove up. Madame Tremordyn, dressed magnificently, but looking pale and terror-stricken, came into the room, her usual stately step was now tottering and eager.

"Is my son, is Achille here?" she asked in an imperious but hollow voice.

No one replied. A thrill of undefined terror passed through all assembled.

"Is he here, I ask? He left home two hours ago."

"He has not been here. We have not seen him," replied the eldest member of the family. "Calm yourself, my cousin, doubtless he will be here soon."

There was an uneasy silence, broken by the rustling of dresses, and the restless moving of people afraid to stir; feeling, as it were under a spell. The eldest kinsman spoke again.

"Let some one go in search of him."

Three or four rose at this suggestion. Madame Tremordyn bowed her head, and said "Go!" It was all she had the force to articulate. The guests who remained looked at each other with gloomy forebodings, and knew not what to do. At last the door opened and Agnes entered. A large shawl was wrapped over her bridal dress, but she was without either veil or ornaments; her face was pale, her eyes dilated.

"What is all this? Let me know the worst—what has happened?" She looked from one to the other, but none answered her. She went up to Madame Tremordyn, and said, "Tell me, mother."

But, Madame Tremordyn put her aside, and said:

"You are the cause of whatever ill has befallen him."

A murmur rose from the company; but the poor mother looked so stricken and miserable that no one had the heart to blame her unreason. Everybody felt the position too irksome to endure longer; and, one after another, they glided noiselessly away; leaving only Agnes, Madame Tremordyn, and the good Raymonds. The hours passed on, and still no tidings. The suspense became intolerable. M. Raymond went out to seek for information, and also to put the police in motion. Agnes, who had sat all this while still and calm, without uttering a word or shedding a tear, rose and beckoned Madame Raymond to come out of hearing.

"I must change this dress and go home with her; we must be at home when he is brought back."

"But you *cannot* go there my child—it would be unheard of."

"They will both need me—there is no one who can fill my place—let me go."

She spoke gently, but resolutely. Madame Raymond saw that it was no case for remonstrance. In a few moments Agnes returned in her walking-dress. She laid her hand on Madame Tremordyn, and said:

"Let us go home."

The poor mother, looking ten years older than on the previous day, rose, and leaning upon Agnes walked feebly to the door. Madame Raymond supported her on the other side; she would have gone with them, but Agnes shook her head and kissed her silently. Arrived at home Agnes resumed her old position. She busied herself about Madame Tremordyn. She made her take some nourishment, chafed her hands and feet, and tried to keep some warmth and life within her; but little speech passed between them.

The weary hours passed on, and no tidings; about midnight a strangely sounding footstep was heard upon the stair. The door of the room opened, and Achille, with his dress disordered and torn, and covered with mud, stood before them. He stopped short at seeing them, and evidently did not recognise them. He did not speak. There was a wild glare in his eye,—he was quite mad.

Madame Tremordyn, in extreme terror, shrank back in her arm-chair, trying to hide herself. Agnes placed herself before her; looking steadily at Achille, she said quietly,

"Make no noise, your mother is ill."

He sat down slowly, and with apparent reluctance, upon the chair she indicated. She kept her eye fixed upon him, and he moved uneasily under its influence. It was like being with an uncaged wild beast; and, what was to be the end, she did not know. At length he rose stealthily and backed towards the door, which remained open. The instant he gained the landing-place he sprang down stairs with a yell. The house door was closed with violence, and he was heard running furiously up the street; his yells and shouts ringing through the air. Agnes drew a deep breath, and turned to Madame Tremordyn, who lay back in her chair speechless; her face was dreadfully distorted. She had been struck with paralysis.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

Agnes roused the domestics for medical assistance, and got Madame Tremordyn to bed, as speedily as possible. Her strength and calmness seemed little less than supernatural. The medical man remained in attendance the rest of the night; but no change for the better took place. Madame Tremordyn lay still speechless, distorted, yet not altogether insensible, as might be seen by her eyes, which followed Agnes wistfully. No tidings came of Achille, until the next day at noon, when Mrs. Tremordyn's kinsman came with the news that Achille had been conveyed to the Bicêtre, a furious maniac. He spoke low, but Mrs. Tremordyn heard him; a gleam of terrible anguish shone from her eyes, but she was powerless to move.

"We must leave him there," said the kinsman. "He will be better attended to than he could be elsewhere. I will make inquiries to-morrow about him, and send you tidings. The physician says it has been coming on for some time. How fortunate, dear girl, that it was before the marriage instead of after: what a frightful fate you have escaped!"

"Do you think so?" said Agnes, sadly. "I must regret it always; for, if I had been his wife I should have had the right to be with him ill or well."

"You could do him no good. I doubt whether he would know you; but you are romantic."

Day after day passed slowly on, without any change. The accounts of Achille were that he continued dangerous and ungovernable; that his was one of the worst cases in the house. Mrs. Tremordyn lay helpless and speechless. The guests who had assembled at the ill-omened wedding, had departed to their different abodes; most of them had come up from distant parts of the country for the occasion; none of them resided permanently in Paris. The old kinsman alone remained until Madame Tremordyn's state declared itself one way or other.

One night, about a fortnight after her seizure, Madame Tremordyn recovered her speech so far as to be intelligible. She spoke lucidly to Agnes, who was watching beside her, and began to give her some directions about her affairs; but her mind was too much weakened. She blessed her for all her attention and goodness; bade her be the good angel of her son; and, while speaking, a stupor benumbed her, and she never awoke from it.

The kinsman assumed the direction of affairs, took possession of her effects, broke up her establishment, made Agnes a present, and a handsome speech, and evidently considered her connection with the family at an end. Agnes went back to the Raymonds to consider what she would do.

The first thing needful, was to recruit her strength. She felt bitterly the severance of the tie between her and the rest of Achille's family. They had made up their minds that he was never to get better; but, to her, the idea of leaving him to his fate was too painful to contemplate. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered she asked M. Raymond to take her to the Bicêtre. There she had an interview with the head physician; who said that Achille's case, if not hopeless, would be of long duration. Agnes entreated to be

allowed to see him — of course she was refused; but her importunity was not to be put by; and, at last, she was conducted to his cell. He received her calmly, and declared he knew she would come, and that he had been expecting her since the day before. He seemed quite rational and collected, and entreated her to take him away as it drove him mad to be there. The physician spoke, but Achille did not heed him. He kept his eyes fixed on Agnes, with a look of touching entreaty. Agnes looked wistfully at the physician, who said to Achille, "It depends entirely on yourself. You shall go the moment you render it possible for us to send you away."

Achille put his hand to his forehead, as though endeavouring to follow out an idea. At last he said, "I understand. I will obey."

He gravely kissed Agnes's hand, and attended her to the door of the cell, as though it had been a drawing-room.

"You have wonderful power over that patient, Mademoiselle," said the physician, "are you accustomed to mad persons?"

Agnes shook her head.

"Although he looks so quiet now, I would not be left alone with him for a thousand pounds," said he.

During their ride home, Agnes never spoke; she was maturing a plan in her mind. She asked the Raymonds to procure her some out-of-door teaching. They entreated her to remain with them as their daughter, and to live with them; but she steadily refused their kindness, and they were obliged to desist. They procured her some pupils, whom she was to instruct in music, drawing, and English. She still further distressed the Raymonds by withdrawing from their house, and establishing herself in a modest lodging near the Bicêtre; she attended her pupils, and visited Achille whenever the authorities permitted. As for Achille, from the first day she came, a great change had come over him. He was still mad, but seemed by superhuman effort, to control all outward manifestations of his madness. His delusions were as grave as ever, — sometimes he was betrayed into speaking of them, and he never renounced them—but all his actions were sane and collected. If Agnes were a day beyond her time he grew restless and desponding. In her personal habits Agnes exercised an almost sordid parsimony—she laid by nearly the whole of her earnings—her clientèle increased—she had more work than she could do. Her story excited interest wherever it was known, and her own manners and appearance confirmed it. She received many handsome presents, and was in the receipt of a comfortable income: still she confined herself to the barest necessaries of life. The Raymonds seldom saw her, and they were hurt that she took them so little into her confidence.

A year passed, and Agnes made a formal demand to have Achille discharged from the hospital, and given over to her care. There were many difficulties raised, and a great deal of opposition. M. Achille Tremordyn was not recovered; he was liable to a dangerous outbreak at any moment; it was not a fit charge for a young woman, and much besides; but Agnes was gifted with the power of bearing down all opposition. She argued and entreated, and finally prevailed.

Great was the astonishment of Monsieur Raymond, to see her thus accompanied, drive up to his door: that of Madame Raymond, of course was not less, but the surprise of both reached its height, when Agnes gravely, and without any embarrassment requested him to come with them to the Mairie to see her married. Achille stood by, perfectly calm, but the imprisoned madness lurked in his eyes, and looked out as on the watch to spring forth. He spoke, however, with grave and graceful courtesy, and said that M. and Madame Raymond must perceive that Agnes was his good Angel who had procured his deliverance, and that it was necessary she should give him the right to remain with her and protect her. He could not leave her —it was necessary to fulfil their old contract. He said this in a subdued, measured way; but with a suppressed impatience, as if a very little opposition would make him break out into violence. M. Raymond took her apart, and represented everything that common sense and friendship could suggest. Agnes was immovable. Her sole reply was, "He will never get well there; if he comes to me I will cure him." In the end, M. Raymond had to give way as the doctors had done. He and Madame Raymond went with them to the Mairie, and saw them married.

They went home with them afterwards. Agnes had arranged her modest ménage with cheerfulness and good taste. A sensible good-looking, middle-aged woman was the only domestic.

"I have known her long," said Agnes, "she lived with Madame Tremordyn in Normandie, and she knew Achille as a boy, and is quite willing to share my task."

"I believe you are a rational lunatic, Agnes," said M. Raymond. "However, if you fail, you will come to us at once."

They remained to partake of an English tea which Agnes had got up, Achille performed his part, as host, with simple dignity. M. Raymond was almost re-assured. Nevertheless he led her aside, and said, "My dear girl, I stand here as your father. Are you sure you are not afraid to remain with this man?"

"Afraid? oh, no. How can one feel afraid of a person we love?" said she, looking up at him with a smile. And then she tried to

utter her thanks for all his goodness to her; but her voice choked, and she burst into tears.

"There, there, my child, do not agitate yourself. You know we look on you as our daughter—we love you."

And tears dropped upon the golden curls as he kissed them. Poor Madame Raymond sobbed audibly, as she held Agnes in her arms, and would not let her go. Achille stood by, looking on.

"Why do you weep?" he asked, gently; "are you afraid that I shall hurt your friend? You need not fear,—she is my one blessing. I will make her great—I will!"

He seemed to recollect himself, and stopped, drawing himself up haughtily. Agnes disengaged herself gently from the embrace of Madame Raymond, and Achille attended them courteously to their coach.

There was a dangerous glare in his eyes when he came back. "Now Agnes, those people are gone. They shall never come back. If they had stayed a moment longer I would have killed them!"

After that evening, the Raymonds did not see Agnes for many months. Whatever were the secrets of her home, no eye saw them; she struggled with her lot alone. She attended her pupils regularly, and none of them saw any signs of weakness or anxiety. Her face was stern and grave; but her duties were punctually fulfilled, and no plea of illness or complaint, of any kind, escaped her. It was understood that her husband was an invalid, and that she did not go into company—that was all the world knew of her affairs.

The old servant died, and her place was never filled up. Agnes went to market and managed all her household affairs before she went to her pupils. Her husband was seen sometimes working in the garden or sitting—if the weather was warm—in the sunny arbour, shaded with climbing plants; but, he never left the house except with his wife.

At the end of three years, the hope to which Agnes had clung with such passionate steadfastness was fulfilled. Her husband entirely recovered his reason; but, in this hope realised there was mixed a great despair. With recovered sanity came the consciousness of all that his wife had done for him, and he had not breadth of magnanimity to accept it. It may be that the habits of rule and self-reliance which had been forced upon her by her position did not exactly suit the changed position of things—people must brave the defects of their qualities. This trial was the hardest she had endured; but she hid suffering bravely. Her husband respected her—honoured her—was always gentle and courteous—did everything except love her; but she loved him, and it is more blessed to give than to receive. It is the love we give to others, not the love they give us, that fills our heart.

Six years after marriage Achille Tremordyn died. He expressed eloquently and even tenderly his sense of all he owed to his wife, and his high opinion of her many virtues, and regretted all she had suffered for him. It was not the farewell that a woman and a wife would wish for; but she loved him, and did not cavil at his words.

After his death she went to live near the Raymonds. She still continued to teach, though no longer from necessity; but, after she had somewhat recovered from the blankness which had fallen on her life, she devoted herself to finding out friendless young girls, and providing them with homes and the means of gaining a living. For this purpose she worked, and to it she devoted all her earnings: recollecting the aunt who had adopted her when she arrived in Paris, and found herself abandoned. The good Raymonds left her a fortune, with which she built a house, and was the mother in it; and many were the daughters who had cause to bless her. She lived to an advanced age, and died quite recently.

NEXT WEEK.

I will begin next week. I am quite resolved upon it. Whatever inducements to further delay may offer themselves, I will not listen to them. No. If I am alive and in good health, let what will happen, I have fully made my mind up that I will begin that five-act comedy next week.

Such is my fixed determination. I have the story of my comedy all settled in my mind. I have, and have had for some years, the characters and incidents, even to the minutest details, clearly arranged; all that is wanting is for me to sit down and, with what powers of language I possess, to put my work on paper. I know that I have a ready market for it when completed, and so, once for all, I am resolved to set to work in earnest at it—next week.

Why shouldn't I? For years I have been panting after literary fame, and have felt sure my true vocation is dramatic authorship. Here is an opportunity too long neglected, which, if now seized upon, may (should I not say must?) accomplish all my wishes. I know my comedy will be a great success. I have few rivals to contend against now that original works of standard merit are so very rare. In fact all leads me to believe that I may, if I choose, at once attain a very high rank amongst living dramatists. Why should I then delay my triumph? Why, indeed! I will begin next week.

And now, with every possible encouragement to do so, with nothing upon earth to dissuade me from it, I have no doubt the reader fully believes I mean to keep my resolution. And so I do, I pledge my word,

most positively. And yet experience is a cruel teacher. Even now, determined as I feel upon a course of action, a fear will arise. No matter. Listen, reader, to a few past experiences of next week.

When quite a youth, I spent two years in making up my mind that I would commence the study of the French language—next week. My fate had placed me as junior clerk in the counting-house of a London merchant who had extensive dealings with Parisian houses. Here, by my industry and application (for do not let anyone suppose by the confession I am about to make that I lack either of those qualities), I had become a great favourite with my employer. There seemed every certainty of my ultimate promotion to a much better position in the office. One thing alone stood in my way; it was my ignorance of French, and consequent inability to manage the continental correspondence. No sooner did this fact dawn upon me than, with the promptness of determination upon which I pride myself, I firmly resolved to commence taking lessons in French. I would begin next week. There was no hurry, to be sure, for there was no immediate prospect of a change, and I, of course, could not expect advancement till a vacancy arose. Still, it was only prudent to be prepared for anything that might occur. So I would not delay. I would begin next week.

Never was I more serious in making a resolution—not even now about my five-act comedy—than I was then, and yet the next week, and the next, and many next weeks, passed, and I had not begun my French. It was not that I had forgotten my determination. By no means. But something or other always happened—nothing of consequence, it is true, mere trifles generally—which called for my attention. Well, it was no great matter after all. What could a few days signify? I would get these little matters off my mind first, and then I would begin in earnest. And so a month or two slipped by, and all at once it struck me that I was no nearer beginning than I was when first I made my resolution. Should I commence that moment? No, no! I laughed at my own suggestion of such precipitate haste. Had I not strength of mind enough to trust my determination? Besides, the prospect of a vacancy was as remote as ever. I would though, positively and without fail, begin next week. It was nearly two years after this that the long-looked for vacancy did actually occur; and what made the matter more provoking was the fact that I really did and do still believe that the following week I absolutely should have set to work preparing myself for it.

A kind old aunt of mine resided once near Islington. It was a long way from my lodgings on the Surrey side, it is true; but the old lady had always been so kind to me when I used to go, a mere child, to stay a week with her; I had such grateful reminiscences of the toffee, hardbake, and the innumerable other unwholesome delights she used to treat me with, to say nothing of the toys with which I always came home loaded, that I felt bound in common gratitude to show her some attention now that I had arrived at man's estate and had discarded Albert rock for Albert neck-ties, had done with tops and marbles, and confined my kite-flying to the somewhat costly mode of raising ready money, which goes by that name in the City. Besides, I really loved her for her own sake, for with all her curious whims and fancies she was a good, warm-hearted creature, and I knew that a visit from me would be hailed by the good old lady with delight. I made my mind up I would go and spend a day with her. When? Well, next week. Some few months back I heard my poor old aunt was dead. I never had accomplished my intended trip to Islington, and I found the little property she left behind, even the gold watch she always used to say was to be mine, and used to let me have to play with when a baby, had been bequeathed to strangers. I did not care so very much about the mere pecuniary loss; but it did grieve me to the heart to think she had conceived that I her favourite nephew had deserted her; and ceased to care for her; which, on my word, I never did. I had put off my visit time after time, ever resolving firmly that it should be paid next week—until at last a week came when for my poor old aunt there was no next.

In almost every circumstance of life next week has been my rock-ahead. I am fond of the arts, and yet for six whole years I lived in London without seeing a single exhibition of the Royal Academy pictures (by the bye I am told there are some capital pictures to be seen this year. I have not been yet, but am going next week). Yet every year did I resolve that I would not run the risk of missing them again; how was it then that passing through Trafalgar Square, at least three times a week, separated only by a flight of steps, a stone wall, and a charge of one shilling, sterling, from these great works of art—how was it I say that for six successive years I did miss seeing them? Simply because I meant to go next week, and I continued meaning to do so, until I passed again and found the exhibition over.

I am a Londoner by birth, yet have I never seen Saint Paul's. That is to say, as yet I have not seen those portions of it which form one of the London sights that country visitors get over ere they have been twenty-four hours in the great metropolis. Its glorious outline as viewed from the river, with its magnificent dome looking like the Imperial crown upon the head of London, I have seen, of course. And the interior—at least

so much of it as is devoted to the purposes of worship, I have seen often. But the show-part—the whispering-gallery, the stone-gallery, the golden gallery, clock and bell, geometrical staircase, lanthorn, ball, and so forth, I have never seen, nor am I likely to see, until—well, yes, I think (and I have thought for many years), I'll have a look at them next week.

Is it not so with most things which we think we can do at any time—we put them off unconsciously, until at last we never do them. At any rate, such is the case with me. I remember that when the Royal Italian Opera was in the very height of its first glories at Covent Garden I had the entrée for one whole season. Upon the opening night, they played an opera which I had seen so often that I did not much care about going. I would wait for the production of that great work of which I had heard so much, and which was to be represented for the first time in London, in a night or two. Then I quite resolved that nothing short of my being laid upon a bed of sickness should prevent my going. Well, the great work was produced. I certainly should like to go; but, after all, the piece must have a good, long run, and there would be plenty of other opportunities of my hearing it. I would go next week. Need I say after the utterance of these fatal words, I did not go at all. The season had passed away—with what marvellous rapidity it seemed to have flown when over?—and I had never visited the opera once.

And as that opera season was to me, so is the season of no end of human lives. Who amongst us is not conscious of this same propensity for putting off until next week things that could be (it may be that can only be) done now? Who amongst us can look back upon his past experience without feeling how much more he might have done, how much more useful he might have been, both to himself and others, had he never reckoned on next week?

I have had money owing to me which I might have received on application, but not being in absolute and immediate want of it, I have delayed applying for it. Next week would be quite time enough for me. Months afterwards I was in want of it, and did apply. My debtor had, two days before been made a bankrupt.

I am a married man, and father of a family. Lucky it is for me (I say it advisedly, the sneers and sarcasms of misogamist bachelors to the contrary notwithstanding), lucky it is for me that lovely woman has the privilege of fixing the happy day. Had it been left to me, I fear I should have put our wedding off until next week, and lived and died a bachelor.

The chances I have had of literary employment upon various newspapers, magazines and other periodicals, I will not here enumerate. The reader would no doubt attribute it to vanity were I to do so. Enough that almost every chance has been neglected. Not wilfully, by any means. I like the work, and like the proceeds of it too. In fact, I have been now for a great length of time fully determined to contribute regularly to several publications. But alas! my determination always has been to commence next week, until too often I have found the opportunity had passed and others filled the place I might have held. How it is that the present article came to be written now, instead of being put off to that terrible next week of mine, I cannot say. However, here it is. Once begun, I have but little difficulty in proceeding,—but oh! the struggle to begin!

Enough of these confessions of my past short-comings; for the future I must really make an effort to turn over a new leaf. First there is my five-act comedy, I have already mentioned. Suppose I were to set to work upon it now,—this very day——

No; not to day. But, next week, I really do mean, as I have said, to begin in earnest at it. Next week, too, I commence to get up early in the morning,—to keep a diary,—to make a point of walking four miles daily before breakfast,—to put five shillings weekly in the Savings' Bank (which, I have just read in the statistics column of a penny paper, will amount to something fabulous in the course of years). Next week, too, I intend to begin a regular course of study in a few things, no matter what, in which I am deficient. But, I will say no more about my good intentions, lest the reader should imagine by their number that I shall never carry them into effect. I will, though, I am determined.

True it is, I have been quite as positively determined ever since I can remember. True it is, too, my positive determinations as yet have come to nothing. No matter. This time I am resolved. I will begin Next Week.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 382.] SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

INCH BY INCH UPWARD.

AMONG the ashes and slag of a poor colliery village, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the unplastered room—with a clay floor and garret roof—that was the entire home of the family to which he was born, there came into the world, on a June day, seventy-six years ago, one of its best benefactors. The village is named Wylam. The family occupying, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-one, one of the four labourers' apartments contained in the cottage—known as High Street House—was that of Robert Stephenson and his wife, Mabel, their only child being a two-year old boy, named James; when on the ninth of June, in the year just named, a second son was born to them, whom they called George. That was George Stephenson, the founder of the railway system.

The family continued to increase; and, by the time when George was twelve years old he had three brothers and two sisters. He grew up in war times when bread was very dear, and it was bitterly difficult for working men to earn more than would keep body and soul together. His father, known as old Bob by the neighbours, was a fireman to the pumping-engine at the Wylam colliery, earning not more than twelve shillings a-week. Bob was a lean and gentle man, who took pleasure in telling wonderful stories to the children who gathered about his engine-fire of evenings. About his engine-fire also, tame robins would gather for the crumbs he spared out of his scanty dinner—for he was a man who loved all kinds of animals, and he would give no better treat to his child George, than to hold him up that he might look at the young blackbirds in their nest. The mother, Mabel, was a delicate and nervous woman; who, though troubled with what neighbours called the rising of the vapours, had some qualities that won their admiration. A surviving neighbour, who looks back upon the couple, says of them, that "they had very little to come and go upon. They were honest folk, but sore haudden doon in the world."

Little George carried his father's dinner to the engine, helped to tug about and nurse the children younger than himself and to keep them out of the way of the horses drawing chaldron waggons on the wooden tramroad that ran close before the threshold of the cottage door. If the rising of the vapours had made Mabel a Pythoness, she might have discovered, as she stood at the door, lines of fate in the two wooden couplets on the road. But, they only warned her of danger threatening her children while at play.

Twelve shillings a-week when times are hard, will not go far towards the support of a father, a mother, and a lapful of little children. The coal at Wylam was worked out, and old Bob's engine, which had "stood till she grew fearsome to look at," was pulled down. The poor family then followed the work to Dewley Burn; where Robert Stephenson waited as fireman on a newer engine, and set up his household in a one-roomed cottage near the centre of a group of little collier's huts that stand on the edge of a rift, bridged over here and there, because there runs along its bottom a small, babbling stream. Little George—Geordie Steevie—was then eight years old. Of course he had not been to school; but he was strong, nimble of body and of wit, and eager to begin the business of bread-winning with the least possible delay. In a neighbouring farm-house lived Grace Ainslie, a widow, whose cows had the right to graze along the waggon road. The post of keeping them out of the way of the waggons, and preventing them from trespassing on other persons' liberties was given to George. He was to have a shilling a week, and his duty was to include barring the gates at night after the waggons had all passed.

That was the beginning of George Stephenson's career, and from it he pushed forward his fortune inch by inch upward. Of course he had certain peculiar abilities; but many may have them, yet few do good with them. George Stephenson made his own fortune, and also added largely to the wealth and general well-being of society. Our purpose is—following the details published recently by MR. SMILES in a most faithful and elaborate biography—to show how a man may get up the hill Difficulty who is content to mount by short firm steps, keeping his eyes well upon the ground that happens to lie next before his feet.

As watcher of Grace Ainslie's cows, the work of little Geordie Steevie gave him

time for play. He became an authority on birds' nests, made whistles of reeds and straws; and, with Tom Tholoway his chosen playmate, had especial pleasure in the building of little clay engines with the soil of Dewley Bog: hemlock stalks being used to represent steam-pipes and other apparatus. Any child, whose father's work was to attend an engine, would have played at engines; but, in the case of George Stephenson, it is, nevertheless, a pleasure to the fancy to dwell on the fact that, as a child, he made mud-engines and not mud-pies, when playing in the dirt. When his legs were long enough to carry him across the little furrows, little George was promoted to the business of leading horses at the plough, and was trusted also to hoe turnips and to do other farm-work at the advanced wages of two shillings a-week. But, his brother James—two years his senior—was then earning three shillings a-week as corf-bitter or picker at the colliery; that is to say, he helped to pick out of the coal, stones, bats and dross. Upon that neat inch of progress, little George fixed his attention. Having made it good, he tried forward till he secured another inch, and received four shillings a week as driver of the gin-horse. In that capacity he was employed at the Black Callerton Colliery, two miles from Dewley Burn, whither he went early of mornings and whence he returned late of evenings, "a grit, bare-legged laddie, very quick-witted and full of fun and tricks." He bred rabbits. He knew all the nests between Black Callerton and Dewley; brought home young birds when they were old enough; fed them, and tamed them. One of his tame blackbirds flew all day in and out of and about the cottage, roosting at night on the bedhead; but she disappeared during the summer months, to do her proper duty as a bird, duly returning in the winter.

As driver of the gin-horse, Geordie Steevie fixed his eye upon the post of assistant-fireman to his father at the Dewley engine. At the early age of fourteen, he got that promotion, and his wages became six shillings a-week. He was then so young that he used to hide when the owner of the colliery came round, lest he should think him too small for his place.

The coal at Dewley Burn was worked out; and the Stephensons again moved to Jolly's Close, a little row of cottages shut in between steep banks. The family was now helped by the earnings of the children; and, out of the united incomes of its members, made thirty-five shillings or two pounds a-week. But, the boys, as they grew older, grew hungrier, and the war with Napoleon was then raising the price of wheat from fifty-four shillings to one hundred and thirty shillings a quarter. It was still hard to live. George, at fifteen years old—a big and bony boy—was promoted to the full office of fireman at a new working, the Mid-mill winning, where he had a young friend, named Bill Coe, for his mate. But the Mid-mill engine was a very little one, and the nominal increase of dignity was not attended with increase of wages. George's ambition was to attain rank as soon as possible as a full workman, and to earn as good wages as those his father had: twelve shillings a-week. He was steady, sober, indefatigable in his work, ready of wit, and physically strong. It was a great pleasure to him to compete with his associates in lifting heavy weights, throwing the hammer, and putting the stone. He once lifted as much as sixty stone. Mid-mill pit being closed, George and his friend Coe were sent to work another pumping engine, fixed near Throchley Bridge. While there, his work was adjudged worthy of a man's hire. One Saturday evening, the foreman paid him twelve shillings for a week's work, and told him that he was, from that date, advanced. When he came out, he told his fellow-workmen his good fortune, and declared in triumph: "Now I am a made man for life."

He had reached inch by inch the natural object of a boy's ambition;—to be man enough to do what he has seen done by his father. But he was man enough for more than that. By natural ability joined to unflagging industry he still won his way slowly up; and, at the age of seventeen, worked in a new pit at the same engine with his father; the son taking the higher place as engine-man, and Old Bob being still a fireman as he had been from the first.

It was the duty of the engine-man to watch the engine, to correct a certain class of hitches in its working, and, when anything was wrong that he could not put right, to send word to the chief engineer. George Stephenson fell in love with his engine, and was never tired of watching it. In leisure hours, when his companions went to their sports, he took his machine to pieces, cleaned every part of it, and put it together again. Thus, he not only kept it in admirable working order, but became intimately acquainted with all its parts and knew their use. He acquired credit for devotion to his work, and really was devoted to it; at the same time he acquired a kind of knowledge that would help him to get an inch higher in the world.

But, there was another kind of knowledge necessary. At the age of eighteen he could not read; he could not write his name. His father had been too poor to afford any schooling to the children. He was then getting his friend Coe to teach him the mystery of brakeing, that he might, when opportunity occurred, advance to the post of brakesman—next above that which he held. He became curious also to know definitely something about the famous engines that were in those days planned by Watt and Bolton. The desire for knowledge taught him the necessity of learning to read books.

The brave young man resolved therefore to learn his letters and make pot-hooks at a night-school among a few colliers' sons, who paid threepence a-week each to a poor teacher at Welbottle. At the age of nineteen, he could write his name. A night-school was set up by a Scotchman within a few minutes' walk of Jolly's Close; and to this, George Stephenson removed himself. The Scotchman had much credit for his mastery of arithmetic. He knew as far as reduction. George fastened upon arithmetic with an especial zeal, and was more apt than any other pupil for the study. In no very long time he had worked out all that could be yielded to him by the dominie. While thus engaged, the young man was getting lessons from his friend Coe in brakeing; and, with Coe's help, persisting in them against dogged opposition from some of the old hands. At the age of twenty, being perfectly steady and trustworthy as a workman, he obtained the place of brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton; with wages varying from seventeen and sixpence to a pound a-week. But, wheat then cost nearly six pounds the quarter.

George was ambitious to save a guinea or two, because he was in love with something better able to return his good-will than a steam-engine. In leisure hours he turned his mechanical dexterity to the business of mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen, and advanced from mending to the making both of shoes and lasts. This addition to his daily twelve hours' labour at the colliery, made some little addition to his weekly earnings. It enabled him to save his first guinea, and encouraged him to think the more of marrying Fanny Henderson, a pretty servant in a neighbouring farm-house; sweet-tempered, sensible, and good. He once had shoes of hers to mend, and, as he carried them to her one Sunday evening with a friend he could not help pulling them out of his pocket every now and then to admire them because they were hers, and to bid his companion observe what a capital job he had made of them.

George Stephenson still enjoyed exercise in feats of agility and strength; still spent a part of each idle afternoon on the pay Saturday in taking his engine to pieces; cleaning it and pondering over the uses and values of its parts. He was a model workman in the eyes of his employers; never missing a day's wages through idleness or indiscretion; spending none of his evenings in public-houses, avoiding the dog-fights and cock-fights, and man-fights in which pitmen delighted. Once, indeed, being insulted by Ned Nelson, the bully of the pit, young Stephenson disdained to quail before him, though he was a great fighter, and a man with whom it was considered dangerous to quarrel. Nelson challenged him to a pitched battle, and the challenge was accepted. Everybody said Stephenson would be killed. The young men and boys came round him with awe, to ask whether it was true that he was "goin' to feight Nelson." "Aye," he said, "never fear for me, I'll feight him." Nelson went off work to go into training. Stephenson worked on as usual; went from a day's labour to the field of battle and on the appointed evening, and, with his strong muscle and hard bone put down the bully, as he never for a moment doubted that he would.

As a brakesman, George Stephenson had been removed to Willington Ballast Quay, when, at the age of twenty-one he signed his name in the register of Newburn Church as the husband of Fanny Henderson; and, seating her behind him on a pillion upon a stout farm-horse borrowed from her sister's master, with the sister as bridesmaid and a friend as bridesman, he went first to his father and mother—who were growing old, and struggling against poverty in Jolly's Close—and, having paid his duty as a son to them, jolted across country, and through the streets of Newcastle, upon a ride homeward of fifteen miles. An upper room in a small cottage at Wellington Quay was the home to which George took his bride. Thirteen months afterwards, his only son, Robert, was born there. The exercise of his mechanical skill, prompted sometimes by bold speculations of his own, amused the young husband—and the wife doubtless—of an evening. He was at work on the problem of Perpetual Motion. He had acquired reputation as a shoemaker. Accident gave rise to a yet more profitable exercise of ingenuity. Alarm of a chimney on fire caused his room to be one day flooded with soot and water by good-natured friends. His most valuable piece of furniture, the clock, was seriously injured. He could not afford to send it to a clock-maker, and resolved to try his own hand on the works; took them to pieces, studied them, and so put them together as to cure his clock in a way marvellous to all the village. He was soon asked to cure a neighbour's clock, and gradually made his title good to great fame as a clock-curer throughout the district.

After having lived three years as brakesman at Willington Quay, George Stephenson removed to Killingworth, where he was made brakesman at the West Moor Colliery. From the high ground of Killingworth, the spires of Newcastle, seven miles distant, are visible—weather and smoke permitting. At Killingworth, when they had been but two or three years married, George Stephenson's wife, Fanny, died. Soon after her death, leaving his little boy in charge of a neighbour, he marched on foot into Scotland; for, he had been invited by the owners of a colliery near Montrose to superintend the working of one of Bolton and Watt's engines. For this work he received rather high wages; and, after a

year's absence, he marched back again, on foot, to Killingworth, with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket. During his absence a bad accident had happened to his father. The steam-blast had been inadvertently let in upon him when he was inside an engine. It struck him in the face, and blinded him for the remainder of his life. George coming home from Scotland, paid the old man's debts, removed his parents to a comfortable cottage near his own place of work at Killingworth—for he was again taken on as brakesman at the West Moor Pit—and worked for them during the remainder of their lives. At this time there was distress and riot among labourers. George was drawn for the militia, and spent the remainder of his savings on the payment of a substitute. He was so much disabled in fortune that he thought of emigrating to America, as one of his sisters was then doing in company with her husband, but—happily for his own country—he could not raise money enough to take him out of it. To a friend he afterwards said of his sorrow at this time, "You know the road from my house at the West Moor to Killingworth. I remember, when I went along that road, I wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

It was a slight advance in independence, although no advance in fortune, when Stephenson, at the age of twenty-seven, joined two other brakesmen in taking a small contract under the lessees for brakeing the engines at the West Moor pit. The profits did not always bring him in a pound a-week. His little son, Robert, was growing up, and he was bent firmly on giving him what he himself had lacked: the utmost attainable benefit of education in his boyhood. Therefore George spent his nights in mending clocks and watches for his neighbours, mended and made shoes, cut out lasts, even cut out the pitmen's clothes for their wives to make up, and worked at their embroidery. He turned every spare minute to account, and so wrung, from a stubborn fortune, power to give the first rudiments of education to his son.

At last there came a day when all the cleaning and dissecting of his engines turned to profit, and the clock-doctor won the more important character of engine-doctor. He had on various occasions suggested to the owners small contrivances which had saved wear and tear of material, or otherwise improved the working of his pit. When he was twenty-nine years old, a new pit was sunk at Killingworth—now known as the Killingworth High Pit—over which a Newcomen engine was fixed for the purpose of pumping water from the shaft. For some reason the engine failed; as one of the workmen engaged on it tells the case, "she couldn't keep her jack-head in water; all the engine-men in the neighbourhood were tried, as well as Crowther of the Ouseburn, but they were clean bet." The engine pumped to no purpose for nearly twelve months. Stephenson had observed, when he saw it built, that if there was much water in the mine, that engine wouldn't keep it under, but to the opinion of a common brakesman no heed had been paid. He used often to inquire as to "how she was getting on," and the answer always was, that the men were still drowned out. One Saturday afternoon, George went to the High Pit, and made a close examination of the whole machine. Kit Heppel, sinker at the pit, said to him when he had done,

"Weel, George, what do you mak' o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?"

"Man," said George, "I could alter her and make her draw. In a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom."

The conversation was reported to Ralph Dods, the head viewer. George was known to be an ingenious and determined fellow: and, as Dods said, "the engineers hereabouts are all bet." The brakesman, therefore, was at once allowed to try his skill: he could not make matters worse than they were, and he might mend them. He was set to work at once, picked his own men to carry out the alterations he thought necessary, took the whole engine to pieces, reconstructed it, and really did, in a week's time after his talk with Heppel, clear the pit of water. This achievement brought him fame as a pump-curer. Dods made him a present of ten pounds, and he was appointed engine-man on good wages at the pit he had redeemed, until the work of sinking was completed. The job lasted about a year. Thus, at the age of thirty, Stephenson had begun to find his way across the borders of the engineer's profession. To all the wheezy engines in the neighbourhood he was called in as a professional adviser. The regular men called him a quack; but the quack perfectly understood the constitution of an engine, and worked miracles of healing. One day, as he passed a drowned quarry, on his way from work, at which a windmill worked an inefficient pump, he told the men, "he would set up for them an engine no bigger than a kail-pot, that would clear them out in a week." And he fulfilled his promise.

A year after his triumph at the High Pit, the engine-wright at Killingworth was killed by an accident, and George Stephenson, on Mr. Dods' recommendation, was promoted to his place by the lessees. He was appointed engine-wright to the colliery at a salary of one hundred pounds a-year.

At this time of his life, Stephenson was associating with John Wigham, a farmer's son, who understood the rule of three, who had acquired some little knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy, and who possessed a volume of Ferguson's Lectures on

Mechanics. With John Wigham, Stephenson spent many leisure hours in study and experiment; learning all John could teach, and able to teach not a little out of his own thoughts in exchange for the result of John's reading. George Stephenson, at the age of thirty-three had saved a hundred guineas; and his son Robert, then taken from a village-school, was sent to Bruce's academy, at Newcastle.

The father had built with his own hand three rooms and an oven, in addition to the one room and a garret up a step-ladder that had been taken for his home at Killingworth. He had a little garden, in which he devoted part of his energy to the growth of monster leeks and cabbages. In the garden was a mechanical scarecrow of his own invention. The garden door was fastened by a lock of his contrivance, that none but himself could open. The house was a curiosity-shop of models and mechanical ideas. He amused people with a lamp that would burn under water, attached an alarum to the watchmen's clock, and showed women how to make a smoke-jack rock the baby's cradle. He was full of a vigorous life. Kit Heppel one day challenged him to leap from the top of one high wall to the top of another, there being a deep gap between; to his dismay he was taken at his word instantly. Stephenson cleared the eleven feet at a bound, exactly measuring his distance.

As engine-wright, Stephenson had opportunities of carrying still farther his study of the engine, as well as of turning to account the knowledge he already possessed. His ingenuity soon caused a reduction of the number of horses employed in the colliery from a hundred to fifteen or sixteen; and he had access not only to the mine at Killingworth, but to all collieries belonging to Lord Ravensworth and his partners, a firm that had been named the Grand Allies. The locomotive engine was then known to the world as a new toy, curious and costly. Stephenson had a perception of what might be done with it, and was beginning to make it the subject of his thoughts. From the education of his son Robert, he was now deriving knowledge for himself. The father entered him as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, and toiled with him over books of science borrowed from its library. Mechanical plans he read at sight, never requiring to refer to the description; "a good plan," he said, "should always explain itself." One of the secretaries of the Newcastle Institution watched with lively interest the studies of both father and son, and helped them freely to the use of books and instruments, while he assisted their endeavours with his counsels. George Stephenson was thirty-two years old, and however little he may by that time have achieved, one sees that he had accumulated in himself a store of power that would inevitably carry him on—upon his own plan of inch by inch advance—to new successes. Various experiments had been made with the new locomotive engines. One had been tried upon the Wylam tram-road, which went by the cottage in which Stephenson was born. George Stephenson brooded upon the subject, watched their failures, worked at the theory of their construction, and made it his business to see one. He felt his way to the manufacture of a better engine, and proceeded to bring the subject under the notice of the lessees of the colliery. He had acquired reputation not only as an ingenious but as a safe and prudent man. He had instituted already many improvements in the collieries. Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, therefore authorised him to fulfil his wish; and with the greatest difficulty making workmen of some of the colliery hands, and, having the colliery blacksmith for his head assistant, he built his first locomotive in the workshops at Westmoor, and called it "My Lord." It was the first engine constructed with smooth wheels; for Stephenson never admitted the prevailing notion that contrivances were necessary to secure adhesion. "My Lord" was called "Blutcher" by the people round about. It was first placed on the Killingworth Railway on the twenty-fifth of July, eighteen hundred and fourteen, and, though a cumbrous machine, was the most successful that had, up to that date, been constructed.

At the end of a year it was found that the work done by Blutcher cost about as much as the same work would have cost if done by horses. Then it occurred to Stephenson to turn the steam-pipe into the chimney, and carry the smoke up with the draught of a steam-blast. That would add to the intensity of the fire and to the rapidity with which steam could be generated. The power of the engine was, by this expedient, doubled.

At about the same time some frightful accidents, caused by explosion in the pits of his district, set Stephenson to exercise his ingenuity for the discovery of a miner's safety lamp. By a mechanical theory of his own, tested by experiments made boldly at the peril of his life, he arrived at the construction of a lamp less simple, though perhaps safer, than that of Sir Humphry Davy, and with the same method of defence. The practical man and the philosopher worked independently in the same year on the same problem. Stephenson's solution was arrived at a few weeks earlier than Davy's, and upon this fact a great controversy afterwards was founded. One material result of it was, that Stephenson eventually received as public testimonial a thousand pounds, which he used later in life as capital for the founding at Newcastle of his famous locomotive factory. At the Killingworth pits the "Geordy" safety lamp is still in use, being there, of course, considered to be better than the Davy.

Locomotives had been used only on the tram-roads of the collieries, and by the time when Stephenson built his second engine were generally abandoned as failures. Stephenson alone stayed in the field and did not care who said that there would be at Killingworth "a terrible blow-up some day." He had already made up his mind that the perfection of a travelling engine would be half lost if it did not run on a perfected rail. Engine and rail he spoke of, even then, as "man and wife," and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive always went hand in hand with his contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. We need not follow the mechanical details. In his work at the rail and engine he made progress in his own way, inch by inch; every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor; every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some new element of strength and firmness to it. The Killingworth Colliery Railway was the seed from which sprang the whole European—and now more than European—system of railway intercourse. While systems and theories rose and fell round about, George Stephenson kept his little line in working order, made it pay, and slowly advanced in the improvement of the rails and engines used upon it. When it had been five years at work, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in the county of Durham, invited Stephenson to act as engineer for them in laying down an equally efficient and much longer line. Its length was to be eight miles, and it would cross one of the highest hills in the district: Stephenson put his locomotive on the level ground, worked the inclines with stationary engines, showed how full waggons descending an incline might be used as a power for the drawing up of empty ones, and in three years completed successfully a most interesting and novel series of works.

In those days there was talk of railroads to be worked by horse-power, or any better power, if better there were; but at any rate level roads laid down with rails for the facility of traffic, were projected between Stockton and Darlington, between Liverpool and Manchester, and between other places.

The Killingworth Railway was seven years old, the Hetton line then being in course of construction; and George Stephenson was forty years old when "one day," writes Mr. Smiles, "about the end of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, two strangers knocked at the door of Mr. Pease's house in Darlington" (Mr. Pease was the head promoter of the railway between Darlington and Stockton), "and the message was brought to him that some persons from Killingworth wanted to speak with him. They were invited in; on which one of the visitors introduced himself as Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth; and then, turning to his companion, he introduced him as George Stephenson of the same place." George had also a letter of introduction from the manager at Killingworth, and came as a person who had had experience in the laying out of railways, to offer his services. He had walked to Darlington, with here and there a lift upon a coach, to see whether he could not get for his locomotive a fair trial, and for himself a step of advancement in life, upon Mr. Pease's line. He told his wish in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district; as for himself, he said, he was "only the engine-wright at Killingworth, that's what he was."

Mr. Pease liked him, told him his plans, which were all founded on the use of horse-power, he being satisfied "that a horse upon an iron road would draw ten tons for one on a common road, and that before long the railway would become the King's Highway." Stephenson boldly declared that his locomotive was worth fifty horses, and that moving engines would in course of time supersede all horse-power upon railroads. "Come over," he said, "to Killingworth, and see what my Blutcher can do; seeing is believing, sir." Mr. Pease went, saw, and believed. Stephenson was appointed engineer to the Company, at a salary of three hundred a-year. The Darlington line was constructed in accordance with his survey. His travelling engine ran upon it for the first time on the twenty-seventh of September, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, in sight of an immense concourse of people, and attained, in some parts of its course, a speed—then unexampled—of twelve miles an hour. When Stephenson afterwards became a famous man he forgot none of his old friends. He visited even poor cottagers who had done a chance kindness to him. Mr. Pease will transmit to his descendants a gold watch, inscribed—"Esteem and gratitude: from George Stephenson to Edward Pease."

It was while the Stockton and Darlington line was in progress that George Stephenson proposed establishing a locomotive factory, and training a body of mechanics skilled to the new work, at Newcastle. The thousand pounds given to him by the coal-owners for his invention of the safety-lamp, he could advance. Mr. Pease and another friend advanced five hundred each, and so the Newcastle Engine Factory was founded.

With what determined perseverance Mr. Stephenson upheld the cause of the locomotive in connection with the proposed Liverpool and Manchester line: how he did cheaply what all the regular engineers declared impossible or ruinous, in carrying that line over Chat-Moss, persevering, when all who were about him had confessed despair, and because he had made good his boldest promises in every one case: how he was at last trusted in the face of public ridicule, upon the merits of the locomotive also: how after the line was built, at the public competition of light engines constructed

in accordance with certain strict conditions, his little Rocket won the prize: how the fulfilment of his utmost assertions raised Stephenson to the position of an oracle in the eyes of the public: how he nevertheless went on improving the construction of both rails and locomotives: how the great railway system, of which the foundations were laid patiently by him, was rapidly developed: how, when success begot a mania, he was as conspicuous for his determined moderation as he had before been for his determined zeal: how he attained honour and fortune; and retired from public life, again to grow enormous fruits or vegetables in his garden—pineapples instead of leeks—again to pet animals and watch the birds' nests in the hedges—we need not tell in detail; Mr. Smiles's excellent biography tells it all.

One of the chief pleasures of his latter days was to hold out a helping hand to poor inventors who deserved assistance. He was a true man to the last, whom failure never drove to despair; whom success never elated to folly. Inch by inch he made his ground good in the world, and for the world. A year before his death in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, somebody, about to dedicate a book to him, asked him what were his "ornamental initials." His reply was, "I have to state that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and I think it will be as well if you merely say, George Stephenson."

A FAIR PENITENT.

Charles Pineau Duclos was a French writer of biographies and novels, who lived and worked during the first half of the eighteenth century. He prospered sufficiently well, as a literary man, to be made secretary to the French Academy, and to be allowed to succeed Voltaire in the office of historiographer of France. He has left behind him, in his own country, the reputation of a lively writer of the second class, who addressed the public of his day with fair success, and who, since his death, has not troubled posterity to take any particular notice of him.

Among the papers left by Duclos, two manuscripts were found, which he probably intended to turn to some literary account. The first was a brief Memoir, written by himself, of a Frenchwoman, named Mademoiselle Gautier, who began life as an actress and who ended it as a Carmelite nun. The second manuscript was the lady's own account of the process of her conversion, and of the circumstances which attended her moral passage from the state of a sinner to the state of a saint. There are certain national peculiarities in the character of Mademoiselle Gautier and in the narrative of her conversion, which are perhaps interesting enough to be reproduced with some chance of pleasing the reader of the present day.

It appears, from the account given of her by Duclos, that Mademoiselle Gautier made her appearance on the stage of the Théâtre François in the year seventeen hundred and sixteen. She is described as a handsome woman, with a fine figure, a fresh complexion, a lively disposition, and a violent temper. Besides possessing capacity as an actress, she could write very good verses, she was clever at painting in miniature, and, most remarkable quality of all, she was possessed of prodigious muscular strength. It is recorded of Mademoiselle, that she could roll up a silver plate with her hands, and that she covered herself with distinction in a trial of strength with no less a person than the famous soldier, Marshal Saxe.

Nobody who is at all acquainted with the social history of the eighteenth century in France, need be told that Mademoiselle Gautier had a long list of lovers,—for the most part, persons of quality, marshals, counts, and so forth. The only man, however, who really attached her to him, was an actor at the Théâtre François, a famous player in his day, named Quinault Dufresne. Mademoiselle Gautier seems to have loved him with all the ardour of her naturally passionate disposition. At first, he returned her affection; but, as soon as she ventured to test the sincerity of his attachment by speaking of marriage, he cooled towards her immediately, and the connection between them was broken off. In all her former love-affairs, she had been noted for the high tone which she adopted towards her admirers, and for the despotic authority which she exercised over them even in her gayest moments. But the severance of her connection with Quinault Dufresne wounded her to her heart. She had loved the man so dearly, had made so many sacrifices for him, had counted so fondly on the devotion of her whole future life to him, that the first discovery of his coldness towards her broke her spirit at once and for ever. She fell into a condition of hopeless melancholy, looked back with remorse and horror at her past life, and abandoned the stage and the society in which she had lived, to end her days repentantly in the character of a Carmelite nun.

So far, her history is the history of hundreds of other women before her time and after it. The prominent interest of her life, for the student of human nature, lies in the story of her conversion, as told by herself. The greater part of the narrative—every page of which is more or less characteristic of the Frenchwoman of the eighteenth century—may be given, with certain suppressions and abridgments, in her own words. The reader will observe, at the outset, one curious fact. Mademoiselle Gautier does not so much as hint at the influence which the loss of her lover had in disposing her mind to reflect on serious subjects. She describes her conversion as if it had taken its rise in a

sudden inspiration from Heaven. Even the name of Quinault Dufresne is not once mentioned from one end of her narrative to the other.

On the twenty-fifth of April, seventeen hundred and twenty-two (writes Mademoiselle Gautier), while I was still leading a life of pleasure—according to the pernicious ideas of pleasure which pass current in the world—I happen to awake, contrary to my usual custom, between eight and nine o'clock in the morning. I remember that it is my birthday; I ring for my people; and my maid answers the bell, alarmed by the idea that I am ill. I tell her to dress me that I may go to mass. I go to the Church of the Cordeliers, followed by my footman, and taking with me a little orphan whom I had adopted. The first part of the mass is celebrated without attracting my attention; but, at the second part the accusing voice of my conscience suddenly begins to speak. "What brings you here?" it says. "Do you come to reward God for making you the attractive person that you are, by mortally transgressing His laws every day of your life?" I hear that question, and I am unspeakably overwhelmed by it. I quit the chair on which I have hitherto been leaning carelessly, and I prostrate myself in an agony of remorse on the pavement of the church.

The mass over, I send home the footman and the orphan, remaining behind myself, plunged in inconceivable perplexity. At last I rouse myself on a sudden; I go to the sacristy; I demand a mass for my own proper advantage every day; I determine to attend it regularly; and, after three hours of agitation, I return home, resolved to enter on the path that leads to justification.

Six months passed. Every morning I went to my mass: every evening I spent in my customary dissipations.

Some of my friends indulged in considerable merriment at my expense when they found out my constant attendance at mass. Accordingly, I disguised myself as a boy, when I went to church, to escape observation. My disguise was found out, and the jokes against me were redoubled. Upon this, I began to think of the words of the Gospel, which declare the impossibility of serving two masters. I determined to abandon the service of Mammon.

The first vanity I gave up was the vanity of keeping a maid. By way of further accustoming myself to the retreat from the world which I now began to meditate, I declined all invitations to parties under the pretext of indisposition. But the nearer the Easter time approached at which I had settled in my own mind definitely to turn my back on worldly temptations and pleasures, the more violent became my internal struggles with myself. My health suffered under them to such an extent that I was troubled with perpetual attacks of retching and sickness, which, however, did not prevent me from writing my general confession, addressed to the vicar of Saint Sulpice, the parish in which I lived.

Just Heaven! what did I not suffer some days afterwards, when I united around me at dinner, for the last time, all the friends who had been dearest to me in the days of my worldly life! What words can describe the tumult of my heart when one of my guests said to me, "You are giving us too good a dinner for a Wednesday in Passion Week;" and when another answered, jestingly, "You forget that this is her farewell dinner to her friends!" I felt ready to faint while they were talking, and rose from table pretexting as an excuse, that I had a payment to make that evening, which I could not in honour defer any longer. The company rose with me, and saw me to the door I got into my carriage, and the company returned to table. My nerves were in such a state that I shrieked at the first crack of the coachman's whip; and the company came running down again to know what was the matter. One of my servants cleverly stopped them from all hurrying out to the carriage together, by declaring that the scream proceeded from my adopted orphan. Upon this they returned quietly enough to their wine, and I drove off with my general confession to the vicar of Saint Sulpice.

My interview with the vicar lasted three hours. His joy at discovering that I was in a state of grace was extreme. My own emotions were quite indescribable. Late at night I returned to my own house, and found my guests all gone. I employed myself in writing farewell letters to the manager and company of the theatre, and in making the necessary arrangements for sending back my adopted orphan to his friends, with twenty pistoles. Finally, I directed the servants to say, if anybody enquired after me the next day, that I had gone out of town for some time; and after that, at five o'clock in the morning, I left my home in Paris never to return to it again.

By this time I had thoroughly recovered my tranquillity. I was as easy in my mind at leaving my house as I am now when I quit my cell to sing in the choir. Such already was the happy result of my perpetual masses, my general confession, and my three hours' interview with the vicar of Saint Sulpice.

Before taking leave of the world, I went to Versailles to say good-bye to my worthy patrons, Cardinal Fleury and the Duke de Gesvres. From them, I went to mass in the King's Chapel; and after that, I called on a lady of Versailles whom I had mortally offended, for the purpose of making my peace with her. She received me angrily enough. I told her I had not come to justify

myself, but to ask her pardon. If she granted it, she would send me away happy. If she declined to be reconciled, Providence would probably be satisfied with my submission, but certainly not with her refusal. She felt the force of this argument; and we made it up on the spot.

I left Versailles immediately afterwards, without taking anything to eat; the act of humility which I had just performed being as good as a meal to me.

Towards evening, I entered the house of the Community of Saint Perpetua at Paris. I had ordered a little room to be furnished there for me, until the inventory of my worldly effects was completed, and until I could conclude my arrangements for entering a convent. On first installing myself, I began to feel hungry at last, and begged the Superior of the Community to give me for supper anything that remained from the dinner of the house. They had nothing but a little stewed carp, of which I eat with an excellent appetite. Marvellous to relate, although I had been able to keep nothing on my stomach for the past three months, although I had been dreadfully sick after a little rice soup on the evening before, the stewed carp of the sisterhood of Saint Perpetua, with some nuts afterwards for dessert, agreed with me charmingly, and I slept all through the night afterwards as peacefully as a child!

When the news of my retirement became public, it occasioned great talk in Paris. Various people assigned various reasons for the strange course that I had taken. Nobody, however, believed that I had quitted the world in the prime of my life (I was then thirty-one years old), never to return to it again. Meanwhile, my inventory was finished and my goods were sold. One of my friends sent a letter, entreating me to reconsider my determination. My mind was made up, and I wrote to say so. When my goods had been all sold, I left Paris to go and live incognito as a parlour-boarder in the Convent of the Ursuline nuns of Pondevaux. Here I wished to try the mode of life for a little while before I assumed the serious responsibility of taking the veil. I knew my own character—I remembered my early horror of total seclusion, and my inveterate dislike to the company of women only; and, moved by these considerations, I resolved, now that I had taken the first important step, to proceed in the future with caution.

The nuns of Pondevaux received me among them with great kindness. They gave me a large room, which I partitioned off into three small ones. I assisted at all the pious exercises of the place. Deceived by my fashionable appearance and my plump figure, the good nuns treated me as if I was a person of high distinction. This afflicted me, and I undeceived them. When they knew who I really was, they only behaved towards me with still greater kindness. I passed my time in reading and praying, and led the quietest, sweetest life it is possible to conceive.

After ten months' sojourn at Pondevaux, I went to Lyons, and entered (still as parlour-boarder only) the House of Anticaille, occupied by the nuns of the Order of Saint Mary. Here, I enjoyed the advantage of having for director of my conscience that holy man, Father Deveaux. He belonged to the Order of the Jesuits; and he was good enough, when I first asked him for advice, to suggest that I should get up at eleven o'clock at night to say my prayers, and should remain absorbed in devotion until midnight. In obedience to the directions of this saintly person, I kept myself awake as well as I could till eleven o'clock. I then got on my knees with great fervour, and I blush to confess it, immediately fell as fast asleep as a dormouse. This went on for several nights, when Father Deveaux finding that my midnight devotions were rather too much for me, was so obliging as to prescribe another species of pious exercise, in a letter which he wrote to me with his own hand. The holy father, after deeply regretting my inability to keep awake, informed me that he had a new act of penitence to suggest to me by the performance of which I might still hope to expiate my sins. He then, in the plainest terms, advised me to have recourse to the discipline of flagellation, every Friday, using the cat-o'-nine-tails on my bare shoulders for the length of time that it would take to repeat a Miserere. In conclusion, he informed me that the nuns of Anticaille would probably lend me the necessary instrument of flagellation; but, if they made any difficulty about it, he was benevolently ready to furnish me with a new and special cat-o'-nine-tails of his own making.

Never was woman more amazed or more angry than I, when I first read this letter. "What!" cried I to myself, "does this man seriously recommend me to lash my own shoulders? Just Heaven, what impertinence! And yet, is it not my duty to put up with it? Does not this apparent insolence proceed from the pen of a holy man? If he tells me to flog my wickedness out of me, is it not my bounden duty to lay on the scourge with all my might immediately? Sinner that I am! I am thinking remorsefully of my plump shoulders and the dimples on my back, when I ought to be thinking of nothing but the cat-o'-nine-tails and obedience to Father Deveaux?"

These reflections soon gave me the resolution which I had wanted at first. I was ashamed to ask the nuns for an instrument of flagellation; so I made one for myself of stout cord, pitilessly knotted at very short intervals. This done, I shut myself up while the nuns were at prayer, uncovered my shoulders, and rained such a shower of lashes

on them, in the first fervour of my newly-awakened zeal, that I fairly flogged myself down on the ground, flat on my nose, before I had repeated more of the Miserere than the first two or three lines.

I burst out crying, shedding tears of spite against myself when I ought to have been shedding tears of devotional gratitude for the kindness of Father Deveaux. All through the night, I never closed my eyes, and in the morning I found my poor shoulders (once so generally admired for their whiteness) striped with all the colours of the rainbow. The sight threw me into a passion, and I profanely said to myself while I was dressing, "The next time I see Father Deveaux, I will give my tongue full swing, and make the hair of that holy man stand on end with terror!" A few hours afterwards, he came to the convent, and all my resolution melted away at the sight of him. His imposing exterior had such an effect on me that I could only humbly entreat him to excuse me from inflicting a second flagellation on myself. He smiled benignantly, and granted my request with a saintly amiability. "Give me the cat-o'-nine-tails," he said, in conclusion, "and I will keep it for you till you ask me for it again. You are sure to ask for it again, dear child—to ask for it on your bended knees!"

Pious and prophetic man! Before many days had passed his words came true. If he had persisted severely in ordering me to flog myself, I might have opposed him for months together; but, as it was, who could resist the amiable indulgence he showed towards my weakness? The very next day after my interview, I began to feel ashamed of my own cowardice; and the day after that I went down on my knees, exactly as he had predicted, and said, "Father Deveaux, give me back my cat-o'-nine-tails." From that time I cheerfully underwent the discipline of flagellation, learning the regular method of practising it from the sisterhood, and feeling, in a spiritual point of view, immensely the better for it.

The nuns, finding that I cheerfully devoted myself to every act of self-sacrifice prescribed by the rules of their convent, wondered very much that I still hesitated about taking the veil. I begged them not to mention the subject to me till my mind was quite made up about it. They respected my wish, and said no more; but they lent me books to read which assisted in strengthening my wavering resolution. Among these books was the Life of Madame de Montmorenci, who, after the shocking death of her husband, entered the Order of St. Mary. The great example of this lady made me reflect seriously, and I communicated my thoughts, as a matter of course, to Father Deveaux. He assured me that the one last greatest sacrifice which remained for me to make was the sacrifice of my liberty. I had long known that this was my duty, and I now felt, for the first time, that I had courage and resolution enough boldly to face the idea of taking the veil.

While I was in this happy frame of mind, I happened to meet with the history of the famous Rancé, founder, or rather reformer, of the Order of La Trappe. I found a strange similarity between my own worldly errors and those of this illustrious penitent. The discovery had such an effect on me, that I spurned all idea of entering a convent where the rules were comparatively easy, as was the case at Anticaille, and determined, when I did take the veil, to enter an Order whose discipline was as severe as the discipline of La Trappe itself. Father Deveaux informed me that I should find exactly what I wanted among the Carmelite nuns; and, by his advice, I immediately put myself in communication with the Archbishop of Villeroi. I opened my heart to this worthy prelate, convinced him of my sincerity, and gained from him a promise that he would get me admitted among the Carmelite nuns of Lyons. One thing I begged of him at parting, which was, that he would tell the whole truth about my former life and about the profession that I had exercised in the world. I was resolved to deceive nobody, and to enter no convent under false pretences of any sort.

My wishes were scrupulously fulfilled; and the nuns were dreadfully frightened when they heard that I had been an actress at Paris. But the Archbishop promising to answer for me, and to take all their scruples on his own conscience, they consented to receive me. I could not trust myself to take formal leave of the nuns of Anticaille, who had been so kind to me, and towards whom I felt so gratefully. So I wrote my farewell to them after privately leaving their house, telling them frankly the motives which animated me, and asking their pardon for separating myself from them in secret.

On the fourteenth of October, seventeen hundred and twenty-four, I entered the Carmelite convent at Lyons, eighteen months after my flight from the world, and my abandonment of my profession—to adopt which, I may say, in my own defence, that I was first led through sheer poverty. At the age of seventeen years, and possessing (if I may credit report) remarkable personal charms, I was left perfectly destitute through the spendthrift habits of my father. I was easily persuaded to go on the stage, and soon tempted, with my youth and inexperience, to lead an irregular life. I do not wish to assert that dissipation necessarily follows the choice of the actress's profession, for I have known many estimable women on the stage. I, unhappily, was not one of the number. I confess it to my shame, and, as the chief of sinners, I am only the more grateful to the mercy of Heaven which accomplished my conversion.

When I entered the convent, I entreated

the prioress to let me live in perfect obscurity, without corresponding with my friends, or even with my relations. She declined to grant this last request, thinking that my zeal was leading me too far. On the other hand, she complied with my wish to be employed at once, without the slightest preparatory indulgence or consideration, on any menial labour which the discipline of the convent might require from me. On the first day of my admission a broom was put into my hands. I was appointed also to wash up the dishes, to scour the saucepans, to draw water from a deep well, to carry each sister's pitcher to its proper place, and to scrub the tables in the refectory. From these occupations I got on in time to making rope shoes for the sisterhood, and to taking care of the great clock of the convent; this last employment requiring me to pull up three immensely heavy weights regularly every day. Seven years of my life passed in this hard work, and I can honestly say that I never murmured over it.

To return, however, to the period of my admission into the convent.

After three months of probation, I took the veil on the twentieth of January, seventeen hundred and twenty-five. The Archbishop did me the honour to preside at the ceremony; and, in spite of the rigour of the season, all Lyons poured into the church to see me take the vows. I was deeply affected; but I never faltered in my resolution. I pronounced the oaths with a firm voice, and with a tranquillity which astonished all the spectators,—a tranquillity which has never once failed me since that time.

Such is the story of my conversion. Providence sent me into the world with an excellent nature, with a true heart, with a remarkable susceptibility to the influence of estimable sentiments. My parents neglected my education, and left me in the world, destitute of everything but youth, beauty, and a lively temperament. I tried hard to be virtuous; I vowed, before I was out of my teens, and when I happened to be struck down by a serious illness, to leave the stage, and to keep my reputation unblemished, if anybody would only give me two hundred livres a year to live upon. Nobody came forward to help me, and I fell. Heaven pardon the rich people of Paris who might have preserved my virtue at so small a cost! Heaven grant me courage to follow the better path into which its mercy has led me, and to persevere in a life of penitence and devotion to the end of my days!

So this singular confession ends. Besides the little vanities and levities which appear here and there on its surface, there is surely a strong under-current of sincerity and frankness which fit it to appeal in some degree to the sympathy as well as the curiosity of the reader. It is impossible to read the narrative without feeling that there must have been something really genuine and hearty in Mademoiselle Gautier's nature; and it is a gratifying proof of the honest integrity of her purpose to know that she persevered to the last in the life of humility and seclusion which her conscience had convinced her was the best life that she could lead. Persons who knew her in the Carmelite convent, report that she lived and died in it, preserving to the last, all the better part of the youthful liveliness of her character. She always received visitors with pleasure, always talked to them with surprising cheerfulness, always assisted the poor, and always willingly wrote letters to her former patrons in Paris to help the interests of her needy friends. Towards the end of her life, she was afflicted with blindness; but she was a trouble to no one in consequence of this affliction, for she continued, in spite of it, to clean her own cell, to make her own bed, and to cook her own food just as usual. One little characteristic vanity—harmless enough, surely?—remained with her to the last. She never forgot her own handsome face, which all Paris had admired in the by-gone time; and she contrived to get a dispensation from the Pope which allowed her to receive visitors in the convent parlour without a veil.

THREE GENERATIONS.

Scarcliff, on the north-eastern coast of England, is one of the very few beautiful spots so situated, which have not been metamorphosed into fashionable watering-places. Our pier is still constructed of great loose stones, or boulders, upon which I am happy to think no modern dandy could set foot without considerable damage; our yellow sands are not stuck over with mangy-looking iron pipes (upon which the seawater has had a horrible external effect), in order to supply douche, tepid, and hot baths to people who resemble the pipes; no committee of health has removed the tangled wilderness of weed that clings about our rocks when the tide ebbs, and affords that refreshing fragrance called the smell of the sea; no esplanade of Portland stone, with this restriction and that restriction printed up all over it, and a policeman to see that every restriction is attended to, deforms our beach; no infirm imitations of the ark make our shores hideous. If we want to bathe and are men, we stride along the tinkling shingle and craunch into the shell-abounding sand, as far as the point yonder; and there, with one of the many-coloured caves for our dressing-room, we plunge down, down, down, away from the sun and the sky, into another world of shade and coolness, where we cannot stay very long without inconvenience, and all is man that comes to fishes' net; then, breathless and palpitating, we arise again, to take our pleasure upon the

sparkling sea, without becoming the focus of a score of telescopes. The ladies have not so far to walk; a secluded bay close by, on the other side, is dedicated to them; where the innocent sea-gulls and soft white waves are alone spectators of their curtsies and taking of hands.

Our population consists almost entirely of fishermen, of whom more than one possesses a considerable property acquired in other ways than oyster-dredging or lobster-catching, in the good old times of Saucy Susans and smuggling runs. Scarcliff, we boast, owned in those times at least one as tidy lugger as ever gave the go-by to her Majesty's revenue-cutters; and there was scarcely a cottage where the purest French brandy could not be procured under the unconscious title of skim milk (from the duty being taken off, I suppose), or a farm-house where a casual reference to cabbage crops, failed to produce the choicest of Havannah cigars. The gains of the free-trader must, indeed, have been enormous, to admit of such universal bribery; and the popularity of his profession was great in proportion. What if the horses of the yeoman next the sea were haled out in the dead midnight to carry a cargo twenty miles across the moorland, thence to be conveyed still further beyond the reach of suspicion? A keg or two left in their manger atoned for the dirt and weariness of the cattle. What if a coast-guardsman or so, more officious in their duties than need be, got occasionally spilt over the cliffs in the darkness, and by mistake? Some few victims must be sacrificed to every system, even to that of the contraband trade; whose theory was that of the Jeremy Bentham, and had in view the greatest happiness of the greatest possible number.

It was thus that old Jacob Ashfield—who flourished at Scarcliff at the commencement of this present century—got so respected. I did not know him personally until long after his palmy time; and, still hale and vigorous old fellow as he was and is, he was changed enough from him who had the strongest arm and steadiest eye of any betwixt the Humber and the Wash. He lived by the streamlet's side that runs along the eastern gully down to the village. The place was suited to the owner; a huge fall and lasher leapt and eddied before the cottage door with thunder enough to deafen an ear unaccustomed to the turmoil; and there were indeed many things done and said by old Jacob and his visitors, which would not have sounded well to listeners, even if they had understood their meaning; for, as the law has an infinite amount of vain repetition and foolish jargon, in order to confuse clients and keep a lucrative business in professional hands, so had these evaders of the law a dictionary of their own, and were indebted for much of their language neither to Johnson, nor to Webster, nor (slang as their expressions often were) to Walker himself. More than once, on dark and wintry nights, the officers of excise have cooled their heels for hours on the little wooden bridge that spanned the torrent, so difficult did they find it to make known their presence to the proprietor; while he and his family were breaking up a barrel or two which might have given them offence, and letting many a gallon of white ale mix with the foaming flood, to make trout and grilse and salmon exceedingly drunk and astonished, between Watersleap and Scarcliff Bay.

Jack Ashfield, a boy of about twenty years of age, and his sister Kitty—the prettiest woman, say the old people, ever seen in these parts, by far—assisted their father well and willingly; often and often, through the dark October nights, did Jack sit upon the slippery heather of the great sloping heights of Sleamouth Cove, showing the light of his lantern to the sea, and shading it from the land, to guide the lugger's course; and whenever charming Kitty's petticoats seemed a trifle more stiffly quilted than usual, when she rode into the market-town with her basket, it was generally attributed to the presence of cigars. Although thus notorious from their youth up, as opposing themselves to his Majesty's excise laws, they were in all other respects perfectly honest and well-conducted, and redeemed, by their good-nature and pleasant looks, the rough behaviour and buccaneering appearance of old Jacob. His life had been a chequered one, and not, in any of its patterns, favourable to the development of gentleness or respectability; he had been a pressed man under Nelson, and had fought against the grain and against the French for years, but behaving gallantly enough at all times, and especially at Trafalgar. He had an enormous belief and gloried exceedingly in his great commander. When he heard that Cronstadt was not to be attacked in the late war, he got very excited, and blasphemed — as was his custom on most occasions — uninterruptedly for a week or two. He never knew, poor old fellow, when he was guilty of his frightful expressions, but used them in the old man-of-war style, interjectionally, and for emphasis.

"If old Nelly had been alive, he'd not have waited for orders from home, nor nothing, but he'd have gone in leading the line, and the fleet 'ud have followed, mark ye, although they had to sail over his sunken ships. Why, when Villainouve heard that the command had been given to Old Nelly, he calls his admirals, captains, lieutenants, and what not, on to his quarter-deck, and says he, 'We are all dead men!'"

And then, amidst a dropping fire of imprecations, old Jacob would point out upon the sand with his staff the way in which the enemy's line was broken in the great battle

wherein Old Nelly got killed by the Parlez-vous—a curse and a blessing, each of the intensest character, were wont here to be given almost simultaneously, like water thrown upon fire—and, "There, too, it was that I got this and this," (exhibiting the most frightful fissures,) "but neither of them as gave them, mark ye, ever went home to boast on it."

Tired of the monotonous life of a man-of-war, he had joined one of the junior lieutenants of his ship—a sprig of nobility, exhibiting a singular parallel in his disposition to the wayward Ashfield himself—in deserting from her in company with many others, and manning a privateer of their own, in which they cruised for months in the Mediterranean, and obtained several prizes. The sprig was lopped off the Navy List for this, however; and his fellow truants, although otherwise pardoned, were deprived of their long service pensions. When the war was over, Jacob got a part-share in the Scarcliff lugger Saucy Susan, and made many successful runs. The profits were so large that two lucky trips were calculated to counterbalance the loss of cargo, vessel and all upon its third venture. Old Ashfield once showed my father (who, although minister of the parish, did not consider it worth while to send twenty miles and more for indifferent brandy to make his winter punch with, when he could get it far better at one-fifth of the price at Watersleap) at least two thousand guineas in gold, which he kept in an old portmanteau, and took a handful from when it was needed. He was not by any means miserly or over-prudent, but had unsettled views upon our monetary system, and would have considered it an act of madness to trust money to a banker, or let it out at interest. It was, however, light come, light go, with men of his trade, and, cheap as his liquor was to him, his profuse drinking, perhaps—if other things had not impoverished him—would have kept and left him poor. Of what that drinking consisted we of the present day at Scarcliff have happily no experience; but, to judge by old Ashfield's present consumption it must have been something tremendous. Through the tyranny of the customs he has been of late years reduced to gin and beer mostly, of which he imbibes in a week sufficient to float himself in.

"Why, I mind," says he, "when none of us was considered a man who could not take his half-pint stoup of white ale (pale brandy) at a draught, and amongst us of the Saucy Susan there was a forfeit for who did not take his pint before breakfast, regular, and without a drop of water. Why Mark Hilson and I and Robert Gore—Hilson died in the union (an expletive in connection with the poor-law system occurred here) at eighty-one, and Robert is alive now to tell you if I don't speak truth. We three were drunk for an entire week, without ever eating so much as a crust of bread. When we were too far gone we laid down on a hurdle of wet straw, and when that revived us something, to it we set again. Brandy! Why there wasn't a cottage in Scarcliff without its little cellar in the garden or under the hearth-stone, nor a pail, nor a jug, nor a tub about the place but had held the skim milk of the Saucy Susan."

Jacob himself was never caught by the custom-house people, although they knew him so well, except once.

"It was between two and three in the morning, and I was driving a cargo of a dozen kegs up Scarcliff hill to the moorland with six horses in a team, two kegs upon each horse, when I heard the coasters coming arter me. I drove as hard as I could, but they were mounted, too, and before I had got a mile away over the moor they was upon me. 'Ah, ah!' says they, 'so we've caught you at last, Jacob? How early you go to work in the morning!' And very jolly they were about the capture, you may be sure; sixty gallons of white ale and six horses was a pretty good prize among three of them. Now they had got no regular warrant with them, which it was necessary to have before they could lawfully seize, and they took me into Barton to get it. The parson, who was the magistrate there, happened, as I very well knew, to be out for a day or two, and we had to bide at the inn till he came home. 'And, though you are our prisoner, Jacob, we won't treat you ill,' said the men, very good-natured through their good-luck; 'and we'll all make merry till the warrant comes, for it is at the king's own expense.' Which indeed we did, and a pretty state excisemen and prisoner and all were in for the thirty-six hours before the parson came home. Well, the head coaster at last gets the warrant, and, 'Now,' says he, ''tis lawful for us to taste the prize.' So they opened one of the kegs, and passed the cup from one to t'other; but neither of them took very kindly to it, for, indeed, it was nothing, bless their simple souls, but innocent sea-water, and while I was cutting away and being caught upon the moor a very pretty run the Saucy Susan made of it into Sleamouth Cove, the coasters being otherwise engaged."

It was about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, that a young gentleman from Oxford University, of the name of Hindon, came down to our little village. He had been expelled from college for excesses which, even at that time, and although he came of a great family, were considered too grave to be over-looked. The Hindons of the Wolds had reigned in their own place for centuries, and, though sufficiently lawless, none of that stock had ever grown up so wild as Drunken Dick. Some very fast men—not many—are decent and respectable fellows at bottom, and when they have run their muck and done their quantum of mischief, pull up short and become gentlemen in man-

ners and looks, at least, to the end of their days. But Dick was not of that sort; he only left off cock-fighting, because it ceased out of the country altogether and left him; he indulged in and was patron of every conceivable blackguardism that remained. Wine, indeed, he was not addicted to, considering it at best but poor stuff, only fit for clergymen; but he drank brandy to an extent which astonished even old Jacob himself. He had contracted heavy debts at college, and was condemned to a somewhat short allowance of three hundred a-year, so that the cheapness of the white ale had combined, perhaps, with the desire of getting out of sight of all his relatives in attracting him to our simple village. Depraved almost utterly, and coarse-minded beyond the coarsest, as Dick was, he was however in many respects less contemptible than the university scamp of to-day. He was, at least, open and inartificial; his vices were those of a healthy though brutish animalism, and never sank into cold, passionless debauchery. His irreligion was manifest enough, indeed; but it did not show itself in sneers or yawns. Selfish he was, but by no means callous to the wants and misery of others, and at all events he never made a jest of them. Bloated in the face, shaky in the hands, fishy about the eyes, as the youth had already become, he did not make a boast of his infirmities, or think it fine to be used up. I have known something of the sublime drawlers and nil admirari exquisites of now a days, and, upon the whole, I very much prefer poor Drunken Dick; he was not altogether adapted for friendship, but he was good-natured and social. He sang over his jorums of hot punch, with which he refreshed himself at the conclusion of every verse, like a bird singing at a streamlet's side; he gave away his money with both hands at once; he swore as hard as ever our armies did in Flanders; and, with such gifts as these, it was no wonder that he was hailed good fellow at once by the crew of the Saucy Susan.

He had lodgings at the little inn, but all his days and half his nights were spent at Watersleap, drinking the skim milk from the half-pint stoups, with the best of them, and acquiring the free-trader's language with a facility much greater than that he had ever exhibited for Latin and Greek. Congenial as he found old Jacob and his companions to be, there was, however, at the smuggler's cottage metal more attractive in the person of Kitty Ashfield. In spite of her connections and pursuits, she was a simple, innocent girl, and presented to Richard Hindon a charming contrast to all others whom he had ever been acquainted with; the influence, slight as it was, which she exerted over him, for good, showed how much might have been done for the dissolute, ruined youth, if he had had earlier, the advantage of a woman's love and society. His mother had died while he was an infant, and he had no sister; his father and elder brother were proud and apathetic to the last degree, moved only at times to wrath, by his various escapades and disgraces, and comforted themselves — as they did not scruple to tell him—that, while they lived and their successors, he should never have one acre of the great Hindon estates to squander in drink and at the gaming-table. With these unpromising prospects for the future he had therefore never become the mark of intriguing mammas, or the cynosure of fashionable virgins with an eye to settlements. For the last twenty years of a life that had only reached to twenty-two, poor Dick had never known the society of a woman at once beautiful, honest, and disinterested; and Kitty Ashfield was all three. When she rode the galloping grey into Barton, with the basket on her arm and the cigars in the quilting of her petticoat, it seemed as though she was born to be an amazon, so well she sat, so perfectly she looked at ease, with her long raven curls blown back and streaming on the moorland breezes, and her delicate cheeks a-glow. When she sculled herself in her father's boat round Sleamouth Point, it seemed the most natural thing in the world, for those graceful arms to be rowing; whatever she did, indeed, appeared to be the occupation peculiarly fitted to show forth her personal graces, and those were, of course, almost the only ones of which Dick Hindon was a judge. She could not read with any great facility, but that art—if indeed he thoroughly possessed it—was a dead-letter to him, as he never looked at a book. She did not spell well, when she wrote; not above one word in three, perhaps, could be relied upon, but that moderate average was as good as—if not better—than Dick's; and, in his eyes, Kitty Ashfield was perfect.

Did Richard Hindon, Esquire, late gentleman commoner of Merton College, Oxford, and second son of Sir Marmaduke Hindon of the Wolds, then really contemplate making old Jacob's contraband daughter his wife? Why, no: we have a sneaking kindness towards Dick, down here, at Scarcliff, but I can't say that he did; it was not through pride, nor on account of so great advantage being on his side, without any to counterbalance them on her's—which, at least, is the opinion of society, when an aristocratic blackguard has the exceeding good fortune to wed a poor but honest country girl—but that he did not like the notion of being a married man, at all. Like the fop who would have been a soldier if it had not been for the villainous saltpetre, poor Dick, like many others, would have wedded with pleasure if it were not for the wedding-ring. While all the men in Scarcliff were pitying poor Kitty, and all the women saying it served her right, she got to like handsome Dick Hindon and his attentions better and better every day. He began to leave off

drinking, and confined himself to little more than a quart of white ale per diem; he stayed his more objectionable songs in mid-verse whenever she entered her father's banqueting-room, or changed them into ditties more suited to maiden's ears, and it was altogether wonderful how comparatively virtuous he got, in order to effect his vicious object.

My father, however, both as minister of the parish, and because he had a fondness for the simple girl, came over to Watersleap, and had a long talk with Jacob upon the subject. When he had stated his fears to the old smuggler, and expressed his sorrow at seeing him encourage the young man as he did, Jacob Ashfield answered by pointing to a ship's cutlass that hung over the mantelpiece, and adding these words: "Young Master Hindon is not a very wise man, sir, and not a very scrupulous one; but he knows right well that if he or any man dared to offer love to my daughter Kitty that was not honourable, I'd cut him asunder with that old sword of mine as clean as ever I did a Frenchman;" which threat, in consideration of the parson's presence, he considerately garnished with not more than six of his most stupendous expletives. Dick, who was as brave as a lion, was indeed aware of his danger, and had no desire to incur the old man's vengeance; and it was half with the intention of performing his promise upon oath of becoming her husband that he ran away with Kitty one summer evening, both upon the galloping grey. They had three hours clear start of Jacob; to whom my father lent his horse to pursue them on, after having extracted from him a solemn vow that there should be no murder committed. He tracked them with great sagacity along the moor, and to a neighbouring town, from which they had taken a post-chaise to Horncastle, and thither he followed them. Kitty had left a slip of paper behind her for her father's eyes:—"Richard is going to marry me at Gretna;" and with that in his hand, and the redoubtable cutlass hanging by his side, he strode into the inn parlour where the two runaways were, Kitty drowned in tears, and Dick trying to comfort her in vain with (Excise) brandy and water. "Well," said Jacob, "young people, since you have chosen to give me this wild goose chace instead of being married quietly at Scarcliff, which you might have done any day, you must entertain your father instead of his entertaining you; only since York and not Horncastle lies on your way to Gretna, I shall now take the liberty of never letting you out of my sight until you have gone to church together." The old man never used fewer imprecations; but he never looked more determined than upon that occasion, and Richard Hindon did not hesitate or quibble a moment, but was married the very next morning.

That was the best that was ever known of Dick, and almost the last. He never came back again to Watersleap; and Kitty, delicate, sickly, sadly altered, only came home to die.

She was a widow, and had a son of fourteen years old—the only one—by that time. Many changes, too, had taken place at Scarcliff during her absence. I was the clergyman who attended her bedside in my father's place; her brother Jack was also dead, and his young wife dead, leaving a daughter, Mary, more beautiful, as I think, even than her aunt; but old Jacob Ashfield was hale and hearty still, and gave her and young Harry Hindon, a warm-welcome at the cottage. It was no wonder; nobody who had known her in her youth could have seen her pinched with want, weary with care, without a tender pity, and Jacob had been a loving father all along; that portmanteau full of guineas had almost all been spent in assisting her and her husband in their long and wretched struggle against poverty, in a foreign land (for debt had made it necessary), and amongst utter strangers. From the marriage-day of poor Scapegrace Dick, not a shilling's worth of help had he received from his proud unyielding parent. not a doe among all the deer herds in the Wolds had ever been fatted against that prodigal's return. Vice had been often winked at, crime (provided it were of the aristocratic sort) would have met with extenuation enough · but not even the glimmer of pardon was held out to the unblushing Hindon who had dared to contract legal marriage with the daughter of a private seaman—an A.B.—a man before the mast—a hand! This blot on the 'scutcheon, this polluter of Norman blood, was erased by his own act at once from the pedigree leaf of the family Bible, and from the clause which left him—in spite of all other disgraces—ten thousand pounds in Sir Marmaduke's will; and it is due to his dead son to say, wicked as he was, and wild as he was, that he never visited these things upon the innocent cause of them—his wife. A bad father and a bad husband he was, yet a kind one; better, perhaps, in both relations than the old baronet with all his outward seeming had been before him; and, indeed, as long as he could get his allowance of brandy, he felt his deprivations but very little. She, like a true woman, accused herself of all his misfortunes, and suffered from them most upon his account.

Their son Harry, naturally enough, grew up with a great liking for his unseen relatives at Scarcliff, and with a proportionate prejudice against his progenitors in the Wolds. He was a beautiful boy, as might have been expected from such parents, and could read and write with great facility—which might not have been expected; his slightly foreign pronunciation atoned for his somewhat indifferent English, and, mongrel as he was, his independent air and bluff natural manner contrasted well with his unquestionably high-born Hindon of Hindon looks. He was a favourite of mine, of

all of us, from the very first, and the especial darling of his grandfather; the old man soon taught him to whip Scarcliff stream, and throw a line well clear of its overhanging oak branches, as well as he could himself. Harry and I have had many and many a fishing bout together. He had the run of my little library, and used it pretty freely, so that we had subjects enough for conversation in that direction, but I liked his original talk best. His opinions were singularly generous and liberal, and I was wont to rally him upon that point, saying that if ever he became Sir Harry, he would alter his political views. He was now but one remove from the Hindon lands, his grandfather being already dead; but his uncle, as much in spite towards the young man, it was said, as for love towards his intended bride, was about to marry. It is fair to say, however, that immediately upon his succession to the title he had offered to adopt the boy, upon condition that he left his mother, and promised to cease all connection with Scarcliff; a small pension was also to be settled upon poor dying Kitty. Harry was left to take his own choice upon the matter, and answered by tearing his uncle's gracious letter into fragments, throwing his arms around his mother's neck, and covering her with kisses.

There was another tie that bound him to Watersleap. Never did I see so beautiful a pair as they, nor one so well fitted for each other in mind and character. Mary had been brought up very differently from the generation that preceded her; *she* had never gone to market with her father, with her petticoat stiff with contraband articles; the smuggling trade, in consequence of wiser legislation, was almost extinct at Scarcliff. Brandy had long become dear and scarce, and she had not been accustomed to see drunkenness on every side of her, and at her own home. Old Jacob, indeed, was so thoroughly seasoned to strong liquor, that he could scarcely have got intoxicated by any quantity, and most of his contemporaries were in the grave; his man-of-war expressions still remained, but they were understood as such—a foam and fury very reprehensible, but signifying nothing—by the new race rising up around him. She had been tolerably educated under my mother's care at the Parsonage House, and the beautiful girl had a disposition harmonising with her looks, as the scent is appropriate to the flower. Harry and she were not plighted, for they were both very young; and poor Kitty's death, which occurred about this time, put the matter still farther off; but it was understood that they would be married one day. His love for her was of a far other sort than that with which Richard Hindon had wooed his mother twenty years before; he was continually vexing himself with thoughts of what he should turn to in order to make a living sufficient for her and himself. A home they already had at Watersleap, which the old man would not hear of the two orphans quitting, but they had no money. The best fisherman in Scarcliff had little to fear from actual want, but it was for her comforts that he was troubled; not by any dislike or doubt of supporting her by his labours. Bread, eggs, poultry and meat, with us have to travel a distance of twenty miles before they can reach a regular market, and are therefore cheaper in our village than any Londoner with a large family ever dreamed of in his wildest dreams. It has always been surprising to me that such out-of-the-way nooks and corners of old England as this of ours are not sought out by people of very small fixed incomes, in preference to filthy lodgings in obscure streets, where nothing, even with the help of a scanty salary in a lawyer's or merchant's office obtained by the hardest drudgery, can possibly be saved at the year's end. Harry Hindon, with nothing a-year, was more to be envied, it seems to me, than any quilldriver with an income of a hundred pounds. It may be, however, that I am wrong, and that this life of ease and liberty which we all live at Scarcliff, has spoilt for real civilised work even the parson himself. Still, as I said, Harry, for his love's sake, was looking somewhat higher, and had even decided upon taking by the year a little farm (which his grandfather could still assist him to do), when a circumstance occurred which scattered all his plans, and set the whole population in a fever of excitement and wonder.

A small, wizen-faced lawyer, very much unaccustomed to horse exercise, came riding over the moorland from far away, to the cottage by the stream; he was in deep black, and much dejection, but his countenance puckered up into a smile at the sight of the young Hindon:

"Allow me," said he, "to congratulate you, Sir Harry, upon your succession to the family title and estates! To sympathise with you (he dropped his voice), upon the demise of your late uncle, Sir Marmaduke; it is a providential circumstance, so exceedingly thick-necked and short in the breath as he was, that he had an insuperable objection to signing any testamentary document whatsoever; the hall and the whole property in the Wolds, four thousand pounds a-year in land (the little man seemed to be eating turtle fat, so slowly and unctuously, he dwelt upon this part of his address), thirty thousand pounds in the Funds, and the patronage of two excellent livings (one just vacant), are yours: your attendance is immediately required to prevent any sort of opposition; and," concluded the little man after a pause, "to be present at the obsequies of the late lamented baronet."

He was certainly in a great hurry; for he refused even to take a chair while he refreshed himself, and mounting a descendant of the old galloping grey, with a distressing reluctance,

rode off with young Sir Harry, that very afternoon. He left the inmates of the cottage animated by very different feelings; the old man was wild with joy, delighting in his titled grandson, and expressing his exultation in envelopes of explosive epithets, like the bon-bons of a supper-party; the girl was tearful and unhappy, missing him who had been absent from her, not even for a day, for years; and, perhaps, doubtful of her lover's faith amidst the unknown temptations of his new position. I thought it not right to check any mistrust that she might entertain. I had indeed the highest opinion of my friend Harry; but the difference between the smuggler's grandson looking out for a dairy farm, and the heir of thousands per annum, was too great to permit me to be sure even of him; how many promises of both wise and good men have melted before a sun of prosperity, far less powerful than his! I felt, therefore, not astounded, but deeply grieved by the commencement of the young baronet's letter, written not many weeks ago, and immediately after his arrival at Hindon Hall.

"Dear and Reverend Sir,—I arrived at my place here with Mr. Tapewell yesterday morning; it is a very grand one indeed; there are two great drawing rooms and a library en suite, where I suppose I must give my ball to the county, so soon as a decent time has elapsed after the obsequies of the late Sir Marmaduke. He was buried yesterday in our family vault, and many of the nobility and gentry round expressed their respect for his memory by sending their carriages, with coachmen and footmen complete, to follow the hearse. I begin to feel myself quite at home, and my people all recognise my likeness to that long line of ancestors which adorns the great corridor. I have had my hands full enough of important business, as you may imagine, but I hope I have not forgotten my good friend at Scarcliff; and I want your assistance here, my dear sir, in suggesting what would be the most appropriate present by which I could mark my sense of their kindness. I am thinking of sending half-a-hogshead of the best French brandy to the old gentleman at Watersleap—what think you?"

If it were not for my burning indignation, I could have shed tears in reading these heartless words of this spoilt child of fortune, which he applied to his grandfather and patron, to whom he owed all.

"As for the young lady, my dear sir, I am afraid I almost committed myself in that quarter; but really a flirtation, however strong, is more excusable at Scarcliff—pour passer le temps—than anywhere else; the Hindon blood, however, cannot quite stand another mesalliance, I think."

This finished the page, and I had scarcely patience, so vehement was my scorn, to turn the leaf and read the following:

"And now, my dear and kind friend, I believe I have paid you for the cruel prophecies you used to make concerning me whenever I should become Sir Harry. I wonder, however, I could have imagined such noxious sentiments as I have expressed (I flatter myself) to your extreme disgust overleaf. I long to be back again at the dear village; or rather, I wish that the whole of its inhabitants would come and live at the hall; I am sure it is quite big enough, and looks at present comfortless, unfriendly, ghost-haunted, and cold. Certainly I shall transport hither many of your best friends, to be your parishioners anew at Hindon; for you must not refuse that little gift from hands that have received so very much from you. I write, by this day's post, to Watersleap, two letters, and, I hope, send welcome tidings. I really do want your advice upon what good—what greatest benefit—I can possibly do at Scarcliff, to man, woman, and child there, all of whom I know so well; they deserve far more than I can give them, indeed. I have looked in the most malignant depths of my heart for testimonies against them, but can find no record anywhere save of kind words and neighbourly deeds. And now, to speak of that which engrosses almost my every thought, do, dear friend, persuade my beloved Mary to fix a day for our marriage in your old grey church, upon Scarcliff Hill, not very far from this on which I write. If I have a pleasure beyond the mere selfish one of showing myself in some sort grateful to my many friends, in this good fortune of mine, it is that which I anticipate in having her to share it. If I care in the least for this position of mine, it is because I know how she, who has been poor herself, and understands the poor, will grace it. You, however, must be our Mentor, as before, and, beyond all things, remind me sharply of the young fisherman's opinions whenever I affect the Sir Harry overmuch. To prevent any further mixture with baseness, and to keep this magnificent line of mine quite pure and in the family—entirely that is, you see, from genealogical reasons—I hope within the month to marry my first cousin, Mary Ashfield."

CAIRO.

The joltings in the Desert; the furnace-heat of the Red Sea; the utter sandy wretchedness of Suez; the cindery dreariness of Aden, are all alike forgotten and forgiven by the traveller, when arrived at Cairo—the Grand Cairo of the Arabian Nights, the next-door neighbour of Thebes, the adopted of the Pyramids, the dweller on the lotus-banked Nile. Two short days and nights have scarcely passed away since I was the helpless victim of beery stewards, steaming cuddy servants, and greasy Lascars. To-night I am steeped in the odoriferous dreaminess of Oriental romance, lounging arm-in-arm with the spirits of departed sultans, grand viziers, and chiefs of all the eunuchs, with the bright rays of an Egyptian moon lighting up mosque, palace, bazaar, and fountain, and lending an additional grandeur to the outline of the silent pyramids, whose dark forms stand out so heavily against the soft bright sky, like giant sentinels watching over the changing destiny of the land of poetry, romance, and fairy legend.

The night is one of surpassing loveliness. The air so soft and bland, as only to be found in this lotus-land. Not one restless breath of balmy atmosphere is found to stir the feathery leaves of palms, or move a ripple on the moonlit lake. Insects on leaf, and flower, and shrub, are busy in the coolness of

the night, and give forth cheerful sounds. Fountains on many a marble terrace or flower-girt walk, send forth their cooling streams, whose rippling music lulls restless sleepers with its silvery notes. A fairy spell seems hanging on the city, whose teeming thousands might have been changed, by some sorcerer's magic, into dead blocks of marble, so still, and hushed, and motionless the city of the Egyptian sultans.

I am moving through one of the principal open squares of Cairo alone, and regardless of cautions about Nubian bravos, eunuchs' bowstrings and sackings in the Nile. The square is considered a fine one in Egypt; not at all equal to those of Belgrave or Grosvenor, though perhaps on a par with that of Finsbury, minus the houses. There is a row of ghostly trees on one side, an invisible line of railings on the other. A shadowy indistinct range of buildings along the western side, that may be old piano-forte manufactories or upholsterers' warerooms, with the wall of Bunhill burial-ground skirting the remaining frontage.

Away in one corner of this singular principal square is a narrow outlet that teems with hopeful promise of things as yet unseen. It is a street evidently, though partaking much of the dimensions of a London lane. Tall frowning gables of strange-looking houses are on either side, while here and there, at uncertain distances, are suspended queer-looking dwarfy lanterns, sending forth a foggy sort of light, not sufficient to illumine the gloom of an oyster-stall. The upper part of this oriental Petticoat Lane is lit bravely by the moon, and there, far above, may be seen the strangest kinds of windows, all latticed and carved like unpretending oriels in a private gothic chapel.

Below all this moonlit trelliswork and architecture are beetling heavy doorways and sombre wickets barely made visible amidst their darkness by the sickly twinkling of the baby lanterns. The walls are thick, the gates are massive, the bolts and locks are of Cyclopean magnitude, and carry on their rusty iron visages the features of dark tales and strange adventures.

There is a noble mosque, with its stately gilded minarets towering above the walls and gates below, and radiant with the brightness of the hour. Further on is a goodly building of polished marble. The moonbeams falling thickly on it, show how much time and skill the craftsmen of old Egypt have lavished on its form. It is a public fountain, where the halt and blind may rest and quench their thirst. Beyond it, again, adjoining a long low range of wall and peering gables, are a suite of baths of many-coloured marble. Beautifully moulded by the carver's chisel, yet of less pretensions than the fountain, as a work of art. It stands forth grandly from the crowd of strange fantastic dwellings that cluster round about it.

The whole scene, with its nocturnal stillness, its mosque, fountain, latticed windows, and fantastic gateways, conjures up vividly before me the legends of the Thousand and One Nights. It seems, indeed, like a picture cut out of that wonderful volume. Every curious building,—each dark mysterious portal appears as though belonging to some portion of the Arabian Tales, peopled with emirs, merchants, calendars, and hunch-backed tailors.

There is a noble mansion of the Arabian Nights' description; massive, large, full of quaint doors and sly windows, doing their best to see, yet not be seen. It is shaded by lofty palms, whilst over the thick wall of the garden and terrace may be seen the bright flowers and verdant leaves of the pomegranate and citron. The principal gateway is slightly ajar, and without running too much risk of being bowstrung, or sacked, I venture to indulge my curiosity by peeping slily in through the narrow aperture left by the unclosed door. There were many lights inside,—lanterns, torches, and flambeaux, and by their combined light I obtain an uncertain vision of a busy multitude within a hall shut off from the courtyard by trellis-work and windows. There is a sound of revelry within; of merry voices, of stringed instruments, of dancing feet. They are evidently the domestic part of some establishment of quality, making holiday to celebrate some family event. Who can say but it may be the wedding-night of some vizier's daughter or son?

I could linger at the door longer yet, in the hope of gaining insight into the inner mysteries of this merry-making; but, certain unpleasant twinges about the neck, warn me of what may possibly be the result; and, as I cannot be sure that the nightwatch of the Cairo police will hear me in the event of my requiring their aid, I yield to discretion, and move away from the fascinating gateway slowly and reluctantly.

The time, the place, and the scene before me, conjure up the incidents related in the early part of the adventures of Bedreddin Hassan; where the genie and the fairy transport that young and good-looking adventurer from Balsora to the door of the bath at Cairo, just in time to upset the connubial arrangements of the Sultan's hunch-backed groom. Who knows but this may be the identical street, and the gate yonder through which I have just been peeping, the selfsame door of Schemseddin's palace, in which Bedreddin Hassan's adventures commenced? And it was, perhaps, not far distant from this spot, that the terror-stricken Bedreddin was afterwards brought, secured in an iron-bound cage, from Damascus, under the instant apprehension of death for the treasonable act of omitting pepper in the concoction of his cheesecakes. How many more adventures may not have taken place

in this same street! How many sultans may have perambulated this identical thoroughfare, on the track of suspected viziers or doubtful favourites! Who can say how many calendars' sons, or emirs in disguise may not have rested on the marble seat of yon quaint old fountain, grotesque in the moonlight, and have quenched their thirst with its cooling waters? Every stone about me seems in some unspeakable way woven with the history of the past, and bound by endearing links to the bygone chapters of fairy romance.

The first living creature I have encountered this night in my perambulations is an old decrepit man on a donkey. Muffled in ample folds of muslin, it is difficult to say—save by his stooping form—whether he be aged or young. He starts at meeting me, at that unusual hour, but goes on his solitary way with the usual Moslem salutation, "God is great, and Mahomet is his prophet!" The voice dies away in the silent distance; and I wend my weary way to the hotel by the grotesque principal square, to rest till daylight, and dream of caliphs, viziers, genies, hunchbacks, cadis, Ethiopians, and cheesecakes.

It is mid-day, that is to say early in the forenoon by the hour, though high-noon judging from the intensity of the sun's rays; I am equipped once more for a visit of Oriental research amidst the stone, and wood and dust of Grand Cairo; and, forcing my hasty way through a regiment of bearded dragomen that are fain to make common property of me, I rush down the wide stairs into the courtyard, climbing upon the nearest of nine saddled donkeys that cut off all egress from the hotel. I give the creature the full length of the reins, with licence to bear me whither he wills. The animal is evidently quite up to the tastes of overland travellers, and trots away with me at a cheerful pace, towards and into the very busiest and narrowest thoroughfares.

I have frequently heard that the cream of daily life in Cairo is to be met with only in the by-ways and bazaars, especially in that devoted to the Turkish dealers in miscellaneous wares. I have not been misinformed. The interest of the scene becomes intensified with the narrowness of the thronged streets. As the width of the pavement decreases, the shouting of the donkey-boys, the oaths of camel-drivers, the threats of Arab-mounted eunuchs, the shrieks for baksheesh become louder and shriller, and it requires some little presence of mind to make way through the noisy staggering throng.

I am now in the very heart of busy Cairo, with its many pulses beating quick and high about me. I am where I have for long years sighed to be, and whither in my dreams I have often wandered in imagination. But Cairo by moonlight and Cairo by sunlight—hot, glaring, suffocating high-noon—are, in appearance, two very different places. The softness, the coolness, the hushed romance of night hide themselves before the dusty heat of mid-day. The arabesque windows, the latticed portals, the high gables, the gaunt palms, the carved fountains that, by the pale light of the moon, appeared so richly picturesque, so artistically finished, are now broken, deformed, and thickly-coated with dust. The mosques are very much out of repair. The bazaars are fast falling to decay—I should say not let on repairing leases. The baths appear to stand in need of frequent purifying dips themselves. The motley crowd of merchants, devotees, fellahs, Copts, Turks, Arabs, eunuchs, buyers, and loungers are, on the whole, exceedingly doubtful about the skin and garments, and I cannot avoid feeling a strong conviction that a free application of whitewash and soap would greatly improve the appearance of the Cairo community and their tenements.

The street I am now quietly pacing along is of ample dimensions compared to many of the busy thoroughfares. The houses on either side appear as though inhabited long before the builder had any intention of finishing them off. They are the merest ghostly skeletons of tall old houses grown out of their bricks and mortar ages ago, and embalmed, mummy-like, in the dust and heat of the city of the Nile. Stretching across the entire width of the street, from the tops of either range of dwellings, is an unsightly cross bar-work of bamboos, on which are scattered, at intervals of much uncertainty, fragments of tattered matting, carpets, sacking, worn-out garments, and, in short, whatever fabric gives promise of shielding the passers-by and dwellers in the bazaar from the scorching rays of the summer sun. It gives to the whole street an appearance of having bungling plasterers at work on a ragged and extensive ceiling.

I could rein in my ambling donkey in the midst of this most picturesque street, and spend a good hour in an examination of the passers by, of the shops, their owners, and their frequenters. Why that sherbet shop at the corner of the narrow passage, with the Italian name over the doorway, the many-coloured bottles in the windows, and the many-vestured gossipers within seated on divans, couches, and easy-chairs, drinking and listening to some quaint story or touching scandal, are alone a fertile study for a lover of the novel and the picturesque.

But time presses, and I must allow my willing animal to amble forward amongst camels and water-carriers, gay equipages and frightful mendicants. We proceed far up this street, and, as if perfectly aware of my desire to see all that is interesting and characteristic of Egyptian city-life, my donkey bears me nimbly and warily through the pressing throng, past the dilapidated old

dusty mosque, as far as the bamboo scaffolding with windows and doors stuck about it, in imitation of a stately warehouse, and now we are threading our less nimble way through the choked-up, steaming mazes of the Turkish bazaar.

Of all the places of public resort in Cairo, excepting only the mosques, this bazaar is the most especially Oriental, and strikingly picturesque. Of great extent, it is divided into many different departments, in each of which goods and wares of a particular class are exposed for sale. In one or two lanes of shops there are only boots and slippers to be seen. Further on, mats, pillows, and cushions are the articles to be disposed of. In another quarter, clothes of every description are heaped up and stored in lofty piles. In another, jewellery and ornaments in utmost variety; further on, quaint copper and iron vessels; and yet further still, are the shops devoted to miscellaneous merchandise.

I know not which to admire most—the curious style and fashion of the shops, the strange variety of their contents, the picturesque garb of the many dealers, or their Oriental gravity and seeming indifference to all worldly matters about them. There is a bearded old gentleman seated in great dignity on a soft ottoman, cross-legged, like a European tailor. He is a noble-looking merchant of fancy articles, tastefully clad in ample robes, with a hookah of extensive dimensions in his mouth. He is apparently a compound of Timour the Tartar as personated at Astley's, and the solemn Turkish gentleman seated for a number of years in the front window of the Cigar Divan in the Strand. It is impossible not to feel a deep interest in this stately dealer in miscellanies. His shop is at the corner of a passage leading to the bazaar of eatables; and not one of the many counters in the vicinity can boast of such a showy assemblage of wares as are here stored up in gay profusion.

Slipping from my saddle, and flinging the reins to the young Egyptian urchin who has charge of my donkey, I make my way to the solemn Turk, and, salaaming to him in such a way as my knowledge of the East enables me, I proceed to examine and admire his merchandise. An Oriental, whether in Egypt or Bengal, will never allow himself to be surprised at anything, nor to evince any of the most ordinary emotion. Accordingly, I do not look for any outward and visible signs of pleasure, or even of attention, from the cushioned, turbaned Mahometan. If he is looking at me at all—and I feel extremely doubtful on the point—it must be my shoes that are occupying his attention; for his eyes are bent most provokingly downward, calmly and immoveably. I roam over his long array of articles, from the richer silk purses of Persia, and the embroidered slippers from Morocco, to the fine steel-work of Damascus, glistening in the sunlight like Elkington's best electro-plated wares. I nod my head and smile in approval of the goods; and, as a reward for my Frankish friendliness, the Turk lifts up his deep dark eyes, mutters something in soft Arabic, and motions gracefully to an attendant in the rear.

In a moment a tiny cup of smoking black coffee is handed to me on a rich salver. I am too well versed in Oriental customs to decline the civility; besides which, I am anxious to ascertain if Mocha coffee, so near the place of its production, is the delicious beverage it is said to be. Rumour has in this instance been a faithful chronicler; the coffee is of exquisite flavour, though I confess my degenerate tastes desire a taste of milk with it.

Pleased with my ready acceptance of his coffee, and flattered by my signs of approval, he hands me a richly-jewelled snuff-box, of which I also avail myself, though detesting snuff, and go off forthwith into a paroxysm of sneezes. Lastly, the mouth of his own particular hookah is handed to me. I am not usually a smoker of tobacco; yet, so fragrant and so delicately flavoured, is this famed Turkish herb, that the fumes tempt me to some whiffs of wonderful vigour and length.

I wish to depart, and look around me for some memento of the time and place. A purse, worked in silver lace on a rich silk velvet ground, takes my attention. Whilst selecting this, my new acquaintance brings forward, wrapped in many careful folds of soft cloth, a box of curious workmanship and rarer materials. Gold and silver, ivory, pearls and precious stones combine in its construction, and almost dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. It is a gem worthy the acceptance of princes. The world-famed Koh-i-noor might condescend to repose within its sparkling embrace. Cleopatra might have kept her love-letters in it. Alexander the Great could have condescended to call it his. The cost of it, I am assured, through an interpreter is a mere trifle for an English emir to give; only a few hundreds of pounds sterling. But, as I have a tolerably vivid idea that my spare hundreds will flow in a more westerly and practical direction, I descend to the purchase of an African purse, much to the disappointment of the Turkish merchant; who, however, does not condescend to evince the slightest emotion, even of contempt. I pocket my purse, and depart laden with the ordinary stereotyped "Bismillahs," "In the name of the Prophet," &c., losing myself for another hour or two amongst the strange intricacies of rickety bazaars, dusty baths, and invalided mosques.

The day is still blazing hot. The main street is more crowded than the bazaars. Vehicles of many descriptions are passing in every direction, while foot-passengers, riders, camels, and donkey-drivers, mingle

in extricable confusion. There are three young cadets on Arab steeds, hired at a dollar a hour, prancing about in an uneasy frame of body and mind. There is a sort of hybrid calèche brimful of overland travellers, amongst them my companions of the Desert, the Tipperary young lady, and her tall brown-hatted friend, eating custard apples and laughing with true Hibernian vigor at the strange scenes about them. One of the young innocent cadets backs his prancing steed into a jeweller's shop, and plays havoc with the glass-cases. The others, flying to his rescue, upset a Greek merchant and a brace of Mollahs, or Moslem churchwardens, and damage a score of weak-eyed mendicants, much to the enjoyment of my friends in the calèche.

Alas, how fleetly the moments pass! I could yet wander for days amidst the byways of this fine old city, and well employ the time. There are quiet nooks and corners I could with pleasure dive into. There are grey-bearded old dealers, the very counterpart of the broker employed by the Christian Merchant in the Arabian Nights to sell his Bagdad wares. One of them keeps just such a quiet little place as did Bedreddin of old, where the veiled young lady was so conversationable with the owner of the silk stuffs. I feel certain that many a good story and strange adventure may be still heard at that counter.

But my time is up. Portmanteaus and carpet-bags tear me away from my meditations. Once more we are closely packed in vans, tearing madly over a chaos of stones and ruts, thankful at length to find ourselves steaming down the Nile in a dirty, odoriferous tub of a boat towards Alexandria and home.

EXTRACT OF FUNERAL FLOWERS.

Said the noble Antony, in his insidious bit of declamation over slain Cæsar, "I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him"—following it up, nevertheless, with a handsome panegyric of the deceased. Full of such delusive promise are honourable members about to trouble the house with a few observations—reviewers, reviewing not the work at the head of their article—and certain popular divines, mostly dissenting—whose "now in conclusion," is but taking on horses for another weary stage. With which class must have claimed kindred the famous preacher, whose sixteenthly and seventeenthly, so distracted Major Dalgetty in Argyle's chapel.

It was over the dead, specially, that such holy men were privileged with longest measure, and in libraries of old divinity, under dust of a century's gathering, such mortuary eloquence chiefly abounds. They usually come forth upon the world in tract shape, with deep mourning border garnishing the title page, published, of course, at earnest request of the congregation, and are distributed plentifully among the friends of the deceased. Any one who should take up the task of exploring this dismal category, would find entertainment (lugubrious indeed), in comparing and balancing the various modes of "improving" a fellow creature's decease. How one reverend panegyrist would dwell long and wearily upon the virtues of "Our Friend," such being the approved form of allusion, tracing him painfully from his mother's arms downwards. While another—say, Mr. John Howe, Minister of the Gospel—is so busy with his ingenious figures and refinements, as to utterly pretermit all allusion to Our Friend, bringing him in unhandsomely at the close, and despatching him in a line. Still, if one have but patience—patience for due sifting and winnowing—the result will be a fine quintessence, rich in its old, full-flavoured English, its quips, and cranks, and quaint conceits, turned after the manner of ancient Fuller and his brethren. Well worthy are such treasures of being rescued from their dusty bondage. At the same time it will be seen that in productions of this class, saving always the stately English of Tillotson, Sherlock, and others of their reverend brethren on the Bench, whose native dignity prevented their falling into such freedoms, there is to be found a strange mixture of stilted pomp and unpleasing familiarity, of quotation sacred and profane indifferently, of broad political allusion and of ingenious similitudes drawn from every-day life. A few specimens of this curious manner of treating a sacred subject may be found not without interest, and may perhaps set others exploring this singular vein of literature.

We are told that the Right Worshipful Sir Humphrey Lund, Knight, departed this life some time in the year sixteen hundred and thirty, and over his remains, laid out solemnly in state, the Reverend Daniel Featley, Doctor in Divinitie, pronounced a funeral eulogium, beginning with Seneca. "Seneca," said the Reverend Daniel Featley, opening his discourse, "Seneca compareth the remembrance of a deceased Friend to a kind of Apple called Suave Amarum—a sweet Bitter, or bitter Sweet. Such is the fruit I am to present you with at this present, partly bitter and partly sweet . . . . Bitter in its application, as it rubbeth your Memorie with the consideration of your irreparable losse of such a friend as here lieth before you: yet sweet as it presenteth to you his invaluable gaine, and inconceivable blisse." Then introducing his text, he goes on: "Certainly if ever wholesome sugar was found in a poysoned Cane: if ever out of a Sinke there exhaled a savour of life: if ever a bitter Fountain sent forth a medicinall water: if ever the Divell's Charmer set or sung a Divine Spell, it is this in my Texte: Let my

last end be like unto his." Diverging then to Balaam and his ass, he touches on the objection often made against preachers, that their works do not square with their teaching. "Balaam turned a Blesser? how many queasie Stomackes are there that will loathe the daintiest meats, if they be served in a sluttish dish . . . . Sometimes evill Men out of the evill Shop of their mouth utter good Wares. Are there not many (Preachers) who like Watermen looke one way and row the other way—looke towards Heaven and row with all their strengthe to Hell! . . . . God knocketh at the hearts of all either by a softer knock—the inward motions of his Spirit, or by a lowder knock, with the Rod of his Afflictions. And if they will give care, and albeit they cannot open the door, yet give a plucke at the bolt, or a lift at the latch, God will give them strength to open it."

Concerning the excellence of meditating frequently on our deaths, Mr. Featley has some good things to tell—though, perhaps, a little too forcible in some of his expressions. "It killeth Sin in us, or much diminisheth the feare of Death. As the stroaking of a Dead Hand on the Belly cureth a Tympanie, and as the ashes of a viper applied to the part that is stung, draws the venome out of it, so of the ashes of a sinner we may make a soveraigne Salve against Sin, after this manner. Art thou Narcissus or Nireus enamoured with thine owne Beauty? take of the ashes of a beautifull person, now rotten in the Grave, and lay them to thy heart and say: Such as these stinking Ashes and foule Earth are, I shall be! Such Thoughts as these are excellent Sawces to season the pleasures of life, that we surfeit not of them." There is need of a commentary and notes to Mr. Featley's text, to let us into the secret of what was a Tympanie—and what potency the Mortmain or Dead Hand could have in its cure. The nostrum of the Viper's ashes savours strongly of the old Hydrophobian remedy; namely, taking a hair of the dog that gave the bite. The Dead Hand, too, has taken many healing and superstitious shapes of which not the least terrible was the fearful Hand of Glory. The Reverend Dan Featley has a stroke en passant at suicides which is ingeniously put. Says he: "they ease the Devill of the paines to fetch them away—for they fetch their fees themselves, and leape into the Pit of Destruction."

At the Funeral of the Right Honourable and most Excellent Lady, the Lady Elizabeth Capell, Dowager, Mr. Edmund Barber, late Chaplain to Her Honour, pronounced a discourse which is curious as introducing a term with which our English Charivari has of late been very merry. Said Mr. Edmund Barber, in his exordium: "I shall begin with the first of them, the Party making the requests," alluding to the deceased Lady. "Her immediate Father," we are told, "was that accomplished and generous Person, Sir Charles Morisin." All this gentleman's anxiety was for the fitting establishment of his children, and especially to "find a fit and proper Husband for Her, and He (a Person not to be named without a Preface of Honor and Reverence!) the truly Noble and Honorable Arthur Capell!" Having thus bowed low to this Person of Quality, Mr. Barber proceeds to enter minutely into the life and actions of his defunct Patroness—for many pages together. Making all allowance for the partiality which Mr. Barber's late office may be supposed to have inspired, the Lady Elizabeth Capell must indeed have been a light before her generation, and have been adorned with many virtues. Even as Mr. Barber sarcastically adds, "her Closet was not, as too many Ladies are, an Exchange of curious Pictures, and of rare and costly Jewels—but a private Oratory as it were:" winding all up with this ingenious figure: "Her life, as to outward Providence, was not unlike Joseph's party-coloured Garment, a Coat of divers colours. God Almighty thinking it best to Sawce her Passover with Sower tarts."

"Such," says Doctor Megott, in the year sixteen hundred and seventy—finishing the deceased's funeral praises with a line from Virgil—"Such was this worthy Person; who on the twenty-eighth of May last past, was taken suddenly and fatally! in a manner Quantum mutatus ab illo! How strange was this! That Head which was the tenacious receptacle of so much usefull Learning, is now the stupefied seat of a Disease! Those Eyes which had read through so many sorts of Bookes cannot now by any means be kept open. That Tongue which dropped things sweeter than the Honeycomb, cannot now pronounce an ordinary sentence! That Person whom so many of all degrees and Ranks of People so rejoiced to see, is now become a sad and doleful Spectacle." There is a certain simplicity about these phrases sounding racily in our ears—to say nothing of the quaint Bathos conveyed in the "eyes which cannot now by any means be kept open," and the sudden descent from the sweetness of the Honeycomb to utter inability to "pronounce an ordinary sentence." Thus is "Our Friend" in Doctor Megott's hands, made to point a moral—being dwelt upon affectionately in Poor Yorick! fashion.

Another "valiant woman," who must have been the very jewel of her sex, and stored abundantly with all "vertues," passed away some time near the close of the seventeenth century, and was magnified on her funeral day in a style very quaint and richly Fulleresque. It bears the title—poetical enough—of Nature's Good Night, and with this text the preacher started: "Weep not; she is not dead, but sleepeth." After which he falls to

ingenious refinings and manifold subdivisions, so much in favor at that day, but which must have been bewildering enough to the hearers.

"The division of this text," said the Reverend Preacher, "is made to my hands by the meeting of this congregation. Three parties are visible in the premises which discover three parts legible in the words. I^mo. The Dead—Shee! The Mourners—all wept! The Preacher—Weep not!"

So short a text promised but scanty entertainment. Yet, how much has the tortuous Divine already contrived to extract from it. But it will bear further dissection; for it must be recollected that "these parts upon review are like those sheep, Cant. 4, whereof every one bears twins. In the Dead is considerable 1° Her Person; 2° Her Condition. In her Person, her age, short! her sex, wretched!" Thus is the chart mapped out, and after a short respite the Preacher goes back to take up his first point, forgotten, perhaps, by this time, intending "in the beginning to speak of a woman brought to her death, which is the first Party—Shee!" Then is "Shee" introduced and dwelt on for many pages, in the course of which occurs a strange legal metaphor relating to the great Judgment Day—viz., "because the Angel makes an affidavit that time shall be no more." He must have been partial to such legal figures; for, further on he reminds them that "the guilty and the innocent do lie in like custody, till the great Assize and Gaol Delivery." After all, Death has not so many terrors, if we but look at it in the proper light: for "grant our lives to be a span long, yet is that life but as a span forced from a gouty hand—the farther it reacheth, the more it troubleth its owner." Death brings with it sure release from tribulation and sorrows; and, above all, what is no light blessing, certain delivery from ugliness! "For," exclaims the Preacher, "how precious were it to those that like the elephants loathe to see their own face!" Whether, in a Natural History point of view, these animals have such repugnance to their own reflection, may perhaps be doubted; but it must have fallen ungratefully on the ears of such as were tolerably ill-favoured. Different degrees of sorrow for the departed—some bearing their loss æquo animo—others "weeping carnation tears" and "pickling up the memory of dead friends in the brine of their own eyes." Not long after he falls into an ingenious piece of musical illustration drawn from Cathedral chanting. "Observe," says he, "that Anthem which Isay (Isaiah) hath set for a Christian parentation to be sung at the grave. The Dead Man shall live—(that is the Leading voice by the Prophet)—together with my dead body he shall arise (that is the Counter Tenor sung by Christ). Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust (that is the chorus, sung by the whole Quire)." Sparkling here and there, are gems of purest water and bright poesy. Returning once again to "The Party—Shee," he says of her finery: "When she spake wisdom dictated and wit delivered. She hung her language at your ear, as jewels, much of worth in a small bulk!" With him a dream is but "a fairy round of chimerical semblances—a dance of phantasies." The deceased lady's happy art, in hitting the juste milieu of the mode, is also worthy of mention: "her attire" being "neither sordid nor curious—not too early in, nor too late out of, fashion—counsel worthy the attention of all Provincial Lionnes."

The character of the late Mr. John Moulson has been happily epitomised in a bold scrivenery metaphor. "He copied out his life the old way of Christianity, and writ so fair after the primitives that few now can imitate his hand."

In the year sixteen hundred and seventy-eight, the body of Sir Edmond Berry Godfrey, one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace, was found lying in a field pierced with many wounds. Great was the excitement, as all the world well knows, on the discovery of this "barbarous murther," and Doctor Oates and Master Bedloe being at that time busily at work, it was concluded that this must be more of the Papists' bloody work. Meantime the body of the knight—after being exposed for some days—was committed to the earth "with strange and terrible ceremonies," as Mr. Macaulay has written it; and the Reverend William Lloyd, D.D., Dean of Bangor, one of his Majesty's chaplains in ordinary, Vicar of Saint Martin's-in-the-Fields, delivered an inflammatory discourse in his own church. On which occasion "Our Friend" had a fair share of space allotted to him, and the discourse itself has attained a questionable notoriety from the fact of a Christian Divine choosing so solemn an occasion for exciting the party-passions of his hearers.

"He was," says the dean, invoicing, as it were, the deceased knight's perfections, "born to be a Justice of Peace: his grandfather, his father, his elder brother were so before him. The two last were also Members of Parliament. His great grandfather was a Captain, which was considerable in those days . . . . . Our friend could have no great estate, being the tenth son of his father, and his father was a younger son of his grandfather. So that, though his father had a plentiful estate, and his grandfather one of the fairest in his country, yet but a small portion of these could fall to his share."

Here are genealogical details in abundance, proving young Godfrey's prospects, on starting in life, to have been cheerless enough. In spite of such discouragement, he attained to high station and honours, and to what in the dean's eyes is his greatest

glory—for he recurs to it perpetually—the station of a Justice of Peace. "He was, perhaps, the man of our age that did the most good in that station . . . He that ought to know best hath often said Sir Edmund Godfrey he took to be the best Justice of Peace in this kingdom." And, further on, says the Divine with enthusiasm, "that which exceeds all the rest, where the officers durst not, he went himself into the Pest house to seize on a malefactor!"

Having done with particulars of the knight's life, the preacher turns now to more serious matters: "Methinks I see you all stirred up, as it were, expecting I should name you the persons that did this bloody fact. But I cannot pretend to that. I can only say with David, they were wicked men." Still, though this seems discouraging enough, "if you would know more, I will endeavour to show you how possibly you may discover them." There are faithful signs and tokens in such cases pointing unmistakeably in the direction of the guilty parties. He can help them to a few of these. They should take thought of "Cassius's word, cui bono? For whose interest was it."

"They must have been some that were not safe while he lived," says Doctor Lloyd, hinting darkly, "or some that might be better for his death." It could not have been any who bore personal malice against him. He was too "tender hearted" for that. "Much less were they robbers or any such poor rogues that kill men for what they have. These did their work gratis . . . . 'Tis very credible that the authors had some other interest that moved them to it. And that seems rather to have been against the government and the laws." This is something more explicit; but the dean will speak even plainer yet. The principles of such parties are an unfailing test. "How shall we excuse them that hold it lawful to do such things? If there are such men in the world, and if the other tokens agree to them, they surely are the likeliest that can be thought of for this matter." But away with all circumlocutions and mysterious hints. It were best now to speak out plainly. "Such a sort of men there is, even here in England—we have them among us. I could not but think of them when I named the other tokens, and so must any one that hath been conversant in their books. We need not put them on the rack to make them confess. They offer themselves. They are the Jesuites I speak of!"

"We thank you, Reverend Fathers of the Society," says the dean warming with his subject, "if you were the men that killed him, as you are the likeliest, if we may believe yourselves: we thank you that you did not begin with the government first. That you killed him, not the king. There had been a blow indeed. We thank you for not beginning with that. Though we have the less cause, if your plot was against the king, and you only took this man away that you might the better cover it." Could anything be devised more ingeniously suggestive, or be more artfully put than these last few sentences? "God still deliver us," continues the dean, "from your bloody hands. God keep England from your bloody religion!"

The only thing that surprises the dean is the wonderful patience and equanimity with which the people of England have tolerated these dangerous conspirators. "I cannot but reflect," he says, "on the incredible patience that was found in you at the Fire of London . . . . You then bore patiently that great loss, both of your houses and of your goods. And now it cometh to your persons and lives, still your patience continues."

Still, with all these dangers, there is a certain consolation and hope, "especially if we remember the good Providence of God which is the third thing. He that hath delivered me from the bear, and the lion, he will deliver me from the hand of this Philistine. We might argue likewise: He that saved us in Eighty-Eight, he that saved us from the Gun Powder Plot, he will deliver us from this cursed conspiracy . . . . Who knows but in the end it may prove a fatal blow to themselves? This, together with other things now under consideration, may occasion a fair riddance of all that faction out of England!" There is a certain significance in those "other things now under consideration," suggesting associations of Doctor Oates and Bedloe then very busy.

Finally, the dean winds up and sends his hearers home with this comforting assurance, "Let them kill our bodies, abuse them, mangle them, as this is or worse: let them burn them and throw our ashes whither they please. We shall lose nothing by it. At last, we shall all meet again in a happy and blessed Resurrection!"

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 383.] SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

YOUR LIFE OR YOUR LIKENESS.

THIS is a protest against a growing and intolerable evil to which every reader of these lines will unhesitatingly put his name. Every body is subject to the nuisance. Some pretend to despise it; some are goodnatured, and don't care about it; others are so snobbish and vain, that they positively like it; but all this is no argument why you and I should submit to it, or refrain from expressing our disgust and dissatisfaction.

I mean the pest of biography. What in the world have I done to have my life written? or my neighbour the doctor? or Softlie, our curate? We have never won battles, nor invented logarithms, nor conquered Scinde, nor done anything whatever out of the most ordinary course of the most prosaic existences. Indeed, I may say the two gentlemen I have mentioned are the dullest fellows I ever knew—they are stupid at breakfast, dinner, and tea; they never said a witty thing in their lives; they never tried to repeat a witty thing without entirely destroying it. I have no doubt they think and say precisely the same of me, and yet we are all three in the greatest danger of having our lives in print every day. And not only that—which is bad enough—but we are pestered twice a-week at least, with requests to be our own executioners, to write memoirs of ourselves, to furnish materials for our own immolation. Fancy Smedder, M.D., writing his adventures! Fancy Softlie, M.A., inditing his Recollections! Why, they have neither recollections nor adventures; and the whole reason of the application is that we three live in a village where, some time or other, in the reign of somebody or other, there was a fellow of the name of Chaucer, who had some lands here; and our houses are built on part of his estate. What does it matter to me whether or not this person had at one time the property which is now mine: or what does it add to the knowledge people may wish to have about him, to be told all about Smedder's birth, parentage, and education; or the years in which I was baptised and married? But there's a society, forsooth, called the "Chaucerian," and to please the admirers of that unexampled poetaster—though, confound me if I ever read a word of him!—I am to parade before all the world, my age, and my wife's age (I wish they may catch her in a communicative vein!), where my father made his money, what he gave for this estate, who instructed me in the rudiments of Latin and Greek, and who my schoolmaster's father was, and whether his wife survived him. What right have those inquisitive Chaucerians to know how many children I have, and how long a time elapsed between their births? They'll be sending for my marriage certificate next,—with a facsimile of my wife's wedding-ring.

At another time there was a fellow—at what period of the world's history not a soul in the parish can divine—who performed miracles every Thursday, with the water of a well which none of us knew anything about, in the "halig-field above the tannen," which none of us ever heard the name of. The miraculous gentleman was Saint Snibble, a disciple of a person calling himself the Venerable Bede, whoever he may be, who used to cut up his shirt into little pieces when he had worn it twelve years without changing; and who, dipping fragments of it into the well, gave the water the power of curing all the cattle which drank it, of all manner of diseases; and bottles of it were sent to all the veterinary surgeons in the land. Now there is a "Snibble brotherhood," it appears, who are gathering up every tittle of information they can collect about their chief. They have, therefore, pressed me to furnish a sketch of my worldly progress, to be published in their Transactions. The old man lived, I am told, a thousand and odd years ago, and what connection my voyage to New York in eighteen hundred and forty-four, or my partnership with Spuddy and Frip can have to do with him, neither my wife nor I can guess. I remember, indeed, we made a good speculation in soap, but the saintly Snibble does not seem to have been particular in that article of commerce; and surely it can make no difference to him whether my eldest daughter's name is Mary Anne with two capital letters, or Marianne with only one; and yet that is a question about which the society is greatly agitated.

They are jolly fellows, too, those inquirers after the water-cure! They fixed a day to come over and search for the sacred

spring, and gave me such violent hints that some little refreshment would be required after their labours, that I asked the explorers to lunch. There were six and thirty brethren of Saint Snibble; all devotedly attached to beer, and cold lamb and salad, and cold brandy-and-water and cigars, not to mention gooseberry-pies, and strawberries and cream. And the result was, that, after a pleasant stroll through some of the upland fields, and tearing a few gates off their hinges, and breaking several holes in the hedges, they returned, as ignorant of the whereabout of the holy well as when they came. They would have had more success if the object of their search had been bottled ale. However, they drank my health with three times three, and made me an honorary member of their fraternity; with thanks for the promise (which I never gave them) of supplying the secretary with the main incidents of my career.

Scarcely have I recovered from the biographical attempts of these two associations, when a letter is put into my hands with a seal on it the size of a saucer, with armorial bearings enough to fill up the panels of an omnibus; and on opening it, I find it is another of the same. This time the application is made for a minute narrative of everything that ever befel me, or my father or grandfather, to be inserted with a vast impression of my family shield in Ye Booke of ye Barons of England. Who the —— I won't write the word in full—ever spelt book with an e at the end of it, or thought I was a baron of England? And yet it appears I have held that exalted rank for many years; and my father held it before me; for the lands we possess are freehold; and freeholders under the crown are barons, though not of parliament—but barons by as true and indefeasible a title as if we were barons of beef, or had signed Magna Charta, or had made the king sign it, I don't remember which. And all this time I have called myself esquire, or even plain Mr. But in return for this revelation of my magnificence, I am to inform the editor, Blenkinsop Gwillim, Squire in Arms, Norroy Trumpet, and Tabard of Maintenance, to the care of Messrs. Spittle and Lick, Mediæval and Heraldic Booksellers to the Brethren of Roncesvalles,—on a variety of subjects of the deepest importance. I have mislaid the man's letter, but it haunts me yet like the hideous and confused thing one dreams of after a heavy supper. There is a good deal about dragons and griffins; and one question seems to have excited the Trumpet's interest to an intense degree; namely, whether I claimed the right to quarter salterwise or otherwise; as a family of the same name in Derbyshire manifests gules, "in the first grand quarter with two sheep rampant within a double tressure."

If these persecutions are long-continued, it is my intention to sell this little domain. I have been very happy in it, man and boy, for thirty years. It consists of a hundred and ten acres of moderately productive ground. I have a house on it, with a miniature serpentine in front, and a lawn trimly kept, and trees of my own planting. But, house, and lands, and trees, and lake—I must leave them all; hunted literally for my life, and driven into lodgings to prevent appearing in print as co-parishioner with one exploded humbug, and co-proprietor with another, and one of the barons of England, and I don't know how many characters beside; for there is no end to the capacities in which I am expected to write my adventures. If I had been Robinson Crusoe the public curiosity could not have been greater; and my fear is that, in some weak moment, I may be deluded into jotting down the exact date of my christening and marriage, and waking some morning famous among the distinguished personages of the day.

I have mentioned the lake. It covers about two acres, and is four hundred and fifty feet long. On it I keep a boat; and, in the cool summer evenings, I make my two girls, who are both capital handlers of the oar, row me for half an hour on the water. We sometimes fish out of the boat, but never catch anything. This is quite enough. A request comes to me for my subscription to a new work by a gentleman of genius, whom I never heard of before, but who, it appears, is author of the Lives of the Sussex Coach-makers; and he wishes me to furnish materials for a memoir of myself, to be inserted in his forthcoming volume of the Lives of the Yachters. I am to tell him at what time my predilection of maritime adventures first manifested itself; whether I have any relations in the navy or the mercantile service, and generally what I have been doing for the last forty years: with anecdotes of my neighbours and friends. As a further inducement to grant his request, he informs me that an illustration to my memoirs, consisting of an excellent photographic likeness, is already in his possession, a woodcut of which will be the frontispiece to my obliging communication.

This is a greater nuisance than the others. The pen it is just barely possible to escape from; you may resolve positively to continue as mute and inglorious as Milton if he had been a Dorsetshire labourer at nine shillings a-week; but, from a set of amateur portrait-mongers who catch you unawares and make hideous images of you when you are quite unconscious of their proceedings, there is no safety whatever. There is not a summer in which our village is not invaded by dozens of those artistical impostors; and as long as they confine themselves to cliff and waterfall, or winding lane or dilapidated old church, nobody can blame them, except occasionally for a trespass. But what

are we to say to them, when they avail themselves of their portable apparatus, and snap you up at your most unguarded moments, in your most unbecoming deshabille, and stamp you for ever with such insolent resemblance of attitude and feature, that it is impossible to deny the identity? and yet, so altered in the process, so harshened in the expression, so vulgarised in the apparel, that you might safely indite the performance as a libel; being calculated to bring you into hatred and contempt. At first, I used to take these travelling geniuses for professors of the thimble-rig, and expected to see them produce their peas and other property when they planted their three-legged stand in our lane. When the mountebank in a few minutes threw a black cloth over his head and box, I was in expectation of seeing some extraordinary metamorphoses of his countenance, and hearing him commence in the familiar strains of Punch and Judy. At that very moment he was setting his lenses right upon my face; and, in the twinkling of an eye, there was the visible representation of a country gentleman, with an expression of the most foolish and open mouthed surprise, which for all future time will be a reminiscence to the gratified operator of his visit to the classical village of Marlydown.

What right has that fellow to my portrait? I think, I hear the uncomplimentary remarks which the wretched animals, male and female, his uncles and cousins, sisters and brothers, to whom he will show the results of his summer's excursion, will make on my picture. "What a snob!" they will cry; "what an ill-tempered looking ruffian! what an idiotic looking spoon! what a pretentious looking old beau! what a ragged coated old miser!" For, one peculiarity of the photographic process is, that it admits a thousand interpretations of the result of its labours, so that the most diverse opinions are expressed of the same production—and to all this I am subjected by an interloper who never asked my leave or license, and whose foolish head I should have broken with my weeding spud if he had had the audacity to ask my consent. The wretch had the further impertinence to ask the villagers who I was; and he wrote it on a slip of paper affixed to his caricature, so that generations yet unborn will see Likeness of C—l—l W—lk—ns, Esq, Marlydown, Sussex, as he appeared at two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, June tenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four,—by me——then follows the complacent idiot's name.

Can it be that this iniquitous individual is the talented editor of the Lives of the Yachters? or the still more unprincipled proposer of a series of shilling biographies to be called Notes on Potato-growers, who demands a full and circumstantial account of all my actions on the strength of my white kidneys?

These, I assure you, are only a few examples of the inconveniences I experience from the inquisitive propensities of the present age. As to the Income-Tax, I did not like it at all, especially while it was at sixteen pence in the pound; but I never considered it half so annoying and inquisitorial as the biographic and photographic enthusiasts, who worry me out of house and home. You paid the tax-gatherer, and were troubled no more till the ensuing half-year; but these fellows are perpetually on your track. If you are somebody, they insist on your insertion among the great ones of the earth. You join the Wellingtons, Napoleons, Cæsars, and Alexanders, and are content with your fellow-immortals, for haven't you invented a new cheese-press, or in some other way been of use to your country and species?—But for us,—us who live forgotten and die forlorn, is there no way of escaping the hateful confession of our uselessness, our ignorance, our dulness, our stupidity? If we are profoundly conscious of our unworthiness to appear in the company of the Somebodies, is it absolutely impossible to avoid the necessity of writing ourselves down among the Nobodies?

THE WITCHES OF SCOTLAND.

The first notable trial for witchcraft in Scotland was that of Bessie Dunlop; which was held on the eighth of November, fifteen hundred and seventy-six. We exclude the execution of the unfortunate Lady Glammis, in fifteen hundred and thirty-seven; for though it has been the fashion to class her among the earliest and the noblest victims of the witch delusion, she was, on the contrary, burnt for high treason; and her death was a political, not a superstitious murder. We also pass by the trial and execution for witchcraft of Janet Bowman, in fifteen hundred and seventy-two—the Record presenting no point of special interest—and give, as the first of any historical value, the tragic history of poor Bessie Dunlop, "spous to Andro Jak in Lyne."

Bessie deposed, after torture (it is very important to observe those two words) that one day as she was going between her own house and Monkcastle yard, driving her cows, and making "hevye sair dule with hirselff," weeping bitterly for her cow that was dead, and her husband and child who were lying sick "in the land-ill"—she herself still weak after "gissane," or child-birth—she met "ane honest, wele, elderlie man, gray bairdit; and had ane gray coitt with Lumbart slevis of the auld fassioun; ane pair of grey brekis and quhyte shankis gartenit abone the kne; ane blak bonet on his heed, cloise behind and plane befoir, with silkin laissis drawin throw the lippis thairof, and ane whyte wand in his hand." This was Thom Reid, who

had been killed at the battle of Pinkye (fifteen hundred and forty-seven), but was now a dweller in Elfame or Fairy-land. Thom stopped her, asking why she was weeping so sorely; poor Bessie told him her troubles. The little old man soothed her by assuring her that, though her cow and child would die, yet her husband would recover; and Bessie, after being "sumthing fleit" at seeing him pass through too narrow a hole in the dyke for an honest, earthly man to pass through, yet returned home comforted at hearing that her goodman would mend. After this, she and Thom forgathered several times. Once he came to her house, and took her away, in the presence of her husband and three tailors—they seeing nothing—to where twelve people were assembled waiting for her. These were eight women and four men, all "verrie semelie lyk to see;" and they were the "gude wichtis that wynnit in the Court of Elfame," who had come to persuade her to go away with them. But Bessie refused. Half demented as she was, she was loyal to her husband and her children, and would have nothing to say to a separation from them; though Thom Reid was angry and told her "it would be worse for her." Once, too, the Queen of the Fairies, a stout, comely woman, came to her, as she was again "lying in gissane," and asked for a drink, which Bessie gave her. She told her that the child would die, but that her husband would recover: for poor Andro Jak seems to have been often in a delicate condition, and to have given Bessie's faithful heart many an anxious hour. Then Thom began to teach her the art of healing. He gave her roots wherewith to make salves for sheep or cows, or children "taken with an evill blast of wind or elf-grippit:" and she cured many people, by following, as she said, the old man's directions. For instance, she healed Lady Johnstone's daughter, married to the young Laird of Stanelie, by giving her a drink made of strong ale, boiled with cloves, ginger, aniseed, liquorice, and white sugar: which Thom said was good for her complaint—"a cold blood that went about her heart, and caused her to pine and fall away." But she could not mend old Lady Kilbowye's leg. It had been crooked all her life, and now, he said, the marrow was consumed and the blood benumbed. It was hopeless; and it would be worse for her if she asked for fairy help again. Bessie also found stolen goods, under Thom's directing; and those which she could not find, she could at least tell of. Thus, Hugh Scott's cloak could not be returned, because it had been made into a kirtle: and James Baird and Henry Jamesoun could not recover their plough irons, because James Douglas, the sheriff's officer, had accepted a bribe of three pounds not to find them. Lady Blair, too, after having "dang and wrackit" her servants on account of certain linen of which she had been robbed, learned by the mouth of Bessie, prompted by Thom, that Margaret Symple, her own friend and relation, had stolen it. With divers other like revelations. Bessie also received from the hands of her ghostly friend a green silk lace, which, if tacked to the "wylie coat," and wound about the left arm of any woman about to be a mother, would facilitate recovery marvellously. She lost the lace; insinuating that Thom took it away again; but kept her fatal character for more medical skilfulness than belonged to an ordinary or canny old wife. She said that she often saw Thom Reid going about like other people. He would be in the streets of Edinburgh, handling goods like any living man; but she never spoke to him, unless he spoke to her first: he had forbidden her to do so. The last time she met him before her arrest, he told her of the evil that was to come: but he buoyed her up with false hopes, assuring her that she would be well treated and eventually stand clear. Poor Bessie Dunlop!—After being cruelly tortured, and her not very strong brain utterly disorganised, she was "convict and burnt" on the Castle Hill, of Edinburgh. A mournful commentary on her elfin friend's brave words and promises.

On the twenty-eighth of May, fifteen hundred and eighty-eight, Alesoun Peirsoun was haled before a just judge and sapient jury, on the same accusation of witchcraft, and consorting with the fairy folk. This Alesoun, or Alison Pearson, had a certain cousin, one William Simpson, who, according to her account, had been carried to Egypt by a man of Egypt (gipsy) when he was a mere lad, and had there been educated in the medical profession, in which he seems to have been more than ordinarily skilful. Simpson's father had been smith to gracious majesty; but, during his son's absence in Egypt, he had died, for "opening a priest's book, and looking upon it,"—a fact as veracious as all the rest of this crazed narrative. Well, Mr. William once cured his cousin of some curious disorder, thereby gaining great influence over her; which he abused by taking her with him to fairy land, and introducing her to the good neighbours, whose company he himself had affected for many years. They treated poor Alison very harshly. They used to beat and knock her about till she was terrified out of the small wits she ever possessed; and frequently she was left by them covered with bad bruises, and perfectly powerless. She was never free from her questionable associates. They used to come upon her at all times, and initiate her into their secrets, whether she liked it or no. They used to show her how they gathered their herbs before sunrise, and she would watch them with their pans and fires making the "saws," or salves, that could kill or cure all who used them,

according to the witch's will. What with fairy teaching, and Mr. William's clinical lectures, half-crazed Alison soon got a reputation for healing powers; so great, that the Bishop of St. Andrews—a poor, shaken hypochondriac, with as many diseases on him as would fill the ward of a hospital—applied to her for some of her charms and remedies, which she had the sense to make palatable enough; namely, spiced claret—a quart to be drunk at two draughts—and a boiled capon. It scarcely needed witchcraft to have prescribed that for a luxurious prelate, who had brought himself into a state of chronic dyspepsia by laziness and good living. Mr. William was very careful of Alison. He used to go before the fairy folk, when they set out in the whirlwinds to plague her, and tell her of their coming; and he was very urgent that she should not go away with them altogether, since a tythe of them was yearly taken down to hell. But, neither Mr. William's thought nor fairy power could save poor Alice. She was "convicted and burnt," never more to be troubled by epilepsy, or the feverish dreams of madness.

Nobler names come next upon the records. Katherine Lady Fowlis, and Hector Munro, her step-son, were tried on the twenty-second of July, fifteen hundred and ninety, for "witchcraft, incantation, sorcery, and poisoning." Two people were in the Lady's way,—Margery Campbell, the young lady of Balnagowan, wife to George Ross of Balnagowan, Lady Katherine's brother; and Robert Munro, her step-son, present Baron of Fowlis, and brother to the Hector Munro mentioned above. If these two persons were dead, then George Ross could marry the young Lady Fowlis, to the pecuniary advantage of himself and his family. Hector's quarrel was with his half-brother, George Munro of Obisdale, Lady Katherine's own son. The charges against the Lady Katherine were—the unlawful making of two pictures representing the young Lady Balnagowan and Robert Munro, which pictures two notorious witches, Cristiane Ross and Marjory M'Allester, alias Loskie Loncart, shot at with "elf-arrow-heads." But the pictures—literally images of wax or clay—were broken by the arrow-heads, and the spell was destroyed. After this, the Lady made a stoup or pailful of poison, to be sent to Robert Munro. The pail leaked, and all the poison ran out, excepting a very small quantity, which an unfortunate page belonging to the Lady tasted, and incontinently died. Again, another pig or jar full of poison was prepared; this time of double strength; the brewer thereof, Loskie Loncart. It was sent to the young laird by the hands of Lady Katherine's foster-mother; but she broke the jar by the way; and, like the page, tasting the contents, paid the penalty of her curiosity with her life. The poison was of such a nature that neither cow nor sheep would touch the grass where it fell; and soon the herbage withered away altogether, in fearful memorial of her guilt. She was more successful in her attempts on the young Lady Balnagowan. Her "dittay" sets forth that the poor girl, tasting of her step-mother's infernal potions, contracted an incurable disease; the pain and anguish she suffered revolting even the wretch who administered the poison. But she did not die. Nothing daunted by her failures, the Lady sent far and wide, and openly too, for various poisons; consulting with "Egyptians" and notorious witches as to what would best "suit the complexions" of her victims; and whether her ratsbane, which she often tried, should be administered in eggs, broth, or cabbage. She paid many sums, too, for more clay images and elf-arrow-heads, which elf-arrow-heads are the ancient arrow-heads frequently found in Scotland; and her wickedness at last grew too patent even for her rank to cover. She was arrested and arraigned; but the jury, composed of the Fowlis dependants, acquitted her, though many of her creatures had previously been "convicted and burnt," on the same charges as those now made against her.

Hector Munro's trial was somewhat of a different stamp. His step-mother does not seem to have had much confidence in mere sorcery. She put her faith in facts rather than in incantations, and preferred drugs to charms. But, Hector was more superstitious and more cowardly. Parings of nails, clippings of hair, water wherein enchanted stones had been laid, were all of as much potency in his mind as the "ratoun poysoun," so dear to the Lady; and the method of his intended murder rested on such means as these. After a small piece of preliminary sorcery, undertaken with his foster-mother, Cristian Neill Dayzell and Marion McIngareach, "one of the most notorious and rank witches of the country," it was pronounced that Hector, who was sick, would not recover his health unless the principal man of his blood should suffer for him. This was found to be none other than George Munro of Obisdale, Lady Fowlis's eldest son. George then must die; not by poison, but by sorcery; and the first step to be taken was to secure his presence by Hector's bed-side. Seven times did the invalid impatiently send for him; and when at last he did come, Hector said never a word to him, after his surly "better now that you have come," in answer to George's "how's a' with you?" but sat for a full hour, with his left hand in his brother's right, working the first spell in silence, according to the directions of his foster-mother and the witch. That night, one hour after midnight, the two women went out to a "piece of ground lying between two manors," and there made a grave, near to the sea flood. A few nights after this—it

was January—Hector, wrapped in blankets, was carried out of his sick bed and laid in this grave; he, his foster-mother, and McIngareach all silent as death. The sods were laid over him, and the witch sat down by him. Then Cristian Dayzell, with a young boy in her hand, ran the breadth of nine rigs or furrows, and, coming back to the grave, asked the witch, "who was her choice?" McIngareach, prompted by the devil, answered, "that Mr. Hector was her choice to live, and his brother George to die for him!" This ceremony was repeated thrice, and then they all returned silently to the house; Hector Munro convinced that everything necessary had now been done, and that his half-brother must perforce be his sacrifice. In his gratitude he made Marion McIngareach keeper of his sheep; and so uplifted her that the country people durst not oppose her for their lives. It was the common talk that he favoured and honoured her, said the dittay, "gif she had been his wife;" and once he kept her out of the way, when she was cited to appear before the court, to answer to the charge of witchcraft. But, Hector got clear, as his stepmother had done half an hour before him; and we hear no more of the Fowlis crimes or the Fowlis follies.

On the twenty-sixth of May, fifteen hundred and ninety, John Fian, alias Cuningham, Master of the School at Saltpans, Lothian, and contemptuously recorded as "Secretar and Register to the Devil," was arraigned for witchcraft and high-treason. There were twenty counts against him; the least of which was enough to have lighted a witch-fire at that time on the fatal Castle Hill. First, he was accused of entering into a covenant with Satan, who appeared to him all in white, as he lay in bed, thinking how he could be revenged on Thomas Trumbill, for not having whitewashed his room. After promising his Satanic Majesty allegiance and homage, he received his mark; which was found, later, under his tongue, with two pins stuck up to their heads. Dr. Fian had once the misfortune to be unwell, which was translated into a grievous crime by the gracious "assisa" who tried him. He was found guilty,—"fylit," is the legal term,—of "feigning himself to be sick in the said Thomas Trumbill's chamber, where he was stricken in great ecstacies and trances, lying by the space of two or three hours dead, his spirit taken, and suffered himself to be carried and transported to many mountains, as he thought, through all the world, according to his depositions;" those depositions made after fearful torture, and recanted the instant his mind recovered its tone. He was also found guilty of suffering himself to be carried to North Berwick church, where, together with many others, he did homage to Satan, as he stood in the pulpit "making doubtful speeches," and bidding them "not to fear, though he was grim." But the pith of the indictment was, that he, Fian, and sundry others to be spoken of hereafter, entered into a league with Satan to wreck the King (James the Sixth) on his Denmark voyage, when, in a fit of clumsy gallantry, he went to visit his future queen. While sailing to Denmark, Fian and a whole crew of witches and wizards met Satan at sea, and the master, giving an enchanted cat into Robert Grierson's hand, bade him "cast the same into the sea, holà!" Which was done, and a strong gale was the consequence. Then, when the King was returning from Denmark, the Devil promised to raise a mist, which should wreck him on English ground. To perform which feat he took something like a football, appearing like a wisp to Dr. Fian, which, when he cast it into the sea, caused the great mist to rise that nearly drove the cumbrous pedant on to the English shore.

Then he was convicted of again consorting with Satan and his crew, still in North Berwick church; where they paced round the church "withershins," that is, contrary to the way of the sun. Fian blew into the lock to open the door—a favourite trick of his—and blew in the lights which burned blue and seemed black; and where Satan, as a "mickle blak man," preached again to them, and made them very angry by calling Robert Grierson by his name. He ought to have been called "Ro' the Comptroller, or Rob the Rowar." This slip of Satan's displeasing them, they ran "hirdie girdie" in great excitement. At this séance, Fian and others rifled the graves of the dead, and dismembered their bodies for charms. Once at the house of David Seaton's mother, he breathed into a woman's hand, sitting by the fire, and opened a lock at the other end of the kitchen. Once he raised up four candles on his horse's two ears, and a fifth on the staff which a man, riding with him, carried in his hand. These magic candles gave as much light as the sun at noonday, and the man was so terrified that he fell dead on his own threshold. Then he was seen to chase a cat; and to be carried in the chace over a hedge so high that he could not touch the cat's head. When asked why he hunted her, he said that Satan wanted all the cats he could lay his hands on, to cast into the sea for the purpose of raising storms for shipwreck. Which, with divers smaller and somewhat monotonous charges, formed the sum of the indictment against him. He was put to the torture. First, his head was "thrawed with a rope," for about an hour. But, he would confess nothing. Then they tried fair means and coaxed him, with no better success; and then they "put him to the most severe and cruell paine in the worlde," namely the Boots. After the third stroke

he became speechless; and they, supposing it to be the devil's mark which kept him silent, searched for that mark, that by its discovery the spell might be broken. So they found it, as was said before, under his tongue, with two charmed pins stuck up to their heads therein. And when they were withdrawn, that is, after some further torture, he confessed anything his tormentors pleased. The next day he recanted his confession. He was then somewhat restored to himself, and had mastered the weakness of his agony. Of course it was declared that the devil had visited him during the night, and had marked him afresh. They searched, but found nothing; so, in revenge, they put him to the torture again. But, he remained constant to the last; bearing his grievous tortures with most heroic patience and fortitude; and dying as a brave man knows always how to die. Finding that nothing more could be made of him, he was strangled and burnt "in the Castle Hill of Edinbrough, on a Saturdaie, in the ende of Januarie last past, 1591."

Fian was the first victim of the grand battue opened to the royal witch-hunter. Others were to follow, the manner of whose finding was singular enough. Baillie David Seaton had a half-crazed servant-girl, one Geillis Duncan, whose conduct had excited the righteous suspicion of her master. To make sure he tortured her: first by the "pilliewinks" or thumbscrews, then by wrenching, binding, or thrawing her head with a rope. But, not confessing under all this agony, she was searched, and the mark was found on her throat. Whereon she immediately confessed, accusing amongst others, the defunct John Fian or Cuningham, Agnes Sampson, "the eldest witch of them all" at Haddington, Agnes Tompson of Edinburgh, and Euphemia Macalzean, daughter of Lord Cliftonnhall, one of the Senators of the College of Justice. Agnes Sampson's trial came first. She was a grave matron-like educated woman, commonly called the "grace wyff," or "wise wife of Keith;" and, to her was assigned the doubtful honour of being carried to Holyrood, there to be examined before the king himself. At first she quietly and firmly denied all that she was charged with. But—after having been fastened to the witches' bridle, kept without sleep, her head shaved and thrawn with a rope, searched and pricked—she too confessed whatever blasphemous nonsense her accusers chose to charge her with, to the wondrous edification of the kingly witch-finder. She said that she and two hundred more witches went to sea on All Halloween in riddles or sieves, making merry and drinking by the way; that they landed at North Berwick church, where, taking hands they danced a round, saying:

"Commer goe ye before! commer goe ye,
Gif ye will not goe before; commer let me."

She said also that Geillis Duncan, the informer, went before them, playing on the Jew's harp; which so delighted Gracious Majesty to hear that he sent on the instant for Geillis Duncan to play the same tune before him; which she did: to his "great pleasure and amazement." Furthermore, Agnes Simpson confessed, that, on asking Satan why he hated King James, and wished so greatly to destroy him, the foul fiend answered "because he is the greatest enemy I have," adding though, that he was "un homme de Dieu," and that he, Satan, was powerless against him. A pretty piece of flattery! but, it availed the poor wise wife, little. Her indictment was very heavy: fifty-three counts in all; for the most part curing disease by incantations and charms, and foretelling events, especially disease or death. As she went on, weakened in body and fevered in mind by torture, she owned to more monstrous things. Item, to having a familiar, the devil in shape of a dog by name Elva, whom she called to her by saying, "Holà, master!" and conjured away by "the Law be lived on." This dog she caused to appear to the Lady of Edmistoun's daughters, when she called him out of the well, where he lay growling, to tell them if the old lady would live or die. Then she said she caused a ship, "The Grace of God," to perish. For helping her in this nefarious deed she gave twenty shillings to Grey Meill, "ane auld sely pure plowman," who usually kept the door at the witches' conventions, and who had attended on her in this shipwreck adventure. Then she was one of the foremost and most active in the celebrated storm-raising for the destruction, or at least the damage of the king on his return from Denmark; giving some curious particulars in addition to what we have already read in Fian's indictment: as, that she and her sister witches baptised the cat which raised the storm, by putting it with various ceremonies, thrice through the "chimney crook," and fastening four bones of dead men to its four feet. Which processes it made infallible as a storm-raiser, and shipwrecker general. She was also at all the famous North Berwick meetings; where Dr. Fian was secretary and lock-opener; where they were baptised of the fiend and received formally into his congregation; where he preached to them as a great black man; and where they rifled graves and meted out the dead among them. For all which crimes Agnes Sampson, the grave matron-like, well-educated grace-wife of Keith, was tied to a stake on Castle Hill, and burnt.

Euphemia Macalzean was even higher game. She was the daughter of Lord Cliftonhall, and wife of Patrick Moscrop, a man of wealth and standing. She was a firm, heroic, passionate woman, whom no tortures could weaken into confession, no threats terrify into submission. She fought her way inch

by inch, using every legal power open to her, but she was "convict" at last, and condemned to be burnt alive; the severest sentence ever pronounced against a witch. There is good reason to believe that her witchcraft was made merely the pretence, while her political predilections, the friendship for the Earl of Bothwell, and her Catholic religion, were the real grounds of the king's enmity to her, and the real causes of the severity with which she was treated. Her indictment contains the ordinary list of crimes, diversified with the addition of bewitching a certain Joseph Douglas, whose love she craved, and found beyond her power to retain. The young wife whom Douglas married and the two children she bore him, also came in for part of the alleged maleficent enchantments. She did the "bairns to death," and struck the wife with sickness. She was also accused of the heinous crime of casting her childbirth pains, once on a dog, and once on a cat; both of which beasts ran distractedly out of the house—as well they might—and were never seen again. And, once, too, she tried to cast them on her husband: without effect as it would seem. She was also accused of endeavouring to poison her husband, and it was manifest that their union was not a happy one—he being for the most part away from her: and it was proved that Agnes Sampson, the wise wife, had made a clay picture of John Moscrop, her father-in-law, who should by these enchantments have dwindled and died. But failed to do as he was witch-bidden. So that these crimes, with others like to them, such as sending visions, and devils, and sickness, and death to every one who stood in her way, or had ever offended her, were quite sufficient legal causes of death. And James could gratify both his superstitious fears and his political animosity at the same time, while Euphemia Macalzean, the fine, brave, handsome, passionate Euphemia, writhed in agony at the stake, where she was bound "to be consumed quick."

In sixteen hundred and eighteen, Margaret Barclay, a young, high-spirited, and beautiful woman, was accused, together with Isobel Insh, by a wandering juggler called John Stewart, of having applied to him to be taught magic arts; and also of having, by sorcery, shipwrecked the vessel and drowned the crew of John Dein, her husband's brother, with whom and with his wife she had had a quarrel a short time ago, ending in her bringing against them a legal action for slander. Margaret denied the charge: poor Isobel, for her part, declared she had never seen Stewart in her life before; though he asserted he had found her modelling clay figures and clay ships, in company with Margaret, for the destruction of the men and vessel aforesaid. A black dog, with fiery eyes, and breathing fire from his nostrils, formed part of the conclave: and one of the principal witnesses, Isobel's own child of eight years of age, added a black man as well. Isobel, after denying all and sundry of the counts against her, under torture admitted their truth. In the night time she found means to escape from her prison, which was the belfry; in clambering over the roof of the church she fell down, and died five days afterwards. Margaret was then tortured: the juggler had strangled himself: and she was the last remaining of this "coven." The torture they used, said the noble Lord Commissioners, "was safe and gentle." They put her two bare legs in a pair of stocks, and laid on them iron bars one by one; augmenting the weight by degrees, till Margaret cried to be released, promising to confess the truth as they wished to hear it. But when released she only denied the charges afresh; so they had recourse to the iron bars again. When, after a time, she shrieked aloud, saying: "Tak off! tak off! and befoir God I will show ye the whole form!" She then confessed; and in her confession included Isobel Crawford; who, when arrested—as she was, on the instant—made no defence, but stupefied and paralysed, admitted all they chose. Margaret's trial proceeded; sullen and despairing, she assented to all that she was charged with; when Alexander Dein, her husband, entered the court, accompanied by a lawyer. And then the despair which had crept over the young wife passed away, and she demanded to be defended. "All that I have confessed," she said, "was in an agony of torture; and, before God, all I have spoken is false and untrue! But," she added, pathetically, turning to her husband, "ye have been ower lang in coming!" In spite of her legal defence, however, she was condemned; and at the stake entreated that no harm should befall Isobel Crawford, who was utterly and entirely innocent. The young creature was strangled and burnt: bearing herself bravely to the last. Isobel was now tried: "after the assistant minister of Irvine, Mr. David Dickson, had made earnest prayers to God for opening her obdurate and closed heart; she was subjected to the torture of iron bars laid upon her bare shins, her feet being in the stocks, as in the case of Margaret Barclay." She endured this torture "admirably," without any kind of din or exclamation, suffering above thirty stone of iron to be laid on her legs, never shrinking thereat, in any sort, but remaining, as it were, steady. But in shifting the situation of the iron bars, and removing them to another part of her shins, her constancy gave way, as Margaret's had done; and she, too, broke out into horrible cries of "Tak off! tak off!" She then confessed, and was sentenced; but on her execution she denied all that she had admitted, interrupted the minister in his prayer, and refused to pardon the executioner. They had made her mad.

We must pass over the scores of witches

who were yearly strangled and burnt on such charges as, "casting sickness on such an one by means of ane blak clout," &c.; raising the devil; curing diseases by incantations; foretelling events; charming to death, or to love, as the case might be; sending visions to frighten silly men and half-crazed women; cursing land with a paddock, or toad-drawn plough, &c., &c. Curious as the various trials are, we cannot give even the names of the sufferers; witch-finding increased so rapidly in Scotland. In sixteen hundred and sixty-one, the most fertile and the most fatal year of all, no fewer than fourteen special commissions were granted for the purpose of trying witches for the sederunt of November the seventh; how many unfortunates were murdered on this charge Heaven only knows. We have the records of but one—the Justiciary Court; and they were tried by all sorts of courts, ordinary and extraordinary. It was the popular amusement; and it would have taken a wiser and a braver man than any living at that time to have turned the tide in favour of the poor, persecuted servants of the "deil." Though it was the Catholic Bull of Innocent the Eighth, in fourteen hundred and eighty-four, which first stirred up the persecuting zeal of the godly against witchcraft, yet Calvinistic Scotland soon outstripped the papacy in her zealous hate, and poured out blood that will leave a stain on her history, so long as that history shall endure.

We turn now those crimson pages rapidly, till we come to the witches of Auldearne, and Isobell Gowdie's confessions.

It does not seem that Isobell Gowdie was either pricked by John Kincaid, the "common pricker"—the Scottish Matthew Hopkins—or tortured before she made her confessions. She was probably a wild, excited lunatic, whose ravings ran in the popular groove, rather than on any purely personal matters; and who was not so much deceiving, as self-deceived by insanity. She began by stating how, that one day she met the devil; and, denying her baptism, put one of her hands to the crown of her head, and the other to the sole of her foot, making over to him all that lay between; he, as a "mickle, black, hairy man," standing in the pulpit of the church at Auldearne, reading out of a black book. Isobell was baptized by him in her own blood, by the name of Janet, and henceforth was one of the most devoted of her coven, or company. For, they were divided into covens, or bands, under proper officers and leaders. John Young was officer to her coven, and the number composing it was thirteen. They went through the ordinary misdeeds of witchcraft. They destroyed corn-fields; spoilt brewings; dug up unchristened children, and cut them into charms; ploughed with toads and frogs, cursing the land as they went, to make it barren: they rode on straws, which they made into horses, by putting them between their feet, saying, "Horse and hattock in the devil's name;" and Isobell went to the land of faërie, where she got meat from the "Queen of Faërie," more than she could eat. The queen was a comely woman, bravely dressed in white linen, and white and brown clothes; and the king was a fine man, well favoured, and broad-faced; but there were elf bulls, "roytting and skoilling up and down there," which frightened poor Isobell sorely. They took away cow's milk, too, in a very odd manner,—by platting a tether the wrong way, and drawing it between the cow's hind and fore feet; then, milking the tether, they drew the cow's milk clean away. To restore it, it was necessary to cut the witch-line, and the milk would flow back. Of course there were clay pictures of any who offended the witches, and therefore were desired to be put out of the way. All the male children of the laird of Parkis were doomed to perish because of a clay picture of a little child, which was every now and then laid by the fire till it shrivelled and withered. As jackdaws, hares, cats, &c., our witches passed from house to house, destroying dyeing vats, and beer-casks, and all sorts of things, which their owners had forgotten to "sanctify;" and which omission gave the witches their power.

In her next confession, Isobell went into further particulars respecting the constitution of her coven. Each of the thirteen witches had a spirit appointed to wait on her. Swein, clothed in grass-green, waited on Margaret Wilson, called Pickle-nearest-the-wind; Rorie, in yellow, waited on Throw-the-corn-yard. The Roaring Lion, in sea-green, waited on Bessie Rule. Mak Hector, in grass-green, (a young devil this!) accompanied the Maiden of the Coven, daughter to Pickle-nearest-the-wind, and called Over-the-dyke-with-it. Robert the Rule, in sad dun, a commander of the spirits, waited on Margaret Bodie. Thief-of-hell-wait-upon-herself waited on Bessie Wilson. Isobell's own spirit was the Red Riever, and he was ever in black. The eighth spirit was Robert-the-jakes, aged, and clothed in dun, "ane glaiked gowked spirit," waiting on Able-and-Stout; the ninth was Laing, serving Bessie Bauld; the tenth was Thomas, a fairy; but there Isobell's questioners stopped her, and no more information was given of the spirits of the coven. She then told them that to raise a wind they took a rag of cloth, and wetted it in the water, then knocked it on a stone with a flat piece of wood, singing a doggerel rhyme. She gave them, too, the rhymes necessary for tranformation into a hare, cat, crow, &c., and for turning back into their own shapes again. The rhymes are unique; the only rhymes of the kind to be found in the whole history of witchcraft; but we have not space to transcribe them; for Isobell was a mighty talker, and told

much. Once though, she was nearly caught as a hare; she had just time to run behind a chest, the dogs panting after her, and to say:—

"Hair! hair! God send thé cair!
I am in a hearis liknes now,
But I sall be a woman ewin now!
Hair! hair! God send thé cair!"

which restored her to her proper shape again. But they had a hard task-master in Satan. He often beat them; especially for calling him Black Johnnie, which they would do amongst themselves; when he would suddenly appear in the midst of them, saying, "I ken weel enough what ye are saying of me!" and fall to scourging them like a fierce school-master with his scholars. Alexander Elder was very often beaten. He was very "soft," and did nothing but howl and cry, not defending himself in the least. But, Margaret Wilson defended herself with her hands, and Bessie Wilson "would speak crusty with her tongue, and would be belling at him soundly;" so that on the whole the fiend had but a riotous set of servants after all.

Janet Braidhead succeeded Isobell Gowdie in her madness. Her confession, made between Isobell's third and fourth, follows in precisely the same track. She, like her unhappy predecessor, gave the names of numerous respectable people whom she asserted were belonging to the various covens. She even accused her own husband of presenting her for the infernal baptism; and, as the confession of one witch was sufficient for the condemnation of all named therein, it is mournful to reflect on the number of innocent people the wild ravings of one or two lunatics could doom to misery and shame, and a felon's cruel death. Anything was enough for a conviction in those days. A muttered curse, an angry threat, a little more knowledge than the rest of the neighbours, a taste for natural history, an evil temper, or a lonely life, anything was sufficient to fasten the reputation of sorcery on man or woman; and that reputation once fastened, then indeed the happiest, as the most fatally certain, thing for the sufferer was death. Life would have been but one long martyrdom of want and shame and insult.

The delusion at last wore itself out. The latest execution in Scotland for witchcraft was that of an old idiot-woman in seventeen hundred and twenty-two; but even before then, in sixteen hundred and seventy-eight, a suspected witch had known how to get legal redress against some who had tormented and pricked her. Sir George Mackenzie, "that noble wit of Scotland," was mainly instrumental in putting down the horrible phantasy which lay like a curse on the land, and blighted the whole race on which it fell. His eloquent, forcible, and manly reasonings let a little light into the heavy brains of the ignorant and superstitious rulers; for, though even he dared not go so far as to deny the existence of witchcraft altogether like the "Sadducees" of England, yet he condemned "next to the wretches themselves, those cruel and too forward judges who burn persons by thousands as guilty of this crime." He instanced out of his own knowledge, a poor weaver convicted of sorcery, who, on being asked what the devil was like when he appeared to him, answered, "like flies dancing about the candle;" and a poor woman asked him seriously when she was accused, if a person could be a witch and not know it? Another, who had confessed judicially, told him, under secrecy, "that she had not confest because she was guilty; but, being a poor creature who wrought for her meat, she knew she would starve; for no person thereafter would either give her meat or lodging, and that all men would beat her and hound dogs at her, and that, therefore, she desired to be out of the world; whereupon she wept most bitterly, and upon her knees called God to witness what she said." Another told him that, "she was afraid the devil would challenge a right to her after she was said to be his servant, and would haunt her, as the minister said, when he was desiring her to confess, and therefore she desired to die."

A poor woman in Lauder jail, lying there on charge of witchcraft, sent for the minister of the town to make her true confession: which was of reiterated acts of sorcery. The minister did not believe her, but ascribed this confession to the devil. However, the woman persisted, and was taken out with the rest to be burnt. Just before her execution, she cried out: "Now, all you that see me this day, know that I am now to die a witch by my own confession, and I free all men, especially the ministers and magistrates, of the guilt of my blood. I take it wholly on myself. My blood be upon my own head; and as I must make answer to the God of heaven presently, I declare I am as free of witchcraft as any child; but being delated by a malicious woman, and put in prison under the name of a witch, disowned by my husband and friends, and seeing no ground of hope of my coming out of prison, or ever coming in credit again, through the temptation of the devil I made up that confession, on purpose to destroy my own life, being weary of it, and choosing rather to die than to live;" and so died. Even after Sir George Mackenzie's noble book, however, the witch-fires were still kept burning; hundreds of innocent creatures, hundreds of desperate, insane, or ruined wretches were bound to the stake and burnt to ashes, on these foul and ridiculous charges. The young, the old, the beautiful, the noble, the mean and the wealthy, all were fair game alike. For witnesses,—the testimony of a

child of eight years of age was taken against the mother; and a girl of fourteen was accused as a professed witch by a child scarce out of the cradle.

CHIP.

WHO WAS HE?

Mysteries of all kinds environ the memory of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, the proud favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He seemed peculiarly prone to placing himself in awkward predicaments by contracting marriages which, if discovered, were sure to bring upon him the wrath of his jealous and vain mistress. That he was really the husband of the unfortunate Amy Robsart, the heroine of Sir Walter Scott's inimitable novel, cannot be positively asserted; but it seems a received opinion that he was privately married, or else that he feigned a marriage to deceive the Lady Douglas Sheffield, the mother of his son, who was called Sir Robert Dudley.

The fate of this young man is peculiarly sad. During his mother's lifetime, the earl became the acknowledged husband of another lady, and it was not till after his father's death that he endeavoured to prove his legitimacy. Kenilworth Castle was left by the earl to his brother Ambrose, Earl of Warwick, for his life, but to descend on the demise of that brother to Sir Robert Dudley, whom he names in his will as his son. It happened that he came into possession in a very short time, and then, probably from some proofs he obtained, resolved to establish an undoubted right to the estates he enjoyed by his father's gift.

Scarcely had proceedings been commenced than all question was abruptly concluded by a special order of the lords and peremptory orders issued that all the depositions brought forward should be sealed up, and no copies taken without the king's special license.

Permission, or rather a command, was given to Sir Robert to travel for three years, at the end of which time, in consequence of his continued absence, the considerate King James seized his castle and estates for the use of the crown. Officers were sent down to Kenilworth to make a survey, by whom it was reported that "the like, both for strength and pleasure, and state, was not within the realm of England."

Doubtless, King James sincerely regretted that the contumacious absence of the young heir of Kenilworth should have obliged him to take charge of these estates; to show his disinterestedness he bestowed them, not on his favourite Carr, but on his son, Prince Henry, who, with his customary nobility of spirit, proclaimed his readiness to pay to the Desdichado Sir Robert, the sum of fourteen thousand five hundred pounds, for his title to the castle and domains. The death of this amiable and generous prince, the very contrast to his cold-hearted father, prevented the payment of the money, except three thousand pounds which, arrested by unworthy hands before it reached Sir Robert, never benefited him.

Kenilworth remained to the crown, and the heir was forced to exist on a pension granted him by the grand-duke of Tuscany, whose warm friendship supported him under his severe trials. He was held in high honour by foreign sovereigns, and the title of duke was bestowed on him by the Emperor Ferdinand the Second. He had married before he quitted England, a daughter of Sir Thomas Leigh, who, for some unexplained reason, remained behind in England, and died at the advanced age of ninety, adored by all her dependants.

She lies buried in the Church of Stoneleigh in Warwickshire, with her daughter, the sole solace of her long bereavement. She bears on her tomb the title of Alice, Duchess Dudley, and above her effigies, beneath a canopy, are shields of arms to which royal jealousy disputed the right of her husband.

This is a curious story, and involves much mystery. Who was Sir Robert Dudley? An entry in a manuscript, at the free school of Shrewsbury, tells of a certain son of the Earl of Leicester and Queen Elizabeth.* Was this son brought up by Lady Douglas Sheffield, whose marriage was never proved, and was the Maiden Queen, as has been suspected, in truth, privately united to her subject?

Was this the cause of her disinclination to name her successor, and was this the reason of Sir Robert's banishment? The fate of Arabella Stuart, warning the heir of Kenilworth that those who had even a distant claim to the crown were never in safety from the cruel and crafty James.

What became of those papers so carefully sealed up and not permitted to see the light? Did Overbury know of their existence? Did Prince Henry suspect their contents, and did

* This manuscript, which is well preserved and partially illuminated, once belonged to a Roman Catholic vicar of Shrewsbury, who in fifteen hundred and fifty-five was appointed to the vicarage by Queen Mary. He afterwards conformed to the Established Church, and held the living for sixty years. This vicar, who was called Sir John Dychar, might not have been friendly to the Protestant queen, and the singular entry in his hand on the margin of the book may have been a piece of malice. It is, however, remarkable that an attempt has been made to efface the entry, but unsuccessfully, the first ink being the blackest, and refusing to be overpowered by that which substituted other words, in hopes of misleading the reader. The entry runs as follows: "Henry Roids Dudley Tuther Plantagenet, filius Q. E. reg. et Robt. Comitis Leicestr." This is written at the top of the page, nearly at the beginning of the book, and at the bottom there has evidently been more; but a square piece has been cut out of the leaf, therefore the secret is effectually preserved. There is a tradition that such a personage as this mysterious son was brought up secretly at the free-school of Shrewsbury; but what became of him is not known; nor is it easy to account for this curious entry in the parish-church book of Shrewsbury.

Somerset advise the means of concealing the knowledge for ever?

The father of fair Alice, the wife of the banished Sir Robert, was Sir Thomas Leigh, Alderman of London in Elizabeth's time. He bought large estates in this part of Warwickshire, and built his house on the site of an abbey. It is a curious fact that his descendants were staunch friends of the house of Stuart, and carried their devotion to such an extent that they remained partisans up to the close of the last century, cherishing a hostile feeling towards the reigning family, and dwelling on every circumstance which recalled the memory of the old. Portraits of the Stuarts adorned their halls, memorials of the Stuarts surrounded them on every side, and they lived in solitary gloom, brooding over the fate of that ill starred race, and indifferent to the moving and advancing world beyond, by whom the Stuarts were gradually forgotten. The last lord fell into a state of moody depression, and on his death and that of his sister, the estate passed to another branch.

AN ENCUMBERED ESTATE.

Not many years ago a very large part of the soil of Ireland was under the control of the Court of Chancery. Everybody knows what an affectionate interest that venerable institution takes in all the concerns of life; how it meditates on all the conflicting relations of man and property; how it hears, inquires, ponders, doubts, and lingers. It may be easily imagined, then, with what special fitness it applies its unwieldiness to the complicated details of land management, and what blessed results must follow from the esteemed official method of doing everybody's business by deputy. The following sketch—from my own experience—of an Encumbered Estate, and how Chancery stepped in to set everything to rights, will afford an illustration of the system, and give one more representation of a phase of Irish life which, by no means new in fiction, is happily becoming more rare in actual existence.

When a mortgagee or judgment creditor wished to get in his money, the owner of the lands charged therewith being, of course, unable to pay, a bill was filed in Chancery, praying that the lands might be sold for the discharge of the debts, and that in the mean time a receiver should be appointed to collect the rents, which were to be applied, first, to the payment of costs, and secondly to keep down the interest on the encumbrances. It was a very rare circumstance indeed when any surplus remained towards the liquidation of the principal.

To prepare an estate for sale—to make out the title—to take an account of all the debts, demanded much labour and often involved serious and difficult questions of law, so that years were commonly spent on the work. The lawyers and receivers profited by the costs and expenses, and felt no temptation to hurry matters. So it has happened that receivers remained in undisturbed possession of their posts for many years; and, growing grey or dying in the service, have transmitted the office as an inheritance to their sons. During all this time, the unfortunate owners were ousted from their patrimony, and were not suffered to interfere in the management. They might sometimes attempt to expedite the progress of the litigation, but in general they were quiescent, mystified by the cloudy terrors of the law, or perhaps unwilling to provoke the too speedy investigation of a dubious title, or—which was just as likely as any other reason—being so deeply encumbered as to be without interest in- and consequently indifferent as to what became of—the estate. If, moreover, the owner, as was sometimes the case, was allowed to retain possession of the dwelling-house and a few acres of land, he became as interested in delay as was every one concerned except the creditors, who, however, in the former state of the law could not help themselves. The measure for the sale of Encumbered Estates in Ireland, and other changes, have removed many of the impediments here hinted at, and have thereby not a little contributed to the present and growing prosperity of that country.

I was once induced to become the receiver for a property in Tipperary by a friendly attorney, who being concerned for the plaintiff in the cause, stipulated with me that I should appoint him my solicitor: also a species of plurality now prohibited, but at that time common, and productive of much abuse. My duties, according to his representation, would be of a light and pleasant nature, affording the opportunity of making a little money by the agreeable method of a summer excursion to a pretty country. It was Tipperary, to be sure, but this estate was of quite an exceptional character, and the Tipperary boys, after all, were not so very black as it was the fashion to paint them.

Careless, and full of confidence, I set forth to introduce myself to the tenantry, who received m with great respect. As I left each cottage the inmates accompanied me to the next, and when I arrived at a remote part of the lands, more than a mile from the road, I found myself surrounded by forty or fifty stalwart specimens of that wild peasantry whose evil reputation had spread over Europe. Smiles and words of welcome met me wherever I turned; yet their glance was bold, and implied, I fancied, a conscious pride of their prowess and their fame. They looked dangerous, in short, and I deemed it prudent for the present to suppress the lofty and severe discourse which I had prepared upon the duties of tenants, the rights of pro-

perty, and the dread powers of the Court of Chancery; inviting them to meet me for the despatch of business, in the neighbouring town on the morrow, I dismissed the assembly with a few conciliatory words, which were received with applause and complimentary phrases, which have as much meaning in low as in polite society. "May your honour live long to reign over us," and "It is easy to know the real gentleman," were current flatteries with these proficients in blarney.

On the next day a few brought money,—many brought only excuses, which were either palpably false or seemed very like defiance; some of the tenants did not appear; but, all who came had a story of grievance and oppression suffered at the hands of their deposed landlord.

Mr. Rigg was still a young man, having inherited the estate from his father while a child. Reared in utter idleness, without education, and in the unrestrained indulgence of every boyish caprice, he no sooner obtained full possession of his property than he launched into the wildest excesses of folly and extravagance. Having quickly dissipated the savings of a long minority, he borrowed largely on mortgages and judgments; in a few years, becoming unable to raise more money in this way, and sorely pressed by accumulated embarrassments, he had recourse to the last shifts of a cruel and unscrupulous ingenuity. He started points of law, broke leases, and raised the rents, which he insisted on being paid to the day, although a hanging gale was the usage of the country; and if the tenants were not up to time, he distrained without a day's delay and without notice. He persuaded them to lend him money, and when rent-day came round would allow no credit for the loan, but would compel them to pay or would levy a distress without mercy. His horses and cattle trespassed in their fields, and he freely helped himself to whatever pleased him of their property. So matters went on for two or three years, the landlord becoming more and more deeply involved, his life more degraded and his resources more desperate; for, as the tenants became poorer, they grew more cunning, as well as sullen and fierce, and it was neither so profitable nor so easy to cheat and bully them as before. Seeing that these things took place in Tipperary, the marvel is that the harried and plundered peasants did not turn on their oppressor. Examples were not wanting in their close neighbourhood of a terrible vengeance for a tenant's wrongs. But whether it was that the agrarian code had not yet attained to that hellish perfection at which it afterwards arrived, or that a lingering spark of personal affection prompted their forbearance, it is a remarkable fact that they never made any open resistance to his outrages, and never by any overt act resented them; and although many of his proceedings were notoriously illegal, not one of the unfortunate people ever went to law with the master. Indeed, the probability is, that so sneaking an attempt would have been indignantly reprobated by the body of the tenantry. It was commonly supposed also, that a chosen band of the most reckless spirits watched over the safety of the landlord; and this circumstance, or the prevalent belief of it, may have deterred any hostile enterprise.

Like the farmers and peasantry of other countries, the Irish are great lovers of field sports; Mr. Rigg was ardent in the pursuit of every species of game. A debt incurred for topboots and other hunting gear was the nucleus of the large encumbrance which was the immediate cause or instrument of his ruin; the plaintiff in the cause of Toby versus Rigg, being a celebrated bootmaker and money-lender. Almost to the last, Mr. Rigg kept horses and hounds; and near the close of his career of dissipation, it happened more than once, while he had no dinner to eat and none to help him, that he being on his keeping, that is, hiding from the process of the court, his favourite hunter, which he could not bring himself to part with, was plentifully but stealthily supplied with oats by the tenants; and his dogs were brought home to their cottages and shared their children's meals. Their landlord had spent his boyhood amongst them; they had catered for, and been the companions of his amusements, for in the field he was free and joyous as in business he was morose and harsh. A community of enjoyment is a strong bond of attachment, and its influence never wholly faded away from the minds of the rough but kindly peasants. Master John, they called their patron in the wild days of his youth; and the same familiar and affectionate style of Master John they continued, even when most embittered against him for his oppression.

It would be hopeless to attempt a description of the confusion into which the property had been brought by Mr. Rigg's extraordinary system of management. The boundaries of the farms were unsettled; the lands were full of squatters, many of whom had formerly been tenants and had been ejected by the landlord. These interlopers of course paid no rent, and were omitted from the rental, or list of tenants and farms, which the owner gave in for my use and guidance as receiver. This document also contained a statement of the arrears of rent due, and, as might be expected, made no mention of the monies which many of the tenants had advanced in the name or under the pretence of fines and loans; and in most cases there was a suppression of the agreement to grant leases in consideration of these advances. Utterly vain was the effort to arrange such complicated accounts, or to reconcile the reclamations of the tenants with the obstinate demands of the landlord.

In those days the Court of Chancery seldom abated rents, or remitted arrears, and was slow to adopt any unusual steps in the conduct of the affairs of an estate, unless with the consent of the inheritor, or owner. In this case, the inheritor would consent to nothing; with a proper amount of vigour and activity on the part of the receiver, all arrears could easily be got in. After this hint of what I was to expect if I should betray a weak compassion for the poor tenants, or any sickly distaste for the task appointed me of grinding them to the dust, I steeled my resolution and buckled on my armour for the crusade against the rebellious vassals of Riggballyrann.

Passive resistance was the order of the day throughout the estate. Not only those were recusants, who had reason to think they had been cheated or oppressed; but, the few who had no real grievance to allege, taking advantage of the general disorder, set up fictitious claims, and played to admiration the obstreperous martyr to landlord cruelty. For two years the contest raged, maintained on one side by a whole army of bailiffs and other minions of the law, by perpetual seizures of crops and cattle, public cants or sales by auction, by civil bill-processes (actions in the County Court), and by writs of attachment issuing from Chancery,—and obstinately encountered on the other part by rescues, hiding from the officers of justice, making away with crops by night, by the occasional thrashing of an unlucky bailiff after making him dine on his own process, and by the exercise of every species of evasion, in all the manifold varieties of trickery, which the native ingenuity of Tipperary-boys and the practised craft of quarter-sessions attorneys could suggest. A certain excitement was not wanting to this chaos of embroilment; but after a while, the inglorious strife began to weary me, and I was disgusted by the loss of time and the smallness of profit; for the amount of rent received was small, and the labour was considerable. Meanwhile, the expenses to the estate were very great, for, in addition to the forces kept on foot and parallel with the movements in the field, a series of proceedings was carried on in the Master's Office in Dublin, by the machinery of what are called statements of facts, containing reports of our doings in the country, and recommendations of new measures to be adopted. These often provoked opposition from the owner or the creditors; and numerous attendances and much debates ensued, to the huge pleasure and advantage of the professional gentlemen engaged.

There were five brothers named Martin, occupying, on a remote part of the property, as many farms, which originally formed one holding of about one hundred and forty acres, and had been in possession of their father under a lease from Mr. Rigg's predecessor. This lease, Mr. Rigg cancelled, alleging that the division amongst the five sons had wrought a forfeiture. He considerably increased the rents, and then promised them separate leases, provided each paid him in advance a sum equal to a year's rent, which was to be allowed in the last year of the term. Having received the money, he evaded the execution of the leases, and distrained regularly every half-year for the rent. In his sworn rental, he entered them as tenants from year to year, and made no mention of the promised leases or of the sums which they had advanced; and when asked by me for an explanation, he repudiated the transaction altogether, declaring, that the money had been given for the goodwill on their entering their farms. The receipts were so vaguely worded as to throw no light on the matter; the old lease had been given up to the landlord, who destroyed it, and the unfortunate Martins had no documentary evidence of the agreement. They refused to pay any rent, unless the leases were granted, which the Court could not do; or unless they were repaid their advances, which Mr. Rigg neither would nor could do. And so they were left to the mercy of the law, and the extreme rigour of the Court, which it was my duty to enforce.

These Martins were all tall and athletic men, with dark eyes and a quick and lively expression. They were above the order of peasants, and two of them were the handsomest specimens I had seen of that physically noble race. The beauty of their children was quite remarkable, and the occasional gifts of pence and toys, which I bestowed on them, quickly won their favour, which was not without its influence on the parents, with whom I was more popular than the unpleasant nature of my business with them led me to expect. On my first visit, I was warmly received; they hoped now to have justice; they told me their story, expressing a wish to live at peace, for they had been sorely harassed. Nevertheless, they would pay no rent, as they had not got the leases, nor been allowed the money they had advanced. I distrained the corn in their haggards; but, in order to save the expense of bailiffs and keepers, they were persuaded to give security for its production on the day of sale. The auction was attended only by themselves and a few neighbours, who bought at fair prices, of course, in trust for the Martins, and all passed off quietly. They had not yet abandoned all hopes of a settlement, and were unwilling prematurely to provoke a rupture.

Six months afterwards, having failed to arrange their accounts, the landlord refusing to yield, I paid the Martins another visit, and found them civil, but on the subject of rent intractable. They would never pay a penny, nor give up their farms—I might do as I pleased. There was an ominous air of pre-

paration and precaution about them; the houses were closely shut up; the doors and windows were fastened, and were opened only on my word of honour that I would not distrain. Look-out men were posted at the stiles and on the slope of the hill to pass the signal of any hostile demonstration; and the cattle had been driven off the lands. Finding the Martins inexorable, I gave them notice that I must proceed to extremities; and coming on the next day with bailiffs, I seized whatever we could lay hands on, which was but little in addition to the growing crops, which at that time might be taken in distress. On this occasion keepers were placed in charge until the sale could take place, fourteen days later. They slept on their post, were made drunk, and the neighbours assembled, and, by the light of a brilliant harvest moon, reaped the corn and carried it off the lands, where I could not follow it; although rumour and suspicion traced it to the barns of a certain justice of the peace, living not far away, and who scarcely thought it necessary to deny his complicity in this contempt of law. The thing was notorious enough, but evidence could not be obtained, though matter was gleaned to furnish another statement of facts and another bill of costs.

The auction of what goods were left was attended by crowds of people, plainly bent on preventing any purchases being made; and accordingly the lots were, one after the other, knocked down for a few pence to friends of the Martins, and of course for them. I made one or two biddings on my own account; but, finding myself declared the buyer, for ten shillings, of a huge clamp of turf (or peat) about a quarter of a mile long, which it would be impossible to dispose of, I gave up speculation, and let things take their course. The sale barely paid the expenses, and clearly showed the determination of the people to back the Martins in their contumacy.

This sketch would be imperfect if it did not contain some notice of the peculiar class of bailiffs, keepers, or sheriff's-men, which these agrarian wars created and fostered. You might as well paint the knight without his squire, as separate the receiver and his bailiff. I was obliged to employ several of these gentry. The principal of the gang was a young man of a tall and slight figure, but wiry and athletic. His arms were of unusual length, muscular, and strong; his eyes were bloodshot, and had a stealthy look which avoided your gaze, but with any excitement they would flash with a cruel and dangerous expression. He had been recommended to me as the greatest ruffian in Tipperary. Indeed, none but a ruffian could efficiently perform the duties required of him; and his fidelity was in some measure assured by the fear and detestation with which he was regarded by the people. Rumour ascribed to him many desperate and ruthless deeds; and he was supposed to feel little scruple to shed blood in self-defence, or in the execution of his orders. Having once been set upon, he slew one of his assailants, and wounded two or three more. Such was the fame of this and other exploits, and such the terror of his prowess, that this man, hated as he was, could pass alone and unmolested by day or night through the most disturbed districts; as the crowd retired from his path in the market-place, a grim pride in the awe which his presence inspired would kindle a baleful light in his eye, at which the bystanders would shudderingly cross themselves. He had no associates except his near relatives and his professional colleagues, and was not afraid to occupy a lonely cottage in a wood, half a mile from the town, and without another habitation near. At the time I made his acquaintance he was, I suspect, becoming weary of this estrangement from his kind, and was not unwilling to come to terms with those whom he had hitherto despised and defied. I fancy there was an understanding between him and the peasantry, by virtue of which he played into their hands, and gave them secret information. Yet when extreme measures could no longer be evaded, or if his blood was up, the fierce and savage spirit revived within him, and he was as reckless and as cruel as of old. While in my employment, however, I believe he consistently betrayed me throughout; and although opportunities were not wanting, he did not display that daring and animosity to the peasant class which had made his reputation. I felt he was not to be depended on, in a moment of danger.

One of the Martins had struck and frightened away a keeper, and his offence having been duly reported in a statement of facts, writ of attachment, nominally for non-payment of his rent, issued against him; and, by dint of much pressing and threatening, the dilatory sheriff was at length successful in arresting him. On being brought before the magistrates at petty session, they thought proper to let him go without bail, on his promise to appear on a future day. Peter, however, neither paid his rent nor obeyed the summons to go to gaol; whereupon the constabulary were ordered to take him; but they were not over-zealous in their search, and gave me to understand that they had positively ascertained he had left the country. Shortly afterwards, however, in one of my visits to the lands, I observed the fugitive riding leisurely along the slope of the opposite hill, about a quarter of a mile off. Returning hastily to the town, I informed the sub-inspector of police of what I had seen, and called upon him to do his duty, warning him of the serious consequences of further neglecting the orders of the Court. With some confusion and prodigious bustle, he summoned his horse and a party of his men,

and galloped away in pursuit: but the bird had flown. Peter fled in earnest this time, and was never seen again in the neighbourhood.

We had wholly failed to subdue the contumacy of the tenants. No rent was paid; and the writs and orders of the Court of Chancery were disregarded, not only by the peasantry, but by the magistrates and police alike. Whether this was owing to the slow and unwieldy nature of the powers of the Court, or from sympathy with the tenants, and dislike of such a character as Mr. Rigg, it is not easy to determine. The Master, however, was of opinion—on a new statement of facts, and after much discussion by counsel for all parties in the suit—that such systematic and continued disobedience and contempt of authority demanded unusual remedies. He therefore directed a case to be laid before the attorney-general, who advised that the receiver should report the misconduct of the constabulary to the authorities at the Castle, and that I should bring an action against the magistrates who had discharged the prisoner without bail. I flatly refused to do either the one or the other. It was my business to collect the rents; and trouble and danger enough did this bring me, without thrusting my hand into another hornets' nest. Were I to attack the police and magistrates, as suggested, they would, of course, become deeply interested in probing and sifting every part of my proceedings, to discover some flaw or irregularity which might release them from responsibility, and overwhelm me. However, on its being represented to the Master that the contemplated proceedings would be expensive, and that there were no funds available, he authorised me to wait until I should get in some money; but we always so timed our statement of facts, and so calculated the costs, that there never was a penny in hand for so dangerous an object.

The affair, however, began to look serious. The creditors had not yet been paid a fraction, the tenants were in open rebellion, and the unprofitable contest seemed likely to last for ages. There was much grumbling amongst the parties to the cause; the owner and others talked of holding the receiver accountable; and my sureties becoming uneasy, besought me to resign the office. This was now neither safe nor practicable. It was necessary that I should first signalise my zeal by some strenuous effort, which should disarm opposition and bring me in triumph "through the office."

Meditating a coup-de-main, I set out once more for the country. The tenantry were prepared for me, and as soon as I arrived in the neighbourhood, messengers (as I afterwards learned) scampered off in all directions with the news. I followed immediately with my bailiffs. A portion of the estate covered the slopes of two gently rising hills, which commanded a view of the road that ran in the bottom of the valley. No sooner were our cars descried, though still a mile distant, than horns began to blow, and men were seen hastening to the spot from all sides. We dashed on with speed, but were only in time to see men on horses, without saddle or bridle, riding wildly about the fields, and driving the cattle madly before them. The ploughman left his plough in the furrow; the carter abandoned his vehicle in the lane; mounting their beasts in hot haste, they all galloped away. We found solitude and deep stillness, where all had been life and hurry a minute before. The houses were shut up, and not a soul was to be seen; we withdrew, baulked in our enterprise, and crest-fallen at our failure.

Next day I left the town, allowing the report to circulate that I had returned to Dublin. Making a considerable circuit, I reached another town about ten miles distant, where I remained quiet for four or five days. Setting out on the sixth day at sunrise, I met a strong force of bailiffs and helpers, by appointment. It was a lovely summer's morning when we drew near the lands, not by the high-road, but across the fields at the bottom of the hill, where an enemy's approach would be least expected. All was still in the landscape; the smoke of the lighting fires in the houses rose high and straight in the dewy air; the cattle thickly studded the pastures, and a rich booty seemed at last within our toils. Spreading my men across the meadows, some scores of fine cows and oxen were speedily collected together and driven along a boreen, or by-road, which led from the bog to the highway. In less than half-an-hour we were within a hundred yards of the road, and were congratulating ourselves on a complete and easy success, when suddenly the rude blast of a horn smote our ears, followed by loud cries and screams; we then beheld the houses burst open, and men and women rushing forth, many of them half-dressed, and scrambling down the steep hills to place themselves in front of the herd, where they were about to debouch on the road. Hastening to the van, I found a mob blocking up the path, and with voice and sticks turning back the cattle, which, pressed both in front and rear, became frantic with terror, and, rushing madly to and fro, overturned some of the drivers, and in spite of all our efforts contrived to escape by plunging through the hedges or leaping over the walls which lined the lane. A huge fellow, with a face as black as a smith's ought to be, and in his shirt, was conspicuous as he roved about, wielding a great club and bellowing like a bull of Bashan. Accosting him, I said he was committing a breach of the peace, and menaced him with the penalties of the law.

"To hell with you and the law," was his sole reply, as he whirled his stick around his

head. I saw it descending on my skull, and gave myself up for lost, when the wife of Tim Martin, who from the top of the wall had been vociferously abusing us, suddenly jumped from her perch, and pushed aside my giant assailant, so that his mighty stroke fell on the empty air.

"Mind the black heifer, Simon," she cried to the blacksmith, "she'll be out on the road. While he went off in chace of the wanderer, Mrs. Martin seized me by the arm, and leading me through a gap in the opposite hedge, whispered, "Be off with you, sir, be off with you; some of these strangers will kill you; we can't be sure of them, you know, sir, and it's better for you to go at once."

She seemed anxious to convince me that none of the people who knew me would do me any harm, but this forbearance did not extend to my men, against whom the women were very violent. Lining the walls and ditches, they waved their arms and shouted at the cattle, then turned to scold us with every epithet that rage suggested. Some of them had stones tied up in the corners of their aprons, with which they gave one or two of the bailiffs smart blows enough. Indeed, the latter were particularly afraid of these Amazons, and fled without shame from the sweep of the loaded apron. The horns blew without ceasing; many shots were fired, and the crowd continued to increase. The cattle were hopelessly dispersed, galloping wildly across the country, still urged by terror. Seeing that my force was too small to cope with the angry people and unwilling to provoke a further collision, which might lead to bloodshed, I followed the advice of my protectress, who still remained near me on the safer side of the ditch, and collecting my men I retired across the fields, amid the jeers and hooting of the crowd, and pursued by a shower of stones, and a general discharge of fire-arms.

We went at once to the nearest justice of peace, and lodged informations for the assault and rescue. The valiant chief bailiff made an affidavit breathing fire and slaughter. The mob, according to him, consisted of several hundreds, roaring for our blood; many shots, he swore, were aimed at me; he saw them putting pebbles taken from the ground into their guns, instead of balls; and two bleeding heads, and three or four limping legs amongst the helpers gave the affair a very serious aspect, so that much correspondence ensued between the magistrates, the police, and the Castle.

But, nothing came of it, and not one of the people ever suffered punishment for his share in the illegal proceedings of that day. This impunity was doubtless due to the remarkable blindness of my men, who, although living in the neighbourhood, and necessarily knowing the whole population well, never saw or recognised the faces of any of the rioters. Even those with whom they had closely grappled and struggled were so disguised that their mothers would not know them. They could only remember the names of the women who were making peace, and they could not, or would not, identify one of the rioters. Simon the smith I might recognise, but he kept out of the way, and the threatened prosecutions fell to the ground.

As for me, I had done enough. One more triumphant statement of facts, describing my adventure, in language as glowing as the technical nature of these crabbed documents would admit, and enlarging on the peril I had incurred in the discharge of my duty, and in vindicating the authority of the Court, put to silence the cavils and the grumbling of the discontented creditors and the angry inheritor, and even won a panegyric on my zeal from the caustic old Master. In the éclat of this success, I obtained leave to resign the receivership at the expense of the estate, and went no more to Riggballyrann.

The Martins, as I afterwards heard, held out for two years longer; and then the five families went to America with the money which should have gone to the landlord, or rather to his creditors, aided by the considerable sums, amounting to three or four years' rent, which they received for the good-will, or tenant-right of their farms from other tenants of the lands, who themselves paid no rent; and, who, while thus purchasing new acquisitions, pleaded poverty as the excuse for their default. The property became more and more steeped in pauperism and disorder, until at length it was cleared out by famine and emigration. It was ultimately sold in the Encumbered Estates Court, for about one third of its value, and has since become distinguished for tranquillity and good farming. Mr. Rigg has vanished, no one can tell where; his name, and family, and I trust his example, are now unknown in Tipperary.

BOULOGNE WOOD.

The Bois de Boulogne is now the most beautiful park possessed by the Parisians. It is situated to the north of the capital, at the distance of about a mile from the Barrière de l'Etoile.

The Forest of Rouvray, a portion of which is now called the Bois de Boulogne, was, of old, a small peninsula formed by an arm of the river Seine. Although the first official recognition of its existence appeared in a document issued by Louis the Eleventh, appointing Olivier le Daim, his barber, Grand Master of the Woods and Forests of France, the Forest of Rouvray holds a prominent place in the chronicles of prior kings. As far back as the commencement of the thirteenth century, several rich citizens of Paris resolved (as two train-loads did only the other day) to expiate their sins by making a pilgrimage to a chapel

containing a celebrated image of the Virgin at Boulogne-sur-Mer. On their return, wishing to hand down to posterity a remembrance of their pious zeal, they determined to build a chapel on a site possessed by one of them in the Forest of Rouvray, exactly similar to the one they had visited. On application to the king, the royal permission was speedily granted. When the chapel was built, the immense concourse of pilgrims made it necessary to provide accommodation for them in the vicinity. A little village arose in course of time, and received the name of Boulogne. Charles the Fifth, a few years afterwards, had summer residences built for himself and court at a short distance from Autolium, on the side nearest to Paris. This group of houses formed the nucleus of the village of Passy. From its proximity to the capital, and on account of the excellent hunting ground it afforded, the Forest of Rouvray became one of the favourite resorts of successive French kings. Chateaux were built and roads were made for their convenience and pleasure. Gradually, the three little villages increased in size, to the diminution of the forest; which at length was reduced to the proportions of a wood, with the name of the Bois de Boulogne.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the first monarch who made plantations in the Bois de Boulogne. The green of pines, firs, cedars, cypresses, and junipers was arranged to contrast agreeably in winter with the brown solemnity of oaks, elms, and limes, and the silvery bark of beeches. The wall which surrounded the wood was rebuilt, and keepers were appointed to drive away footpads and vagabonds. During the successive occupations of Paris by the allies in eighteen hundred and fourteen and fifteen, nearly all the trees in the Bois de Boulogne were cut down and used as fire-wood. In June, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, the Bois de Boulogne was given over by the state to the city of Paris, on condition that it should be made into a park, and at least two millions of francs spent, within four years, upon its embellishment. Napoleon the Third, it is said, drew out a plan of the alterations, and confided its execution to M. Varé, a celebrated French landscape gardener: leaving him full liberty, however, to modify it if necessary. We shall presently see with what success their labours have been attended.

The most important edifice in the Forest of Rouvray for many centuries was the Convent of Longchamps. This convent was founded in the year twelve hundred and sixty by Isabella, the sister of Louis the Ninth. At her death, which occurred in twelve hundred and seventy, she was dressed in the robe of Saint François and buried in the chapel of the convent. Saint Louis followed Isabella to the grave, and afterwards delivered a discourse full of condolence for the loss which the community had sustained. Agnès d'Harcourt, the third Abbess of Longchamps, published the life of Isabella, and declared that numerous miraculous cures had been effected through her intercession. The announcement of these miracles attracted immense crowds to Longchamps for more than two centuries, and the belief in them became so universal that Pope Leon the Tenth declared Isabella beatified by a bull dated the third of January, fifteen hundred and twenty-one. Soon afterwards, the body was exhumed, and it became a part of the religious duty of all good Christians to pay an annual visit, and present an annual offering at the shrine of Sainte Isabella. Thus originated the celebrated pilgrimages to Longchamps, which were rigorously kept up until about the middle of the last century. When the convent began to be neglected, the nuns announced, as a means of rekindling the religious ardour of the Parisians, that the first singers of the opera would chant sacred music every Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in Easter week. The plan succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations; and for many years the chapel was always crowded on the three appointed days. At length the singing was prohibited by the Archbishop of Paris, and the convent closed to the public. The Parisians, however, having become used to the Easter pilgrimages, determined to keep them up in their own way. With an eye to business, on which they would have been mercilessly sarcastic if the English had shown it, they changed the pious pilgrimages to Longchamps Abbey into gay promenades to Longchamps for the display of the spring fashions. In seventeen hundred and eighty-five, an Englishman appeared at Longchamps in a silver carriage, sparkling with precious stones, and drawn by horses shod with silver. This was the signal for the most extravagant display of wealth ever witnessed in the French capital. As a natural sequence, the Reign of Terror came, and the Convent of Longchamps was destroyed, and the priests and nuns put to death. The promenades, nevertheless, were revived under Napoléon the First, and have been continued ever since.

The Champs Elysées, the Avenue de l'Impératrice, and the Route de Longechamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, still present an animated appearance on the days of promenades. The roads are crowded with vehicles of every description; aristocratic carriages occupied by ladies in the most fantastically beautiful toilets; cabs and hired vehicles filled with milliners and mantua-makers, dressed up to exhibit the spring modes and novelties; advertising vans painted in the loudest colours; and cars decorated with gaudy ribbons, or tastefully festooned with flowers. The pedestrians lounge about and criticise the passers-by, while flower-girls with early violets, and marchands de coco, and plaisir, circulate through the crowd. The carriages merely go to the site of the ancient convent—which

is marked by the picturesque ruin of a windmill, and return by the same route.

Not far from Longchamps, on the northern side, stands the beautiful park and chateau of Bagatelle. This residence was originally a small pavilion belonging to Mademoiselle de Charolois, the daughter of Louis, Prince de Conde. At her death, Bagatelle passed into the hands of the Count d'Artois, one of the brothers of Louis the Sixteenth. He had the pavilion pulled down, and a miniature palace built in its stead, which cost him six hundred thousand francs, or twenty-four thousand pounds. The count laid a wager, it is said, of one hundred thousand francs with the Queen Marie Antoinette, that his chateau would be built in one month. He won the bet. Bagatelle received the well-merited name of La Folie d'Artois. It escaped destruction during the Revolution of seventeen hundred and ninety-three, and is now the property of the Marquis of Hertford.

Near the northern entrance to the Bois de Boulogne there is a public establishment called Madrid. It stands on the ground formerly occupied by le chateau de Faience (the delph castle), which was built by François the First, and received its name because the exterior was made of porcelain The front was ornamented with several rich enamels by Bernardin de Palissy, and the chateau was noted for the splendid collection of pictures and statues with which it was filled. Henry the Third caused this beautiful residence to be turned into a menagerie for wild beasts, which fought bulls for his amusement. One night, however, his majesty dreamed that the wild beasts intended to devour him ; and next morning, he ordered them all to be killed. In seventeen hundred and ninety-three, the porcelain chateau was sold to a company who undertook to demolish it. The beautiful enamels of Bernardin de Palissy were sold to a pavior, and made into cement ! Happily, a few fragments of the porcelain were preserved, and served as models when the chateau was reconstructed a few years since. The finest oak in the Bois de Boulogne stands opposite Madrid.

At the back of Madrid is a group of handsome villas, enclosed in pretty gardens, called St. James. They have been erected on the site of an extravagantly beautiful summer residence, built by the famous treasurer of the Marine, Bandard de Saint James. He surrounded his mansion with magnificent gardens, on which he squandered enormous sums of money. A single rock is said to have cost sixty thousand pounds, and to have required forty horses to carry the smallest block. Bandard de Saint James failed for one million pounds, and was imprisoned in the Bastile, where he died in great misery. Saint James, with its pretty cottages and gardens, looks like an isolated bit of Saint John's Wood.

To the east of the Bois de Boulogne, and the north of Passy, a muette, or hunting-box, was erected for the accommodation of Charles the Ninth, on his return from hunting. The first balloon ascension in France took place in seventeen hundred and eighty-three, in the gardens of La Muette, in presence of the king and queen. Soon after a monster banquet was given in the park by the city of Paris, to twenty thousand delegates from the departments on the occasion of the Confederation. During the Reign of Terror, the chateau de la Muette was destroyed; and, in eighteen hundred and twenty-three, the park and gardens were sold to Sébastien Erard, the piano-forte maker. M. Erard had a handsome mansion built, and the gardens restored to their former beauty. The green sward, the white statuary, and the many-coloured flowers around this beautiful residence, still form a lovely coup d'œil from the gate of La Muette in the Bois de Boulogne.

At a short distance from La Muette, on the left-hand side, there is a place of amusement called Ranelagh. Its history is somewhat curious. In seventeen hundred and seventy-three, one of the lodge-keepers of the Bois de Boulogne, named Morison, obtained permission of the Prince de Soubise, governor of the chateau de la Muette, to erect a building —in imitation of the one built by Lord Ranelagh on the banks of the Thames—which was to contain a café, a restaurant, a ball-room, and a theatre. It was opened with great success on the twenty-fifth of July, seventeen hundred and seventy-four. Five years afterwards, the grand master of the rivers and forests of the environs of Paris, imagining that his rights had been infringed by the permission, issued a decree commanding Morison, on pain of the galleys, to destroy all the works which he had constructed in the Bois de Boulogne. Morison immediately applied to the king; who, in a few days, revoked the decree, and allowed Ranelagh to be reopened with great splendour. This was the most brilliant epoch in its history. A society composed of a hundred members founded a weekly ball, which was extensively patronised by the Parisians. The Queen Marie Antoinette, several times honoured the ball with her presence during her stay at La Muette. When the Revolution came, Morison, after struggling for some time with adversity, was compelled to sell his furniture to pay his debts. Under the Directory, a few young coxcombs attempted to revive the ball ; but the people became jealous, the dancers were insulted and menaced, finally arrested, and the ball-room taken possession of by a battalion of guards. Ranelagh was then definitively closed until the overthrow of the Directory by Napoleon, when it became once more the rendezvous of the notorieties of the time. Among others, Ranelagh produced Trenitz the dancer, who has given his name to one of the figures of the quadrille. During the

occupation by the allies, Ranelagh was converted successively into stables and an hospital. Not long afterwards, the building was completely destroyed by a storm. At the restoration, the proprietor had to plead six years for permission to rebuild it. When, at length, he obtained an authorisation, the establishment was speedily reopened, on a scale of great magnificence, under the patronage of the Duchess de Berry, and has flourished ever since.

The recent improvements in the Bois de Boulogne, consist principally in the introduction of water into the wood, by the formation of a river, a lake, and several large and small ponds. The river is situated at a short distance from the Porte Dauphine, and extends along the wood in an easterly direction. In the middle of the river there are two islands joined to each other by a picturesque bridge made of rocks. These islands are laid out with green grassplats, sandy serpentine paths, and immense patches of gorgeous flowers. Peeping out from among the trees are grottoes, summer-houses, Swiss cottages, and romantic ruins. Pretty boats trimmed with green and yellow cloth, and gaily decorated with tricolor flags, form the only mode of conveyance to the islands. On the banks of the river there are landing-places, and seats made of rocks and carved wood. Narrow footpaths, bordered by green banks and surrounded by broad carriage-drives, lead to the source of the river; which has been made into a splendid waterfall. Separated only by the width of a road from the river, is the silent lake, where water-lilies spread their calices to the sun, and swarms of little fish flit under the water. Near the end of the lake a mound has been formed, which commands a view over the whole of the Bois de Boulogne and its environs. To the right of the river and the lake artificial streams meander with innumerable windings, and are spanned here and there by fantastic bridges festooned with ivy, which are reflected in the limpid water. On both sides there are overhanging trees, green seats, and shady bowers, which afford an agreeable shelter from the sun in midsummer. Where the streams slacken their course, innumerable whirligigs (gyrinidæ) skim just under the surface. These streams lead to Longchamps, where they widen into three small lakes. By the side of these lakes two race-courses have been formed, one two thousand and the other four thousand mètres long. Opposite to them a mound has been raised commanding a magnificent view over the race-course, and the immense panorama which stretches from the banks of the Seine, from Mount Valerien and St. Cloud to the village of Passy and the Arc de Triomphe. The Bois de Boulogne has been cut up and intersected with new roads, with a view to prevent its being the scene of duels and suicides, which were formerly very frequent occurrences. There is, indeed, a tree near the gate of La Muette which is called l'arbre des pendus—the tree of the hanged—but, from henceforth, the horrors will be driven away, it is hoped, at least, as far as to the Bois de Vincennes.

In several parts of the Bois de Boulogne, immense tracts of land have been converted into beautiful, green, grassy prairies. One of these has been inclosed, and made into a pleasure garden, and received the name of Pré Catelan,—Catelan's Prairie. The grounds are laid out in spacious lawns, intersected by carriage-drives and gravel-walks, with here and there beds and banks of lovely flowers. There is a café, a reading-room, a photographic establishment, a telegraphic electrical machine, by means of which two persons can converse at a distance, a concert-room, several puppet-shows, and various other amusements. Eighty thousand trees and shrubs have been distributed in clusters over the garden, which is brilliantly illuminated every evening with coloured lamps.

Pré Catelan derives its name from a broken cross standing near its principal entrance, which marks the site of a lamentable tragedy enacted in the Forest of Rouvray towards the end of the thirteenth century. During the reign of Philippe le Bel of France there lived, at the court of Beatrix of Savoy Countess of Provence, a wandering minstrel, named Arnaud Catelan. As Catelan was the most celebrated troubadour of his epoch, the French king wished to attract him to his court, and sent a letter to Beatrix begging her to allow Catelan to come and spend a few months in Paris. Beatrix gave her consent immediately, and the troubadour, highly flattered by the invitation, set out upon his journey, accompanied by a servant to carry his baggage. On arriving in Paris he was told that the king was staying at the manor of Passy, and desired him to proceed thither. Catelan resumed his journey, hoping to reach Passy before nightfall. When he arrived at the outskirts of the Forest of Rouvray he met a company of soldiers, whose captain informed him they had been sent by the king to protect him. The shades of evening were closing in fast as they continued their march, Catelan walking in front conversing with the captain, while his servant followed with the soldiers. Suddenly the captain said to Catelan:

"Çà messire, your servant carries a hamper which seems too great a load for him. Is it very heavy?"

"Oh, yes," replied the troubadour, with pride, "it is full of presents for his majesty."

A few minutes afterwards the captain stopped and whispered something to the lieutenant. The night came on dark, cold, and windy, and Catelan remarked that, instead of keeping on the outskirts, as he had been told to do, he was led into the thickest part of the forest. When they reached the spot where

the cross now stands, the captain drew his sword, and killed Catelan with a single blow, and the soldiers simultaneously surrounded the servant and massacred him. The murderers unpacked the hamper, but, to their surprise, found in it only bottles of liquors and perfumes. Although dreadfully disappointed they divided the spoil, and returned to the king, saying, Catelan was nowhere to be found. The next day Philippe ordered a search to be made in the forest, and after some time the two bodies were found in a pool of blood. The king was deeply afflicted at the murder, and caused the corpses to be buried on the spot, and a stone cross about twenty feet high erected over the grave.

A few months afterwards the captain presented himself at court perfumed with a scent which was manufactured only in Provence. This excited the king's suspicions. He caused inquiries to be made, and was soon informed that several had been found drunk with liquors from Provence in their possession. Investigations were immediately made; the apartments of the captain and his men were searched; and the result was the discovery of a hamper marked with the arms of Catelan, and several bottles of Provençal liquors and perfumes. The evidence was sufficient to bring home their guilt to the murderers, who were speedily tried and burnt to death at a slow fire.

TRACKS IN THE BUSH.

A STOCKMAN in my employment was, not many years ago, missing from a cattle station distant from Sydney about two hundred and thirty miles. The man had gone one afternoon in search of a horse that had strayed. Not having returned at night or the next morning, the natural conclusion was that he had been lost in the bush. I, at once, called in the aid of the blacks, and, attended by two European servants (stockmen), headed the expedition. The chief difficulty lay in getting on the man's track; and several hours were spent before this important object was accomplished. The savages exhibited some ingenuity even in this. They described large circles round the hut whence the man had taken his departure, and kept on extending them until they were satisfied they had the proper footprints. The track once found, half a dozen of the blacks went off like a pack of hounds. Now and then, in the dense forest through which we wandered in our search, there was a check, in consequence of the extreme dryness of the ground; or the wind had blown about the fallen leaves of the gigantic gum-trees, which abound in those regions; but, for the most part, the course was straight on end.

We had provided ourselves with flour, salt beef, tea, sugar, blankets and other personal comforts. These were carried on a horse which a small black boy, of about fourteen years of age, rode in our rear.

On the first day we continued our search until the sun had gone down, and then pitched our camp and waited for day-light. With their tomahawks the blacks stripped off large sheets of bark from the gum-trees, and cut down a few saplings. With these we made a hut; at the opening of which we lighted a fire, partly for boiling the water for tea, and partly for the purpose of keeping off the musquitoes. During the night, we had a very heavy storm of lightning and thunder, accompanied by torrents of rain. This, I fancied, would render the tracking even more difficult, as the rain was sufficiently heavy to wash out the footprints of a man, had any such footprints been previously perceptible. When the sun arose, however, the blacks, seemingly without difficulty, took up the track and followed it at the rate of two and a half miles an hour until noon, when we halted to take some rest and refreshments. The foot of civilised man had never before trodden in that wild region; which was peopled only with the kangaroo, the emu, the opossum, and wild cat. The stillness was awful; and, ever and anon, the blacks would cooey (a hail peculiar to the savages of New-Holland, which may be heard several miles off), but—and we listened each time with intense anxiety—there was no response.

At about half-past three in the afternoon of the second day we came to a spot, where the blacks expressed, by gestures, that the missing stockman had sat down; and in confirmation of their statement, they pointed to a stone, which had evidently been lately removed from its original place. I enquired, by gestures, whether we were near the lost man; but the blacks shook their heads and held up two fingers, from which I gleaned that two days had elapsed since the man had been there. At five we came to another spot where the missing stockman had laid down, and here we found his short pipe broken. It would be difficult to describe the satisfaction with which I eyed this piece of man's handywork. It refreshed my confidence in the natives' power of tracking, and made me the more eager to pursue the search with rapidity. By promises of large rewards, I quickened their movements, and we travelled at the rate of four miles an hour. We now came upon a soil covered with immense boulders. This, I fancied, would impede, if not destroy the track; but this was not the case. It is true, we could not travel so fast over these large round stones; but the blacks never once halted, except when they came to a spot where they satisfied me the stockman himself had rested. None but those who have been in search of a fellow-creature under similar circumstances can conceive the anxiety which such a search creates. I could not help placing myself in the position of the unhappy man, who was roaming about as one

blindfolded, and probably hoping on even in the face of despair. Again we came to a forest of huge gum-trees.

At times, the gestures of the blacks, while following the footprints of the stockman, indicated to me that he had been running. At other times, they imitated the languid movements of a weary and footsore traveller. They knew exactly the pace at which the poor fellow had wandered about in those untrodden wilds; and now and then, while following in his wake and imitating him, they would laugh merrily. They were not a little amused that I should be angry at, and rebuke such a demonstration.

The sun went down, and our second day's search was ended. Again we pitched our camp and lighted fires. We had now travelled about thirty miles from the station, and the blacks, who had now got beyond the precincts of their district, became fearful of meeting with some strange tribe, who would destroy them and myself. Indeed, if I and my European companions had not been armed with a gun each, and a plentiful supply of ammunition, my sable guides would have refused to proceed any further.

All night long I lay awake, imagining, hoping, fearing, and praying for day-light; which at last dawned. Onward we went through a magnificent country, beautifully wooded, and well watered by streams and covered with luxuriant pasture.—all waste land, in the strictest sense of the term. At about ten we came to a valley in which grew a number of wattle-trees. From these trees, a gum, resembling gum arabic in all its properties, exudes in the warm season The blacks pointed to the branches, from which this gum had recently been stripped, and indicated that the man had eaten of a pink grub, as large as a silk-worm, which lives in the bark of the wattle-tree. Luckily he had with him a clasp-knife, with which he had contrived to dig out these grubs; which the blacks assured me were a dainty; but I was not tempted to try them.

On again putting the question to the blacks, whether we were near the man of whom we were in search, they shook their heads and held up two fingers. We now came to a clear shallow stream, in which the blacks informed me by gestures that the missing man had bathed; but he had not crossed the stream, as his track lay on the bank we had approached.

After travelling along this bank for about three miles, we came to a huge swamp into which the stream flowed, and ended. Here the footprints were plainly discernible even by myself and my European companions. I examined them carefully, and was pained to find that they confirmed the opinion of the blacks, namely, that they were not fresh. Presently we found the man's boots. These had become too heavy for him to walk in, and too inconvenient to carry, and he had cast them off. Not far from the boots was a red cotton handkerchief, which he had worn round his neck on leaving the station. This, too, he had found too hot to wear in that oppressive weather, and had therefore discarded it.

Following the track, we came to a forest of white gum-trees. The bark of these trees is the colour of cream, and the surface is as smooth as glass. On the rind of one of these trees the man had carved, with his knife, the following words:—

"Oh God, have mercy upon me.—T. B."

How fervent and sincere must have been this prayer in the heart, to admit of the hand carving it upon that tree!

Towards evening we came to a tract of country as barren as the desert between Cairo and Suez; but the soil was not sandy, and it was covered with stones of unequal size. Here the miraculous power of the black man's eye astounded us more than ever. The reader must bear in mind that the lost man was now walking barefooted and tenderfooted, and would naturally pick his way as lightly and as cautiously as possible. Nevertheless, the savage tracked his course with scarcely a halt.

Again the sun went down, and again we formed our little camp, on the slope of a hill, at the foot of which lay a lagoon, literally covered with wild ducks and black swans. Some of these birds we shot for food, as it was now a matter of prudence, if not of necessity, to husband the flour and meat we had brought with us.

Another sunrise, and we pursued our journey. Towards noon we came to a belt of small mountains composed chiefly of black lime-stone. Here the blacks faltered; and, after a long and animated discussion amongst themselves—not one word of which I understood—they signified to me that they had lost the track and could proceed no further. This I was not disposed to believe, and imperatively signalled them to go on. They refused. I then had recourse to promises, kind words, smiles, and encouraging gestures. They were still recusant. I then loaded my gun with ball, and requested the stockmen to do the like. I threatened the blacks that I would shoot them, if they did not take up the track and pursue it. This alarmed them; and, after another discussion amongst themselves, they obeyed me, but reluctantly and sullenly. One of the stockmen, with much foresight, suggested that we ought to make sure of two out of the six black fellows; for, if they had a chance, they would probably escape and leave us to perish in the wilds; and, without their aid we could never retrace our steps to the station. I at once acted on this suggestion, and bound two of the best of them together by the arms, and carried the end of the cord in my right hand.

At four in the afternoon we had crossed this belt of low mountains, and came upon a tract of country which resembled a well-kept park in England. We were all so greatly fatigued that we were compelled to halt for the night. Great as was my longing to proceed—a longing not a little whetted by the fact that the blacks now held up only one finger, in order to express that the object of our search was only one day in advance of us.

At midnight the four blacks, who were not bound, and who were in a rude hut a few yards distant, came to the opening of my tenement and bade me listen. I did listen, and heard a sound resembling the beating of the waves against the sea-shore. I explained to them, as well as I possibly could, that the noise was that of the wind coming through the leaves of the trees. This, however, they refused to believe, for there was scarcely a breath of air stirring.

"Can it be that we are near the sea-coast?" I asked myself; and the noise, which every moment became more distinctly audible, seemed to reply, "yes."

The morning dawned, and to my intense disappointment, I discovered that the four unbound blacks had decamped. They had, no doubt, retraced their steps by the road they had come. The remaining two were now put upon the track, and not for a single moment did I relinquish my hold of the cord. To a certainty, they would have escaped, had we not kept a tight hand upon them. Any attempt to reason with them would have been absurd. Fortunately, the boy who had charge of the horse had been faithful, and had remained.

As the day advanced and we proceeded onward, the sound of the waves beating against the shore became more and more distinct, and the terror of the guides increased proportionately. We were, however, some miles from the ocean, and did not see it until four in the afternoon. The faces of the blacks, when they gazed on the great water, of which they had never formed even the most remote conception, presented a scene which would have been worthy of some great painter's observation.

It was a clear day, not a cloud to be seen in the firmament; but the wind was high, and the dark blue billows were crested with a milk-white foam. It was from an eminence of some three hundred feet that we looked upon them. With their keen black eyes protruding from their sockets, their nostrils distended, their huge mouths wide open, their long matted hair in disorder, their hands held aloft, their bodies half-crouching and half-struggling to maintain an erect position; unable to move backward or forward; the perspiration streaming from every pore of their unclothed skin; speechless, motionless, amazed and terrified; the two inland savages stood paralysed at what they saw. The boy, although astounded, was not afraid.

Precious as was time, I would not disturb their reverie. For ten minutes their eyes were riveted on the sea. By slow degrees their countenances exhibited that the original terror was receding from their hearts; and then they breathed hard, as men do after some violent exertion. They then looked at each other and at us; and, as though reconciled to the miraculous appearance of the deep, they again contemplated the billows with a smile which gradually grew into a loud and meaningless laugh.

On the rocky spot upon which we were standing, one of the blacks pointed to his own knees; and placed his forefinger on two spots close to each other. Hence I concluded that the lost man had knelt down there in prayer. I invariably carried about with me, in the bush of Australia, a pocket-magnifying-glass for the purpose of lighting a pipe or a fire; and, with this glass, I carefully examined the spots indicated by the blacks. But I could see nothing—not the faintest outline of an imprint on that piece of hard stone. Either they tried to deceive us, or their powers of perception were indeed miraculous.

After a brief while we continued our search. The lost man had wandered along the perpendicular cliffs, keeping the ocean in sight. We followed his every step until the sun went down; then halted for the night and secured our guides, over whom, as usual, we alternately kept a very strict watch.

During the night we suffered severely from thirst, and when morning dawned we were compelled to leave the track for a while, and search for water. Providentially we were successful. A cavity in one of the rocks had been filled by the recent rain. Out of this basin, our horse also drank his fill.

I may here mention a few peculiarities of the colonial stock-horse. Wherever a man can make his way, so can this quadruped. He becomes, in point of sure-footedness, like a mule, and in nimbleness like a goat, after a few years of servitude in cattle-tending. He will walk down a ravine as steep as the roof of a house, or up a hill that is almost perpendicular. Through the dense brushwood he will push his way with his head, just as the elephant does. He takes to the water like a Newfoundland dog, and swims a river as a matter of course. To fatigue he seems insensible, and, can do with the smallest amount of provender. The way in which the old horse which accompanied me in the expedition, I am describing, got down and got up some of the places which lay in our track would have astounded every person who, like us, had not previously witnessed similar performances.

We pushed on at a speedy pace, and, to my great joy, the blacks now represented that the (to me invisible) footprints were very fresh, and the missing man not far

ahead of us. Every place where he had halted, sat down, or lain down, or stayed to drink, was pointed out. Presently we came to an opening in the cliffs which led to the sea-shore, where we found a beautiful bay of immense length. Here I no longer required the aid of the savages in tracking; on the sand from which the waves had receded a few hours previously were plainly visible the imprints of naked feet. The blacks, who had no idea of salt-water laid themselves down on their stomachs, for the purpose of taking a hearty draught. The first mouthful, however, satisfied them; and then wondered as much at the taste of the ocean as they had wondered at the sight thereof.

After walking several miles, the rising of the tide and the bluff character of the coast induced us to avail ourselves of the first opening in the cliffs, and ascend to the high land. It was with indescribable pain, I reflected that the approaching waves would obliterate the foot-prints then upon the sand, and that the thread which we had followed up to that moment, would certainly be snapped. The faculty possessed by the blacks had defied the wind and the rain; the earth and the rocks had been unable to conceal from the sight of the savage the precise places where the foot of civilised man had trod; but the ocean, even in his repose, makes all men acknowledge his might! We wandered, along the cliffs, cooeying from time to time, and listening for a response; but none came, even upon the acutely sensitive ears of the savages. A little before sunset, we came to another opening, leading down to a bay; and here the track of the lost man was again found He had ascended and pursued his way along the cliffs. We followed until the light failed, and we were compelled to halt. Before doing so we cooeyed in concert, and discharged the fowling-pieces several times, but without effect.

It rained during the night; but ceased before the day had dawned, and we resumed our journey. After an hour's walk, we came upon another opening, and descended to the water's edge; which was skirted by a sandy beach, and extended as far as the eye could compass. Here, too, I could dispense with the aid of the blacks, and followed on the track as fast as possible. Indeed, I and my companions frequently ran. Presently, the lost man's footsteps diverged from the sandy shore, and took to the high land. We had proceeded more than a mile and a half, when the black boy, who was mounted on the horse and following close at my heels, called, "Him! him!" and pointing to a figure, about seventy yards distant, stretched upon the grass beneath the shade of a wild fig-tree, and near a stream of fresh water. I recognised at once the stockman; but the question was, Was he living or dead? Having commanded the party to remain where they stood, I approached the body upon tiptoe. The man was not dead, but in a profound slumber, from which I would not awake him. His countenance was pale and haggard, but his breathing was loud and natural. I beckoned the party to approach, and then placed my fore-finger on my lips, as a signal that they were to keep silence. Within an hour the man awoke, and stared wildly around him. When he saw us, he was under the impression that he had not been lost; but that, while searching for the horse, he had felt weary, laid down, slept, and had dreamed all that had really happened to him. Thus, there was no sudden shock of unexpected good fortune; the effects of which upon him I at first dreaded.

According to the number of days that we had been travelling, and the pace at which we had travelled, I computed that we had walked about one hundred and thirty-five miles; but, according to a map which I consulted, we were not more than eighty miles distant, in a direct line, from the station. On our way back, it was most distressing to observe the emotions of the stockman when he came to, or remembered the places where he had rested, eaten, drank, or slept, during his hopeless wanderings through the wilds of the wildest country in the known world. The wattle-trees from which he had stripped the gum, the stream in which he had bathed, the swamp where he had discarded his boots, the tree on which he had carved his prayer,—the spot where he had broken his pipe,—that very spot upon which he first felt that he was lost in the bush—these and the poignant sufferings he had undergone had so great an effect upon him, that by the time he returned to the station his intellect entirely deserted him. He, however, partly recovered; but—sometimes better, sometimes worse—in a few months it became necessary to have him removed to the government lunatic asylum.

Published at the Office No 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N° 384.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1857. {Price 2d. / Stamped 3d.

CURIOUS MISPRINT IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Edinburgh Review, in an article in its last number on "The License of Modern Novelists," is angry with Mr. Dickens and other modern novelists, for not confining themselves to the mere amusement of their readers, and for testifying in their works that they seriously feel the interest of true Englishmen in the welfare and honor of their country. To them should be left the making of easy occasional books for idle young gentlemen and ladies to take up and lay down on sofas, drawing-room tables, and window-seats; to the Edinburgh Review should be reserved the settlement of all social and political questions, and the strangulation of all complainers. Mr. Thackeray may write upon Snobs, but there must be none in the superior government departments. There is no positive objection to Mr. Reade having to do, in a Platonic way, with a Scottish fishwoman or so; but he must by no means connect himself with Prison Discipline. That is the inalienable property of official personages; and, until Mr. Reade can show that he has so much a-year, paid quarterly, for understanding (or not understanding) the subject, it is none of his, and it is impossible that he can be allowed to deal with it.

The name of Mr. Dickens is at the head of this page, and the hand of Mr. Dickens writes this paper. He will shelter himself under no affectation of being any one else, in having a few words of earnest but temperate remonstrance with the Edinburgh Review, before pointing out its curious misprint. Temperate, for the honor of Literature; temperate, because of the great services which the Edinburgh Review has rendered in its time to good literature, and good government; temperate, in remembrance of the loving affection of Jeffrey, the friendship of Sydney Smith, and the faithful sympathy of both.

The License of Modern Novelists is a taking title. But it suggests another,—the License of Modern Reviewers. Mr. Dickens's libel on the wonderfully exact and vigorous English government, which is always ready for any emergency, and which, as everybody knows, has never shown itself to be at all feeble at a pinch within the memory of men, is License in a novelist. Will the Edinburgh Review forgive Mr. Dickens for taking the liberty to point out what is License in a Reviewer?

> "Even the catastrophe in 'Little Dorrit' is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient period."

Thus, the Reviewer. The Novelist begs to ask him whether there is no License in his writing those words and stating that assumption as a truth, when any man accustomed to the critical examination of a book cannot fail, attentively turning over the pages of Little Dorrit, to observe that that catastrophe is carefully prepared for from the very first presentation of the old house in the story; that when Rigaud, the man who is crushed by the fall of the house, first enters it (hundreds of pages before the end), he is beset by a mysterious fear and shuddering; that the rotten and crazy state of the house is laboriously kept before the reader, whenever the house is shown; that the way to the demolition of the man and the house together, is paved all through the book with a painful minuteness and reiterated care of preparation, the necessity of which (in order that the thread may be kept in the reader's mind through nearly two years), is one of the adverse incidents of that social form of publication? It may be nothing to the question that Mr. Dickens now publicly declares, on his word and honor, that that catastrophe was written, was engraven on steel, was printed, had passed through the hands of compositors, readers for the press, and pressmen, and was in type and in proof in the Printing House of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, before the accident in Tottenham Court Road occurred. But, it is much to the question that an honourable reviewer might have easily traced this out in the internal evidence of the book itself, before he stated, for a fact, what is utterly and entirely, in every particular and respect, untrue. More; if the Editor of the Edinburgh Review (unbending from the severe official duties of a blameless branch of the Circumlocution Office) had happened to condescend to cast his eye on the passage, and had referred even its mechanical probabilities and improbabilities to his pub-

lishers, those experienced gentlemen must have warned him that he was getting into danger; must have told him that on a comparison of dates, and with a reference to the number printed of Little Dorrit, with that very incident illustrated, and to the date of the publication of the completed book in a volume, they hardly perceived how Mr. Dickens *could* have waited, with such a desperate Micawberism, for a fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, to get him out of his difficulties, and yet could have come up to time with the needful punctuality. Does the Edinburgh Review make no charges at random? Does it live in a blue and yellow glass house, and yet throw such big stones over the roof? Will the licensed Reviewer apologize to the licensed Novelist, for *his* little Circumlocution Office? Will he "examine the justice" of his own "general charges," as well as Mr. Dickens's? Will he apply his own words to himself, and come to the conclusion that it really is, "a little curious to consider what qualifications a man ought to possess, before he could with any kind of propriety hold this language"?

The Novelist now proceeds to the Reviewer's curious misprint. The Reviewer, in his laudation of the great official departments, and in his indignant denial of there being any trace of a Circumlocution Office to be detected among them all, begs to know, "what does Mr. Dickens think of the whole organisation of the Post Office, and of the system of cheap Postage?" Taking St. Martins-le-grand in tow, the wrathful Circumlocution steamer, puffing at Mr. Dickens to crush him with all the weight of that first-rate vessel, demands, "to take a single and well-known example, how does he account for the career of MR. ROWLAND HILL? A gentleman in a private and not very conspicuous position, writes a pamphlet recommending what amounted to a revolution in a most important department of the Government. Did the Circumlocution Office neglect him, traduce him, break his heart, and ruin his fortune? They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out, and yet this is the government which Mr Dickens declares to be a sworn foe to talent, and a systematic enemy to ingenuity."

The curious misprint, here, is the name of Mr. Rowland Hill. Some other and perfectly different name must have been sent to the printer. Mr. Rowland Hill!! Why, if Mr. Rowland Hill were not, in toughness, a man of a hundred thousand; if he had not had in the struggles of his career a stedfastness of purpose overriding all sensitiveness, and steadily staring grim despair out of countenance, the Circumlocution Office would have made a dead man of him long and long ago. Mr. Dickens, among his other darings, dares to state, that the Circumlocution Office most heartily hated Mr. Rowland Hill; that the Circumlocution Office most characteristically opposed him as long as opposition was in any way possible; that the Circumlocution Office would have been most devoutly glad if it could have harried Mr. Rowland Hill's soul out of his body, and consigned him and his troublesome penny project to the grave together.

Mr. Rowland Hill!! Now, see the impossibility of Mr. Rowland Hill being the name which the Edinburgh Review sent to the printer. It may have relied on the forbearance of Mr. Dickens towards living gentlemen, for his being mute on a mighty job that was jobbed in that very Post-Office when Mr. Rowland Hill was *taboo* there, and it shall not rely upon his courtesy in vain: though there be breezes on the southern side of mid-Strand, London, in which the scent of it is yet strong on quarter-days. But, the Edinburgh Review never can have put up Mr. Rowland Hill for the putting down of Mr. Dickens's idle fiction of a Circumlocution Office. The "license" would have been too great, the absurdity would have been too transparent, the Circumlocution Office dictation and partizanship would have been much too manifest.

"The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out." The words are clearly not applicable to Mr. Rowland Hill. Does the Reviewer remember the history of Mr. Rowland Hill's scheme? The Novelist does, and will state it here, exactly; in spite of its being one of the eternal decrees that the Reviewer, in virtue of his license, shall know everything, and that the Novelist in virtue of *his* license, shall know nothing.

Mr. Rowland Hill published his pamphlet on the establishment of one uniform penny postage, in the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who had long been opposed to the then existing Post-Office system, moved for a Committee on the subject. Its appointment was opposed by the Government—or, let us say, the Circumlocution Office—but was afterwards conceded. Before that Committee, the Circumlocution Office and Mr. Rowland Hill were perpetually in conflict on questions of fact; and it invariably turned out that Mr. Rowland Hill was always right in his facts, and that the Circumlocution Office was always wrong. Even on so plain a point as the average number of letters at that very time passing through the Post Office, Mr. Rowland Hill was right, and the Circumlocution Office was wrong.

Says the Edinburgh Review, in what it calls a "general" way, "The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme." Did it? Not just then, certainly; for, nothing whatever was done, arising out of the enquiries of that Committee. But, it happened that the Whig Government afterwards came to be beaten on the Jamaica question, by reason of the Radi-

cals voting against them. Sir Robert Peel was commanded to form a Government, but failed, in consequence of the difficulties that arose (our readers will remember them) about the Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Ladies of the Bedchamber brought the Whigs in again, and then the Radicals (being always for the destruction of everything) made it one of the conditions of their rendering their support to the new Whig Government that the penny postage system should be adopted This was two years after the appointment of the Committee: that is to say, in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. The Circumlocution Office had, to that time, done nothing towards the penny postage, but oppose, delay, contradict, and show itself uniformly wrong

"They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out" Of course they gave him the leading share in carrying it out, then, at the time when they adopted it, and took the credit and popularity of it? Not so In eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, Mr Rowland Hill was appointed—not to the Post Office, but to the Treasury Was he appointed to the Treasury to carry out his own scheme? No He was appointed "to advise" In other words, to instruct the ignorant Circumlocution Office how to do without him, if it by any means could On the tenth of January, eighteen hundred and forty, the penny-postage system was adopted Then, of course, the Circumlocution Office gave Mr Rowland Hill "the leading share in carrying it out"? Not exactly, but it gave him the leading share in carrying himself out for, in eighteen hundred and forty-two, it summarily dismissed Mr Rowland Hill altogether!

When the Circumlocution Office had come to that pass in its patriotic course, so much admired by the Edinburgh Review, of protecting and patronizing Mr Rowland Hill whom any child who is not a Novelist can perceive to have been its peculiar *protégé*, the public mind (always perverse) became much excited on the subject Sir Thomas Wilde moved for another Committee Circumlocution Office interposed Nothing was done. The public subscribed and presented to Mr. Rowland Hill, Sixteen Thousand Pounds. Circumlocution Office remained true to itself and its functions Did nothing, would do nothing. It was not until eighteen hundred and forty-six, four years afterwards, that Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed to a place in the Post Office. Was he appointed, even then, to the "leading share in carrying out" his scheme? He was permitted to creep into the Post Office up the back stairs, through having a place created for him. This post of dignity and honor, this Circumlocution Office crown, was called "Secretary to the Post-Master General;" there being already a Secretary to the Post Office, of whom the Circumlocution Office had declared, as its reason for dismissing Mr. Rowland Hill, that his functions and Mr. Rowland Hill's could not be made to harmonize.

They did not harmonize. They were in perpetual discord. Penny postage is but one reform of a number of Post Office reforms effected by Mr. Rowland Hill; and these, for eight years longer, were thwarted and opposed by the Circumlocution Office, tooth and nail It was not until eighteen hundred and fifty-four, fourteen years after the appointment of Mr Wallace's Committee, that Mr Rowland Hill (having, as was openly stated at the time, threatened to resign and to give his reasons for doing so), was at last made sole Secretary at the Post Office, and the inharmonious secretary (of whom no more shall be said) was otherwise disposed of It is only since that date of eighteen hundred and fifty four, that such reforms as the amalgamation of the general and district posts, the division of London into ten towns, the earlier delivery of letters all over the country, the book and parcels post, the increase of letter-receiving houses everywhere, and the management of the Post Office with a greatly increased efficiency, have been brought about by Mr Rowland Hill for the public benefit and the public convenience

If the Edinburgh Review could seriously want to know "how Mr Dickens accounts for the career of Mr Rowland Hill," Mr Dickens would account for it by his being a Birmingham man of such imperturbable steadiness and strength of purpose, that the Circumlocution Office, by its utmost endeavours, very freely tried, could not weaken his determination, sharpen his razor, or break his heart By his being a man in whose behalf the public gallantry was roused, and the public spirit awakened By his having a project, in its nature so plainly and directly tending to the immediate benefit of every man, woman, and child in the State, that the Circumlocution Office could not blind them, though it could for a time cripple it. By his having thus, from the first to the last, made his way in spite of the Circumlocution Office, and dealt against it as his natural enemy.

But, the name is evidently a curious misprint and an unfortunate mistake. The Novelist will await the Reviewer's correction of the press, and substitution of the right name

Will the Edinburgh Review also take its next opportunity of manfully expressing its regret that in too distempered a zeal for the Circumlocution Office, it has been betrayed, as to that Tottenham Court Road assertion, into a hasty substitution of untruth for truth; the discredit of which, it might have saved itself, if it had been sufficiently cool and considerate to be simply just? It will, too possibly, have much to do by that time in championing its Circumlocution Office in new triumphs on the voyage out to India (God knows that the Novelist has his private as

well as his public reasons for writing that foreboding with no triumphant heart); but even party occupation, the reviewer's license, or the editorial plural, does not absolve a gentleman from a gentleman's duty, a gentleman's restraint, and a gentleman's generosity.

Mr. Dickens will willingly do his best to "account for" any new case of Circumlocution Office protection that the Review may make a gauntlet of. He may be trusted to do so, he hopes, with a just respect for the Review, for himself, and for his calling, beyond the sound, healthy, legitimate uses and influences of which, he has no purpose to serve, and no ambition in life to gratify.

A REMARKABLE REVOLUTION.

A REVOLUTION which is serious enough to overthrow a reigning sovereign—which is short enough to last only nine hours—and which is peaceable enough to begin and end without the taking of a single life or the shedding of a drop of blood, is certainly a phenomenon in the history of human affairs which is worth being carefully investigated. Such a revolution actually happened in the empire of Russia, little more than a century and a quarter ago. The narrative of its rise, its progress, and its end deserves to be made known, for there are points of interest connected with it which may claim the rare attraction of novelty, while they possess at the same time the indispensable historical merit of being founded on a plain and recognisable basis of truth.

Let us begin by inquiring into the state of affairs by which this remarkable revolution was produced.

We start with a famous Russian character—Peter the Great. His son, who may be not unfairly distinguished, as Peter the Small, died in the year seventeen hundred and thirty. With his death, the political difficulties arose, which ended in the easy pulling down of one sovereign ruler at midnight and the easy setting up of another by nine o'clock the next morning.

Besides the son whom he left to succeed him, Peter the Great had a daughter, whose title was princess, and whose name was Elizabeth. Peter's wife, the famous Empress Catherine, being a far-seeing woman, made a will which contained the expression of her wishes in regard to the succession to the throne, and which plainly and properly designated the Princess Elizabeth (there being no Salic law in Russia) as the reigning sovereign to be chosen after the death of her brother, Peter the Small. Nothing, apparently, could be more plain and straightforward than the course to be followed, at that time, in appointing a new ruler over the Russian people.

But there happened to be living at Court two noblemen — Prince d'Olgorowki and Count Osterman—who had an interest of their own in complicating the affairs connected with the succession. These two distinguished personages had possessed considerable power and authority under the feeble reign of Peter the Small, and they knew enough of his sister's resolute and self-reliant character to entertain considerable doubts as to what might become of their court position and their political privileges after the Princess Elizabeth was seated on the throne. Accordingly they lost no time in nominating a rival candidate of their own choosing, whom they dexterously raised to the Imperial dignity, before there was time for the partisans of the Princess Elizabeth to question the authority under which they acted, much less to oppose the execution of it with the slightest chance of success. The new sovereign, thus unjustly invested with power, was a woman—Anne, Dowager Duchess of Courland—and the pretence under which Prince d'Olgorowki and Count Osterman proclaimed her as Empress of Russia, was that Peter the Small had confidentially communicated to them, on his death-bed, a desire that the Dowager Duchess should be chosen as the sovereign to succeed him.

The principal result of the Dowager Duchess's occupation of the throne was the additional complication of the political affairs of Russia. The new empress had an eye to the advancement of her family; and, among the other relatives for whom she provided, was a niece, named Catherine. By the wise management of the empress, this young lady was married to the Prince of Brunswick, brother-in-law of the King of Prussia. The first child born of the marriage was a boy named Ivan. Before he had reached the age of two years, his mother's aunt, the Empress, died; and, when her will was opened, it was discovered, to the amazement of everyone, that she had appointed this child to succeed her on the throne of Russia.

The private motive which led the empress to take this extraordinary course, was her desire to place the sovereign power in the hands of one of the favourites, the Duke de Biren, by nominating that nobleman as the guardian of the infant Ivan. To accomplish this purpose, she had not only slighted the legitimate claims of Peter the Great's daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, but had also entirely overlooked the interests of Ivan's mother, who naturally felt that she had a right to ascend the throne, as the nearest relation of the deceased empress and the mother of the child, who was designated as the future emperor. To the bewilderment and dissatisfaction thus produced, a further element of confusion was added by the total incapacity of the Duke de Biren to occupy creditably the post of authority which had been assigned to him. Before he had been long in office, he gave way alto-

gether under the double responsibility of guiding the affairs of Russia and directing the education of the future emperor. Ivan's mother saw the chance of asserting her rights which the weakness of the duke afforded to her. She was a resolute woman, and she seized her opportunity by banishing Biren to Siberia, and taking his place as Regent of the Empire and guardian of her infant son.

Such was the result, thus far, of the great scramble for the crown which began with the death of the son of Peter the Great. Such was the position of affairs in Russia at the time when the revolution broke out.

Through all the contentions which distracted the country, the Princess Elizabeth lived in the retirement of her own palace, waiting secretly, patiently, and vigilantly for the fit opportunity of asserting her rights. She was, in every sense of the word, a remarkable woman, and she numbered two remarkable men among the adherents of her cause. One was the French ambassador at the Court of Russia, the Marquis de la Chétardie. The other was the surgeon of Elizabeth's household, a German, named Lestoc. The Frenchman had money to spend, the German had brains to plot. Both were men of tried courage and resolute will, and both were destined to take the foremost places in the coming struggle. It is certainly not the least curious circumstance in the extraordinary revolution which we are now about to describe, that it was planned and carried out by two foreigners. In the struggle for the Russian throne, the natives of the Russian soil were used only as instruments to be handled and directed at the pleasure of the French ambassador and the German surgeon.

The Marquis and Lestoc, watching the signs of the times, arrived at the conclusion that the period of the banishment of the Duke de Biren and of the assumption of the supreme power by the mother of Ivan, was also the period for effecting the revolution which was to place the Princess Elizabeth on the throne of her ancestors. The dissatisfaction in Russia had, by this time, spread widely among all classes. The people chafed under a despotism inflicted on them by foreigners. The native nobility felt outraged by their exclusion from privileges which had been conceded to their order under former reigns, before the aliens from Courland had seized on the reins of power. The army was for the most part to be depended on to answer any bold appeal that might be made to it, in favour of the daughter of Peter the Great. With these chances in their favour, the Frenchman and the German set themselves to the work of organising the scattered elements of discontent. The Marquis opened his well-filled purse; and Surgeon Lestoc prowled about the city and the palace with watchful eyes, with persuasive tongue, with delicately-bribing hands. The great point to be achieved was to tamper successfully with the regiment on duty at the palace; and this was skilfully and quickly accomplished by Lestoc. In the course of a few days only, he contrived to make sure of all the considerable officers of the regiment, and of certain picked men from the ranks besides. On counting heads, the members of the military conspiracy thus organised came to thirty-three. Exactly the same number of men had once plotted the overthrow of Julius Cæsar, and had succeeded in the attempt.

Matters had proceeded thus far when the suspicions of the Duchess Regent (that being the title which Ivan's mother had now assumed) were suddenly excited, without the slightest apparent cause to arouse them. Nothing dangerous had been openly attempted as yet, and not one of the conspirators had betrayed the secret. Nevertheless the Duchess Regent began to doubt, and, one morning, she astonished and alarmed the marquis and Lestoc by sending, without any previous warning, for the Princess Elizabeth, and by addressing a series of searching questions to her at a private interview. Fortunately for the success of the plot, the daughter of Peter the Great was more than a match for the Duchess Regent. From first to last Elizabeth proved herself equal to the dangerous situation in which she was placed. The Duchess discovered nothing, and the heads of the thirty-three conspirators remained safe on their shoulders.

This piece of good fortune operated on the cunning and resolute Lestoc as a warning to make haste. Between the danger of waiting to mature the conspiracy, and the risk of letting it break out abruptly before the organisation of it was complete, he chose the latter alternative. The Marquis agreed with him that it was best to venture everything, before there was time for the suspicions of the Duchess to be renewed, and the Princess Elizabeth, on her part, was perfectly ready to be guided by the advice of her two trusty adherents. The fifteenth of January, seventeen hundred and forty-one, had been the day originally fixed for the breaking out of the revolution. Lestoc now advanced the period for making the great attempt by nine days. On the night of the sixth of January the Duchess Regent and the Princess Elizabeth were to change places, and the throne of Russia was to become once more the inheritance of the family of Peter the Great.

Between nine and ten o'clock, on the night of the sixth, Surgeon Lestoc strolled out, with careless serenity on his face, and devouring anxiety at his heart, to play his accustomed game of billiards at a French coffee-house. The stakes were ten ducats, and Lestoc did not play quite so well as usual that evening. When the clock of the coffee-house struck ten, he stopped in the middle of the game, and drew out his watch.

"I beg ten thousand pardons," he said to the gentleman with whom he was playing; "but I am afraid I must ask you to let me go before the game is done. I have a patient to see at ten o'clock, and the hour has just struck Here is a friend of mine," he continued, bringing forward one of the bystanders by the arm, "who will, with your permission, play in my place It is quite immaterial to me whether he loses or whether he wins, I am merely anxious that your game should not be interrupted. Ten thousand pardons again Nothing but the necessity of seeing a patient could have induced me to be guilty of this apparent rudeness. I wish you much pleasure, gentlemen, and I most unwillingly bid you good night"

With that polite farewell, he departed The patient whom he was going to cure was the sick Russian Empire

He got into his sledge, and drove off to the palace of the Princess Elizabeth She trembled a little when he told her quietly that the hour had come for possessing herself of the throne, but, soon recovering her spirits, dressed to go out, concealed a knife about her in case of emergency, and took her place by the side of Lestoc in the sledge The two then set forth together for the French embassy to pick up the second leader of the conspiracy

They found the Marquis alone, cool, smiling, humming a gay French tune, and quietly amusing himself by making a drawing Elizabeth and Lestoc looked over his shoulder, and the former started a little when she saw what the subject of the drawing was In the background appeared a large monastery, a grim prison-like building, with barred windows and jealously-closed gates, in the foreground were two high gibbets and two wheels of the sort used to break criminals on. The drawing was touched in with extraordinary neatness and steadiness of hand, and the marquis laughed gaily when he saw how seriously the subject represented had startled and amazed the Princess Elizabeth

"Courage, madam!" he said "I was only amusing myself by making a sketch illustrative of the future which we may all three expect if we fail in our enterprise In an hour from this time, you will be on the throne, or on your way to this ugly building" (He touched the monastery in the background of the drawing lightly with the point of his pencil) "In an hour from this time also, our worthy Lestoc and myself will either be the two luckiest men in Russia, or the two miserable criminals who are bound on these" (he touched the wheels) "and hung up afterwards on those" (he touched the gibbets). "You will pardon me, madam, for indulging in this ghastly fancy? I was always eccentric from childhood. My good Lestoc, as we seem to be quite ready, perhaps you will kindly precede us to the door, and allow me the honour of handing the Princess to the sledge?"

They left the house, laughing and chatting as carelessly as if they were a party going to the theatre. Lestoc took the reins. "To the palace of the Duchess Regent, coachman!" said the Marquis, pleasantly. And to the palace they went

They made no attempt to slip in by backdoors, but boldly drove up to the grand entrance, inside of which the guard-house was situated

"Who goes there?" cried the sentinel as they left the sledge and passed in.

The Marquis took a pinch of snuff.

"Don't you see, my good fellow?" he said. "A lady and two gentlemen"

The slightest irregularity was serious enough to alarm the guard at the Imperial palace in those critical times The sentinel presented his musket at the Marquis, and a drummer-boy who was standing near ran to his instrument and caught up his drum-sticks to beat the alarm

Before the sentinel could fire, he was surrounded by the thirty-three conspirators, and was disarmed in an instant. Before the drummer-boy could beat the alarm, the Princess Elizabeth had drawn out her knife and had stabbed—not the boy, but—the drum! These slight preliminary obstacles being thus disposed of, Lestoc and the Marquis, having the Princess between them, and being followed by their thirty three adherents, marched resolutely into the great hall of the palace, and there confronted the entire guard.

"Gentlemen," said the Marquis, "I have the honour of presenting you to your future empress, the daughter of Peter the Great"

Half the guard had been bribed by the cunning Lestoc The other half, seeing their comrades advance and pay homage to the Princess, followed the example of loyalty. Elizabeth was escorted into a room on the ground floor by a military court formed in the course of five minutes The Marquis and the faithful thirty-three went up-stairs to the sleeping apartments of the palace. Lestoc ran out, and ordered a carriage to be got ready—then joined the Marquis and the conspirators The Duchess Regent and her child were just retiring for the night when the German surgeon and the French ambassador politely informed them that they were prisoners. Entreaties were of no avail; resistance was out of the question. Both mother and son were led down to the carriage that Lestoc had ordered, and were driven off, under a strong guard, to the fortress of Riga.

The palace was secured, and the Duchess was imprisoned, but Lestoc and the Marquis had not done their night's work yet. It was necessary to make sure of three powerful personages connected with the government. Three more carriages were ordered out when the Duchess's carriage had been driven off;

and three noblemen—among them Count Osterman, the original cause of the troubles in Russia—were woke out of their first sleep with the information that they were state prisoners, and were started before daylight on their way to Siberia. At the same time the thirty-three conspirators were scattered about in every barrack-room in St. Petersburg, proclaiming Elizabeth Empress, in right of her illustrious parentage, and in the name of the Russian people. Soon after daylight, the moment the working population was beginning to be astir, the churches were occupied by trusty men under Lestoc's orders, and the oaths of fidelity to Elizabeth were administered to the willing populace as fast as they came in to morning prayers. By nine o'clock the work was done; the people were satisfied; the army was gained over; Elizabeth sat on her father's throne, unopposed, unquestioned, unstained by the shedding of a drop of blood; and Lestoc and the Marquis could rest from their labours at last, and could say to each other with literal truth, "The government of Russia has been changed in nine hours, and we two foreigners are the men who have worked the miracle!"

Such was the Russian revolution of seventeen hundred and forty one. It was not the less effectual because it had lasted but a few hours, and had been accomplished without the sacrifice of a single life. The Imperial inheritance, which it had placed in the hands of Elizabeth, was not snatched from them again. The daughter of the great Czar lived and died Empress of Russia.

And what became of the two men who had won the throne for her? The story of the after-conduct of the Marquis and Lestoc must answer that question. The events of the revolution itself are hardly more strange than the events in the lives of the French ambassador and the German surgeon, when the brief struggle was over and the change in the dynasty was accomplished.

To begin with the Marquis. He had laid the Princess Elizabeth under serious obligations to his courage and fidelity; and his services were repaid by such a reward as, in his vainest moments, he could never have dared to hope for. He had not only excited Elizabeth's gratitude, as a faithful adherent, but he had touched her heart as a man; and, as soon as she was settled quietly on the throne, she proved her admiration of his merits, his services, and himself by offering to marry him.

This proposal, which conferred on the Marquis the highest distinction in Russia, fairly turned his brain. The imperturbable man who had preserved his coolness in a situation of the deadliest danger, lost all control over himself the moment he rose to the climax of prosperity. Having obtained leave of absence from his Imperial mistress, he returned to France to ask leave from his own sovereign to marry the empress. This permission was readily granted. After receiving it, any man of ordinary discretion would have kept the fact of the Empress's partiality for him as strictly secret as possible, until it could be openly avowed on the marriage-day. Far from this, the Marquis's vanity led him to proclaim the brilliant destiny in store for him all over Paris. He commissioned the king's genealogist to construct a pedigree which should be made to show that he was not unworthy to contract a royal alliance. When the pedigree was completed he had the incredible folly to exhibit it publicly, along with the keepsakes which the Empress had given to him and the rich presents which he intended to bestow as marks of his favour on the lords and ladies of the Russian court. Nor did his imprudence end even here. When he returned to St. Petersburg, he took back with him, among the other persons comprising his train, a woman of loose character, dressed in the disguise of a page. The persons about the Russian court, whose prejudices he had never attempted to conciliate—whose envy at his success waited only for the slightest opportunity to effect his ruin—suspected the sex of the pretended page, and took good care that the report of their suspicions should penetrate gradually to the foot of the throne. It seems barely credible, but it is, nevertheless, unquestionably the fact, that the infatuated Marquis absolutely allowed the Empress an opportunity of seeing his page. Elizabeth's eye, sharpened by jealousy, penetrated instantly to the truth. Any less disgraceful insult she would probably have forgiven, but such an outrage as this no woman—especially no woman in her position—could pardon. With one momentary glance of anger and disdain, she dismissed the Marquis from her presence, and never, from that moment, saw him again.

The same evening his papers were seized, all the presents that he had received from the Empress were taken from him, and he was ordered to leave the Russian dominions for ever, within eight days' time. He was not allowed to write, or take any other means of attempting to justify himself; and, on his way back to his native country, he was followed to the frontier by certain officers of the Russian army, and there stripped, with every mark of ignominy, of all the orders of nobility, which he had received from the Imperial court. He returned to Paris a disgraced man, lived there in solitude, obscurity, and neglect for some years, and died in a state of positive want, the unknown inhabitant of one of the meanest dwellings in the whole city.

The end of Lestoc is hardly less remarkable than the end of the Marquis. In their weak points as in their strong, the characters of these two men seem to have been singularly alike. Making due allowance for

the difference in station between the German surgeon and the French ambassador, it is undeniable that Elizabeth showed her sense of the services of Lestoc as gratefully and generously as she had shown her sense of the services of the Marquis. The ex-surgeon was raised at once to the position of the chief favourite and the most powerful man about the Court. Besides the privileges which he shared equally with the highest nobles of the period, he was allowed access to the Empress on all private as well as on all public occasions. He had a perpetual right of entry into her domestic circle which was conceded to no one else; and he held a position, on days of public reception, that placed him on an eminence to which no other man in Russia could hope to attain. Such was his position, and, strange to say, it had precisely the same maddening effect on his vanity which the prospect of an imperial alliance had exercised over the vanity of the marquis. Lestoc's audacity became ungovernable: his insolence knew no bounds. He abused the privileges conferred upon him by Elizabeth's grateful regard, with such baseness and such indelicacy, that the Empress, after repeatedly cautioning him in the friendliest possible terms, found herself obliged, out of regard to her own reputation and to the remonstrances which assailed her from all the persons of her Court, to deprive him of the privilege of entry into her private apartments.

This check, instead of operating as a timely warning to Lestoc, irritated him into the commission of fresh acts of insolence, so wanton in their nature that Elizabeth at last lost all patience, and angrily reproached him with the audacious ingratitude of his behaviour. The reproach was retorted by Lestoc, who fiercely accused the Empress of forgetting the great services that he had rendered her, and declared that he would turn his back on her and her dominions, after first resenting the contumely with which he had been treated by an act of revenge that she would remember to the day of her death.

The vengeance which he had threatened proved to be the vengeance of a forger and a cheat. The banker in St. Petersburg who was charged with the duty of disbursing the sums of state money which were set apart for the Empress's use received an order, one day, to pay four hundred thousand ducats, to a certain person who was not mentioned by name, but who, it was stated, would call, with the proper credentials, to receive the money. The banker was struck by this irregular method of performing the preliminaries of an important matter of business, and he considered it to be his duty to shew the document which he had received to one of the Ministers. Secret inquiries were immediately set on foot, and they ended in the discovery that the order was a false one, and that the man who had forged it was no other than Lestoc.

For a crime of this kind the punishment was death. But the Empress had declared, on her accession, that she would sign no warrant for the taking away of life during her reign, and, moreover, she still generously remembered what she had owed in former times to Lestoc. Accordingly, she changed his punishment to a sentence of exile to Siberia, with special orders that the life of the banished man should be made as easy to him as possible. He had not passed many years in the wildernesses of Siberia, before Elizabeth's strong sense of past obligation to him, induced her still further to lighten his punishment by ordering that he should be brought back to St. Petersburg and confined in the fortress there, where her own eyes might assure her that he was treated with mercy and consideration. It is probable that she only intended this change as a prelude to the restoration of his liberty; but the future occasion for pardoning him never came. Shortly after his return to St. Petersburg, Lestoc ended his days in the prison of the fortress.

So the two leaders of the Russian revolution lived, and so they died. It has been said, and said well, that the only sure proof of a man's strength of mind is to be discovered by observing the manner in which he bears success. History shows few such remarkable examples of the truth of this axiom, as are afforded by the lives of the Marquis de la Chétardie and the German surgeon Lestoc. Two stronger men in the hour of peril and two weaker men in the hour of security have not often appeared in this world to vanquish adverse circumstances like heroes, and to be conquered like cowards afterwards by nothing but success.

OPIUM.

CHAPTER THE FIRST. INDIA.

It not unfrequently happens that—amid the storms of party, hostile divisions, bitter speeches, parliamentary disruptions, dissolved sessions, hustings' agitations, cabinet reconstructions, plausible promises—the plain facts of a large international question are little understood by the people. The present outbreak with China is not exactly an opium war, yet opium gives flavour to it, and opium chests are Pandora-boxes whence much mischief flies out to trouble the Oriental world. What opium is, and how it is used; who gave it, and where; who buy it, and why; who pay for it, and how; who fight about it, and when—are questions that we ought, for reasons presently to be shown, to be well able to answer in England, since they bear very closely on our relation with a hundred million East Indians and three hundred millions Chinese. An attempt is here made—in an

Indian chapter relating to the producers, and a Chinese chapter relating to the consumers—to give a plain account of the matter; steering clear between the merchant-bias on the one hand, and the missionary-bias on the other.

Opium, then, is a brownish substance, smoked and chewed in a manner somewhat analogous to tobacco, and to gratify a similar craving. It is the juice of the white poppy, solidified and otherwise prepared. This plant is extensively grown in Asia and Europe, sometimes for the sake of the oil contained in the seeds, sometimes for the medicinal properties of the capsules, but more generally for the peculiar opiate qualities of the juice. Although the Turks, Syrians, Egyptians, and Persians cultivate the poppy for the sake of the opium, this branch of husbandry is more especially attended to in India; not through the superior qualities of the soil or climate, but from an all-powerful money-motive, presently to be elucidated. Much care and labour are needed in preparing the ground and tending the young plants, and many sources of injury are due to fluctuation in wind, rain, and dew: hence the growth of the poppy for opium is rather precarious. In India, the cultivation takes place in the cold season, and the manuring and watering are sedulously attended to. Soon after the flowers fall, the plant is ripe for the opium harvest. The people flock to the fields in the evening, armed with crooked-bladed knives, which are employed to cut incisions in the capsules or poppy-heads, in various directions. They then retire for the night; and on resuming field-work early next morning, they find that juice has exuded through the incisions, and collected on the surface. At first it is white and milky, but the heat of the sun speedily converts it into a brown gummy mass, in which state it is scraped off. The thickened juice, in crude opium, is collected as it exudes day after day, until all has been obtained; and this total quantity is affected, not only by the whole routine of culture, but by the state of the weather during the cultivation and collecting. The produce is either simply dried; or, to equalise the quality, the whole of the day's collection is rubbed together in a mortar or similar vessel, and reduced to a homogeneous semi-fluid mass, which is then quickly dried in the shade.

At this point it becomes necessary to understand the qualities for or on account of which opium is consumed by man. We have briefly noticed the opium culture, taken in its simplest form, without regard to any other interests than those of the cultivator. But we cannot now stir a step further in the narrative, without attending to those qualities in opium that have determined the proceedings of the East India Company. The art of deriving a revenue from this commodity has been invented by the Company, and has become the basis for a vast trade between India and China. Had opium been employed merely as a medicinal drug, we should never have heard of opium-wars in the Celestial Empire; since, owing to the strength of the drug, a little would go a great way in the hands of the medical practitioner. The poppy yields morphia, narcotina, codeia, meconine, and other substances invaluable in the healing art; and it is the source whence laudanum, spirit of poppies, and a host of nostrums under the names of Godfrey's cordial, paregoric elixir, black drop, sedative liquor, Jeremie's solution, &c., derive their chief qualities. But the sick consume very little of this substance; it is by men, men hale enough to dispense with the use if they so please, that the market-supply of opium is mostly taken off. Those who do not take opium as an indulgence can form no adequate conception of the effect it produces; and must therefore be dependent on opium-eaters and smokers, or on medical writers, for information on this subject. The collectors of opium are generally pale, and affected with tremblings; and if opium be heated, the vapours mixing with the air of the room have a tendency to produce insensibility in man and the lower animals. It acts either as a stimulant or a sedative, according to the quantity taken, the frequency of repetition, and the state of the system when it is administered. M. Pereira states that, to persons unaccustomed to its use, the eating of less than a grain of opium generally produces a stimulant action; the mind is exhilarated, ideas flow more quickly, a pleasurable condition of the whole system is experienced, difficult to describe; there is a capability of greater exertion than usual; but this is followed by a diminution of muscular power, and of susceptibility to the impression of external objects; a desire of repose comes on, hunger is not felt, but thirst increases. Very soon, however, the craving increases by that which it feeds upon; the pleasurable stimulus is only renewable by increasing the dose, insomuch that a portion of a grain no longer produces the result yearned for. When the quantity reaches two or three grains at a dose, the stage of excitement is soon followed by the stage of depression; the pulse is full and rapid, then faint and slow; the skin becomes hot, the mouth and throat dry, the appetite diminished, the thirst increased, the taste of food deteriorated by nausea, the muscles enfeebled, the organs of sense dull, the ideas confused, and the inclination torpid: in short, the pleasurable stage is brief compared with the painful stage that follows it. Four grains, to a person quite unaccustomed to its use, are likely to be fatal; but to an opium-eater or smoker this is only a very moderate dose. The Turks, who in many cases take opium as a stimulant because their religion forbids the use of wine, begin with perhaps half a grain; but the mania carries them to such a length that, when the habit is fully

confirmed, two drachms or more per day are craved for. Dr. Oppenheim, in relation to these Turkish opium-eaters (who take the drug in the form of pills), says: "The effect of the opium manifests itself one or two hours after it has been taken, and lasts for four or six hours, according to the dose taken and the idiosyncracy of the subject. In persons accustomed to take it, it produces a high degree of animation, which the Theriaki (opium-eaters) represent as the acme of happiness. The habitual opium-eater is instantly recognised by his appearance. A total attenuation of body, a withered yellow countenance, a lame gait, a bending of the spine, frequently to such a degree as to assume a circular form, and glossy deep sunken eyes, betray him at the first glance. The digestive organs are in the highest degree disturbed: the sufferer eats scarcely anything; his mental and bodily powers are destroyed—he is impotent. By degrees, as the habit becomes more confirmed, his strength continues decreasing, the craving for the stimulus becomes even greater, and to produce the desired effect the dose must constantly be augmented. When the dose of two or three drachms a day no longer produces the beatific intoxication so eagerly sought, they mix the opium with corrosive sublimate, increasing the quantity till it reaches ten grains a day." Most English readers are to some extent familiar with the revelations made by De Quincy and Coleridge, corroborating this account of the terrible effects of opium-eating. As to the Chinese habit of opium-smoking, the next chapter will introduce us to it.

Now this Oriental tendency to opium-eating and smoking will furnish a clue to the past and present proceedings of the East India Company, in relation to the culture of the poppy. Just ninety years ago, Messrs. Watson and Wheeler, two civil servants of the Company at Calcutta, suggested to the Council that as India grew opium, a revenue might possibly be derived therefrom. Until that time, China had purchased no foreign opium, except a little from India, a little brought from Turkey by Portuguese merchants; but it was now thought that India might obtain a larger share in the trade. The suggestion was so far adopted as to ensure emoluments for several officers under the Government; but in the course of a few years the monopoly was taken out of the hands of those officers, and the profit of the trade assumed for the benefit of the Company, through the medium of middlemen or speculators. The system continued under the direction of the Board of Revenue, but towards the close of the century it was transferred to the Board of Trade. About the beginning of the present century the middleman, or contractor system, was abolished; Company's agents were directly appointed, and the cultivation of the poppy was strictly limited to certain defined districts in the Bengal Presidency; the plan, thus established, has been continued down to the present time, with modification in its details, but not in its principle.

Opium, then, is a rigorous monopoly of the East India Company, so far as India is concerned; and the monopoly is cherished and fostered because the Chinese are found to be ready purchasers. The Company are not the growers of the poppy, but they control the growers in an extraordinary way. Benares, Patna, and Malwa are the three provinces where the plant is grown. Leaving Malwa for special mention presently, we proceed to describe the mode in which the operations are conducted in the other two provinces. The cultivation of the poppy is prohibited, except for the purpose of selling the juice to the Company at a fixed price, at which it is received. Any cultivator willing to engage in this branch of husbandry is permitted so to do, on the condition specified; but no one is compelled, against his sense of his own interests. The price for the juice—about ninepence per pound on an average of years—is found sufficient to stimulate production. The Company will take any quantity, be the produce above or below the average. The poppy fields are measured every year, and their boundaries fixed, in order to prevent collision among those to whom they are assigned. The contract between the Company and the growers is managed through many intermediate agents—including a collector, who is a European; gomastaks, a superior class of native agents; sudder mattûs, a respectable class of landowners; village mattus, the principal inhabitants of the villages, and the ryots or peasant cultivators. According to the engagement entered into, when the poppies are ripe, immediately before the extraction of the juice, the gomastak and his assistants make a circuit of the country or district, and form by guess a probable estimate of the produce of each field. He then makes the ryot enter into an engagement to deliver the quantity thus estimated, and as much more as the field will yield, at the price previously fixed. If the quantity delivered be less than the estimate, and the collector has reason to suppose the ryot has kept back any, the former is empowered by law to prosecute the ryot in the civil courts for damages. If a ryot enters on the cultivation of the poppy without having previously made his agreement with the Company, his property becomes immediately attached, until he either destroys his poppies or makes the requisite bargain. There would be tyranny in the working of such a system, were it not perfectly optional to the ryot to abandon the culture of the poppy whenever it became unprofitable or unpleasant to him; and indeed the opponents of the system assert that it is very difficult for the poor cultivators to get out of the groove, whether they wish or no.

Considering, however, that the culture has vastly increased in amount lately, the balance of evidence seems to show that the cultivators find opium to be as profitable as rice or cotton.

It is said above, that the price paid to the ryot for the juice is about ninepence per pound; but the product costs the Company four or five times this amount before it finally passes into other hands. The juice has many processes to go through before it is fit for the market, and these processes differ in different countries. The per-centage of morphia contained in poppy juice being the chief fact that determines its value, the opium brought to market is carefully classified, in order that dealers may, in the first place, guess the quality from the country or district, and then analyse it more minutely. Thus Smyrna opium is prepared into irregular flattened masses of about two pounds weight, somewhat hard, blackish brown, waxy in lustre, and enveloped in leaves. Constantinopolitan opium, generally in small lens-shaped cakes, and covered with poppy leaves, is redder, softer, and weaker in quality than that from Smyrna. Egyptian opium, brought to market in leaf-enveloped, round, flattened cakes, about three inches in diameter, is redder than the last named kind, but much harder. Persian opium, of intermediate colour, odour, and consistence, is brought to market in the form of cylindrical sticks, each enveloped with smooth glossy paper and tied with cotton. The Indian opium, which in many respects is the most important, is treated as follows.—After the juice has been collected it is gradually inspissated in the cool shade, care being taken to procure a proper jelly-like consistence, without grit or sourness. When ready for market, it possesses a degree of adhesiveness which keeps it from dropping from the hand for some seconds, though the hand be inverted. In the Patna and Benares districts the opium is made into balls about the size of the double fist, and covered with a hard skin made of the petals of the poppy. The chests in which the opium is packed for the market are made of mango-wood; each consists of two stories or stages, and each story has twenty compartments to contain twenty balls, insomuch that the balls of opium are all kept separate. The balls weighing about three pounds and a-half each, the average chest-weight does not depart far from a hundred and forty pounds.

We have reserved for a special paragraph the Malwa opium, for a reason that may now appear. Malwa is not a British possession. It is one of those few states in Hindostan, becoming fewer and fewer in each generation, that are still independent. The East India Company cannot, therefore, send the tax-gatherer into that province, but they nevertheless contrive to obtain a large revenue out of it in another way. The Malwa cultivators, quite independent of the Company, grow poppies and prepare opium just when and where they find it most convenient. They make up the opium into cakes about the size of the single fist, and pack it in dried poppy leaves, and the chests in which the cakes are placed are covered with hides or coarse cloth for their preservation. All is so far well; but if the cultivators wish to sell the opium to foreign merchants for shipment at a seaport, how is this to be effected? Malwa, situated between Bombay and Delhi, does not come down to the coast, nor can it obtain communication with any coast but by transit through some other province. When Scinde was independent, the opium of Malwa found its way to the port of Kurrachee in that region, without coming in contact with British authorities; but when Scinde was conquered by the late Sir Charles James Napier, this opium trade was at once stopped. The Company obtained such a command over the western coasts that Malwa opium could reach no port except that of Bombay, and by no route that would keep clear of British territory. Such being the new state of affairs, a frontier duty was established, analogous to the customs' toll on the continent of Europe, but very heavy in amount. The opium is sold by the cultivators to dealers in Malwa, and about eight thousand chests are annually consumed in that province, but a much larger quantity is now sent by land route to Bombay, a distance of nearly five hundred miles. The Malwa opium was formerly admitted along this route at a small duty, so long as there was a rival outlet through Scinde; but in proportion as a monopoly has been acquired by the Company the duty has been raised. The British resident at Indore, a sort of ambassador to the Malwa state, grants "passes" to merchants to convey opium thence to Bombay; and for these passes or permits a sum is paid which has been trebled in amount in fifteen years—it having been raised from about a hundred and thirty to four hundred rupees per chest. The last-named rate of duty, on a chest of about one hundred and forty pounds, is nearly six shillings per pound—eight times as much as the ryot cultivator obtains for the juice. Any opium found within the Bombay Presidency, on which transit duty has not been paid, is not only forfeited, but entails a fine on the owner.

One stage more, and we arrive at the wholesale mercantile dealings in Indian opium. Until the great change effected in the Company's charter, in eighteen hundred and thirty-four, the Company were their own merchants in foreign countries, to the exclusion of others; but the external trade is now free, and is managed by any merchants belonging to any country. In Madras presidency no opium is grown, and none exported. In Bombay presidency no opium is grown, but the Malwa opium pays duty on passing through British

territory to that port. In Bengal presidency a system of sale by auction is adopted. When the Bengal opium has been collected and brought to the Company's depôts in the cities of Benares and Patna, when it has been purified and packed in the chests, it is sent to Calcutta, where brokers, acting for the Company, dispose of the opium by auction to the highest bidders. The purchasers are English, American, and other merchants, who buy to sell again at any other ports they please; it being a well understood fact, however, that China is the great market to which they look.

The commercial history of a pound of Indian opium, then, is this: The Company pay about ninepence for the juice to the ryot cultivator; they incur a further expenditure of three shillings or so, by the time the opium has left their hands. They receive, on an average, say twelve shillings from the merchant who buys at the Calcutta sale, and they pocket the difference between four shillings and twelve. These sums must be taken simply as a means of showing how the price rises, and not the actual prices for any one year. The Company have sold at seven shillings per pound, they have sold at a guinea per pound, according to the general state of affairs in India or in China, and their profits have been proportionally affected. As to the further increase of price in China, the next chapter will afford some information.

At Bombay, the exports of opium to China are greater than all the other exports to all countries; but, at Calcutta, the general trade being vastly in excess of that at the sister presidency, the opium exports do not appear to be relatively so large, although the actual quantity of Benares and Patna opium, sold at Calcutta, is about twice that of Malwa opium sold at Bombay. The sales at Calcutta have increased from two to twelve in the year, and are managed by brokers employed by the Company. The Company have nothing further to do with the matter after these sales; the merchants or buyers take the drug whithersoever they will—mostly to China, in low-hulled, swift sailing vessels. Ninety years ago, India sent two hundred chests of opium annually to China; now, she sends fifty or sixty thousand; at that time, the opium paid only cultivators' and merchants' profits; at present, it yields in addition a revenue of no less than five millions sterling to the East India Company. And yet it is calculated that all the opium fields of India combined, do not exceed an area of a hundred thousand acres, or a square of land measuring twelve or thirteen miles on each side. In the culture of these fields, the Company not only pay the ryot for the opium produced, but advance him money to assist in the culture; and this has led some of the well-wishers of India to assert that, if the Company would foster the growth of cotton in the same way—especially at a time when the dependence of Britain on the United States for a supply of that important material is beginning to excite much uneasiness—it would be more to the advantage both of India and of England.

As far back as a quarter of a century ago, when the affairs of the East India Company were investigated by parliament, and when the revenue derived from opium was far smaller than it has since become, the committee reported: "In the present state of the revenue of India, it does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of revenue; a duty on opium being a tax which falls principally upon the foreign consumers, and which appears, upon the whole, less liable to objection than any other that could be substituted." This line of argument has been used ever since; the servants of the Company, in evidence before commissions and committees, constantly assert that the opium revenue must not be touched, unless the moralists can point out some substitute; they say, if you touch this revenue, you will paralise any exertions we may make to improve the natives and industry of India. Money we must have—if not from opium, where else? The Marquis of Dalhousie, in the remarkable Minute giving the results of his eight years' government of India, shows that the opium revenue had increased from less than three millions sterling, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, to more than five millions in eighteen hundred and fifty-six; that it now forms one-sixth of the entire revenue of our vast Indian empire; and he ventures upon no suggestions for the future abandonment or diminution of this source of wealth.

The next chapter will take up from India to China; from the opium-growers to the opium-consumers; from those who obtain a revenue through smoke, to those who puff the smoke that yields the revenue.

A DEAD PAST.

Spare her at least; look, you have taken from me
The Present and I murmur not, nor moan;
The Future, too, with all her glorious promise,
But do not leave me utterly alone.

Spare me the Past—for, see, she cannot harm you,
She lies so white and cold, wrapped in her shroud,
All, all my own! and trust me I will hide her
Within my soul, nor speak to her aloud.

I folded her soft hands upon her bosom
And strewed my flowers upon her—they still live—
Sometimes I like to kiss her closed white eyelids,
And think of all the joy she used to give.

Cruel indeed it were to take her from me;
She sleeps, she will not wake—no fear—again.
And so I laid her, such a gentle burthen,
Quietly on my heart to still its pain.

I do not think the rosy smiling Present,
Or the vague Future, spite of all her charms,
Could ever rival her. You know you laid her,
Long years ago, then living, in my arms.

Leave her at least—while my tears fall upon her,
I dream she smiles, just as she did of yore;
As dear as ever to me—nay, it may be,
Even dearer still—since I have nothing more.

INVISIBLE GHOSTS.

Some twenty years ago, a rich West India merchant, a Mr. Walderburn, purchased an estate in the county of Kent, and went thither to reside with his wife and family; such family consisting of two sons and two daughters, all of whom were grown up.

The house on the estate was a fine old mansion in the Elizabethan style of architecture, and the grounds by which it was surrounded were laid out with great care and in excellent taste. The property had belonged originally to a baronet who had distinguished himself in political life. So perfect a property was never purchased for so small a sum. The house and grounds—known as Carlville—together with one hundred acres of arable land, were knocked down by the illustrious George Robins for nine thousand, two hundred, and fifty pounds.

The estate had been in the possession of its late owner's family for upwards of two hundred years. In that house had been born several eminent military men, a naval hero, a very distinguished lawyer, a statesman of no ordinary repute, and a lady celebrated for her remarkable beauty and her wit.

It was in the autumn that Mr. Walderburn took possession of Carlville, and a number of guests were invited to inaugurate the event. The elder son of Mr. Walderburn was in the army, and brought with him several officers of his regiment. The younger son was at the university of Oxford, and was accompanied to his father's new home by three intimate college friends. The Misses Walderburn had also their especial favourites; and they, too, journeyed to Carlville. A merrier party it would be difficult to imagine.

On the evening of the third day, when the ladies had just risen from the dinner-table and retired to the drawing-room, the sound of carriage wheels, and presently a loud rapping at the door, were distinctly heard. As no visitor was expected, this startled the host; who, finding that no one had been announced, was tempted to inquire of the footman:

"Who was that?"

"No one, sir," was the reply.

"Did you hear a rap at the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you open the door?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you not see any one?"

"No one, sir."

"Very strange!" ejaculated Mr. Walderburn, passing round the bottles which were standing before him.

In another five minutes there was heard, for the second time, a sound of carriage wheels, followed by a vigorous rapping at the door, which was opened. But the footman saw no one, and conveyed this information to his master without waiting to be questioned.

Mr. Walderburn, his sons, and his guests, were at a loss to comprehend the matter. There were three young gentlemen living at Glenpark (an estate near Carlville) who were just then under a cloud, in consequence of having committed sundry irregularities during the absence of their mother and sisters on the continent. These young gentlemen (the eldest was four and twenty, and the youngest just of age) were fond of practical joking; and to their account this rapping at the door was laid. While the stupidity of such conduct was being remarked upon, there came, for the third time, the sound of carriage wheels, followed by a very loud rapping. On this occasion, Mr. Walderburn sprang up and went out, determined to catch and severely punish these senseless intruders. The younger son, armed with a stick, ran round by the back way to cut off the retreat of the vehicle, while the elder son opened the hall door. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but no carriage nor any person was to be seen.

Mr. Walderburn's sons stood in front of the mansion, discoursing on the oddness of the recent proceeding. That a human hand had rapped at the door there was no sort of doubt in their minds, and that the sound they had heard previously to the rapping was the sound of carriage wheels and the tramp of horses, they were equally certain. In order to be prepared for the next visit, they crouched down and secreted themselves behind a large shrub. They had not been in this position for more than five minutes when a sound of wheels and of horses' hoofs induced them to look around them earnestly and intently. They saw nothing; but they heard a carriage pulled up at the door, the steps let down, then the rapping at the door, the rustling of silk dresses, the steps put up again, and the moving away of the carriage towards the stables.

None of the Walderburn family were timid people, or believers in ghosts. The young men, therefore, without scruple, went into the drawing-room, where all the inmates of the house were now assembled, and made known what had occurred. As is usually the case on such occasions, their statement was received with laughter and incredulity.

And now there came another rapping at the door, and the big footman, who had heard the young masters' report in the drawing-room, trembled so violently, that the cups and saucers on the tray which he was handing round began to reel, dance, and stagger.

"Listen!" said the elder son of Mr. Walderburn.

All listened, and distinctly heard the sound of carriage wheels and of horses' hoofs.

There was a huge portico before the front door of the mansion, and on the top thereof a balcony. Thence the eye could command

the sight of any vehicle coming in or going out of either of the great gates. Thither the whole party repaired to look for the ghosts.

It was not long before the noises already described were again heard, but nothing could be seen. Everyone now set to work to divine the cause of these supernatural sounds. One said that it was the wind through the trees; another, that there must be a drain under the premises inhabited by rats; a third suggested distant thunder, and so on. But then there was the rapping at the door by invisible hands. And for this, everybody was equally at a loss to account.

This rapping and arrival of invisible carriages was continued till about half-past ten. It then ceased, and gave way to sounds more supernatural still. There arose a sound of subdued music through the mansion. It was no delusion. Every one heard it—servants included—heard it distinctly, and could follow the old tunes to which our forefathers used to dance. And some, who listened most attentively, declared that they could hear the movement of feet in several of the rooms and upon the stairs.

Retiring to rest while these noises continued was out of the question, and the whole party remained up, speculating, surmising, and wondering. Towards daylight the sound of the music ceased, and then came the noise which always attends the breaking-up of a ball. Shutting of carriage doors, moving onward of horses, &c. The reader must understand, however, that throughout the whole of these extraordinary noises the sound of the human voice was never heard; and, as already stated, nothing whatever was seen.

Daylight put an end to any alarm that had crept amongst the members of the party at Carlville, and the majority went to rest.

The evil consequences of the past night's events were speedily manifested. The female servants, one and all, wished to leave the service. They would not on any terms, they said, remain in a house that was haunted. They insisted on going at once, being quite prepared to forfeit their wages, if that step should be taken. The maids of the lady visitors also declared that they would rather not remain another night; and this was an excellent reason for the lady visitors themselves, who were really frightened, to remove from Carlville. In a word, before the day had passed, Carlville was left to the members of the Walderburn family, and a few of the men-servants.

Night came, and all was as still as the grave. No sound of carriage, no noise of any sort or kind. The Walderburns, who were strong-minded people, began to reason on the matter, and came to the conclusion that the impressions of the past night were mere delusions, that the imagination of one person in the first instance had fired the imagination of the rest, and that then the idea had become a fixed idea with all. New female servants were engaged from a town ten miles distant, and the establishment of Carlville was once more perfect in every particular.

The gentlefolks in the vicinity now began to call upon the Walderburns, who were anxious to question them about the supernatural noises, which still stole over their minds; but somehow or other they felt ashamed to do so, especially as there had been no recurrence of these noises. Amongst others who called at Carlville was Mr. Estrelle, a very gentlemanlike and clever man of about thirty years of age. The Walderburn family were charmed with him, and the sons especially cultivated his acquaintance.

One day the conversation happening to turn upon the estate Carlville and its late proprietor, Mr Estrelle spoke as follows:—

"Old Sir Hugh was something more than eccentric. He was at times insane. Conscious of being so, he retired from public life and came down here to live. He held aloof from all the families in the neighbourhood. I was the only person whose visits he received, and I frequently dined with him. He had always covers laid for twenty, even when he dined alone. The fact was, he used to say, that he never knew when his guests would, or would not come. Especially the ladies. I should mention that these guests to whom Sir Hugh attended, were shadows; imaginary guests to whom he would introduce you, with all the formality imaginable."

"Was Sir Hugh imbecile?"

"No," replied Mr. Estrelle. "On the contrary. He was an extremely able man to the last, and his language in conversation was of the most vivacious and polished character. Sir Hugh was the very opposite to a bore; even at one of his ghost dinner parties, or ghost balls, or ghost breakfasts, at all of which I have been and acted."

"How acted?"

"Sir Hugh would point out to me the lady whom I was to conduct to the table, and would appoint the place of every one at the board. Strange to say, every lady or gentleman guest, whose name he mentioned, was dead. That Sir Hugh, in his imagination, saw them, there could be no doubt. The servants, of course, humoured this odd fancy of their master's, and waited on his imaginary guests, as though they had been living flesh and blood. I, too, used to humour him, by addressing Lord George This, or Lady Mary That, across the table. Sometimes, Sir Hugh would sit at the top of the long table, and put me at the bottom, and at that distance, and in a tone appropriate to the distance, invite me, in my turn, to take wine with him. No gentleman ever did the honour of the table with more grace and bearing, while his flow of witty anecdote was unceasing and never stale or tedious. Curiously enough, he would frequently tell very amus-

ing stories, which had for their burden the delusions of insane persons."

"But did you never hear the carriages come and go, and the music?" enquired Mrs. Walderburn.

"What carriages? what music?" said Mr. Estrelle.

"The carriages which brought the guests, and the music to which they danced."

"Never! I never saw nor heard anything of the kind, but attributed all that occurred to Sir Hugh's madness. It was the only point upon which he was mad."

Mr. Estrelle was astounded when he heard from the Walderburns the particulars of the noises which were heard on the first night of their occupancy of the mansion. It was agreed, however, that the story should not gain currency, insomuch as it would not only create a commotion in the neighbourhood, but lessen the value of the property, perhaps. It was further arranged, that, in the event of the shadowy vehicles again visiting the mansion, Mr. Estrelle should be summoned.

Six weeks passed away and not a sound was heard, save sounds for which everyone could account; when, one night at half-past nine, there came that loud and vigorous rapping which bespeaks the arrival of some important personage. The Walderburn family, who where all in the drawing-room, involuntarily started. The lady of the house, very much agitated, rang the bell. The footman, pale and trembling, entered the room, and was requested to open the hall door. This he refused to do, unless accompanied by some one. Mr. Walderburn and his sons went with him. There was no one at the door; but the rustling of silk dresses was again heard and the other noises which have been already described. A groom was despatched to Mr. Estrelle. He came and heard, as distinctly as every one else did, a repetition of what occurred on the first night, when the unseen ghosts looked in upon the Walderburn family.

People may not believe in, or be afraid of ghosts, nevertheless it is far from pleasant to inhabit a house where airy nothings take such liberties with the knocker, and whose visits defy all calculation. Mr. Walderburn therefore determined on leaving Carlville, and advertised the property to be let. He was too conscientious, however, to do so, without informing a tenant who proposed, of the cause why the family vacated so very desirable a residence.

Notwithstanding this great drawback, as it was called, the mansion was let to a Mr. Southdown; a gentleman who laughed to scorn the idea of a house being haunted, and who was so confident of the Walderburn family being under a delusion, that he took it on lease for three years. The Southdowns occupied it, however, for only four months. Of course, they offered to pay the rent, but live in it, they would not;—for on one occasion, when they had an evening party of their own friends, the ghosts thought proper to join it, and two-thirds of the ladies in the room fainted.

It now became notorious, throughout the county, that Carlville was haunted; and, from that time, the mansion was locked up and left entirely to shadows, and spiders. Three or four times it was put up to auction, but no one would make anything like a bid for it. An eminent builder was once sent down to inspect the house and report upon it. Mr. Walderburn junior accompanied him. The eminent builder at once discovered the cause of the noises. It was as "plain as a pike-staff," he said. "The portico attracted a strong current of air, which passed rapidly through it, and hence &c." The portico was pulled down. But the invisible ghosts came as usual. All the drains on the premises were then opened and examined under the supervision of the eminent builder. There was not a single rat or mouse or other animal to be found in them. Then the eminent builder said, "it must be the trees by which the mansion was surrounded," and those stately elms and venerable oaks, which had been planted in the reign of Henry the Eighth, were cut down and sold for timber. But the ghosts visited Carlville, nevertheless. The knocker was then removed; then the door and the windows, and the remaining articles of furniture carried away. To no purpose. The same noises were distinctly heard. The land was now sold separately, and the mansion, which Mr. Walderburn would not have pulled down, was suffered to go to ruin.

About three years ago I was in the neighbourhood of Carlville, the place of which I had so often heard the Walderburns speak. Curiosity prompted me to pay the place a visit. I rode over in the company of a friend, and on my way recounted to him the facts above narrated. To my surprise, I found the ruin peopled. Several poor families had taken up their abode within those walls. I asked them if they ever saw the ghosts? They replied:—"No, but we sometimes hear 'em plain enough. Hows'ever they never meddle with us, nor us with them."

"And the music?" I enquired.

"Yes, and very pleasant it is on a winter's evening, or a summer's either," responded a dark-eyed young woman with a child in her arms.

FRENCH TAVERN-LIFE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER THE FIRST.

It was at a very early period that Paris became, what it has ever since remained, the metroplis of gastronomy, or—as Bob Fudge calls it—"the head quarters of prog." When Father Bonaventure Calatagirone, the General of the Cordeliers, and one of the negotiators

of the peace of Vervins, returned to Italy, he could speak of nothing else. His only remembrance was of the roast meats of the Rue de la Huchette, and of the Rue aux Ours. Sauval, the historian tells us, that when Father Bonaventure was questioned about the pleasures of Paris, he raised his eyes to Heaven, and, with expanding nostrils as if the flavour was still there, exclaimed: "Truly those roasts are a stupendous thing." The Venetian Ambassador, Jerome Lippomano, who visited Paris in the year fifteen hundred and seventy-seven, has left a curious account of the mode of living in that capital in his time. "Paris," he writes, "contains, in abundance, everything that can be desired. It is a market for all countries, and provisions are carried thither from every part of France. Thus, although its population is numberless, nothing is wanting there: whatever is required seems as if it fell from the skies. The price of provisions is, nevertheless, rather high; for, to speak the truth, the French lay out money on nothing so willingly as on eating, and what they call making good cheer. On this account it is that butchers, cooks, poulterers, and tavern-keepers are to be met with in such numbers that they create a general confusion: there is no street of any pretension that is not filled with them. At any time, in any place, live animals and raw meat are to be bought, and you may get anything you like drest in less than half an hour, for any number of guests; the rôtisseur supplies the flesh and fowl, and the patissier, the patties, tarts, entrées, sauces, and ragoûts. You may dine at the cabarets at any price you may choose to name; being served accordingly, whether at one or two testoons; at a crown, at four, six, or even twenty crowns a-head if you please. But for the last named sum there is nothing you may not command; even, I doubt not, to the extent of manna soup, or a roasted phœnix. The princes and the king himself, often dine at these places."

The pastrycooks, always played a conspicuous part in Parisian gastronomy; sparing neither labour nor invention to heighten the attractions of their wares. L'Estoile, who wrote in the reign of Charles the Ninth, describes them as setting out their pastry, in the summer, in large open ovens which perfumed the streets; while, in winter, they made a display in the windows of their shops of sugared patties, crisp cakes, marchpane, made of peeled almonds seasoned with half of their weight of sugar and flavoured with rose water, and tarts of musk and amber, which costs as much as twenty-five crowns a-piece; there were cakes, too, steeped in hypocras and stuffed with fruit, and immense pies (so must the grasses pièces de four be translated), crammed full of sweetmeats, pistachios, and citrons, which pleased the eye by their colour, and gratified the sense of smell by their odour. The poor were fain to content themselves, as Rabelais says, "by eating their dry bread before the cook's ovens, and finding the smell of the roast meat a most savoury accompaniment."

The makers of ragoûts produced, two centuries ago, names as celebrated as those of Felix, Lesage, Carême, and others of our own time. Amongst them were Fagnault, Flechmer, Mignot, and the illustrious Ragueneau. The three first are mentioned in high terms of praise in a book called the Commode des Adresses (a sort of cook's almanac), written by one Abraham du Pradel, who says: "M. Fagnault, esquire of the kitchen to his Highness the Prince, makes excellent ragoûts, which he sells to persons of taste. In the same degree is the Sieur Flechmer, who lives in the Rue Saint Antoine, at the corner of Saint Paul. He sells large quantities of fine brioches (light cakes, still extant and well-known), which the ladies take in their drives to Vincennes. The Sieur Mignot, Rue de la Harpe, has not only a high reputation for pastry, but also for all kinds of ragoûts, being a patissier-traiteur." The memory of the Sieur Mignot has been preserved by more distinguished writers than Du Pradel; for Boileau has deigned to abuse his sauces, and Voltaire has indignantly denied an attributed relationship with the famous pastry-cook. Of the great Ragueneau something more is known. His shop, situated in the Rue Saint Honoré, between the Rue de l'Arbre Sec and the Palais Royal, was the resort of all the poets, comedians, and tipplers, who belonged to the neighbouring theatre, or frequented the Cross of the Trahoir. Oddly enough, Ragueneau, preferred the custom of the two former classes to that of the latter. for though their coin was scant they possessed the gift of the gab, and he was quite content to hear them talk and receive payment for his long bills in orders for the Comédie Française, whither he went joyously to applaud Mondory or Molière. If evil communications corrupt good manners, relations with literary men will sometimes make poets, and by dint of frequenting the theatres and listening to the outpourings of the Muse, Ragueneau himself became a rhymester; only this must be observed that while his patties were excellent, his verses were detestable.

The functions of the patissiers and rôtisseurs of Paris assimilated them in many particulars to the tavern-keepers; the rooms behind their shops being used for all the purposes to which those of the cabarets were turned. It is unnecessary to dwell upon this subject, but sufficient may be inferred from the proverbial saying, applied to the women who frequented the patissiers openly: "Elle a honte bue; elle a passé par devant l'huis du pâtissier." (She has drunk of shame; she has entered by the pastry-cook's door). The cooks themselves had their share in this accusation, and they were obnoxious to

reproach in other respects. Thus, they were prohibited by law from cutting off the combs of old cocks in order to make them pass for capons. They were obliged to clip the ears of tame rabbits, that they might not be mistaken for wild ones, and to cut the throats of their domestic ducks to establish a similar distinction. They were also compelled to sell their rabbits with the heads on, "in order," said the ordinance, "that cats might not be sold in their stead." If it chanced, however, in spite of the royal edict, that a rôtisseur served up a cat for a rabbit, and was detected, an old parliamentary decree condemned the culprit to make public amends, by going in the middle of the day to the banks of the Seine, and throwing the skinned and decapitated grimalkins into the river, with this confession uttered in his loudest voice "Good people, it would not have been my fault, or that of my treacherous sauces, if the tom cats you see here had not been taken for honest rabbits."

Without enjoying the best reputation, the cabarets of Saint Cloud had a remarkable celebrity. They were called bottle-houses (maisons de bouteille), and the most famous amongst them was that kept by La Duryer, renowned for generosity and charity, and for an extraordinary exploit performed on a memorable occasion. La Duryer was a native of Mons, in Hainault, from which place she had been taken, when quite a girl, by Monsieur Saint Preuil, who made her a sutler. It was a poor enough appointment, but La Duryer felt eternally grateful for it, and devoted herself heart and soul to the service of Saint Preuil, whose housekeeper she also became, economising his means, supplying him with all the money she could scrape together, and receiving very often as her only recompense harsh words and hard blows, both of which she endured without a murmur. In the course of time, Saint Preuil obtained high military promotion, and was made Governor of Arras. There was no longer any occasion for her to continue in the sutling line, or in his service, and she left both, to establish an inn at Saint Cloud, marrying a poor, but respectable man. Her new calling flourished amazingly, and, at the end of a few years, she possessed the finest cabaret for thirty leagues round Paris. In the midst, however, of La Duryer's prosperity, she was informed that her old protector, Saint Preuil, had imprudently mixed himself up in the conspiracy of Cinq Mars and De Thou against Cardinal Richelieu; and that, like them, he had been arrested, condemned, and taken to Amiens for execution. Nothing could restrain La Duryer. She shut up her cabaret and set off at once for Amiens. She arrived there to view the populace in the market-place clamouring for the head of the Cardinal's victim. The poor creature, involved in the crowd, was carried by it to and fro, until she reached the very foot of the scaffold. Raising her eyes, she beheld Saint Preuil standing beside the axe, pale but composed; his neck was bare; his hands were tied behind his back, and his right foot rested upon the bloody block. La Duryer tried to call out to him; she strained herself to her full height, extended her arms, and made countless efforts to attract his attention, but in vain: the noise and confusion drowned her voice, and prevented Saint Preuil, who was buried in a reverie, from perceiving her gestures. The executioner made a movement to pick up the axe, Saint Preuil stepped back, and La Duryer lost sight of him, while, a few moments after, a loud cry arose from the people, and something heavy fell upon the scaffold, which was followed by a rush of blood. The fatal blow had fallen! La Duryer staggered at first beneath the effects of her grief and terror, then suddenly regaining courage, she flung herself on the steps of the scaffold, and mounted them at a bound. The executioner was in the act of raising the immense basket, in which he had placed the body of Saint Preuil, the lid gave way, and out flew the victim's head, which rolled at the feet of La Duryer. She did not shrink from the horrible sight—her hour of fear had past—but, stooping down while the executioner's back was turned, she seized the head of her former master, covered it over with her apron, and hastily gliding from the scaffold, was soon lost from sight in the narrow streets of Amiens. She did not return to Saint Cloud, until she had caused the head of Saint Preuil to be embalmed, and had erected a splendid tomb to his memory. Notwithstanding all the pains she took to conceal the part she had acted this adventure became generally known. Her name was everywhere mentioned in terms of the highest praise, and her cabaret became more frequented than ever. "If I were curious on such a subject," writes Furetière, "I should like to know how many turkeys were eaten on a certain day at Saint Cloud, at La Duryer's." More, without doubt, than at all the rest of the bottle-houses in the neighbouring villages, put together.

The taverns of Paris have witnessed or given birth to many a tragic drama. It was from one of the lowest of the class that Ravaillac issued on the day when he murdered King Henry the Fourth, armed with a knife which he had stolen. Arriving in Paris, somewhere about the tenth of May sixteen hundred and ten, with the crowds who were attracted thither by the fêtes which were given on the occasion of the queen's coronation, Ravaillac roamed about the streets, vainly endeavouring to find a lodging. Near the Hospital of the Quinze Vingts, in the Rue St. Honoré, he entered a small tavern, in the hope of meeting with accommodation; while the servant, whom he had addressed, was making inquiry of her master, he seized a large pointed knife, hid it under his

cloak, and, being refused the lodging he sought, went out again into the street. Wandering along the Rue St. Honoré, he came to the region of the Butte (hill) of St. Roch, where a number of low suburban taverns were clustered, and, knocking at the door of the Three Pigeons, he obtained admittance. Here he remained till the morning of the fourteenth of May, when, hearing of the king's intended visit to the Arsenal, he planted himself in the narrowest part of the Rue St. Honoré, close to the Rue de la Ferronerie, and mounting one of the large stone-posts that stood against the wall, perpetrated the crime which the Jesuits had so long instigated.

Roadside inns were scarcely safe places when scenes such as that which is related by the Duke de Saint-Simon, were enacted in them: The Vatteville family, says the historian, is one of rank in Franche Comté. That member of it of whom I have to speak became a Carthusian monk at an early age, and after making his profession, was ordained a priest. He was a man of ability, but of a licentious, impatient disposition, and he soon repented the choice he had made. He resolved to fly from it, and succeeded by degrees in providing himself with a secular dress, with money, pistols, and a horse. But the superior of the order, opening the door of Vatteville's cell with a master-key, found him in his disguise, standing on a ladder, about to effect his escape. The Prior called out to the monk to descend, on which Vatteville coolly turned round and, drawing out a pistol, shot his superior dead on the spot. He scaled the convent-walls, and was seen there no more. He chose the most unfrequented roads; and, on the second day after the murder, halted at a lonely inn, where, having dismounted, he called the host and demanded, what he had in the house to eat?

The man replied:—"A leg of mutton and a capon."

"Good," said the unfrocked monk, "put them both on the spit."

The host remonstrated, saying they were too much for one person's dinner; to which Vatteville angrily replied, that he meant to pay for what he ordered, that he had appetite enough for two such dinners, and that it would be just as well to make no objections. The terrified host submitted. While the traveller's enormous meal was roasting before the fire, another horseman arrived, who also called for dinner. The host, pointing to the spit, told the new-comer there was nothing but what he saw there:

"Very well," said the stranger, "a part of that will do for me, and I will pay my share." The host shook his head and told him why he did not dare to give him any. On this, the stranger went up-stairs to the room where Vatteville was, and civilly requested permission to dine with him, paying, of course, his proportion. He met with a churlish refusal. High words arose, and Vatteville put an end to the dispute by shooting the traveller as he had shot the Prior. The house was at once in an uproar; but Vatteville quietly went down-stairs, ordered the dinner to be served, ate it up to the last fragments, paid his reckoning, and then mounted his horse and rode off. He found France too hot to hold him, succeeded in escaping from the country, reached the frontiers of Turkey, and there, assuming the turban, finished his career in the military seirvce of the Sultan.

These tavern quarrels were the commonest occurrences. Through one of them the celebrated Marshal Fabert nearly lost his life. In the month of March sixteen hundred and forty-one, a period fertile in the most scandalous duels, when the life of a man was accounted of no more value than that of a dog, the marshal was travelling post, and stopped to rest his horses at Clermont in the Beauvoisis. About two o'clock in the morning, the Count de Rantzau, nephew of the marshal of the same name, and a captain of cavalry, named Laquenay, entered Faber's bed-chamber, and began to dance about the room and make a great disturbance. Fabert, awakened by the noise, called out to them from his bed: "Gentlemen, you must be aware of the customs of these houses; this room is mine, there are others in the hotel, and I beg of you to select one of them for your amusements."

"Sir," replied Rantzau, "you may go to sleep if you can. For my part, I mean to stay where I am and do just as I please."

Fabert, irritated at this insolent reply, jumped out of bed; and barefooted and undressed as he was, seized his sword to drive out the intruders. Rantzau and Laquenay both drew at the same moment, and got the marshal between them in such a position, that he could not strike at one without being wounded by the other. A bloody combat then took place, and the people of the hotel, alarmed by the noise, rushed up-stairs and disarmed Laquenay, who stood near the door. At the same moment, Fabert, though pierced by fourteen wounds, rushed upon Rantzau, and seizing him round the body, threw him on the floor, and holding the point of his sword to his throat, cried out:

"Tell me your name, you scoundrel, or I will kill you on the spot."

Receiving no answer, he was about to execute his threat, when the host exclaimed:

"I know him, Monsieur de Fabert; his name is Rantzau."

On hearing this, the young count was in despair. "What have I done?" he cried; "better for me that I had been dead!"

But Marshal Fabert was as generous as he was brave. "Make haste and begone, young man," he said; "and endeavour to

avoid the punishment which is due to assassins." The doors were closed, and an armed force had been sent for to arrest the guilty pair. Fabert entreated the host to favour their escape, but he refused at first to do so, and it was only at the repeated instances of the marshal that they were allowed to depart. Eventually, when Fabert had recovered from his wounds, he solicited and obtained their pardon from the king.

In the time of Louis the Thirteenth, the most celebrated taverns in Paris were the cabaret of the Fox in the garden of Tuileries; that of the Fine Air, near the Luxemburg; the tavern called the Cross of the Trahoir, famous for its cellar of muscat wine, and the cabaret of the Three Golden Bridges, at which the poet La Serre wiped out a long score,—as Lambert, the singer, had done before him at the Cross of the Trahoir,—by marrying the tavern-keeper's daughter: the last resource of needy topers. It was from the cabaret of the Fox that Cyrano de Bergerac, the celebrated duellist, whose long nose was seamed with scars, sent out that vaunting challenge, prohibiting the whole human race from being alive within three days under the penalty of falling beneath his rapier. La Croix de Lorraine (The Cross of Lorraine) was the most celebrated cabaret in Paris, and dated, as its name implies, from the days of the League. It was a haunt of the poets, and Molière and Boileau were frequent visitors there; as to Chapelle, the satirical rival of Despréaux, he was seldom to be found elsewhere, and was generally half-seas over. But it was not to drink that the melancholy Molière and the sprightly Boileau went to the taverns: they were both abstemious men, who lived almost on a regimen. The observant dramatist gathered there the materials of many a comic trait; the shrewd satirist found an audience at all times for his sparkling verse. The favourite tavern of Racine was Le Mouton Blanc (The White Sheep), kept by the widow Berrin, near the cemetery of Saint John, with Boileau and the Advocate Brilhat for his companions. This house, or rather its sign, is said to be still in existence, transferred from the cemetery to the Rue de la Verrerie: it should, of all others, be the place for drinking the Mouton claret, which is now so much in vogue. La Tête Noire (The Black Head) and Le Diable (The Devil—reminding us of our own Ben Jonson and his joyous crew), were also honoured by the presence of the great poets. But the most illustrious cabaret of the period, the true literary tavern, was unquestionably La Pomme de Pin, in the Rue Licorne, in the city quarter. It was there that Chapelle was enthroned every night, surrounded by a brilliant circle, amongst whom his wit shone the brightest. There was no Parisian with any pretension to literature who did not go at least twice a-week to the Fir-cone to get tipsy with Chapelle. The owner of this cabaret, whose name was Grouyn, soon made a fortune, and his son, who began his career as a waiter, ended it as a man of vast wealth and importance.

The great noblemen of the Court had also their place of predilection. This was the cabaret of La Boisselière, near the Louvre. It bore no special sign, being well enough known by her name. She was a very beautiful woman; and, those who dined there had to pay for it—a dinner at her house costing five times as much as at any other tavern in Paris. At the cabaret of La Boisselière (long after her death) the courtiers of Louis the Fourteenth drank the best vin de Beaune, a wine which was brought into fashion by that king, as sherry was by George the Fourth, and for much the same reason. The Grand Monarque having fallen sick, Fagon, his doctor, who was a Burgundian, ordered him to drink Beaune instead of the wines of Spain or Italy, and thenceforward all other wine was despised: for the same slavish reason, the courtiers would have swallowed ditch-water without a grimace. In a curious collection intituled Recueil de plus Excellents Ballets de ce Temps (A.D. sixteen hundred and twelve), a nobleman's bill of fare at La Boisselière's is amply set out in doggerel verse, in which the dishes are marshalled more according to the exigencies of the rhyme than the natural order of succession. Two hundred livres a-week appears to have been the cost of master and man, for the existence of the lackey was always merged in that of the noble. The most constant visitor to the cabaret of La Boisselière, in the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, was the Marquis d' Uxelles, a man of high family, a soldier of great merit, and a tippler of enormous capacity, who would willingly forego every other enjoyment for a carouse. The minister Louvois one day sent him the much-coveted decoration of the blue ribbon. "Offer my thanks to M. de Louvois," said the marquis to the minister's messenger, "but tell him at the same time that I shall refuse the order if I am expected to give up the cabaret." Louvois smiled at the message, but paid the marquis off by appointing the Count d' Harcourt, a notorious drunkard, to bestow the knightly accolade.

Besides those already mentioned, two other houses, called Boucingo and La Guerbois, were noted. Boucingo is immortalised in the verse of Boileau, as being famous for the Sauce Robert (which gives such piquancy to pork cutlets); and the wine of Alicant, manufactured by himself, and sold at fifty sous a bottle, was preferred to the genuine kind. The cabaret of La Guerbois was the head-quarters of the singing club established in the quarter of Saint Roch; and Lainez, the anacreontic poet, who wrote a long poem called The Corkscrew, and lived close by, was a constant guest. It was a great house for the lawyers and financiers, who drank deeply and

paid well. Amongst the former was a president of one of the courts, of whom Menage (who suppresses his name, only giving the initial letter) says, "When this good fellow began to feel the effects of his wine it gave him so much pleasure that, in order to remember to get drunk again next day, he stuck pins into the sleeve of his coat."

To La Guerbois also came the celebrated farmer-general, M. de Bechamel, Marquis de Nointel, who has bequeathed his name to gastronomy. It was, we are told, enough to reawaken the appetite of the satiated, to see the marquis with his lace cuff turned up, fire in his eye, and eloquence on his lips, arranging with his own hands the sauces financières, in which he so skilfully combined his mushrooms and spice. Further, too, he was in the habit of sending from his own house in the Rue des Petits Champs the patties and vol au vents which had been elaborated under his own eyes, and were eaten hot by himself and friends from the ovens of La Guerbois. There can be little doubt that Molière had M. de Bechamel in his mind when he drew out the bill of fare which Dorante, on the authority of Damis, recommends to the bourgeois gentilhomme. M. de Bechamel was so fond of his art, that he drew up, under the name of his cook Lebas, a series of gastronomic precepts in verse, which he dedicated to different persons of quality. He even had them set to music and sung to popular tunes. For instance his receipt for dressing partridges after the Spanish fashion was set to the air Petits oiseaux, rassurez vous (Little birds, take courage) and ran thus:

"Du vin, de l'huile et un citron,
Coriandre et la ciboule,
Dans ce ragoût à l'Espagnole
Le tout ensemble [illegible]."

With the addition of a Spanish town, to help the rhyme, these lines may be thus rendered:

Wild garlic [illegible]
With lemon, oil, and wine,
Form the sauce which, at Santander,
Makes partridges divine!"

He had also a cullis of crayfish arranged to the tune of Petits moutons qui dans la plaine (Little sheep that in the plain) as follows:

"Les écrevisses bien pilées,
Mitonnez les dans du bouillon,
Joignez y du pain qui soit bon,
Et que toutes soit bien passées.

Verse will hardly help us here, so take the receipt in plain prose. Pound your crayfish well, and let them simmer gently in gravy, add a little of the finest bread, and strain all carefully through a colander—a very complete way of obtaining the essence of crayfish.

Marshal d'Estrées was as learned in wines, as his friend M. de Bechamel in choice dishes. He it was who first introduced into the cabarets of Paris the exquisite wines which were made on his estate of Sillery. His wife always presided, during the vintage, over the making of this wine, while the marshal presided at the drinking. Sillery champagne, consequently, bears the name of Vin de la Maréchale, in honour of the lady, and many a toast coupled with her name was drunk at the cabaret of La Guerbois.

A curious gastronomic wager was once decided at this tavern. Prince Henry of Bourbon, the son of the Great Condé, was supping there with a number of his friends. Prince de Conti, who was a tremendous bore, kept hammering away at one eternal theme, the extraordinary appetite of his beagles. "My kennels absolutely ruin me," said he; "I cannot tell what possesses the dogs, but they eat at least a thousand crowns' worth every month!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Prince Henry, "I'll bet you anything you please, not one of them can eat at a meal so much as my servant, La Guiche."

"When we are again at Versailles," returned Conti, "I will back a certain beagle of mine against him."

"Very good, but in the mean time I should like you to see what the fellow can do. Look here, it will soon be midnight. I will wager a thousand louis that La Guiche eats up the whole of that piece of meat while the clock is striking twelve." Prince Henry pointed, as he spoke, to an enormous shoulder of mutton that had not been touched.

"He can't get through half of it," exclaimed Conti, "it's a bet."

"Done!" replied Conti, and La Guiche was sent for.

He was a little wiry fellow, and, when he was told of the wager, the grin he gave developed a set of teeth that a wolf might have been proud of. It wanted ten minutes to the hour, and in the interim La Guiche made his preparations. He seated himself before the shoulder of mutton, cut every particle of meat off the bone, arranged it in twelve portions, and remained, fork in hand, in an attitude of expectation. At the first stroke he swallowed two of the immense morsels; at the sixth he was one ahead, and took advantage of the fact to swallow a goblet of vin de Beaune which his master handed to him. The ninth stroke sounded, and the glutton exhibited symptoms of being beaten. The Prince de Conti shouted with exultation at the prospect of winning, for ten strokes had gone and two pieces remained.

"A hundred louis for yourself," cried Condé, "and the stewardship of my hotel in the Marais, if you gain the wager! Make another effort!"

La Guiche made a superb rally; he drove his fork into the remaining pieces, and took them in at one swallow; but he fell on the floor, black in the face, and all but suffocated, as the clock left off striking.

"Carry him away," said Condé, "and take every care of him; he shall have the stewardship and the money!"

La Guiche obtained both; but never, as long as he lived, touched another shoulder of mutton. This gluttonous adventure is recorded in a pamphlet printed at Dijon in the year sixteen hundred and ninety-three, and intituled: The admirable way of La Guiche to eat methodically a joint of mutton while twelve o'clock is striking (L'art admirable de la Guiche pour manger méthodiquement un membre de mouton pendant que douze heures sonnent).

The cabaret of the Bons Enfans (Good Fellows), to which the comedians were principally in the habit of resorting, was an excellent house of its kind. Molière used to go there, with the greater part of his company. Amongst the rest was Champmeslé, the husband of the famous tragedian, whom Racine loved and Boileau has praised with so much enthusiasm. The poor man, who had little jealousy in his composition, used to drown what cares he had, at the Bons Enfans, in champagne, which, report said, was paid for by Racine. Even when he had lost his wife and grown old, and no wealthy friend remained to reward his complaisance, he still continued to haunt the cabaret, in which, in fact, he ended his days. One morning, with a strange presentiment upon him, he went to the church of the Cordeliers, to order two masses to be sung—one for the repose of his mother, the other for that of his wife—and gave a piece of thirty sous to the sacristan, who observed that he had given him ten sous too much. "Very well," rejoined Champmeslé, "keep them for a mass for myself." He then left the church, and went back to the Bons Enfans. He found several friends of his seated on a bench in front of the cabaret—they were talking about dining together, and Champmeslé, joining the group, observed that he would be of the party. The words were hardly uttered before he fell heavily on the ground; his friends raised him instantly, but there was no dinner for him that day: he was dead!

The comedians of Paris did not, however, limit their patronage to one tavern. Besides the Bons Enfants, they frequented Les Deux Faisants (The Two Pheasants), which was struck by lightning and burnt to the ground while at the height of its reputation; Les Trois Maillets (The Three Mallets), and L'Ange (The Angel), where the indomitable Chapelle fell into a tipsy slumber one evening while a tragedy was being recited in which a single combat took place, and, waking up suddenly, the poet fancied he was in a row on the Pont Neuf, and, shouting with all his might, ran out of the house as fast as his legs could carry him. The musicians of Paris gave the preference to no tavern in particular. They drank freely everywhere; but the dancers had their chosen locality, which was at the Epée de Bois (The Wooden Sword) in the Rue de Vénise; and whatever member of that fraternity was caught tippling elsewhere had to pay a heavy fine.

The priests and monks must not be forgotten. As the proverb went, "The Capuchins drink sparingly, the Célestins copiously, the Jacobins cup for cup, and the Cordeliers empty the cellar;" and one thing was specially observable in their drinking—they never put water in their wine. The priests indulged more covertly, fearing the gibes of their parishioners, but that their lips were familiar with the flagon is tolerably certain from the number of satirical poems which were made against them. The ecclesiastical taverns, so to designate them, were, Le Riche Laboureur (The Rich Labourer), in the enclosure of the Foire St. Germain; La Table Roland (Roland's Table), in the Valley of Misery (the name given to that part of Paris which is now called the Quai de la Mégisserie); and Le Treillis Vert (The Green Trellis), in the Rue Saint Hyacinthe, which was the most renowned of any.

The learned men of Paris, and those better known as the pedants of the university, dined and caroused at the Cabaret de la Corne (The Horn), in the Place Maubert, and at the Hôtel Saint-Quentin, in the Rue des Cordiers. It was at the Ecu d'Argent (The Silver Crown) that, on festival days, all the bacchanalians of the Sorbonne were wont to assemble to toss off the vin de Beaune for which the house was celebrated. It was only then that you could be sure of getting the fashionable soups genuine, of which Boileau has given the somewhat ironical receipt in his third satire. Montmaur, the learned epicure, famous also for his good sayings, was the perpetual president of the Silver Crown, in which capacity Ménage has embalmed his memory in a satirical Latin poem, where he represents him seated on an enormous reversed saucepan, instructing the young cooks in the science of gastronomy. Montmaur was professor of Greek at the college of Boncourt; and, when he died, search was made amongst his papers for the learned works which he was supposed to have written. None, however, were found; but in their place the seekers discovered a treatise on The Four Meals a Day, with their Etymology; and a Petition to the Lieutenant of Police, requesting him to prohibit the tavern-keepers from making use of dishes with convex bottoms, which is a manifest deception, &c.

Before I close the list of the most noted taverns of Paris during the seventeenth century, mention must be made of two in the quarter of the Marais, the most fashionable locality in the time of Louis the Fourteenth. The first of these, situated in the street, then new, of the Pas de la Mule, near the Place Royale, was kept by a very handsome woman named Coiffier, and bore the appellation, if

not the sign, of La Fosse aux Lions (The Lions' Den). La Coiffier's wines were first-rate, and her cookery superb; her house was always filled with people of quality, but none went there more frequently than the fat poet Saint Amand—a tun of a man, like Falstaff. Taverns were the delight of his existence. One called La Perle (The Pearl) attracted him for a very especial reason—the clock never went right; it was either too slow or had stopped altogether. When others abused the clock, Saint Amand took up its defence, and finally wrote the following couplet, which the master of the cabaret caused to be placed beneath it:—

"Que [illegible], [illegible]
Puisque [illegible] [illegible]."

Which may be literally, if not elegantly, translated thus:—

"[illegible]
Since [illegible]."

Saint Amand's death was characteristic. He gave up the ghost at a cabaret called Le Petit Maure (The Little Sea-mew), which is still in existence at the corner of the Rue de la Marais and the Rue de Seine. He died, it is said, with a bottle and glass before him.

AN IMMEASURABLE WONDER.

A HUNDRED years ago, the industrious and intelligent author of a Topographical History of Cornwall, Mr. Borlase, described for the first time in a book a sea creature which the Cornish fishermen called the sea long worm. With a view to encourage men to take pains and trouble in securing out unknown and undescribed plants and animals, the custom has prevailed of connecting the name of the discoverer with the name of the plant or animal. The practice had something sound and good in it, although it has been abominably abused. Cuvier only gave honour where it was justly due when he called the sea long worm the Borlasia. There is, it may be remarked, however, only a bookish reminiscence in the Cuvierian name, while in the name of the Cornish fishermen there is a rude description, a rough word picture of the animal.

Mr. Borlase says: "The long worm found upon Careg killas, in Mount's Bay, which, though it might properly enough come in among the anguilliform fishes, which are to succeed in their order, yet I choose to place here among the less perfect kind of sea animals. It is brown, and slender as a wheaten reed; it measured five feet in length (and perhaps not at its full stretch), but so tender, slimy, and soluble, that out of the water it will not bear being moved without breaking; it had the contractile power to such a degree that it would shrink itself to half its length, and then extend itself again as before."

Colonel Montagu, an excellent observer, seems to question the accuracy of the accounts he had received from the Devonshire fishermen of the length of the Borlasia. He says:

"This species of Gordius is not uncommon on several parts of the south coast of Devonshire, where it is by some of the fishermen known by the very applicable name given to it in the History of Cornwall. It is indeed of so prodigious a length that it is impossible to fix any bounds; some of the fishermen say thirty yards—but perhaps as many feet is the utmost; those specimens which have come under our inspection did not appear to exceed twenty feet, and more commonly from eight to fourteen or fifteen."

The skin is perfectly smooth and covered with a strong tenacious slime; the head or anterior end is usually more depressed and broader than any other part, but all parts are equally alterable, and in continual change from round to flat, rising into large swellings or protuberances in various parts, especially when touched.

The expansion and contraction are so unlimited that it is scarcely possible to ascertain the utmost length of this worm. One which was estimated to be about eight feet long was put alive into spirits, and instantly contracted to about one foot, at the same time increasing double the bulk, which originally was about the diameter of a crow's quill. In the vast exertion of the muscles the animal is generally divided at those parts which had been twined into knots.

The French fishermen agree with the English in giving the Borlasia the length of a hundred feet. After such a concurrence of testimony it would be presumptuous to contrast observations with reasonings. There may, however, be error without wilful exaggeration. Every child knows the illusion of a circle of fire produced by whirling a stick red hot at one end rapidly in the dark. The long worm is, I believe, a nocturnal animal, resting tranquil during the day and moving chiefly at night. When the fishermen observe it of a shiny night, stretching suddenly, as it appears, fifty, sixty, seventy, or a hundred feet, there may be something of visual illusion in the startled and truthful, although incomplete and inaccurate, observations.

Some of the savans have given the sea long worm another name, and have called it the Nemertes Borlasii. The dictionaries of natural history say this is a mythological name. What a worm of the Channel has to do with mythology they do not explain. From the etymology of this Greek word, however, I fancy the man who used it had a meaning, and knew something of the animal. The Nemertes signifies the Never-misser—the animal who never misses his prey. As there is something of the form painted by the name of the fishermen, there is something of the character of the animal hit off when he is called the Ne'er-misser. Boastful books abound, describing the feats of rod and line fishermen,

but this worm is the unrivalled, the never-missing, the living line and hook fisher. Monsieur Dumeril, the father of the French naturalists, who first made this worm known in France, called it un lacet—a lasso, or an elastic noose.

Some British naturalists have called these annelides, ribbon-worms. And these living ribbons are of all sizes and colours. The tarry Borlasia of our southern coasts is certainly not a beautiful ribbon. A French milliner will never recommend it to adorn the smart hats of the Britannic ladies, and would shriek at the fancy of allying it to the little flower-pots worn upon the top-knots of Gallic dames. However, like many British things, our Borlasia is plain but efficient. The ribbons found upon the coasts of the South Sea Islands are of a dark brown hue with reddish stripes. Near Hobart's Town, Van Diemen's Land, there are found Borlasia of a beautiful golden yellow with brown bands, and a very black narrow stripe running along the back. There is also found, upon those shores, a variety with violet brown sides and a white line along the belly. The Borlasia of Port Jackson is of a deep bottle-green, with a white wavy band across the flat obtuse head. On each side of the neck there is a red pore. Worms like these might furnish ribbon patterns pretty enough to be called croquant in Paris.

The sea-side observer upon the south-western coast of England, whose zeal to see strange beasts has induced him to turn over stones with a crow-bar, and forage in crannies, can scarcely fail to find the tarry long-worm near low water-mark. Mr. Charles Kingsley describes it graphically in his Glances, when he says it looks like "a tarred string," and coils up into "a black, shiny, knotted lump among the gravel, small enough to be taken up in a dessert spoon." When the coils of the Nemertes are drawn out upon the hand it stretches out into nine or more feet of a slimy tape of living caoutchouc, some eighth of an inch in diameter, a dark, chocolate black, with paler longitudinal lines." Probably, it is by design that it looks like a dead strip of seaweed, as it lies in the holes of the rocks or under the stones.

All the observers of this singular worm have been amazed by the wonderful power it has of contracting and stretching its muscles at will, by tying or untying itself into innumerable knots. The long-worm glides and flows in the water by means of vibratile hairs which are discoverable only by the microscope, although they cover the whole of its body. When it wishes to change place, it stretches out its serpent-like head and gropes for a suitable stone at the distance of fifteen or twenty feet from its previous residence. When it has found a comfortable stone it winds itself round it; and, as one end is twined upon the new stone, the other end is untwined from the old.

Mr. Charles Kingsley describes the movements of the line and hook fisher, when catching his prey, with a vivacity which could only have been derived from the direct observation of a very observant man and an excellent writer. The little fish—a gobie or a blenny—absorbed, probably, in the chase of shrimps, mistakes the worm for a dead strip of seaweed. So thinks the little fish who plays over and over it, till it touches, at last, what is too surely a head. In an instant, a bell-shaped sucker mouth has fastened to its side. In another instant, from one lip, a concave, double proboscis, just like a tapir's (another instance of the repetition of forms), has clasped him like a finger; and now begins the struggle; but in vain. He is being played with such a fishing-line as the skill of a Wilson or a Stoddart never could invent; a living line, with elasticity beyond that of the most delicate fly-rod, which follows every lunge, shortening and lengthening, slipping and twining round every piece of gravel and stem of sea-weed, with a tiring drag, such as no Highland wrist or step could ever bring to bear on salmon or on trout. The victim is tired, now; and slowly, and yet dexterously, his blind assailant is feeling and shifting along his side, till he reaches one end of him. Then the black lips expand, and slowly and surely the curved finger begins packing him, end-foremost, down into the gullet, where he sinks, inch by inch, until the swelling, which marks his place, is lost among the coils, and he is probably macerated to a pulp long before he has reached his cave of doom. Once safe down, the black murderer slowly contracts again into a knotted heap, and lies like a boa with a stag inside him, motionless and blest.

The instruments of nutrition, like all other organs of this animal, have not as yet been studied with sufficient accuracy and adequate science. Professor de Quatrefages, in his elaborate and strikingly illustrated monography upon the Nemertes, appears to have fallen into a grave mistake. One of the most important distinctions in the animal world is the division of animals into animals with digestive organs like the anemones, and animals formed like all the higher orders of the animal world. The distinction between the vegetal and animal worlds is based upon the absence or presence of a stomach. Naturalists, when dealing with the animated existences upon the doubtful borders of these worlds, say that the sponge for example is an animal, because it has a digestive sac.

Colonel Montagu, who has, during half a century, enjoyed an established reputation as an accurate observer, saw the organ in action of which M. de Quatrefages denies the existence. The description he gives of what he witnessed wears the impress of reality. The structure of the instrument which he describes, is wonderful, no doubt; but it is only a wonder in accordance with all the

other organic wonders of the animal. Probably enough M. de Quatrefages could not discover, with his microscope, in specimens destroyed by alcohol, the organ Colonel Montagu saw in action in the living animal. But surely, in this case, the negative of the learned professor is valueless in presence of the affirmative of the colonel, although he was but a colonel. Most certainly the failure of the learned professor is not sufficiently decisive of itself to warrant the [illegible] of the existence of an animal of prodigious length, and yet similar in the structure of the intestinal canal to the short polypes or the flat anemones.

Nothing is known of the most important part of the nutritive processes of the sea long-worm. His breathing instruments have not as yet been discovered. How his blood receives oxygen, or, in other words, how his food becomes alive, is entirely unknown. The savans have popped him into alcohol and pulled him to pieces afterwards to find out his secrets, but death can never tell the secrets of life. When I was a very little boy I had a fiddle given me, and I pulled it to pieces to find out the thing which made the music, but I didn't.

The books of natural history say that the Nemertes lives by sucking the substance of the anomia. The little two-valved mollusk resembling an oyster with a hole in the flat valve, is the anomia, or angulus, as it was called when it was supposed to be an odd looking oyster. Scottish fishermen call the anomia the Egyptian lamp, a name which has the merit of involving something of a description. But the anomia is not an oyster. It has three muscles, while the oyster has only one. As to the Nemertes sucking the flesh of these droll, little bivalves, there is no evidence, and the accusation is supported by no better evidence than inference and suspicion.

An animal may be described as a nervous system with nutritive and reproductive mechanisms. The nervous system of the long-worm seems very simple. Most of the worms or ringed animals have a collar, which represents the brain, round the gullet, formed by the two nerves which connect the upper dorsal and the ventral lower ganglions. The nervous system of the Nemertes consists only of two side ganglions, whence part two strings stretching to the extremity of the body and sending off a great number of branching threads. Two great vessels placed upon the side accompany these nervous trunks, and a third meanders upon the median line; all the three being simple and without ramifications. The instinct or inward prompting implanted in this nervous system is similar to the instinct of the boa constrictor. The fastening upon the prey, the swallowing of it endwise when exhausted by fatigue, and the sleep of satisfied digestion, are all exceedingly like the boa. When the boa constrictor swallows his prey, it is curious to see with what mathematical exactitude he adjusts the spine of the victim to his spine. I have seen a boa constrictor pounce upon the throat of a rabbit, and, after the rabbit was exhausted, if not dead, the boa changed his hold and adjusted the head exactly into his mouth, which was successively and constantly expanded upon the body of the victim. It would be singular if the Ne'er-misser of the rock pools engulfed his gobie exactly as the serpent of the forests swallows his monkey.

The sea long-worm has a great number of eggs. The ovaries, which are placed upon the two sides of the body, are very large. I am afraid to mention the number of eggs which it is calculated may be found in the ovaries of a Nemertes during the season of gestation; they are as many as four or five hundred thousand. The eggs of the Ne'er-missers are eaten in vast numbers by fishes, and the vastness of their numbers is necessary to the preservation of the species.

The incredulity with which the statements of physiologists are received respecting the numbers of the eggs of animals will be removed by a simple explanation of the method of calculation. The ovary is measured, and a portion—say a quarter of an inch square—is cut out. The number of eggs found in the quarter of the inch is counted, and then multiplied by the number of square quarter inches which are found in the ovary. The little fishes eat the eggs of the long-worms, and the long-worms who escape, revenge their kin upon the little fishes. And thus their lives of natural war have passed from the beginning, and will run on to the end of time.

The muscular system of the Nemertes has never as yet, we fear, been scientifically studied. Yet marvellous suppleness, contractility, and expansibility of form, are the chief characteristics of the animal. The great number of lateral branching nerves described by Rathke doubtless command a great number of muscles of the most delicate structure.

London: Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. New York: Dix & Edwards.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 385.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

THE YELLOW TIGER.

It was fully three long hours behind its time, that great Lyons diligence; which, considering that the roads were clear and open, was curious, to say the least of it. This was at the old inn at Troyes, bearing the name, Tigre Jaune, or Yellow Tiger, on a cool summer's evening. It had been a fierce, glaring day; and we—madame who directs, that is, and myself—were looking over from the wooden gallery that runs round the court, speculating what it might be that detained the great Lyons diligence.

Le Bœuf from below (he was waiting to bring out his relay of fresh and shining steeds) had it that nothing but the casse-cou—the casse-cou damné—could be at the bottom of it. His own private impression was, that the great diligence was at that moment resting on its side in the depths of that gully. Where was it? Well, let him see. They all knew the steep hill a little beyond the last stage. And the twist in the road just after? Well, the villanous casse-cou was close by, at that very turn; and, if the Faquin of a coachman had not his beasts well in hand (and they pulled like three hundred devils) or if he chanced to be a little gris—in his cups, that is—the great diligence would, of a dead certainty, meet with some heavy misfortune. Dame! ought he not to know? Had not his own beast run right into it one Saturday night? (Significant laughter here, from bystanders.)

One of M. Le Bœuf's coadjutors, being pressed for his opinion, submitted that it could be only Gringoire. He had prophesied no good of that animal from the first. Take his word for it, it was Gringoire—who, by the way, carried his tail in a fashion that no well-regulated quadruped should do; Gringoire had done all the mischief. He had got the bit between his teeth, or had shied, or had thrown himself on the ground, and had so overturned the great Lyons diligence.

The brethren standing round, all in blue frocks and shining black belts, loudly dissented from this doctrine, as reflecting too severely on Gringoire and the driver. Peste! the horse was a good horse at bottom, with a mouth of iron, it is true, but a good horse for all that. As for Pepin the cocher, the bon homme knew what he was about; was never gris, except when off duty.

As the discussion warmed up, other parties lounging about the gateway and outhouses drew near and listened. And so a little crowd was gathered below, from which rose, upwards to our gallery, a din of altercation, seasoned with cross-fire of contradiction and plentiful pestes, mordieus, sacrés, and such profane expletives.

Said madame, turning to me with a smile, having listened tranquilly for some minutes, "The heavy diligence will arrive, nevertheless, whatever these galliards may say. I have no fears for it."

"You are expecting some guests, I think you told me?"

"Yes, monsieur: that good, gentle, M. Lemoine, with his mother and pretty fiancée. Three travellers, sir. Heavens! I had nearly forgotten about the golden chamber. Fanchonette! Fanchonette!"

Here a glass door just opposite opened softly, and a little figure in boddice and petticoat of bright colours, with small lace cap and ribbons on the back of her head, stepped out upon the gallery, as it were, straight from one of Lancry's pictures. This was Fanchonette, and the glass door opened into the gilded chamber. She curtsied low to me, the stranger. She said she had but that instant been putting one last touch to the golden chamber, brushing away some specks of dust accumulated since mid-day upon the mirrors and Dresden figures. M. Lemoine, when he arrived, would find everything looking as bright and fresh as in his own chateau at home. With this little speech, the Lancry sketch curtseyed low, and disappeared quickly behind the glass door.

"This M. Lemoine seems to have made many friends," I said, turning to madame.

"No wonder, monsieur," she replied, "he is so good and gentle, if that wicked brother of his would only let him live in peace."

"How is that?" I said, beginning to grow a little curious concerning this M. Lemoine. "What of this ogre of a brother?"

"He is his half-brother," madame said; "a wicked, graceless monster as ever came upon the earth of the bon Dieu. His own father left away all his estates from him, and gave them over to M. Lemoine; not but that

he himself was handsomely taken care of—mon Dieu! far too handsomely! He, however, had spent it all, and was now wandering about the world, a beggar."

"It certainly seemed a curious disposition," madame went on to say, "considering that M. Lemoine was only madame's son—she having been married before—and that wicked M. Charles his own child. But nobody could like him—not even his own father."

"And this M. Lemoine was expected here that evening?"

"Yes," she said, "in company with his mother, a cold, haughty woman, that always went with him, and with mademoiselle his cousin, to whom he was to be wedded as soon as his wretched health permitted. Voila tout! There was the whole history for me! Would I excuse her now for a few moments?"

During the last few minutes that madame was speaking, I had noticed that a glass door on the right had opened softly, disclosing a prospect of a gentleman sipping his wine and smoking a cigar leisurely after dinner. No doubt the cool evening breeze was found to enter very gratefully, for the gentleman presently pushed the little gilt table from him, and walked out slowly upon the gallery, still smoking his cigar. He had a disagreeable simper always put on below his light yellow moustaches, and he had, besides, a fashion of keeping his hands buried in his trowsers pockets, which seemed as full and capacious as a Turk's. He looked down for some minutes into the court below, simpering pleasantly at the discussion still going forward, then walked slowly round to where I was standing, and, bowing low, prayed me to have the bounty and condescension to allow him to light his cigar at mine. He had been so maladroit as to let his own go out. Curiously enough, I had seen him, but a minute before, slily rub his cigar against the wall with great secrecy and mystery. The significance of this act was now quite plain to me. I should have liked him better if he had made his advances openly, without any such little trickery. It was a pleasant evening, he observed, diligently lighting his cigar I too, he supposed, was waiting to see the heavy diligence come in. No? Would I forgive him for thinking so at first; for every creature in that dull place seemed to take surprising interest in the movements of that huge machine. "Messieurs there," he added, simpering contemptuously, on the people below, "find pleasing excitement in such talk. The poor souls! They know no better—ha! ha!" His laugh was disagreeable—very sweet and hollow-sounding. "Have you been here long?" he went on; "I have been sojourning here two days."

"I only arrived this evening," I answered, drily enough.

"Two days; would you believe it—two mortal days! Why, it is my belief that I should have expired at the end of the fourth hour but for la petite Fanchonette yonder, whom, by the way, you may have seen. A little Chloris."

I was beginning to find this gentleman's manner so little to my taste, that I prepared to turn away and make for my own room, when suddenly a faint rolling sound, accompanied with a distant musical tinkling, fell upon my ears. "Hark!" said he. "It comes, diligence le desiré, le bien aimé! See, the gamins are already in ecstasy!"

It was singular—the contempt he showed for the poor men below. They, by this time, were all rushing to the great gateway; so there could be no question but that the great diligence was approaching. Heavy plunging sounds, as of concussion against strong timber doors, with shrill whinnying, denoted that the fresh relay knew also what was coming, and were impatient to be led forth. Madame herself had caught the sounds from afar off in her little room, and was now tripping down the broad steps into the court. Lattices were opened suddenly in the roof and other parts, and eager faces put forth to listen. Gradually it drew nearer; the tinkling soon changed to a sort of harmonious jangle; there was a vigorous tramping of heavy hoofs, cheerful cries from the driver encouraging his beasts, with a stray note from his horn now and again; then more jingling and harsh clatter mingled together, with hollow rumbling now quite close at hand. The crowd at the archway fall suddenly to each side, and there appear at the opening two dusty thick-set horses, one on the right, of a high cream-colour, with a huge black patch on his haunch. That must be Gringoire, beyond mistake, who has thus nobly vindicated his good name; for M. Le Bœuf is pointing to him triumphantly. After Gringoire and his yoke-fellow toil two other great creatures, all four being garnished with high collars fringed handsomely with red and blue tassels. And behind them comes reeling in the great moving mountain itself, that has journeyed down from Lyons, whitened over with a crust of dust. There is a great tarpaulin covering up baggage, high heaped, well whitened too; and there are many faces looking forth from rotonde, and coupé, and intérieur, of baked and unwholesome aspect, as though they had gathered their share of the dust also. In the centre of the court it has pulled up short. The doors are dragged open, short ladders applied, and many figures in the blouses and shining belts are crawling up the sides, making for the roof. Now, too, are led forth the four fresh and gamesome animals, who beguile the tedium of yoking by divers posturings and fierce sweeps of their hinder legs at unwary bystanders.

But from the coupé—was being assisted forth, by gentle hands—madame herself, aiding tenderly—a tall man, delicate-looking and slightly bent. He seemed a little feeble, but

walked better as he leant on the arm of a stately lady in black, looking haughtily round on all about her. On the side was a young girl, golden-haired and graceful, whom I knew to be the future bride. I was all this while leaning over the balustrade, looking down into the court.

Presently, a very curious scene took place. I had seen the gentleman of the yellow moustaches, simpering to himself as though much amused at what was going forward. But, when the young man and the two ladies had begun to ascend the wooden staircase, he threw away his cigar, and walked leisurely down to meet them.

"Dearest brother," he said, withdrawing one hand from his deep pockets, "soyez le bienvenu! I am rejoiced to see you looking so fresh and well. But the journey must have fatigued you terribly!"

The tall lady's eyes flashed fire, and she stepped forward in front of her son.

"Go away! Retirez-vous, infame!" she said. "What do you do here?—how dare you present yourself to us?"

"Sweet madame," he said, bowing low, "accept my humble excuses; but I wish to speak privately with my dear brother here, who, by the way, seems to be getting all his strength back again. I have waited here—two whole days—looking forward to this pleasure."

"Stand back quickly!" said the tall lady, trembling with rage. "Will nobody take this infame from our sight? Messieurs! messieurs! I entreat you, make him withdraw!"

The men in blouses were gathering round gradually—to whom our hostess was vehemently unfolding the whole history, plainly working on their feelings. It was held to be a crying shame, and M. Le Bœuf was proposing to interfere physically. But young M. Lemoine gently drew his mother to one side.

"Dearest mother," he said, "let us hear what he has to say. He can do us no harm."

"No, Dieu merci," she said, "we are beyond his malice. But you must not speak with him, my son."

All this while the gentleman with the saffron moustaches had been leaning back against the rail, surveying both with a quiet smile.

"Well, brother," he said, at last, "you see, madame—gentle-minded, religious woman that she is—wishes to inflame matters. Let us finish with this child's work. I have journeyed many leagues to speak with you, and do you suppose I will let myself be turned back by caprice of this sort! Give me half an hour—but one half hour. She shall be by all the while. Also mademoiselle, if she have any fancy for it."

The young man looked round at the haughty dame beside him.

"This seems only reasonable," he said; "we had best hear what he has to say. Well, brother, come to my room—to the golden chamber, in an hour. But, mind, this shall be the last time."

"With all my heart," said the other, bowing profoundly. I shall trouble you no further after that. Meanwhile, accept my gratulations, Mademoiselle est vraiment belle! Au revoir, then, in an hour."

He lifted his hat as they passed him, and then walked down, unconcernedly, among the blue-frocked bourgeoise of the court.

"Don't stop up the way, good people," he said, coolly putting M. Le Bœuf aside, "it hinders all comfort in walking:" then lighted a cigar, and strode out carelessly upon the high road.

The glass-doors of the golden chamber had been thrown open, disclosing a pretty little room adorned fancifully with mirrors and light chintz hangings. Into this they entered, the hostess leading the way, and bringing forward an arm-chair into which M. Lemoine dropped himself wearily. Madame was taking counsel with Fanchonette, at the end of the room (the chintz and Louis-quinze mirrors were quite in keeping with the Lancry figure), and, as the glass-doors shut-to gently, I saw his cousin bending over him tenderly. He looked up pleasantly into her face.

Within the hour's time, the great diligence had departed, toppling fearfully as it passed out under the archway; while the men in blue—their day's work being ended—dispersed and left the court quite bare and empty. Soon after, the stranger came sauntering in, his hands deeper in his pockets, and well up to his time. At the foot of the steps he stopped and called out loudly to Fanchonette, "Go quickly, ma petite, and see if it be their pleasure to receive me."

Soon returned Fanchonette, tripping lightly, with word that they were already waiting for monsieur,—would he follow her.

"On, then, mignonne!" he exclaimed, and walked up-stairs, round to the golden chamber, entering boldly, and letting the glass-doors swing-to with loud chatter behind him.

Madame, our hostess, reported to me afterwards, that, as she was passing by she heard strange tones, as of fierce and angry quarrel—apparently the voices of M. Lemoine's mother and the stranger. She had often heard that there was some ugly secret in the family—some skeleton-closet as it were—which he, no doubt, was threating to make known to the world. He was lâche-lâche! madame said, several times, with indignation. It was curious, too, how the interest of that whole establishment became concentrated on that one chamber. It was known universally that there was some mystery going on inside. Even Fanchonette found occasion to pass that way now and then, gleaning, no doubt, stray ends of discourse. I, myself, felt irresistibly moved, to wander round in that direction; but, for the sake of

public opinion, had held out against the little weakness. It would be more profitable, as it was such a cool, fresh evening, to go forth and stroll leisurely towards the village, scarcely a mile away. So I sauntered forth at an easy pace from beneath the archway.

It was very grateful that evening walk down to the village, lying along all manner of green lanes and shady places. There was a kind of short cut through the fields —pointed out by an obliging peasant—which led across rustic bridges and through a little wood, very tempting and retired. There was the village church, too, just after getting clear of the wood: an ancient structure, and very grey and mossy, with the door standing open. I looked in and found M. le curé at the high altar steps instructing his little band of children for first communion or other great act. A gentle, patient man looked M. le curé, as he stood within his altar-rails, and very innocent and eager seemed his little following. I waited afar off—just under the porch—for many minutes, listening, looking round, too, at the pretty decoration of the church,—garnished plentifully with white rose-wreaths, perhaps for some high festival coming on.

It was long past ten o'clock when I found myself at the door of the old Yellow Tiger. That establishment was now about sinking into its night's repose; lights beginning to twinkle here and there at strange windows. M. Le Bœuf and all his company had long since departed, and as I entered, a man was coming down the steps with a huge bunch of keys to fasten up all securely for the night. The day's work was done, and it was time for all Christians to be in their rooms. So I took the lamp and made straight for the little alcove chamber where I was to repose; leaving, as is best to do in strange places, the light burning upon the table.

When I awoke again, it must have been a couple of hours past midnight, and I found that my lamp must have just gone out. For there was a column of thick black smoke curling upwards from it to the ceiling. The night was miserably warm and uncomfortable, and I foresaw that there was at least an hour or two of wretched tossing in store for me. To which prospect I at once resigned myself, and waited calmly for the tumult, to begin.

Though the lamp had gone out, there was still abundance of light pouring into the room through the glass-door and its thin muslin blind. For, the moon was up and made every corner of my little room as light as day. From the alcove where I lay—just facing the door—I could be pretty sure that the court-yard was steeped in a broad sheet of white light. So, too, must have been the gallery running round (this was my little speculation, striving to keep away the hour of torment), and its many sleepers, now fast bound in their slumbers. Just then the little clock, set to chiming out three, so that I had gone tolerably near the hour. As I was thinking what musical bells were to be found occasionally in these out-of-the-way villages, it suddenly struck me that there was a creaking sound outside in the gallery, as of a light footstep. The night was so very still that there could be no doubt of it. There was a creaking sound in the gallery. At the same instant, Hercule, the great white hound, always chained up of nights in the porch, gave forth a long melancholy howl. Whereupon the sounds ceased suddenly.

By and by they commenced again, coming nearer this time and mystifying me exceedingly, when suddenly, having my eyes fixed upon the door, a tall shadow seemed to flit swiftly across the door—a man's shadow, too. What could this mean? Who could be moving about in this secret fashion? Perhaps a watchman, kept by madame to look after the safety of their premises; perhaps a stranger with some unlawful purpose. I got up hastily and went over to the door to look out. There was no sign of any person being there; the gallery was perfectly deserted. The court below was—exactly as I had been figuring it—flooded with moonlight. There were also those fantastic shadows shooting out from the foot of the pillars, and underneath the gallery deep cavernous recesses, steeped in shade and mystery. Hercule was still at his mournful song, and something must have troubled his slumbers. Still, as I said, there was no sign of any living creature; so, after a little further contemplation of the tranquil scene, I shut the door gently, taking care to secure it from within, and went back to the alcove.

The diligence passed by at six o'clock next morning and was to call at the great gate to take me up. It seemed to me, that I had but just turned round to sleep, when a hoarse voice came through the glass-door, calling to me and rattling it impatiently.

"What do you want?" I said sleepily.

"The diligence, M'sieu! it is coming over the hill. M'sieu will have to hasten himself."

I jumped up hastily and was in my clothes in an instant. Madame, with delicate forethought, had a little cup of coffee ready (the great diligence would halt for breakfast some two or three hours later), which I had finished just as the jangling music of the great diligence made itself heard at the door. As I was following out M. Le Bœuf, who had my luggage on his shoulder, a piercing scream rang out, so sharp and full of anguish that all who were there turned and rushed back into the court. There was M. Lemoine's mother out upon the gallery in a light dressing gown, leaning over the rail, tossing her arms wildly about. There, too, was madame our hostess, struggling hard with the golden-haired young girl at the door of M. Lemoine's

room. Little Fanchonette, with her hands covering up her face, was running round the gallery in a sort of distracted manner, calling "au secours! au secours!" We were at the room-door in an instant.

"O such a terrible thing!" said madame; "don't go in—don't go in!"

I knew well what that terrible thing was, having had a dreadful presentiment from the very first minute. Upon his bed was lying M. Lemoine, on his face, quite stiff and cold; and, as they turned him over, two discoloured marks upon his throat came into view. He had been most foully done to death—had poor M. Lemoine.

Suddenly some one whispered, Where was the stranger: he who had arrived yesterday?—and some one else walked away on tip-toe towards his room. He had departed. It was plain, too, that his bed had not been slept in. It was easy, therefore, to know at whose door to lay this foul deed.

By this time, madame, now quite motionless and exhausted, had been got into the house, as well as the yellow-haired young lady. M. le conducteur said very quietly to me, that it was an awful thing to happen, an awful thing. He felt for madame's situation, but he had his orders and must go forward without delay. So he was at my service from that moment.

As we came down the steps, we found that the court had filled up with a strange rapidity; many men in the blue garments having gathered there, talking softly together and surmising; the gens-d'armes would be there, they said, in a few minutes. Le Bœuf and others were already scouring the country. So I ascended into the great diligence, sorrowfully; thinking what blight and desolation had of a sudden fallen upon the peaceful house. The cocher was impatient; he had had a hard time of it with his four struggling animals. They had been making the stones and gravel fly about furiously for the last quarter of an hour. The door was slammed to, the conductor had clambered up to his nook, the musical jingling, the crunching, the rumbling began again afresh, and the great diligence moved onward. As we reached the top of the hill, we met six tall men in cocked hats and boots, and very white shoulder-belts. These were the gens-d'armes that had been sent for; now on their way to the old Yellow Tiger Inn.

How many years was it before I came by that road again, through the pleasant bye-ways and paysages of France the Beautiful, as her sons and daughters like to call her? Close upon four, I think. This time I had been wandering over the country in true Zingaro humour; casting about for ancient quiet little towns, removed from great highways and tourist profanities, where abound, choice street corners and maimed statues in broken arches and a rare fountain or so, with a certain primitiveness of dress and manners among its men and women by way of local colouring. I thought frequently of the late Mr. Sterne and his tender soul, and went round very much after the easy, lounging manner of that famous sentimentalist.

In an admirable specimen of this ancient town architecture, bearing the name of Montçeaux, I found myself one evening, after some three or four days' sojourning, sitting by an open lattice and looking out on their chief street. This was in a furnished lodging over a little wine-shop, which I had secured at incredibly small charges. I knew that over my head there was a wonderful bit of gable with vast slopes of red tiling, and, as of course, a little belfry and weather-cock, wherein the daws did most congregate. I knew that, externally, great beams, handsomely coloured, crossed diagonally just below my little diamond-paned lattice, and that underneath was a deep doorway with well-wrought arch and pillars, which might very well have been abstracted from the old church hard by. I knew also that at the angle of the house, just on a line with my lattice, was a niche, or resting-place, for a certain holy woman now in glory, who had once been richly dight in gold and colouring, but was now as dull and grey as her stone canopy. To her, I noted that every man as he passed uncovered reverently; which was indeed only fitting, she being patroness and special guardian of the town.

The day's work was done, and it was a Saturday evening. Therefore were gathered about the street corner, under the saint, many of the Montçeaux wise men taking their ease in the cool of the evening and discussing the fair or festival nearest at hand. Past them would flit by, occasionally, coming from drawing water at the fountain, the Maries and Victorines of the place, in petticoats of bright colours and dainty caps, and with little crosses on their necks. There came by, too, a tall dark man, without a hat, holding up his gown with one hand—monsieur le curé, in a word—who stayed for a few moments' talk with the wise men. His day's work at the church, shrifts and all, was now over, and he was speeding on to the presbytère close by. Altogether, I said to myself, as pretty a little cabinet bit as I have seen for many a long day.

Down the little street facing us (the patroness from her angle could command undisturbed prospect of no less than three streets) came tripping lightly a young girl in black, with a little black silk hood half drawn over her head. I saw her coming a long way off, even from the moment she had issued from the old house that hung so over upon the street. As she drew nearer, there came upon me suddenly a reminiscence as of Lancery and of a juicy brush and clear limpid colouring. I thought I recollected something

of that face and figure, and, by the time she was passing under the window, I had placed her on a certain gallery just coming forth from the golden chamber, with the old Yellow Tiger as background. So I stooped over and called out softly "Fanchonette!"

She was a little startled, and looked up. It was Fanchonette beyond all mistake. She was not scared at being so accosted, but stopped still a moment to know what I might want.

"Fanchonette," I said, "don't you remember? How gets on the old Yellow Tiger and madame?"

She put her little finger to her forehead thoughtfully.

"Ah! I recollect it all now!" she said, clapping her hands. "I recollect monsieur perfectly. Monsieur was there," she added sorrowfully, "all that terrible night."

"Wait for a moment, Fanchonette," I said, "I am coming down to you." For someway I always shrank from that paternal manner of the Reverend Mr. Sterne, when opening up the country sentimentally; so I went down to meet Fanchonette — ungallantly enough—at the door. "Now, what has brought you to these parts?" I said. "Tell me all your little history, Fanchonette."

"O, monsieur!" she said, "I left the Yellow Tiger long since, and I now serve madame—the tall, dark lady, whose son was, hélas! so miserably——"

"Ah! I remember that night well." And the young fiancée, the golden haired demoiselle, where was she? I asked.

She had been with the Sœurs de la Miséricorde since a long time back—in noviciate, Fanchonette believed. But had I not taken an interest in her—at least she thought so—and in the family? I had certainly, I said, and had often thought of them since. Ah! she was sure of it. She had noticed it in me that night when madame was recounting her history—and now, if I would be so good, so condescending, she said, putting up her hands, and actually trembling with eagerness, to come with her for one short quarter of an hour to her mistress. O! I did not know what a relief, what a raising up from désespoir, I should bring with me.

I looked at her a little mystified. To be sure, I said; but what could I do for her? O, much; a great deal! I could help them very much indeed! The Blessed Mother had sent me to them as a guardian angel and deliverer! Madame had been utterly crushed past hope; but now all would go well. Would I go now? She was stopping in the great house yonder.

This was mysterious enough, but I said by all means; and so Fanchonette tripped on—a messenger of good tidings of great joy—leading the way to the great house that hung so into the street. Arrived under its shadow, she lifted the latch softly, and, leaving me below, ran up to tell madame. She was away some five minutes, and then called over the stairs that monsieur was to mount, if he pleased. So I ascended a dark, winding staircase, such as are much found in such mansions, and was led along a low, narrow corridor into a large handsome room, fitted however with mullions and panes of diamond pattern much as in my own tenement. Here, in a great gilt chair (very tarnished though), surrounded with cabinets and mirrors and clocks and china of the pattern popular in the days of King Louis the Fifteenth, was Madame Lemoine, all in black, who sat back stiff and stern in her chair, regarding me closely as I came in. I knew her at once. She was just as I had seen her on the stairs of the Yellow Tiger, only her features had grown sharpened and pinched a little; her eyes, too, had now and then a sharp, restless glare. She looked at me hard for a few moments.

"Sit down, monsieur, sit down," she said, nervously, "here just beside me. Do you know that you can help us—that is, if you are willing to do so?"

I said that anything I could do for them, provided it fell within the next few days, they were heartily welcome to.

"Thanks, thanks, thanks!" she said many times over, with the same nervous manner. "You shall hear first what is wanted of you—not so very much after all. Rather, first what do you know of us, or must I go through the whole wretched story——?"

"If she alluded," I said, "to a certain fatal night some four years since, why——"

"Ah, true! I had been there. Fanchonette had told her all that. Well, monsieur," she went on, rubbing her thin fingers together, "how do you suppose my miserable life has been spent since then? What has been my food and nourishment all that while? Guess!"

I shook my head. I could not pretend to say what had been madame's occupation.

"Try! try!" she said, striking the smooth knob of her chair, her eyes ranging from object to object in the quick, restless way I had noticed. "What was the fittest employment for the poor broken-hearted mother? Come! Make a guess, monsieur!"

It had grown a little darker now, and there were shadows gathering round the upholstery of King Louis' day. For nearly a minute no one spoke, neither I, nor Fanchonette standing behind her mistress's chair, nor the grim lady herself waiting an answer so solemnly. Madame had been travelling, no doubt, I suggested.

"Right," said madame, "we have been travelling wearily: scouring the great continent of Europe from end to end. Poor Fanchonette is tired, and I am tired. Does monsieur"—here she stooped forward, peering nervously into my face;—"does monsieur ever recollect meeting—in any of the great public places, for instance—a man with light

yellow moustaches, white teeth, and a false smile. Let monsieur see his description, as officially drawn up, with proper signalment. Eyes, grey; nose, arched; height, medium; hair, yellow; and the rest of it. We have been travelling after him, monsieur."

I was now beginning to understand.

"Well," she went on, "we were hunting that shadow up and down, tracking those yellow moustaches hopelessly, without aid from any one, for how long, Fanchonette? Ah, for three years—yes! At the end of three years, monsieur—three weary years—we had hunted him down—tracked him home. It was time, though: full time! We had not strength for much more, Fanchonette?"

"Where did you find him then, madame?" I said.

"Ah! where? Why, in a lonely German town, at the foot of the mountains. But what use was it? We had no friends among the great ones, and could not lay a finger on him in that foreign country. All that was left to us was to keep watch over him until he should be drawn back again by his destiny—as they say such men always are drawn—to his own country. How long did we keep watch over him, there, Fanchonette?"

"For ten months, madame."

"For ten months, and then he departed, as I knew he would, and crept back to his own land. And now," she said, lowering her voice in a whisper, "he is close by us here—in the town of Dezières, not five miles away——"

Madame paused here for a moment, still playing feverishly with the smooth knob of her chair.

"Here is what we would ask of you, if you would not think it too much. Fanchonette has been into this town and has brought back some idle story about its not being the man; no false smile, she says, nor yellow moustaches—as if he were fool enough to keep such tokens. Mon Dieu!" she added, lifting up her thin hands, "it shall turn out to be he, and no other. He is lying at this moment in Dezières, awaiting for his hour."

"In what way, then, dear madame, would you have me assist you?"

"Fanchonette does not know this man, and my poor eyes are old and weak and would not help me to know him. See us here, then, monsieur, two friendless women, and give us this help. Go into that town, see him, speak with him, probe his very soul, and if he turn pale have them ready to rush in upon him. How were we to compass such things?"

I could only promise that I would set forth for Dezières, not that Saturday night—it being far too late—but towards noon the next day, when she might depend on my best exertions. I was touched by the poor lady's sorrows and her pale, handsome countenance, so worn and sharpened with sorrows. It was hard to resist the piteous, earnest look, with which she had waited for my answer.

"A troubled time you must have had of it, my poor girl," I said to Fanchonette, as we went down to the door.

"Ah, yes, monsieur;" she said, "but we would have travelled to the world's end to find him. I have no fears. The Bon Dieu will deliver him up to justice yet."

The next day was Sunday, and a very bright festival morning it seemed to be. Looking betimes from my little casement, I saw the whole town astir, and, in the street making towards the church where was to be, presently, the grand mass. They came in all manner of costumes: abundance of high white caps, and bright shawls and petticoats variegating the tide. There were some, too, from the country outside, drawn along by stout horses, adorned with gay harness and fringes. There were stout patriarchs trudging along, boldly leaning on their good sticks, and young girls—the Maries and Victorines of last night—with gold pins in their hair and great bouquets, and gallants in blouses walking beside them. So they went by; all bound for the grand mass. I would go to the grand mass also.

High altar abundantly decked with artificial white roses; little altars in little by-chapels decked also with artificial white roses. White roses round the capitals of the tall, grey pillars. White roses along the organ-gallery, and around the angels, and on the head of the pretty statue of our lady, or it might be of our saint and patroness, in the middle of the aisle. This was the first impression upon the senses of the curious stranger. The secret of this waste of white roses was this; it was the patroness's festival day, and, on looking closer, I found that very many of the bouquets had, in fact, found their way to the feet of her effigy. There was to be a grand fonction, in short, and it was confidently expected that M. le grand vicaire-general of the district, would come expressly and celebrate the patroness in a panegyric; but a little doubt hung over this prospect. There was altogether a bright, innocent aspect about the church interior as I stood looking down at it from the porch, so well peopled with its ranks of gaily-dressed peasantry, which struck me as another of those choice pictures for which I was indebted to this little place. There was a tall man in a cocked-hat who was overpowering in his attentions, unprompted by mercenary motives. When the grand mass began, a flood of boys in white, a flood of men in white, together with a train of lay figures, displaying upon their backs the gorgeous copes lent by adjoining parishes to do honour to the patroness, and now M. le curé himself, celebrant in a dazzling robe, never seen

by Montçeaux eyes—fresh from Paris—censors, floating clouds, gold, silver, glitter, torches, and sweet fragrance,—that was the fonction. Alack, for the music, though chaunted, indeed, with a will, but dissonant, and of the nose nasal. Nor can I restrain a gentle remonstrance against the leathern spiral instrument—that cruel disenchanter—worked with remorseless vigour by the Tubal Cain of the place. At the end of the fonction—when the patroness is happily borne back to her resting-place—comes a moment of intolerable suspense. Has M. le grand-vicaire come? Will he come? In a moment more there is sensation in the church, for there issue forth boys in white, the men in white, the lay figures even; and, lastly, walking modestly with M. le curé, M. le grand-vicaire himself. He has come, then, the long desiderated! A rather florid, portly man, M. le grand-vicaire, but true as steel, and has come twenty miles that morning for the patroness and her flock. He will dine with M. le curé in state, and meet the maire and other great syndics. A very excellent sermon from M. le grand-vicaire, full of sound truths, with a little varnish of a Paris accent over all. For, he is not provincial, and hath eminent prospects of being a bishop, and those not so remote either. A great day altogether—a very high festival!

Shortly after noontide, a sort of calêche sent over from Dezières, departed by the northern side of the town. There were, inside of that calêche, Madame Lemoine, Mademoiselle Fanchonette, and myself. After all, madame had decided, almost at the last minute, to go forward to Dezières and wait there the progress of events.

In about an hour's time then, we were struggling slowly up the paved causeway that leads into that town: a much greater and more imposing place than Montçeaux.

There is a barrière and there are officials there, and octroi; at which spot we turned sharply to the right, making for a quiet and retired house of rest, known as the Son of France Inn. At the Son of France were set down madame and her attendant, whilst I went off on foot to the Three Gold Crowns, on certain business of my own.

At the door of that house of entertainment I made enquiries in an easy unconcerned manner: firstly, as to the hour they were accustomed to lay out their table-d'hôte, and also as to whether I could be accommodated with an apartment for that night. It was explained to me that, on the score of dinner, I was unhappily too late for the first table-d'hôte, which was laid always at one, precisely. But that, by infinite good luck, there would be another laid at five o'clock, to suit the convenience of strangers arrived for the festival. As to the apartment I might have my choice; for Garçon candidly acknowledges there are not many stopping in the house. "Bad times these for business," I say, laughingly. "Confess, in all honour, have you half-a-dozen people in your house?" Indeed he can assure monsieur that there are at least that number—or very nearly so. No, I say, pointing significantly to the keys hung close by—about three thick—who have you now? Why, there was M. Petit the avocat, and M. le sous-lieutenant, and now, let him see—oh, yes! There was M. Falcon,—not exactly stopping in the house; and there was M. Rabbe, professor of languages and belles lettres, and—— Well, well, I say, so that any of them dined, I was content. O, yes, they would dine: monsieur might depend on that. M. Rabbe always dined. Good. Then I would be there at five.

I am interested in M. Rabbe, professor of languages and belles lettres. I am desirous of meeting M. Rabbe at dinner, and making his acquaintance. I walk up the street carelessly, thinking what manner of man he may turn out to be, when I am seized unaccountably with misgivings on the score of my passport. My passport, of all things in the world! Was it perfectly en règle as their phrase was? Had it its full complement of visas, and sand, and stamps? Would it do for such remote quarters as Dezières? Who was to let me know concerning these things? I stop a passer-by, and inquire with civility for the Bureau of Passports. The passer-by is puzzled—not often coming in contact with such notions—he supposes I may hear of it at the Police. Yes; and the Police? Ah! that was in Rue Pot d'Etain—Tin Pot Street that is—straight as I can go. Thanks. One thousand thanks!

I proceed, straight as I can go, into Tin Pot Street, and discover the Police at once from the sign of a gens-d'arme hung out, as it were, at the door. Two other gens-d'armes are seated on a little bench under the window, enjoying the evening. I go up to the Sign, and ask if I may be allowed a few minutes' conversation with M. le chef. He looks hard at me, moving his hand over his chin with a rasping sound. Then, with a slow glance, he takes me in from head to foot, and under pretext of picking up a straw, contrives a private view at my back. The brethren on the bench have by this time drawn near, look me all over, and make rasping sounds on their chins. I repeat my request of being conducted to the presence of M. le chef. Upon which the Sign—clearly not knowing what to make of it—motions me to follow, and leads me into a little back room. The door is shut, and I am left alone with a gentleman behind a table—bald, and rather full in person—wearing a travelling cap tied with a bow of ribbon in front, and an ancient brown coat: altogether recalling forcibly the men that used to book you in country towns for the Royal Mail, during the fine old coaching times.

I have some curious conversation with M.

le chef: for nearly half an hour. In spite of Royal Mail-associations, I find him a man of wonderful tact and knowledge. Indeed, how would he have got there at all were it otherwise? Strange to say, he has shown me some queer notes of his own making during the last two or three days. As I go away it seems settled that M. le chef will not dine at home that day; but has taken a fancy for trying the cuisine at the Three Gold Crowns. He will dine much about the time we do, only he will be served in a little Cabinet Particulier by himself. I am grieved at not having his company at the public table; for he is a man of wit and easy manners. But he has his little oddities, he says, and so shrugs me out.

At about ten minutes before five, I am ascending the stairs of the Three Gold Crowns. I find the lieutenant already there before me, walking up and down—gentlemen of the Imperial Service proving, within my experience, punctual and fatal patrons of the proprietors of such establishments. We salute each other profoundly, and enter upon the probabilities of there being full or scanty attendance at the approaching meal. To us entered presently a purple, orb-faced gentleman, plainly of the country interest and Squire Western habits, and then a little smart man, who recalled forcibly the popular portraits of M. Thiers. He seems, as it were, perpetually shooting out into points and angles, and comes in company with the gentleman of the country, laying out some local interest energetically with his pointed finger.

Behind them walks out the host of the Three Gold Crowns, heralding the soup—significant omen that no more are to come or at least be waited for. But the professor of modern tongues and belles lettres, where is he? I am so interested in this coming of M. Rabbe, that I feel myself getting troubled and uneasy in mind, and look every instant towards the door. More especially as I know from sounds behind the partition that there is a gentleman being served in private—contingent, as it were, upon M. Rabbe's arrival. Perhaps M. Rabbe may have private reasons for not desiring to meet me? Seriously I am very much disturbed, and think anxiously of the thin, pale lady expectant at the Son of France.

The soup then is put on. Officious garçons bustle about, and the clatter of China ware and tongues sets in. M. Petit—for I have learnt long since that M. Thiers' portrait stands for him—talks for the whole company. He has his sharp forefinger laid upon his neighbour's chest; now upon his plate; now vertically upon his own palm. He is for ever illustrating things with little constructions of his knife and fork, his napkin and his chair. He distracts me from what I am thinking of so nervously. The sous-lieutenant and M. Falcon accept him cheerfully as he is—and without reply—for their souls are now laid conscientiously to the great work before them.

Just as the soup is being taken away, I catch the sound of a distant step upon the stairs. Our host catches it too; for he bids Antoine stay his hand, and leave the soup for M. Rabbe. For another moment, my heart is beating hard, and there enters some one bowing low, and full of soft apologies—a little warm, too, with the haste he has made—and wiping his forehead with his handkerchief. Ah, Fanchonette! For all that artificial strip of baldness reaching even to the back of the head; in spite of those shorn lips and cheeks; of that limp neckcloth, swathed in many folds and brought down upon the chest; of that bunch of seals; and the long black garment a shade seedy at the collar; I say you should have known M. Rabbe, in one second, at that comely German town! I would have picked him out of a thousand.

He was one of M. Petit's own circle of friends; for that gentleman saluted him heartily as he took his seat. A very agreeable man was M. Rabbe, and entertained us wonderfully for the rest of dinner; excepting that at times he had a peculiar manner of displaying his teeth, and I could not help fancying a yellow moustache just over them. He spoke cheerfully of the morning's fonction, and of the admirable sermon of M. le vicaire—such plain, sound doctrine, and so good for the people! Then he falls upon fiscal questions with M. Petit, handling them with a certain skill. The lieutenant is, all this while, too hard at work for mere converse.

At last M. Petit, looking at his watch, discovers that he has important business elsewhere, and so departs with a bow that takes in all the company. The lieutenant rises about the same time; bethinking him of the little café in the Square of the town. Remain therefore, the country interest, myself, and M. Rabbe: who says with a pleasant smile that he knows of a particular Volnay, now lying in our host's cellars, and would take leave to order up some, for our special tasting. At this moment there are sounds of movement behind the partition, and presently enters with bows, my friend the chef, with newspaper in one hand, and his glass and a slim wine-flask in the other, begging to be allowed to join the company. I confess I scarcely know M. le chef again. He is strangely metamorphosed, having now got up a little of the aspect of a town burgher in his Sunday suit: with a brusque local tone of speech. No traces here of the brown garment and the ancient travelling cap! He draws in his chair, looks round on us cheerfully, and I now feel that the time for business is at hand.

"You do meet excellent wines"—I say, in continuation of the Volnay discussion—"in some of those little towns up and down the country."

"Ay," says M. le chef, holding his glass

to the light, "and perhaps nowhere so good as in this town of ours."

"The gentleman is right," says M. Falcon, with an oath of the true western fashion—only in French—"let them match our wines if they can! Pardieu! I say what is known, and can be proved!"

"He has reason!" M. le chef says, glancing at me ever so little. "Trust to a clean country cabaret for pure honest wines!"

"Yes," I reply, "I have travelled over many leagues of France, and I think the best wines I have fallen in with, were at an old cabaret in the south."

"Where, if I may take the liberty?" M. le chef asks with interest.

"Let me see," I answer reflecting, "it is so long since. Ah to be sure—down near Troyes somewhere, at a house called the Yellow Tiger!"

M. Rabbe was about to drink when I began this speech. At the moment the words Yellow Tiger were spoken, his glass was not an inch from his lips. He started. His arm shook so violently, that the wine ran over his glass. Then he swallowed it all off—every drop, with a gulp—hastily to hide his white lips, and stole a cowering look round the table, just catching M. le chef in the act of leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, watching him with intense curiosity.

"What are you all looking at me for in this way?" he said angrily.

"We are concerned for monsieur's health," says the chef, "lest he should be seized with sudden sickness. That name of Yellow Tiger seemed to have such strange effect."

M. Rabbe looks at him uneasily for a moment; then laughs more uneasily still, and fills out for himself another bumper of Volnay.

"To go back to this Yellow Tiger wine," says M. le chef, reaching over for the flask, "was it so good now, really?"

"Famous! And I ought to remember it well. For the night I drank of it there was murder done in the Yellow Tiger Inn!"

Again M. Rabbe's glass was stayed in its course, and the precious Volnay scattered on the floor. He was looking over at me with a painful, devouring expression, which I shall never forget.

"Monsieur must be unwell," says M. le chef, with anxiety; "the gentleman will recollect that I said so at first."

"I am very unwell," gasps M. Rabbe staggering up on his feet, and not taking his eyes from me, "very unwell indeed. I shall go out into the fresh air, it will revive me."

"The thing of all others in the world," M. le chef says; "nothing is so good as the cool fresh air, with a little eau de Cologne to the temples. Stay," says M. le chef, rising with good-natured alacrity, "let monsieur lean on me, till he gets to the garden. He is weak evidently. Oh, there is nothing like the cool air!"

So M. le chef gets monsieur's arm under his own. They go out together, and M. le chef gives me one queer look from over his shoulder.

That evening it fell out that a strong party of gens-d'armes, with bayonets fixed and drawn closely round a hand-cuffed man, came past the Son of France Inn. There, a tall thin lady in black stood at a front window. It was nearly certain, I was informed, that the destiny of the handcuffed man, would be resolved at the Bagnes or galleys at Brest.

A COMPANIONABLE SPARROW.

I found myself by the decrees of the Fates, in the winter of eighteen hundred and fifty-five (one of the coldest of recent winters, and during one of the coldest of December nights) at an evening party in the rue de la Ville l'Evêque, in Paris. The heroine of this evening party for me was neither a rosy mademoiselle nor a queenly madame, but a sparrow (la Pierrette). During a jubilee moment of emancipation from the news and the wit, the music and the dancing, the men exhibiting their distinction, and the women displaying their beauty, I espied a little brown ball upon the top corner of a large and lofty gilded mirror, fastened against a wall in a corner of one of the rooms. Intelligence is a substantive feminine, I suppose, on account of her curiosity; and my intelligence immediately rushed into my eyes, and began peeping, staring, and darting glances, to discover what the little brown ball upon the gilt cornice might be. She soon found out it was a sparrow rolled up into a ball, with its beak under its wing, and fast asleep. My intelligence was immensely enjoying the problem how a sparrow could have been thus tamed and domesticated, when the contagion of curiosity spread from me to my neighbours in the room, and from room to room throughout the whole assembly, just as a circular ripple makes more and more circular ripples upon the surface of water. I soon found I was in a crowd of persons all gazing in one direction. Treble voices with bass murmurs accompanying them made quite a concert of melodious cries of wonder. Just before the mirror, marble arms held up candles statuesquely, yet nearer and nearer and higher and higher. Some of these heads and arms, done in stone, would have adorned a sculpture-room. But the sparrow was roused by the light. Awakened and startled, rather than frightened, the sparrow flew round and round the room, and alighted upon its gilded perch again. And now, in compliance with my repeated requests, Mademoiselle l'Apprivoiseuse de Moineau has been kind enough to write out for me the story of this sparrow, and I have the pleasure of submitting it to my readers.

As the circumstances are extraordinary, I shall intrude only a few words to the incredulous reader. I am one of many persons who have frequently seen this sparrow fly into the apartment in which I saw her. I have repeatedly seen this sparrow leave her companions upon the roofs and in the trees. I have seen her wait until the window was opened. I have seen her study the countenances of the persons in the room. She does not like my looks, for example; and the truth is, I have in my time dissected individuals of her kind; and perhaps, a guilty conscience needing no accuser, she sees my guilt in my face. I may have a dissect-bird look, although I hope not. Most certainly I have known her dark hazel eyes gaze at me for a long time, and have learned from her manner that she deemed me decidedly a suspicious character, whose presence on the premises was dangerous. She trusts all ladies implicitly. To have the pleasure of seeing her fly into the room, I have had to make myself invisible in a corner. When the persons who have excited her distrust are hidden, she flies into the room, and the window is shut upon her. From her cornice she can contemplate even men-folks with composure.

I came to live, says Mademoiselle l'Apprivoiseuse de Moineau, in my present abode, rue de la Ville l'Evêque, Paris, in April, eighteen hundred and fifty-one. Almost my first care was to make a sort of garden upon a little terrace upon which the sunniest sitting-room opens. Finding that the sparrows ate up all the best blossoms, I provided a good supply of bird-seed and bread crumbs, which they soon found out to be better food than flowers. One day I perceived that one of them could scarcely fly. It fluttered about the table where I sat at work, and at last fell down almost insensible. I called my good Louise, who is skilful in the treatment of those who suffer. She found that this poor bird had broken its leg and injured its foot. We contrived to set the broken limb as well as we could, and bound it with worsted to a lucifer-match by way of a splint. The foot was much swollen, but a bath in a wine-glass of warm water soon relieved it. We laid it in a soft warm nest in a cage, and in a few minutes it went to sleep. That our little patient might not feel lonely, we placed the cage close to that of two canaries, Paul and Virginia, who live in the window. They became excellent neighbours; and the doors of the two cages being open, the canaries used to bring food to the invalid; and I have often see them pushing towards it little bits of spongecake through the bars of the two cages. Paul would sit by the nest and sing to the sparrow whenever he had a moment to spare. Within a week our guest was able to join its companions on the terrace, but towards evening it came back to sleep in the cage. It continued for about ten days to go out every morning, returning regularly at eventide. It then left us altogether, and we saw it no more, except now and then, when it flew in for a moment to pick up a hurried meal. Louise now guessed that our little friend had eggs, and we discovered that she too lived in a hole in the convent wall which forms one side of our garden. That day we gave her the name of Pierrette.

To my surprise she arrived one morning with a young bird upon her back. There it sat with the tips of its little wings slipped under the wings of its mother, and its tender claws buried in her feathers, so that it could not fall during their flight. Having landed her little one inside the window, Pierrette fed it abundantly, and then lowered herself down by its side, to enable it to mount easily upon her back to be carried home. In due time she brought all her five young ones, ranged them in a row on the carpet before me, and then flew upon the flounce of my dress, and, by her wistful looks, seemed to invite me to admire her family. While she fed her little ones inside the window, her mate, Pierrot we called him, stood outside on the rail, to be ready to warn her of any coming danger.

As the young ones grew from day to day, it was wonderful to see with what care Pierrette taught the two elder of the brood to feed their little brothers. They evidently understood all she said and soon set to work, while she sat on a sprig of ivy watching their movements. The good sense and tenderness evinced by these parent birds in the management of their young, were perfectly marvellous. When the little ones quarrelled over their crumbs, or pushed one another aside in the eagerness to catch a drop of dew from any ivy-leaf, Pierrette would interfere with gentle decision and set them to rights directly. On more serious occasions Pierrot would step in to restore order by means of vehement language and a peck or two of his beak for the more turbulent.

And so they went on, until these baby birds grew to be large and strong. Pierrette then began to think of another brood, and disappeared as she had done before. As the time drew near for the second brood to visit us, it seemed to be Pierrot's duty to keep the first brood from coming into the room, so that the new little ones and their mother might have their territory in the window quite to themselves.

One evening in October, instead of going home as usual to sleep, Pierrette remained with us. She flew rapidly round and round the room, and at last selected for her resting-place the top of a looking-glass in the least frequented corner of the room. When she had satisfied herself that this was a good position, she came down to the window which was still open, eat her supper, chatted with her friends the canaries, and then flew back to the top of her looking-glass for the night. From that time she

has never failed to sleep here during the winter months. Before she leaves us in the morning she always eats a good breakfast and takes a bath, and invariably has a little gossip with Paul and Virginia. The window is generally open for her towards sunset, but if it happens to be shut she pecks at it and calls us until we open it. She always looks in before she enters, to see what sort of company may be in the room. If she sees any one she does not fancy, she waits quietly in her ivy bower until they go away, before she ventures to come in.

Two years ago—in the winter—our poor Pierrot was very ill. He came to us for help, and took refuge in my work-basket. Pierrette did her utmost to induce him to go up to her retreat on the looking-glass, but he was far too weak to fly. Finding him deaf to her counsel she became very angry, screamed at him and flapped her wings, and at last seized him on her back by the top of his head, and shook him violently in the air as if she wished to kill him. After repeating this strange treatment, several times, she went to roost herself. She never saw him again. I sat up half the night trying to comfort poor Pierrot: he seemed so much to enjoy being breathed on and kept warm in my hands. I hoped he might recover, for he crept under the book-case and went to sleep, but Louise found him in the morning lying quite dead in the middle of the room.

Pierrette had no difficulty in finding another mate, but not a second gentle Pierrot. The new husband proved to be violent in temper and somewhat despotic in his notions. She brought her first brood after this second marriage to show us before there was a feather to be seen on any one of the young ones. Pierrot the Second followed in high wrath, scolded and picked at her in a way that must have astonished her, and then stood by while she carried them, every one, home again. Ever since that adventure she waits to bring us her little ones until they are able to fly with her.

Pierrette has five broods of five eggs every summer. This year, June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, she has a second brood of full fledged. She is, consequently, the mother of, at least, a hundred and thirty young sparrows.

AUTUMN.

I saw the leaves drop trembling
  From crests of cony limes;
The wind sung through the branches
  Most sorrow-waking rhymes.

No flower in all the valleys
  Look'd up with face of mirth;
But shroud-like vapour rested
  Upon the bloomless earth.

Then fearful thoughts, too truth-like,
  Of inner change and blight
Came o'er my startled spirit,
  As fell the early night.

"But, Autumn," cried I, "scatter
  The leaves from forest-trees;
And moan through sadden'd branches
  Thy wailing threnodies.

But spare this heart the verdure
  That robed it in the spring,
And let the summer's echoes
  Still round my pathway sing!

Rest only on the valleys,
  Dream mist that bringest death!
But breathe not on this bosom
  Thy joy-destroying breath!"

MICROSCOPIC PREPARATIONS.

It seems probable, from many symptoms, that the microscope is about to become the idol of the day; we appear to be on the eve of a microscope mania. For some time past, that fascinating instrument has taken its rank as an indispensable aid to science. The geologist confidently appeals to its evidence, when he asserts that coal is only fossilised vegetable substance; that chalk and other important strata are in great part composed of shells; that a minute fragment of a tooth belonged to a reptile and not to a fish; that a splinter of bone had traversed the air, ages and ages ago, in the body of a flying lizard, and not in that of a bird. For the anatomist, the medical man, and the zoologist in general, the microscope is not an instrument which he can use or neglect at his pleasure. On the contrary, the objects for which it must be employed are determinate. It is destined to teach a number of facts and exhibit a multitude of organs, which can be studied neither by the naked eye, nor by the aid of any other instrument. Such are, the textures of the tissues, the phenomena attending the course of the blood, the vibrations of cilia in animalcules, animals, and men; the contractions of the muscular fibres, and many other things of the highest interest. Besides these learned pursuits, which are the business of the comparative few, the microscope offers an inexhaustible treasury of amusement to crowds of amateurs who aim no higher than to obtain a little useful information respecting the nature of the ordinary objects by which they are surrounded, and are content to admire beauty and variety of design, even when they cannot penetrate to final causes. To the invalid or lame person confined to the house, to the worn man of business whose soul is weary of affairs, to the lonely dweller in a country residence where little or only uncongenial society is to be had, —to such persons, and to many others, a few plants and minerals from the nearest hedge or stone-heap, a box of the commonest insects, a half-score of wide-mouthed bottles containing water-weeds—some from any neighbouring pool, others from the seashore —will supply a succession of entertainment, which is incredible to those who have not

made the experiment. Nor is this the occupation of a trifler; for, while thus occupying our leisure, we unconsciously attain a comprehensive view of the Great Artificer's wisdom and power.

Microscopic preparations are fast increasing in importance, as an article of commerce; they are one of the many battle-grounds of competing rivalries. Rich men, as amateurs, and men of science, as students, form with these their microscopic museums, as others keep their microscopic ménageries. Collections and cabinets of microscopic preparations are to be purchased, containing from a dozen to a thousand objects and upwards; and lists and catalogues are published from which the buyer may choose the articles that best suit his taste or illustrate his studies. With the aid of these preparations, there is no reason why the microscope should not become an instrument of drawing-room recreation, quite as much as the stereoscope, over which it has the advantage of variety, to speak of nothing farther or higher. For, although the portraits of microscopic objects, drawn and engraved and coloured after life, are often very beautiful and wonderful performances, and a volume of them will help you to spend an interesting evening, still they are faint and feeble nothings when compared with the objects themselves as seen under a good instrument. Their great utility lies in their helping you to recognise the originals themselves, when you meet with them. With the solar or oxyhydrogen microscopes exhibited at public lectures, you only see the shadow of the thing displayed; but, with a good compound microscope you behold the thing itself actually and bodily.

The ordinary routine of manipulation for the production of good preparations will be found in most elementary treatises on the microscope; in Carpenter, Queckett, Hogg, Beale, and others. Nevertheless, I will give a few supplemental hints, kindly communicated by an expert practitioner, which may be useful to the student, and even to those who are more advanced.

In mounting in balsam, if your object be an animal preparation or any other liable to curl under the influence of heat, first evaporate your balsam on the slide to such a consistence that it will harden readily on cooling; take it from the source of heat, suffer it nearly to cool, then place on it your object, and then, upon the object, your glass cover. Heat it again slowly. The heat, equalised by the cover, prevents the curling, and the preparation is mounted in the usual way without further difficulty.

In mounting animal preparations in balsam—or others which from circumstances require moistening first with turpentine, as fern-sporules, foraminifera, and such like—let the balsam be afterwards heated very, very gradually. By this you avoid bubbles, and evaporate the turpentine completely, so as to make a finer and clearer preparation. The sooner balsam preparations are cleaned after being mounted, the easier it is to do it.

In preparing diatomaceæ,* either fresh or from fossil earth, there is but one mode of procuring good specimens. Wash your earth thoroughly. Having prepared five or six clean cups, pour it from one to the other, allowing it to stand one minute in the first, two minutes in the second, four in the third, eight in the fourth, and so on in similar proportions. Try them all under the microscope, and you will find that probably only one will yield good specimens.

All saline solutions, being slow of evaporation, are easier to mount in than spirit. The only art of mounting in flat cells consists in the drying of each coat of varnish (gold-size is the best) before the next is applied. In wet weather, three days should elapse between the first and second coats; in dry weather, one is enough. When the second coat is on, the preparation is for the time safe; the third and fourth may be applied at longer intervals. Some few out of a series of cell-preparations will always spoil; but, by adopting this precaution, our experienced practitioner has been successful in a hundred and forty-eight out of a hundred and fifty preparations, over and over again.

Dry preparations, apparently so easy, puzzle beginners most. There is a simple way of mounting them; make previously a sort of cup on the glass slides you keep in store with a ring of gold-size painted on them. The longer they are afterwards kept in store, the better. When wanted for use, place on them your object; slightly heat your cleaned cover; drop it on the circle of gold-size; press it down, and the preparation is finished. If not thoroughly and completely dry, the size will run. Difficult scales for test-objects, as those of the lepisma and the podura, are (I, the writer, think) better mounted dry than in balsam.

Most infusorial animalcules, as soon as the water in which they swim is evaporated, tumble to pieces, or burst, even "going off" gradually and regularly, as a Catherine-wheel discharges its fireworks. No conservative fluid keeps them well enough to allow them satisfactorily to be offered for sale; for private examination and use, five grains of rock-salt, and a grain of alum, to the ounce of undistilled water, answer best.

It will be seen from these brief practical suggestions, that the preparer's art is no mere mechanical routine. He must have science to know what is worth preserving, taste to arrange it gracefully and accurately, and skill so to embalm his object as to retain its beauty for future admirers. He must have an artistic eye, a fine touch, an extensive knowledge of Nature's minutiæ, and a hand practised in the manipulation of his

* See Household Words, vol. xiv., pages 293 and 294.

business. Hence, it is no day-dream to predict that, before long, collections of microscopic objects will publicly enter the lists with other articles of virtù. Choice specimens of invisibilities will rise to high fancy prices,—especially after their preparers are dead. As we treasure cabinet-pictures by Teniers or the Breughels, so shall we set an exalted value on charming bits of still-life from the studios of Amadio or Stevens, on insect-portraits by Topping, on botanical groups by Bourgogne the Elder, and on other works by anonymous artists, whose names, though not their productions, still remain unknown to fame. We shall have connoisseurs, fanciers, and collectors of microscopic objects, with all the peculiarities of the genus. Indeed, I might say we have them already in the adolescent stage of their growth. But, one of these days, as my readers who live long enough will see, beautiful preparations by first-rate hands will pass through the same course of destiny as illuminated missals, majolica earthenware, Benvenuto Cellini carvings, and the like. Their multitude, it is to be hoped, will prevent any artificial reduction of their numbers, with the view of increasing the value of those that are left. Dutchmen with whom a rare tulip has separated into a couple of bulbs, have crushed one of them beneath their heel to render the other a solitary specimen. Bibliomaniacs have made a copy of a book unique, by committing rival copies to the flames. The Arabs are grand amateurs of red and white piebald horses. "When you see a piebald horse," they say, "buy it; if you cannot buy it, steal it; if you cannot steal it, kill it." To follow out the system (more to be honoured in the breach than the observance), we should have speculators buying up the diatoms from Ichaboe guano, and causing them to disappear as the substance itself grows scarcer, and the present microscopic preparations from it enter the list of works by the "old masters."

Those who are in the habit of preparing microscopic objects for the supply of the public, very soon become aware of a, to them, important fact,—that the greatest demand is not, as might be supposed, from beginners, and those to whom the manipulation necessary might be thought too difficult, but that their best customers are those who are best acquainted with specimens, and with the difficulty of so arranging them as most clearly to display their specific form or characteristics. A short time spent by an able manipulator will suffice to arrange three or four specimens of the same object, when hours and hours might be fruitlessly wasted by another equally or better qualified to observe and comment upon the preparation when accurately arranged, but incapable, from want of practice, of mounting it to his satisfaction. In short, here, as elsewhere, a division of labour is expedient for the public good. An able microscopist often discovers that his time is better spent in making observations, and in recording them, than in manipulation.

Therefore, if you are a real and earnest student, the aid of a preparer will be absolutely necessary to economise time, even supposing you have the skill to make preparations yourself. If you are an amateur, playing with the microscope principally for your amusement, you will have still less time to dissect, embalm, and mount minute objects—on the rule that busy people always find more spare time for extra work than comparatively idle ones. One motive, too, for sending your object to a professional artist, should be the communication to other amateurs—the publication, as it were—of rarities and novelties, by the agency of the preparer. If you meet with anything new and good, unless you are selfish and jealous, you will send what you can spare to a professional preparer. You may fairly expect to receive similar favours in return; and a slice, a pinch, or a tuft of a discovery, is enough for yourself. The rest will serve to give pleasure to others. It is true that very many objects of interest, which only require to be placed dry and uninjured between two plates of glass, you may collect and mount for yourself with perfect success, temporarily. The scales and hairs of insects are comprised in this class; gossamer threads, such as float in the autumnal sunshine, furnish you, under the microscope, with a tangled skein of silk which would take a lifetime to unravel. But objects stored without due and regular preparation will not keep; they will shake out from between your glasses, or the dust will shake in, or they will be overrun with threads of minute mouldiness. By trusting the choicest to a skilled preparer, you will preserve them indefinitely.

Anatomical preparations take high rank among those sold for the microscope. Perhaps the most interesting anatomical phenomenon the microscope has to show, is the circulation of the blood in the body of a living animal; next to that wondrous sight, is the intricate course and minute subdivision of the capillary vessels which permeate the several organs of living creatures. To show these more visibly, they are injected with colouring-matter reduced to the finest possible state of division, which is mixed with and suspended in, a smooth size or gelatine. A brass syringe, constructed for the purpose, is the forcing-pump employed to cause the colouring-matter to penetrate the vessels. Many precautions have to be taken. Only a gentle force must be applied to the piston at first, to be gradually increased as the vessels become filled. A simple mechanical arrangement has been contrived, by which the operator is saved the fatigue of maintaining with his hand this regulated pressure. A sheep's or a pig's kidney is a convenient organ for a beginner

to try his hand on. In small animals, such as mice, bats, and frogs, the whole circulation of the system may be injected from the aorta, and the pulmonary vessels from the pulmonary artery. But, amateurs who do not follow medical science as a profession, will purchase better specimens of professional preparers than they are likely to produce. If several sets of vessels in the same preparation (as the arteries, the veins, and the gland-ducts), are required to be displayed by injection, differently coloured substances are employed. A white injection is prepared from the carbonate of lead. Blue injections do not answer well, because they reflect light badly; to avoid that inconvenience, Prussian-blue is sometimes largely mixed with white, and so is vermilion also. It should be remembered that these preparations are mostly viewed as opaque objects, and not by transmitted light. Small portions of the injected organ are mounted in cells, either dry or in fluid, according as circumstances allow. Still, thin sect'ons of organs in which the capillaries are imperfectly injected, may be mounted as transparent objects, when they are better seen than such as have been completely filled. In general anatomy, the main point is to fill the capillaries, and to try and make the injections in such a way as that the several colouring matters may be seen forced into the arteries and the veins, touching each other, and more or less mingled in the finest parts of the organic network.

Injected preparations are the dearest to purchase, the most difficult to make, and the most difficult to study and interpret. They demand the skilful exercise of the anatomist's art; but, those who turn out good injections are wrong in fancying, as some seem to fancy, that nobody else can produce equally good ones. The same remark applies to the secrets of the composition of the matter injected. With the precautions which experience alone can teach, the practitioner will succeed in making good injections with whatever colouring-matter he habitually uses in preference to others. The main point of success is to employ the amount of time and patience which the conditions necessary for the work require. Whatever be the organ injected, an hour and a-half or two hours must be allowed to each set of vessels. By hurrying the work, either the injection fails to have the several colouring-matters in contact with each other in the capillaries, or ruptures take place. The dissection of injections intended for microscopic observation, like almost all dissections effected by the aid of that instrument, are performed under water. The exceptions are, such tissues as are affected by the action of water; thus, the retina is rendered white and opaque by the action of water, instead of semi-transparent; also tissues, as that of the placenta and certain glands, which ought to be examined while charged with blood. It requires a lengthened study of an injection to ascertain whether it has succeeded or no; and several injections of the same tissue must also be inspected. As in the study of the anatomical elements by the aid of the microscope, an observer must go through a certain course of education before he can distinguish in an injection what is of importance from what is of none. Practice alone will enable the learner to recognise the bundles of the tissues, the follicles or little bags of the glands, and the distribution and windings of the vessels which accompany or cover them. The same of the mucous membranes; the undulations and anastomoses or inter-communications of the capillaries, their distribution around the glandular orifices; and these orifices themselves cannot be properly studied without devoting several hours, sometimes several days, to their examination. Consequently, injections shown to passing observers are rarely well interpreted, unless the persons to whom they are exhibited are in the habit of looking at objects so prepared. It is rare that they remember more than a general idea of an elegant piece of coloured network.

"But what is the use of attending to such minutiæ?" an inexperienced reader may ask. It is difficult to explain briefly the full application of such elementary studies; but one instance may be cited. That dreadful disease, cancer, is known to most by name. Now, there are other diseases of less gravity, which resemble cancer so nearly, that the practitioner cannot decide whether to operate or not. The microscope distinguishes true cancer from false, easily and infallibly.

Interesting anatomical preparations are the pigment-cells from the iris of the eye—the pigment-cells from a negro's skin, resembling those in the tail of a tadpole; transverse sections of hairs, human and others, sliced like a cucumber, to show their internal structure; transverse and perpendicular sections of teeth, comprising a representative of each great group in zoology; fibrous membranes, commencing with those of egg-shells; muscular fibre separated into fibrillæ; the capillaries in various organs; sections of bone; preparations of morbid tissues, for comparison with healthy ones; and many others, which will naturally present themselves to the student. One object recommended for study will startle many. Dr. Carpenter philosophically tells us, "The nerve-fibres are readily seen in the fungiform papillæ of the tongue, to each of which several of them proceed. These bodies, which are very transparent, may be well seen by snipping off minute portions of the tongue of the frog, or by snipping off the papillæ themselves from the surface of the living human tongue, which can be readily done by a dexterous use of the curved scissors, with no more pain than the prick of a

pin would give. The transparency of any of these papillæ is increased by treating them with a solution of soda." This is enough to make a nervous patient afraid to show his tongue to a microscopically-inclined doctor.

Anatomical preparations, therefore, are the dearest, in consequence of the pains required to make them perfect. But, as far as price is concerned, all the microscopic preparations in the market are, generally speaking, and at present, wonderfully cheap. Only try and produce a few at the same price yourself, and you will see. They are not mechanical productions, like nails and buttons, that can be turned off by the gross; every one must have the touch of the master given to it before it can pass into the scientific market; and such things cannot be done by deputy any more than statues and pictures can. Our preparers (one would think) must be actuated quite as much by the love of art as by the love of gain. Suppose a man can turn off thirty successful preparations a-day for five days in the week all the year round, he has not made a large income at the highest rate of payment. But, those who have to study for, and collect, and prepare their materials for any pursuit that comes within the range of art, well know that five days a week of productive labour is more than they can accomplish continually, even with the division of labour brought about by the aid of sons or pupils.

To come to financial particulars. Mr. Samuel Stevens, the well-known natural-history agent, of Bloomsbury Street, has on sale good preparations elegantly mounted and packed in neat boxes containing one or two dozen, at half-a-guinea per dozen. His published list offers a choice of more than two hundred numbered objects of great variety. To point out a few; the palates of snails and of freshwater and marine mollusks are very remarkable. When we see a soft snail eating a hard cabbage-leaf or carrot —if we reflected on the operation—we must conclude that it cannot be performed without the agency of teeth. The microscope shows us, in a well-prepared palate from a land or water-snail, rows upon rows of teeth, containing altogether hundreds and hundreds of molars. The shark devours animal food, and so does the whelk. But, talk of a shark's rows of teeth! they are nothing to the weapons that line the mouth of a whelk,—half-a dozen in each row in the middle, with a chevaux-de-frise of tusks on either side. Are a dozen different mollusk palates—ready for comparison and study—dear at half-a-guinea? Simply think of the time and cost, requisite to produce them as home-made articles.

Upon the whole, there is nothing superior to the immense variety of objects supplied, at from fifteen to eighteen shillings per dozen, by Amadio, of Throgmorton Street. The sections of wood are very perfect, resembling exquisite crochet-work or lace, and displaying even greater beauty under high powers than under low, which is a test of their excellence. Sponge and gorgonia spicules form another set of lovely minutiæ, which are different in each respective species of zoophyte. Some are like yellow Hercules' clubs of sugar-candy, which would attract wonderfully in a confectioner's window; others are cut-glass billiard-cues intermixed with crystal stars. Objects of unusual rarity, or difficulty, or unpleasantness, are dearer everywhere, as it is only reasonable. That charming creature, the itch-insect,—a discourse has been written setting forth the pleasures and advantages of the itch-disease, —costs four shillings; the bed-bug is a less expensive luxury, though more so than the ordinary run of objects. In all these, the microscope illustrates the wonders of creation; but there are also preparations wherein the art of man is rendered visible. Upon a small circle of glass is a dim grey spot about the size and shape of the letter U at the beginning of this sentence. To the naked eye, it is unmeaning and indistinct. Viewed with a sufficient power, it displays a mural monument, on the face of which is an inscription, in nineteen lines of capital letters, "In Memory of William Sturgeon"—with a longer biographical notice than I have room for here, and all within considerably less than the limits of this letter U. It is not, as might be supposed, the manual result of patient toil and eye-straining; nor is the feat accomplished by clever mechanical arrangements; it is an application of the photographic art. Not only are microscopic photographs taken from fixed and inanimate objects, like the above mural monument, but also from living personages, and even groups from life.

First, an ordinary photograph is taken, say four and a-quarter inches, by three and a-quarter. The picture so obtained is gradually reduced by using lenses of a short focal length. When an engraving or a monumental tablet has to be reduced, the photographic picture may be taken much smaller in the first instance; but, when a group of figures from life or an individual portrait is required, a lens of comparatively greater focal length must be used. It is impossible to get, from life, a very small picture at the first step; because the various portions of the group would not all be distinctly in the focus. Microscopic photographs are sold at four and sixpence each. Loyal or loving persons can thus carry about with them, at a cheap rate, the portrait of their sovereign or their sweetheart, packed in the smallest possible compass. By similar means, secret correspondence can be carried on. A microscopic message photographed on glass, might pass through a multitude of hostile hands, without its import being even suspected. Timid suitors might save their blushes by the pre-

sentation of a petition to be perused, not under the rose, but under the microscope. But, in short, without being nice as to a sixpence or a shilling, it is convenient to be able to order microscopic preparations of objects that invite your attention. Thus, I am awaiting the mouth of a medicinal leech, to be better enabled to inspect its lancets and pump; and, having discovered for myself what others, no doubt, have discovered before—namely, that the mouth of the tadpole is not only armed with cutting teeth, but has two or three rows of lips outside, that are garnished with a fringe of toothlike moustaches—I have requested a preparation to be made, regardless of expense, for the better examination of my tadpole's gums.

Amongst continental preparers, Joseph Bourgogne, of Rue Notre-Dame, Paris, stands preeminent. He is a man whose whole soul is in his art, and he naturally speaks of microscopic preparation as one of the most important aids to science. He has had the great advantage of constant communication with the most learned men of Paris, who have aided him in their several departments. From Robin, he has had lessons in anatomy; from Thuret, in the structure of algæ. Of late, his health has become impaired in consequence of severe application, while his business is steadily on the increase. He proposes, therefore, to divide his grand microscopic empire into three kingdoms — the mineral, the vegetable, and the animal—one of which he will bequeath to each of his three sons. M. Bourgogne discovered the male of the human itch-insect, which discovery made a great sensation at the time, not having been seen before. It seems to have been completely unknown until eighteen 'forty, probably because it is never found in the furrows of the skin, as the female always is. Nobody then suspected that the male lived constantly on the surface of the epidermis; being also smaller than the female, it escaped observation. Ten years afterwards, amongst three hundred of these insects, which Monsieur B. had received in several lots, he recognised a single male by its agility, and by its fourth pair of paws, which had suckers at their tips, instead of long bristles, like the female. He valued the precious acarus as a rarity, and it formed part of his collection at the London exhibition in 'fifty-two. But, Dr. Bourguignon had the indiscretion and the hardihood to publish a pamphlet denying the existence of this male acarus, as well as of the acarus of the rabbit, and others. M. Bourgogne, urged by his friends, started for London, and established the truth of the fact by bringing back the treasured object, and having a drawing made from it, which appeared in the Annales des Maladies de la Peau. And then, visiting the hospital of St. Louis, he captured several males on the skin of patients, in the presence of Dr. Hardy and sundry medical students. The question was of considerable theoretical and physiological importance — touching, as it did, spontaneous generation and the reproduction of parasites in general. M. Bourgogne proved that itch-insects are males and females.

M. Bourgogne's best preparations are excellent, with the merit of being determined and named; his inferior preparations are very indifferent, full of bubbles and dirt. For inspection by persons who have had a certain experience, some of these cheap French preparations are useful; but, as articles of luxury and ornamental art, the English are superior. M. Bourgogne classes his productions into first, second, and third-choice specimens. When Beau Brummel's valet came down-stairs from dressing his master for dinner, he generally brought with him an armful of discarded white cravats. "These," he explained, "are our failures." Just so we may suppose that M. Bourgogne's third-choice preparations—some of them as low as threepence-halfpenny each (what can you expect for threepence halfpenny?) are, what he is too prudent, as well as too honest, to sell at higher prices; "our failures," in short. And, as good French preparations are costly, while bad ones are not cheap, an English collector has no motive to go out of his own country, unless perhaps it be for some novelty in the way of morbid anatomy, or other exceptional cases.

A microscopic museum should be formed on somewhat the same principle as a picture gallery. First, there should be nothing but what is good; secondly, there should be variety, with several samples of all the great masters. Preparers who have been in the habit of collecting during several years, have each of them, probably, in his secret storehouse, some treasure whose native habitat, or source has baffled the research of competing collectors. To some, the superiority of certain instruments, or special adroitness, may give the superiority in certain classes of objects. The microscopist will profit by all these in turn. The field of nature is so vast, that every student may gratify his own peculiar taste. It is desirable to have some sequence and connection in the objects collected. Thus, we may have preparations of the principal organs of the domestic fly, to illustrate its economy; the eye, the proboscis, the foot, the spiracle, and other parts of its bodily frame. The scales of butterflies and other insects afford ample subjects for comparison; the cuticles of plants, showing their stomata, or perspiring holes; sections of bones and teeth; starches from various plants; feathers, hairs, and innumerable other things will suggest themselves. A good selection of the spiracles, or breathing-holes in the sides of different larvæ and insects, would afford a series of objects to which there is nothing similar in birds and beasts.

A friend to whom I showed the spiracle of the house-fly, exclaimed in astonishment that nature had taken more pains with those insignificant creatures than with us.

One great merit of modern microscopes is their portability; if the reader wish to test their attractiveness, let him arrive some rainy day at a country house full of company, when the guests are prevented from enjoying out-door amusements. Let him there produce one of Amadio's forty-guinea instruments, with the polarizing and dark ground apparatus complete, accompanied by a box-full of good preparations, and he will work wonders.

THE WITCHES OF ENGLAND.

Witchcraft in England was very much the same thing as witchcraft everywhere else. The same rites were gone through, and the same ceremonies observed, and "Little Martin," whether as a goat with a man's voice, or a man with a goat's legs, received the same homage from the English witches as he did at Blockula and at Auldearne, on Walpurgis night in Germany, and All-Hallowmas-een in Scotland. Indeed the uniformity of practice and belief was one of the most singular phenomena of this wonderful delusion; and widely different as every social habit and observance might be between (for instance) Sweden and Scotland, the customs and creed of the witch population are found to be singularly uniform. Ditches dug with their nails and filled with the blood of a black lamb; images of clay or wax "pricked to the quick;" unchristened children dug up from the grave and parted into lots for charms; perforated stones; ancient relics; herbs, chiefly poisonous or medicinal; toads and loathsome insects; strange unusual matters, such as the bones of a green frog, a cat's brains, owl's eyes and eggs, bats' wings, and so forth; these were, in all countries, more or less prominent in the alphabet of sorcery. While everywhere it was believed that witches could control the elements, command the fruits of the earth, transform themselves and others into what animals they would, bewitch by spells and muttered charms, and conjure up the devil at will; that they possessed familiars whom they nourished on their own bodies; that they denied their baptismal vows, and took on them the sacraments of the devil; that they were bound to deliver to their master a certain tale of victims, generally unborn or unchristened infants; that they could creep through keyholes, make straws and broom-handles into horses; that they were all marked on their second or infernal baptism, which mark was known by being insensible to the "pricking pin;" that while this mark was undiscovered, they had the power of denial or silence, but that on its discovery the charm was broken, and they must perforce confess—which was the meaning of the searching, pricking, and shaving practised on suspected witches; that they could not shed tears, or at best no more than three from the left eye; and that, if they were "swum," the water, being the sacred element used in Christian baptism, would reject them from its bosom and leave them floating on the surface. Such at least was the theory respecting the alleged buoyancy of witches, and the original meaning of that cruel custom. These articles of faith are to be found, with very little modification wherever witches and warlocks formed part of the social creed, and their habits and peculiarities were catalogued, credited, and made the rule of life. There were three classes of witches distinguished, like jockeys in a race, by their colours. White witches were helpful and beneficent. They charmed away diseases; they assisted tired Industry in its work, and caused stolen goods to be restored; but they were not averse to a little harmless mischief. Dryden sings:

> At least as little honest as he could,
> And, like white witches, mischievously good.

Black witches did nothing but harm; and gray witches capriciously did good at one time, and evil at another.

The Duchess of Gloucester, proud and dark Dame Eleanor, was among the earliest of our notable witches. After her, came Jane Shore; though, in both these instances (as with Lady Glammis and Euphemia Macalzean) so much of party and personal feeling was mixed up with the charge of witchcraft, that we can scarcely determine now, how much was real superstition and how much political enmity. The Duke of Buckingham in fifteen hundred and twenty-one, and Lord Hungerford a few years later, were also high names to be taken to the scaffold on the charge of trafficking with sorcerers; while the Maid of Kent, Mildred Norrington the Maid of Westall, and Richard Dugdale the Surrey impostor, were all cases of possession rather than of true witchcraft though all three were afterwards confessed to be proved cheats. In fifteen hundred and ninety-three, the terrible tragedy of the Witches of Warbois was played before the world; and with that begins our record of English witchcraft, properly so called.

In the parish of Warbois lived an old man and his wife, called Samuel, with their only daughter: a young, and, as it would seem, high-spirited and courageous woman. One of the daughters of a Mr. Throgmorton, seeing Mother Samuel in a black knitted cap, and being nervous and unwell at the time, took a fancy to say that she had bewitched her; and her younger sisters, taking up the cry, there was no help for the Samuels but to brand them as malignant sorcerers. The Throgmorton children said they were haunted by nine spirits, "Pluck, Hardname, Catch, Blue, and three Smacks, cousins." One of

the Smacks was in love with Miss Joan, the eldest Throgmorton girl, and fought with the others on her account. Once, he came to her from a terrible round, wherein Pluck had his head broken, Blue was set limping, and Catch had his arm in a sling; the results of Mr. Smack's zeal on behalf of his young mistress. "I wonder," says Mrs. Joan, "that you are able to beat them: you are little and they are very big." But the valiant Smack assured her that he cared not for that; he would beat the best two of them all, and his cousins would beat the other two. The Throgmorton parents were naturally anxious to free their children from this terrible visitation: more especially Mrs. Joan who, being but just fifteen, was getting no good from the addresses of her spiritual adorer. The father, therefore, dragged Dame Samuel, the sender of the spirits and the cause of all the mischief, to the house by force: and when they saw her, these lying children desired to scratch and torment her and draw her blood, as the witch-creed of the time allowed. The poor old woman was submissive enough. She only asked leave to quit the house; but otherwise she made no resistance. Not even when Lady Cromwell, her landlady, taking part with the children, tore her cap from her head, and with foul epithets and unstinted abuse cut off part of her hair to be used in a counter charm. Lady Cromwell died a year and a day after this outrage: and this was additional proof of the wicked sorcery of Dame Samuel; who of course had killed her. Terrified out of her few poor wits, Dame Samuel was induced to repeat expressions dictated to her, which put her life in the power of those wretched girls. She was made to say to the spirit of one of them: "As I am a witch, and a causer of Lady Cromwell's death, I charge thee to come out of this maiden." As the girl gave no sign of life, being so holden by the spirit as to appear dead, the poor old woman had only confessed herself a witch without getting any credit for her skill, or any mercy because of her exorcism. At last, tortured, confused, bewildered, she made her confession, and was condemned. Her husband and daughter were condemned with her. The last was advised to put in a plea for mercy, at least for respite, by declaring that she was about to become a mother. The proud disdainful answer of that ignorant English girl, who refused to buy her life by her dishonour, may be classed among those unnoted heroisms of life which are equal in grandeur, if not in importance, to the most famous anecdotes of history. But, what the high-minded courage of the daughter refused to do, the baffled weakness of the poor old mother consented to: to gain time, in the hope that popular opinion would turn to her favour, she announced her own approaching maternity. A loud laugh rang through the court, in which the old victim herself joined; but, it was soon gravely argued that it might be so, and that if it were so, the Devil was the father. However the plea was set aside; and on the fourth of April, fifteen hundred and ninety-three, the whole family was condemned. Sir Samuel Cromwell left an annual rent-charge of forty shillings for a sermon on witchcraft to be preached every year by a D.D. or a B.D. of Queen's College, Cambridge

In sixteen hundred and eighteen, Margaret and Philip Flower, daughters of Joan Flower, deceased, were executed at Lincoln, for having destroyed Henry Lord Rosse by witchcraft, and for having grievously tormented Francis, Earl of Rutland. It seems that Joan and her two daughters were much employed at Beavor Castle, as charwomen, and Margaret was finally taken into the house as keeper of the poultry-yard. Their good fortune raised them up a host of enemies, who, discovering that Joan was an Atheist and a witch, Margaret a thief, and Philip no better than she should be, at last so wrought on the Countess, that she turned against her former favourites, and making Margaret a small present, dismissed her from her service. Which, says the pamphlet containing the account of the whole transaction, "did turne her loue and liking toward this honourable earle and his family, into hate and rancour," and the death of one and all was decided on. Philip, in her confession, deposed that "her mother and sister maliced the Earle of Rutlande, his Countesse, and their children, because her sister Margaret was put out of the ladies seruice of Laundry, and exempted from other seruices about the house, whereupon, our said sister, by the commaundement of her mother, brought from the castle the right hand gloue of the Lord Henry Rosse, which she delivered to her mother, who presently rubbed it on the backe of her Spirit Rutterkin, and then put it into hot boyling water; afterward she prick'd it often, and buried it in the yard, wishing the Lorde Rosse might neuer thriue, and so her sister Margaret continued with her mother, where she often saw the Cat Rutterkin leape on her shoulder and sucke her necke." Philip herself had a spirit like a white rat. Margaret was soon brought to confess also; there was no examination of the mother, who had died on her way to the gaol. She had two spirits, she said, and she had in very deed charmed away Lord Henry's life by means of his right hand glove. She tried the same charm on Lord Francis, but without success, beyond tormenting him with a grievous sickness; but, when she took a piece of Lady Katherine's handkerchief, and putting it into hot water, rubbed it on Rutterkin, bidding him "flye and goe, Rutterkin whined and cryed mew;" for the evil spirits had no power over Lady Katherine to hurt her. The two women were executed, Margaret raving wildly of certain apparitions, one like an ape, with a black head, which had come to

her in gaol, muttering words that she could not understand: as how indeed should she, poor raving maniac that she was!

In sixteen hundred and thirty-four, a boy called Edmund Robinson deposed that while gathering bullees (wild plums) in Pendle Forest, he saw two greyhounds, with no one following them. Liking the notion of a course, he started a hare; but the dogs refused to run: when, as he was about to strike them, Dame Dickenson, a neighbour's wife, started up instead of one hare, and a little boy instead of the other. The dame offered the lad a bribe if he would conceal the matter, but our virtuous Edmund refused, saying, "nay thou art a witch, Mother Dickenson;" whereon taking a halter out of her pocket, she shook it over the hare-boy's head, who instantly changed into a horse; and the witch mounting her human charger, took Robinson before her, and set off. They went to a large house or barn called Hourstoun, where there were several persons milking ropes; which as they milked, gave them meat ready cooked, bread, butter, milk, cheese, and all the adjuncts of a royal feast. The lad said they looked so ugly while thus milking out their dinner, that he was frightened. By many more lies, as impossible but as damnatory as this, the boy procured himself and his father a good livelihood, and caused some scores of innocent people to be carried off to prison. The magistrates and clergy adopted him; he was taken about the country to identify any hapless wretch he might choose to swear he had seen at these witch meetings; and he and his father lived at free charges, with money in their pockets besides, all the time the imposture lasted. Only Mr. Webster, Glanvil's great opponent, had the sense and courage to examine him, with the view of eliciting the truth, rather than of confirming his report; but the boy was rudely taken out of his hands. At last he confessed the truth—That he had been put up to the whole thing by his father and others; that he had never seen or heard a word of all he had deposed; and that when he swore he was at Hourstoun, he was stealing plums in a neighbour's orchard. This was the second great Lancashire witch trial; the first was in sixteen hundred and thirteen; the principal witch of this, Shadwell's Mother Demdike, died during the trial, and several of the meaner sort escaped.

And now the reign of Matthew Hopkins, witch-finder, begins. This infamous wretch was in Manningtree in sixteen hundred and forty-four, when the great witch persecution arose, and was mainly instrumental in exciting that persecution. He practised his trade as a legal profession, charging so much for every town he visited, besides his journeying expenses and the cost of his two assistants. He and John Kincaid in Scotland were the great "prickers;" that is, with a pin about three inches long, they pricked a suspected witch all over her body, until they found the mark—or said they found it—which mark was conclusive and irrefragable evidence of the Satanic compact. The following was his mode of treatment; quoting Mr. Gaul, the clergyman of Houghton; who, like Webster, was what Glanvil calls a "Sadducee," an "Atheist," and believed very sparsely in witchcraft.

"Having taken the suspected witch, she is placed in the middle of the room, upon a stool or table, cross-legged, or in some other uneasy posture, to which if she submits not she is bound with cords; there she is watched and kept without meat or sleep for four-and-twenty hours, for they say they shall, within that time, see her imp come and suck. A little hole is likewise made in the door for the imps to come in at; and, lest they should come in some less discernible shape, they that watch are taught to be ever and anon sweeping the room, and if they see any spiders or flies to kill them, and if they cannot kill them then they may be sure they are imps."

Such as was the familiar of Elizabeth Styles, which was seen by her watchers to settle on her poll in the form of a "large fly like a millar," or white moth. Speaking of familiars, Hopkins found several belonging to Elizabeth Clarke, whose deposition he took down, March the twenty-fifth, sixteen hundred and forty-five. She had Holt, like a white kitling; Jarmara, a fat spaniel without legs; Vinegar Tom, "a long-legged grey-hound, with a head like an oxe, with a long taile and broad eyes, who, when this Discoverer (Hopkins) spoke to, and bade him goe to the place provided for him and his angels, immediately transformed himself into the shape of a childe of foure yeares old without a heade, gaue half a dozen turnes about the house and vanished at the door." Sack-and-Sugar was like a rabbit, and Newes like a polecat: all of which imps, Matthew Hopkins, of Manningtree, gent., deposes on oath to having seen and spoken to. There were others of which he gives only the names: as Elemauzer, Pyewacket, Peck-in-the-Crown, Grizel Greedigut, &c. Elizabeth Clarke was executed, as a matter of course, following on the disclosures of the witch-finder respecting her imps. Ann Leech was executed the next month, chiefly because of the sudden death of Mr. Edwards' two cows and a child: also because of her possessing a grey imp. Anne Cate had four imps: James, Prickeare, Robyn, like mouses; and Sparrow, like a sparrow. For the which crime, besides their having killed divers children, she was executed at Chelmsford in that same year of sixteen hundred and forty-five. Rebecca Jones had three, like moles, having four feet apiece, but without tails and black; she shared the usual fate. Susan Cock had two, one like a mouse, called Susan, the other yellow and like a cat, called Bessie. Joyce

Boanes had only one, a mouse-like imp called Rug; Rose Hallybread one, a small grey bird; while Marian Hocket had Little-man, Pretty-man, and Dainty; and Margaret Moore had twelve, all like rats. With many more in that fatal session than we can give the smallest note of. Six witches were hung in a row at Maidstone, in sixteen hundred and fifty-two; and two months after, three were hung at Faversham; but, before this, Hopkins had been seized and "swum" for a wizard, in his own manner—cross-bound—his left thumb tied to his right great toe, and his right thumb to his left great toe. From that time no more is heard of that worst and vilest of impostors, and cruelest of popular tyrants.

One of the most melancholy things connected with this delusion, was the fearful part which children, by their falsehoods and fancies, bore in it. An old woman named Jane Brooks, was executed because one Richard Jones, "a sprightly youth of twelve," cried out against her for having bewitched him and counterfeited epileptic convulsions. Elizabeth Styles, the owner of the Millar imp, was condemned chiefly on account of a girl of thirteen, who played the part of "possessed" to the life. Julian Coxe was judicially murdered because—besides its being proved that she had been hunted when in the form of a hare; that she had a toad for a familiar; that she had been seen to fly out of her window; and that she could not repeat the Lord's Prayer—she had bewitched a young maid of scrofulous tendencies and nervous excitability, who would have sworn to the first falsehood that presented itself to her imagination. And these are only three out of hundreds and thousands of instances where those miserable afflicted children, as they were called, swore away the lives of harmless and unoffending people! During the Long Parliament alone, about three thousand people were executed in England for witchcraft; about thirty thousand were executed in all.

The year after Julian's execution, Sir Matthew Hale tried and condemned Anny Dunny and Rose Callender, at Saint Edmondsbury, on evidence and for supposed offences which a child of this century would not admit. One of the charges made against the first-named witch, was the sending of a bee with a nail to a child of nine years of age, which nail the bee forced the girl to swallow; to one of eleven, she sent flies with crooked pins; once she sent a mouse, on what errand does not appear; and once the younger child ran about the house flapping her apron and crying hush! hush! saying she saw a duck. There were numerous counts against the two women, of the same character as these; without any better evidence, without any sifting of this absurd testimony, without any medical inquiry, the grave, learned, and pious Sir Matthew Hale condemned them to death by the law of the land. A woman was hanged at Exeter on no other testimony but that of a neighbour, "who deposed that he saw a cat jump into the accused person's cottage window at twilight one evening, and that he verily believed the said cat to be the devil." And another witch, lying in York gaol, had the tremendous testimony against her of a scroll of paper creeping from under the prison-door, then changing itself into a monkey, and then into a turkey. To which veracious account the under-keeper swore.

The last execution in England for witchcraft was in seventeen hundred and sixteen, when Mrs. Hicks and her little daughter, aged nine, were hanged at Huntingdon for selling their souls to the devil; for making their neighbours vomit pins; for pulling off their own stockings to make a lather of soap, and so to raise a storm, by which a certain ship was "almost" lost, and for other impossible crimes. It was not until after seventeen hundred and fifty-one that the final abolition of James the First's detestable statute was obtained. On the thirtieth of July in that year, three men were tried for the murder of one suspected witch, and the attempted murder of another. One of the men, named Colley, was executed. The rabble cursed the authorities, and made a riot about the gallows, praising Colley for having rid their parish of a malignant witch, and holding him up as deserving of reward, not punishment. And this murder led to the abolition of the Witch Laws.

All these are histories of long ago; so long as to be almost out of cognisance as belonging to ourselves. Yet, how many weeks have passed since those letters on modern witchcraft appeared in the Times? Since some not despicable intellects among us have openly adopted all the silliness and transparent deception of the so-called spirit-rappers? Since miracles have been publicly proclaimed in certain Catholic countries? Since one journal of this country gravely argued for the truth and the reality of diabolical possession, and distinct Satanic agency, as exemplified by the popular notion of witchcraft? With such instances against us, we have little cause of self-gratulation on the score of national exemption from superstition.

POWERS OF CALCULATION.

What an immense difference there is between hearing of an extraordinary fact—between even believing it; that is, simply saying to yourself, "Yes, I suppose it must be true, because everybody seems to take it for granted," and witnessing the same fact in proper person! Reading about the sea, for instance, and making your first sea-voyage; rapidly perusing a book of travels, and beholding for yourself a tropical country; glancing at the report of an execution or a battle, and being actually present at the

horrid scene, are, respectively, two quite different affairs. We read Captain Cook's adventures amongst various savage islanders, and even his death by their hands, without any very startling or exceptional impression. It is an amusing romance, a terrible tragedy, no more. We figure to ourselves savages in general as enemies merely—as holding with civilised man relations similar to those of the French and English of old,—as antagonistic powers, that is all. But an acute observer, who went round the world with his eyes wide open, says, that what impressed him most during the whole of that vast tour, was the sight, face to face, of a real savage man.

Lately, a similar surprise awaited myself, though not from any fierce, untamed fellow-creature, but, on the contrary, from a remarkably inoffensive and well trained person. I had heard of George Bidder in his time, that is, when his powers were publicly exhibited. Recently, the fame of the mathematical shepherd, Henri Mondeux, had reached my ears. I had regarded the reputation of those celebrities, as mental-arithmeticians, with the same nonchalance with which people always regard things of which they are ignorant. But the other evening I was present, by invitation, at a private assembly, held to witness the exploits of a young man who was said to solve wonderful problems in his head, and I was also requested to prepare an arithmetical question or two. I did so, chuckling all the while to myself, "If you get through that, my good sir, without help of pen or paper, you are a cleverer fellow than I expect." The meeting was numerous, the majority (though far from the totality) being schoolboys, with a sharp-set appetite for a display of cyphering skill. The hero of the night was standing in the midst, in the attitude common to blind people and extremely absent and thoughtful persons. He requested silence to be kept while he was making his calculations, which he did walking backwards and forwards, with a sort of short, quarter-deck step.

"What shall we begin with?" was a natural inquiry.

"Suppose we take addition first, and mount gradually through the rules. Will any one name any sums they think fit to be added together?"

Hereupon various individuals dictated items of hundreds of thousands, a million and odd, a few hundreds, and even units, to render the task the more puzzling, till some ten or twelve lines of figures were taken down by the gentleman who acted as secretary. Before he could finish the addition on paper, the phenomenon gave the total accurately. I began to tremble for my questions, fearing that they would not prove posers.

Next was proposed a sum of subtraction, in which trillions were to be deducted from trillions. The remainder was given as easily as an answer to What o'clock is it? Certainly my questions would turn out no posers at all.

"Can you extract cube-roots mentally?" I asked.

"Yes, give me one."

"What is the cube-root of nineteen thousand six hundred and eighty-three?"

"Oh, that is too easy. It is twenty-seven."

Later in the evening he extracted a cube-root of four figures. The schoolboys were delighted and astonished. If they had not applauded heartily, as they did, they would not have been schoolboys.

"I have a little calculation to propose," I said, "which involves multiplication principally. A fleet of seventy-three fishing-boats start from Dunkerque on the first of April, to catch cod in the North Sea. They return on the thirty-first of July; that is, they are absent four months."

"I understand; they are out at sea a hundred and twenty-two days."

"Each boat carries nineteen men. How many men are there in the whole fleet?"

"One thousand three hundred and eighty-seven."

"And if each man eats four pounds of bread per day, how much bread per day is eaten on board all the boats?"

"Of course, five thousand five hundred and forty eight pounds."

"With how much bread, then, must the fleet be provisioned, to supply it during the whole of its four-months' voyage?"

The calculator, who had stood still during the previous questions, resumed his quarter-deck pacing to and fro, and put on, as country people say, his considering-cap. In a few instants he stopped short, and said, "They must take out with them six hundred and seventy-six thousand, eight hundred and fifty-six pounds of bread."

"Perfectly correct! Quite right!"

The boys were in ecstacies, which found vent in another round of applause.

"But these hard-working fishermen," I continued, "keep up their strength with something else besides bread. Each man drinks a glass of gin every morning; how many drams are drunk during the course of the four months?"

Another short promenade, and then the answer, "One hundred and sixty-nine thousand, two hundred and fourteen."

"But that is not all; the gin is kept in bottles, and each bottle holds thirty-seven petits verres or drams. How many bottles must the fleet carry out?"

'It must take out—let us see—it must take out four thousand five hundred and seventy-three bottles, and a fraction consisting of thirteen drams over."

And so ended my question number one; no poser nor ass's bridge at all. The interest of the audience was highly excited. To give a short repose to the calculator's

brain, a young lady treated us to a charming divertissement on the piano.

"Are you tired?"

"Oh no; not at all."

"Shall we try something with a greater number of figures?"

"If you please."

"Listen, then. I have a bottle of ditch-water, the contents of which, as near as I can estimate, amount to eighty-seven thousand, five hundred and sixty-two drops. In every drop, on examining it with the microscope, I find three species of animalcules—large, middle-sized, and small, namely, seventeen large ones, thirty-nine middle-sized, and two hundred and sixty-four small. First, tell me how many large animalcules I have in my bottle."

After a few paces the correct answer is given: "You have one million, four hundred and eighty-eight thousand, five hundred and fifty-four."

"And how many middle-sized ones?"

"Three millions, four hundred and fourteen thousand, nine hundred and eighteen."

"Exactly. And how many small ones?"

"Twenty-three millions, one hundred and twenty-six thousand—"

"No; you have made an error there."

"Stop; let me see. It is twenty-three millions, one hundred and sixteen thousand, three hundred and sixty-eight."

"Perfectly correct. And now, if you please, how many animalcules, large, small, and middle-sized, have I altogether in my bottle of ditch-water?"

"You have twenty-eight millions, nineteen thousand, eight hundred and forty."

"Right. But I observe, on watching them, that each large animalcule eats, per day, one middle-sized and three little animalcules. How many animalcules shall I have left at the end of a couple of days?"

"There will be, altogether, sixteen millions, one hundred and eleven thousand, four hundred and eight survivors."

After a few other arithmetical lucubrations, the calculating performer made a proposition which not a little startled his auditors.

"Dictate to me," he said, "from a written paper, a hundred and fifty figures, any you please, in any order, and I will repeat them to you by heart. Read them aloud to me, by sixes."

A gentleman present took pencil and paper, and wrote down a string of figures as they came into his head, by chance. "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one."

"Yes," said the phenomenon, "go on."

"Nought, five, seven, six, two, three."

"Yes; go on."

And so on, till there were a hundred and fifty figures on the list.

"Will you like to make it two hundred?" asked the imperturbable calculator.

"No, no; that's quite enough," shouted the humane audience.

"Now, repeat them once again, quick."

The figures were repeated accordingly.

"I am ready; they are nailed fast in my head. If I make a mistake, say 'False,' but don't correct me. Which way will you like to have them said?—beginning from the beginning, or beginning from the end? The great number of zeros in the list makes it more difficult; but never mind."

"Begin from the beginning," was the considerate word of command.

The wonder resumed his pacing step, and, with half-shut eyes and forefinger vibrating by the side of his forehead, close to the phrenological organ of number (a favourite action with him), commenced his repetition: "Seven, nought, nine, five, three, one; nought, five, seven, six, two, three, etcetera; until the hundred and fifty figures were run off the roll-call, in much the same tone as a little child recites "How doth the little busy bee improve each shining hour." There were only one or two errors, owing, he said, to the treacherous zeros; and, on the admonition "False," they were corrected without aid. And then he repeated the list backwards, with the same monotonous ease. And then he offered to name any one given figure on the list.

"What is the forty-fifth figure, counting from the end?"

"A seven, between a one on the right hand, and a nine on the left."

"What is the twenty-first figure from the beginning?"

"A five, with a zero to the right, and a three to the left."

And then he sat down, amidst crowning applause, wiping the perspiration from his brow, as well he might. And then he rose, and gave a detailed summing up (with the figures) of all the problems he had gone through during the evening.

Jean Jacques Winkler, the person who executes these prodigies of mental gymnastics, according to his own account, was born at Zurich, in eighteen hundred and thirty-one. He is one of a family of eight—four sons and four daughters. His father is a retired bill-broker, living on his income a sort of animal life (the son's expression), and wishing to keep the wanderer at home. Jean Jacques, from his earliest childhood, studied all sorts of subjects by night and by day, possessing a peculiar aptitude for calculation, combined with a prodigious memory. He studied in various places, and under various instructors, even under Arago, amongst others. This hard study gradually weakened his eyesight, till he became quite blind, and continued so for two years and a-half, namely, from eighteen hundred and fifty-three to eighteen hundred and fifty-five, when he was twenty-two to twenty-five years of age. The blindness came on "comically," he says, without headache or pain in the eyes; in short, he has never been ill in

his life. As long as the deprivation of sight continued, his great amusement was to calculate problems in his head. Eyesight returned gradually, as it had departed, but only partially. Medical men promise him its complete restoration, if he would renounce mental mathematics; but the propensity is too strong. He performs in his head all sorts of calculations in spherical trigonometry, curves, and other branches of high-science. But, for himself, the most difficult operation is simple multiplication on a somewhat extended scale, say the multiplication of twenty figures by a multiplier consisting of fifteen or twenty. A sum like this takes him ten or twelve minutes to work mentally—the only way possible; for he cannot see clearly enough even to sign his name without having his hand guided.

Contrary to most of the calculators hitherto exhibited to the public, and who, like Mondeux, are mathematicians by instinct, and cannot explain how they arrive at their results, M. Winkler is perfectly acquainted with the theory of numbers, and arrives at the solution of the strangest problems by means of a methodical mental operation. He has formulæ of his own for the extraction of cube roots, for instance, and short cuts for trigonometry. A power consisting of thirty figures takes him four or five minutes to extract its cube root mentally—an astounding feat; for a good arithmetician will require three quarters of an hour to do the same thing with pencil and slate. He has projected a mathematical book, to facilitate and shorten intricate operations of the kind, but has hitherto been prevented by the difficulty of producing in writing his imagined symbols.

In many respects M. Winkler differs much from ordinary men. He is of middle stature, with straight black hair, but little beard, and a countenance which would be agreeable but for its wan and faded look, and the sadness impressed upon it by a pair of sunken lack-lustre eyes. He is far from being sad, nevertheless. He is, he says, passionless, and altogether elastic as to his everyday requirements. He can live on one slight meal a day, and take to his bed and sleep or doze for any given time. He eats almost no bread, and quite no potatoes, declaring that the latter article of diet only makes people phlegmatic and stupid. He loves strong tea, without milk, saturated with as much sugar as it will hold in solution. He is indifferent to flowers and gardens, or rather has a dislike to them, and thinks taking a walk one of the most irksome ways of wasting time. He is exceedingly fond of music, plays the piano fairly, and sings in a steady bass voice that descends to an unusual depth. Being as nearly as may be blind, he has acquired a great power of observation by the sense of hearing. He forms his opinion of the persons with whom he is brought into contact by the tone and inflexions of their voices. In the course of his adventurous and cosmopolite existence, he has always had recourse to this method of appreciating his connections, and he is never, he asserts, deceived in the estimate of character to which it leads him. German is his native language; French he speaks neither with ease nor accuracy; English, still more imperfectly. The exhibition described in this article was spoken out in French; the calculations and the exercise of memory were carried on in German (sometimes whispered audibly), which increased the difficulty of the performance. People given to entertain doubts may ascribe the above peculiarities partly to charlatanism or trick, and partly to eccentricity, but it is impossible that any deception should exist in respect to the extraordinary talent for calculation.

It seems a pity that such exceptional powers should not be turned to some account, as those of our own George Bidder have been. The misfortune of blindness is a great impediment. He has refused, by his own statement, offers of engagement, for fear of the responsibility; his defective sight not enabling him to verify the exactness of the figures given him to work with, and thus placing him at the mercy of designing persons to produce false results of the most serious importance and gravity.

Travelling, or, really, vagabonding, without method or plan, quite alone and unaided, he does not even derive the profit he might from the proceeds of public séances as a show. An arrangement with a clever leader might prove a good speculation for both, if he is not fixedly wedded to gipsy-like habits,—restless, roving, impatient of all control. Brussels is likely to be his whereabouts from this time to the end of August; but the frequent fate of these erratic phenomena is, to sink suddenly to the lowest depths of want and obscurity, and there to remain, to return to the surface never more.

Published at the Office, No 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 386.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

Six hundred and ten years ago a sheriff of London, named Simon Fitz Mary, founded and built, in the parish of Bishopsgate, near the north-east corner of Lower Moorfields, a priory dedicated to St. Mary of Bethlehem. It was required that the prior, canons, brothers and sisters maintained upon this foundation should represent the darkness of night in their robes; each was to be dressed in complete black, and wear a single star upon the breast. Into the darkness of the clouded mind of the poor lunatic, no star then shone. He lived the life of a tormented outcast.

The priory of St. Mary of Bethlehem in Bishopsgate, was within two dozen years of completing the third century of its life as a religious house, when there were great changes at work among religious houses in this country, and a London merchant-tailor —Stephen Gennings—offered to pay forty pounds towards buying the house of Bethlehem and turning it into a hospital for the insane.

Twenty-two years later, King Henry the Eighth made a gift of the house to the City of London, and it then first became, by order of the city authorities, a lunatic asylum. Only the faintest glimmer of the star that was the harbinger of peace then pierced the night of the afflicted mind. The asylum was a place of chains, and manacles, and stocks. In one of the last years of the sixteenth century, when Bethlehem, as a place of refuge—or rather of custody—for the insane, was fifty-three years old, a committee appointed to report upon it, declared the house to be so loathsome and filthy that it was not fit for any man to enter.

Seventy more years went by, and the old house was then not only loathsome in all its cells, but as to the very substance of its walls decayed and ruinous. A new building became necessary, land was granted by the mayor and corporation, in Coleman Street ward, and funds for a new building were collected. A pleasant little incident is told of the collection. The collectors came one day to the house of an old gentleman, whose front door was ajar, and whom they heard inside rating his servant soundly, because, after having lighted a fire with a match, she had put the match into the fire, when it could have been used a second time, because it was tipped with sulphur at both ends. To their surprise this old gentleman —when the collectors asked him for some money—counted out to them, quite cheerfully, four hundred guineas. They remarked upon what they had overheard.

"That is another thing," said he. "I do not spend this money in waste. Don't be surprised again, masters, at anything of this sort; but always expect most from prudent people who mind their accounts."

Partly with charitable purpose, partly with selfish purpose, to provide a place of confinement for the lunatics, whom it was not safe to leave loose in the streets of London, abundant funds were raised; and, in the year sixteen hundred and seventy-five, the first stone of a new Bethlehem was laid—south of Moorfields—on London Wall. The building was a large one, with two wings devoted to incurables. It had garden-ground, and at its entrance-gate were set up the two stone figures of madness carved by Cibber—Colley Cibber's father—who is nearly as well-known by them as by the emblematical figures at the base of the monument on Fish Street Hill, of which also he was the sculptor. One of the figures representing madness, is said to have been modelled from Oliver Cromwell's big door-keeper who became insane. The two figures—repaired by Bacon —stand in the entrance-hall of the existing Bethlehem.

But the existing Bethlehem is not that which was built in sixteen hundred and seventy-five, facing the ground in Moorfields then a pleasaunce to the citizens, laid out with trees, grass, railings, and fine gravel-paths, and traversed by a broad and shady walk parallel to the hospital, that was known as the City Mall. Bethlehem, while the pleasaunce lasted, was a part of it. For a hundred years an admission fee—first, twopence and then of a penny—was the charge for a promenade among the lunatics. The more agreeable of the sufferers were lodged conveniently on the upper stories, and the more afflicted kept in filth within the dungeons at the basement.

Bethlehem, as an asylum for the insane, even in its first state of sixteenth century

loathsomeness, while it was still half a religious house, had been a show-place. Thus, certain gentlemen in one of Dekker's plays ask:

> "May we see some of those wretched souls
> That are here in your keeping?"

And the answer is from

> "FRIAR ANSELMO (*in charge of Bethlem*)—Yes you shall:
> But, gentlemen, I must disarm you, then.
> There are of madmen, as there are of tame,—
> All humour'd not alike. We have here some
> So apish and fantastic, play with a feather:
> And tho' 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
> So blemished and defaced, yet do they act
> Such antick and such pretty lunacies,
> That spite of sorrow they will make you smile.
> Others, again, we have, like angry lions,
> Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies:
> And these have oftentimes from strangers' sides
> Snatch'd rapiers suddenly, and done much harm;
> Whom, if you'll see, you must be weaponless."

No doubt a like rule was imposed also upon the promenaders who strolled into Bethlem from the City Mall. It was only in the year seventeen hundred and seventy, that the asylum ceased to be included among penny shows.

At the beginning of the present century, the second hospital being of not more than about one hundred and thirty years' standing, it was found necessary to rebuild it on another site. The City of London granted eleven acres on the Surrey side of the Thames, which were part of its Bridge-House estate, for eight hundred and ninety-five years, dating from the year eighteen hundred and ten. Two years later, the first stone of the existing Bethlehem was laid by the Lord Mayor, and the building was completed—two-and-forty years ago—at an expense of about one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, of which sum more than half was contributed by the country in successive grants from parliament. As the united hospital of Bridewell and Bethlehem, the establishment is well endowed, drawing from its estates and funded property an income of about thirty thousand pounds a-year. That is the first material fact in a case which we shall presently be stating.

But even at the time, so recent as it is, when the new Bethlehem was built, and for some years after, the star of Bethlehem was set in the deep blackness of night. Simon Fitz-Mary's priors, in the dress he prescribed for them, might be emblems of the light that had shed no ray into the darkness round about. None needed more than the lunatic to know, and none knew less than he did, of a star that should lead to peace on earth and goodwill among men. Afflicted with a disorder which we now understand to result mainly, perhaps invariably, from depressing causes, he was, till the beginning of this century and after it, submitted to depressing treatment that alone would have sufficed to drive the healthiest to madness. The remedy for lunacy which we now find in cheerfulness and hope was sought in gloom and terror. It was the accepted doctrine as regards the lunatic, that he should not find peace on earth or meet with goodwill among men. At the beginning of this century insane people were chained up, and even flogged at certain periods of the moon's age. Treacherous floors were contrived that slipped from under them, and plunged them into what were called baths of surprise. One device, supposed to be remedial in its effect, was to chain the unhappy sufferer inside a well contrived so that water should creep slowly, slowly from his feet up to his knees, from his knees to his arms, from his arms to his neck, and stop only in the moment that it threatened him with instant suffocation. Dr Darwin invented a wheel to which lunatics were fastened on a chair, and on which they were set revolving at a pace varying up to one hundred revolutions in a minute. Dr. Cox suggested an improvement applicable in some cases, that was to consist in whirling round the lunatic upon this wheel in a dark chamber, and assailing his senses at the same time with horrid noises and foul smells.

It is not our purpose here to tell the history of that great change in the treatment of insanity which is one of the most welcome signs of the advance of knowledge and civilisation in the present century. Only forty years ago, when in France the experience of Pinel at the Bicêtre had already gone far to reverse in many minds and in some places the old doctrine of restraint and terror, at Bethlehem there were found ten women in one side room chained to the wall, wearing no dress but a blanket, and without even a girdle to confine the blanket at the waist. There were other such spectacles, and there was a man whose situation is the subject of one of the plates in the work of Esquirol. In the wise and good Dr. Conolly's recent book upon the treatment of the insane, the case of this man, buried in thick darkness beneath the star of Bethlehem, is thus described. His name was Norris. "He had been a powerful and violent man. Having on one occasion resented what he considered some improper treatment by his keeper, he was fastened by a long chain, which was ingeniously passed through a wall into the next room, where the victorious keeper, out of the patient's reach, could drag the unfortunate man close to the wall whenever he pleased." To protect himself, Norris wrapped straw about his fetters. A new torment was then invented. "A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring made to slide upwards and downwards on an upright, massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted into the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted: on each side of the bar was a cir-

cular projection, which being fastened to and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his sides. The effect of this apparatus was that the patient could indeed raise himself up so as to stand against the wall, but could not stir one foot from it, could not walk one step, and could not even lie down except on his back; and in this thraldom he had lived for twelve years! During much of that time he is reported as having been rational in his conversation. But for him, in all those twelve years, there had been no variety of any kind, no refreshing change, no relief; no fresh air, no exercise; no sight of fields, or gardens, or earth, or heaven. . . . . It is painful to have to add, that this long-continued punishment had the recorded approbation of all the authorities of the hospital."

But the star of Bethlehem had then already begun to shine effectually. Slowly the darkness melted into light, but it lurked long in many corners of the place—so long, that only five or six years ago Bethlehem Hospital was, on account of offences against light and knowledge, which it was said to shelter, made the subject of a parliamentary inquiry. By that inquiry the authorities were roused to energetic action. They had unwittingly allowed the hospital to fall in several respects behind some kindred institutions that kept pace with the improving knowledge of the day. In a liberal and earnest spirit they have since been working to make good their error; aided by a new superintendent at once thoughtful and energetic, they now lead where they used to lag upon the road.

One change that has been rather lately made is characteristic enough of the rest. The brickwork which, except a round hole or a fanlight, used to fill up the outlines of what would have been windows in an ordinary house, has all been knocked away; the bars and double bars between the patient and the light have been uprooted; large well glazed windows with the glass set in light iron frames, that look even less prison-like than thicker frames of wood, have, throughout, been substituted for the grated crannies which are still preserved by Government in that part of the hospital devoted to state prisoners; and in this way the quantity of light and sunshine let into all the rooms and wards has been increased sevenfold, or even tenfold. It gives life to the flowers in the wards, sets the birds singing, and brightens up the pictures and pleasant images with which the walls are all adorned. Light has been let into Bethlehem in more senses than one. It is now an asylum of the most unexceptionable kind. That is the second material fact in the case which we shall presently be stating.

For, we have a special case to state nearly concerning a large section of society, and we are coming to it surely, although slowly. But we must dwell for a little while upon the pleasantness of Bedlam. We went over the hospital a week or two ago. Within the entrance gates, as we went round the lawn towards the building, glancing aside, we saw several groups of patients quietly sunning themselves in the garden, some playing on a grass-plat with two or three happy little children. We found afterwards that these were the children of the resident physician and superintendent, Dr. Hood. They are trusted freely among the patients, and the patients take great pleasure in their presence among them. The sufferers feel that surely they are not cut off from fellowship with man—not objects of a harsh distrust—when even little children come to play with them, and prattle confidently in their ears. There are no chains nor strait waistcoats now in Bethlehem; yet, upon the staircase of a ward occupied by men—the greater number of whom would, in the old time, have been beheld by strong-nerved adults with a shudder—there stood a noble little boy, another fragment of the resident physician's family, with a bright smile upon his face, who looked like an embodiment of the good spirit that had found its way into the hospital, and chased out all the gloom.

Except the detached building for women which is under the direction of the State, and in which are maintained criminals discharged from punishment on the ground of lunacy—and this dim building, full of bolts and bars, in which male patients are herded without system, is a bit of the old obsolete gloom deserving of the heaviest censure, and disgraceful alike to the Governors of the Hospital and the Governors of the State—except this, all the wards of Bethlehem are airy and cheerful. In the entrance hall there is a sharp contrast manifest upon the threshold between past and present. Cibber's two hideous statues of the madmen of old, groaning in their chains, are upon pedestals, to the right hand and the left. Before us is a sunny staircase, and a great window without bar or grating, except that made by the leaves of growing plants. The song of a bird is the first sound that greets the ear. We pass from room to room, and everywhere we find birds, flowers, books, statuettes, and pictures. Thousands of middle class homes contain nothing so pretty as a ward in Bedlam. In every window growing plants in pots, ferneries in Ward's cases. Singing birds in cages, and sometimes, also, baskets of flowering plants, are hung in two long lines on each side of the room, and in the centre of one wall there is, in every ward, an aviary. All spaces between the windows are adorned with framed engravings;—spoiled prints, that is to say, impressions from, for the most part, valuable and costly plates, in which there is some flaw that might easily escape the inexperienced eye, have been presented to the hospital in great numbers by considerate printsellers, and hundreds of these ornament its walls, varnished, framed, and screwed per-

manently in their places by the patients themselves. Scarcely less numerous are the plaster busts and statuettes on little brackets. The tables in every room are brought to a bright polish by the hand-labour of its tenants, and their bright surface adds much to the elegance and lightness of the general effect. Upon the tables are here and there vases, containing fresh or artificial flowers, newspapers, and other journals of the day, books, chess-boards, and draught-boards. A bagatelle-board is among the furniture of every ward; generally it includes also a piano or an organ. We have spoken generally of a ward, but the word does not mean only one long room or portion of a gallery. There is that common room; there is a not less cheerful dining-room; there is a bath-room, an infirmary; and there are the old dungeon-cells, once lighted by a round hole, and supplied with a trough on the floor for bed, and with an open drain-hole for toilet furniture,—now transformed into light and airy little bedrooms, with a neat wooden bedstead duly equipped to take rest upon, and carpet on the floor. Dismal old stoves have been removed, and the hot air apparatus, by which the building is warmed, is assisted, for the sake of ventilation and of cheerfulness, with open fires.

Again, there is at the top of the building, with glass walls, and supplied with lights for evening and foggy weather, one of the best billiard-rooms in the three kingdoms, maintained for the use of the patients. It is fully adapted for its purpose, and is comfortably furnished; a large table, upon which are arranged magazines and newspapers, not being forgotten. Out of doors there are pleasant airing grounds; there is the poultry to feed; there are sundry fittings destined to provide amusement; there is a good bowling-green and skittle-ground.

Furthermore, there is good diet. The dietary at Bethlehem has been liberal for many years; it being now clearly understood that full nourishment to the body is of important service in the treatment of insanity. There is a liberal allowance daily of good meat and beer, with no omission of the little odds and ends that make eating and drinking burdens upon life not altogether unendurable, and take the idea of prison-commons quite out of the hospital allowance. In one cool room we found a nest of plates containing gooseberry pie, which had been deposited there by their owners, simply because the room was cool and the day hot. If there be two ideas that never before came into association in our minds, they are gooseberry-pie and Bedlam.

As to all the small comforts of life, patients in Bethlehem are as much at liberty to make provision for themselves as they would be at home. The restraint to which they are subject is, in fact, that to which they would be subjected at home, if they could there, as in the hospital, put their case under the direction of a competent physician. Their pleasures are not even always bounded by the hospital walls. They go in little knots, with an attendant, to enjoy the sights of London and the country round about.

When we compare with such details the tale of Norris, twelve years bound in iron hand and foot within these walls, and that within the present century, we marvel at the quickness and completeness of the change made by a reversal of old superstitions on the treatment of insanity. The star of Bethlehem shines out at last. So sure is the influence of faith and kindness, that we found even in the refractory ward, glass ferncases laid handy to the fist, and all the little ornaments and pleasures to be found elsewhere. Not a case had been cracked; not a plaster image had been broken.

Thus we have in Bethlehem a hospital endowed for the service of society by benefactions that began six hundred years ago, in which poor lunatics can be maintained and treated quite apart from any system throwing them on county or on parish rates, not as the objects of a charity, but as the receivers of a legacy from men who wished to be of use to persons who would find the legacy an aid to them. The money was not left to the rich who need it not. The charter of the hospital requires therefore that the patients who are admitted should be poor. This was interpreted to mean chiefly paupers, but the care of pauper lunatics devolves on the society in which they live, and is accepted by it. The great county lunatic asylums now receive them, and for this reason the number of admissions into Bethlehem was diminishing, when Dr. Hood, the last appointed resident physician and superintendent, made a suggestion to the governors, which, after careful inquiry, they found to be not only wise, but practicable without violation of their charter, and which they have accordingly adopted.

Bethlehem is not for the rich; and, for the pauper lunatics of the community, there is now ample and satisfactory provision. But there is an educated working class, hitherto left to bear its own sorrow in sickness of the mind, or else be received among the paupers:—curates broken by anxiety; surgeons earning but a livelihood who, when afflicted with insanity, are helpless men; authors checked by sudden failing of the mind when bread is being earned for wife and children; clerks, book-keepers, surveyors, many more; who often battle against trouble till the reason fails, and then must either come upon the rates, or, as far oftener happens, be supported by the toil of a brave wife's fingers, or by a sister who from scanty earnings as a governess pays the small fee that can be afforded to a third-rate private lunatic asylum. How often does the toiling governess herself break

down,—and is she also, whose calling proves that she has been compelled to self-dependence, is she, when her dependence on herself is lost, to be thrown as a pauper on the county lunatic establishment? Here is a new use for Bethlehem, and it is owing mainly, we believe, to the wise thoughtfulness of Dr. Hood that upon such wanderers as these, and upon such only, the star of Bethlehem now shines. To make that fact distinctly known, is the whole object of the present notice.

For the last twelve months and always henceforward, Bethlehem Hospital has been and will be an institution for the reception and cure of no person who is a proper object for admission to a county lunatic asylum; but it will admit persons, chiefly of the educated classes, who with the loss of reason so far lose the means of livelihood that they cannot obtain suitable maintenance in a good private establishment. They will be maintained and treated while in Bethlehem, free of all cost to themselves, and also not at the cost of any living man, but as the just receivers of a legacy intended for their use and benefit. It is to be understood that now, as heretofore, patients in Bethlehem Hospital are of three kinds. Until Government shall have brought to their fulfilment certain plans which it is said to cherish secretly for the independent custody of criminal lunatics, there will be criminal lunatics in Bethlehem; but the building occupied by them is perfectly detached from the main structure, and is not under the control of the hospital authorities. In Bethlehem proper, it is necessary that a certain portion of the yearly income, arising from gifts made expressly upon that condition, should be spent upon the sustenance and relief of incurable patients. The number supported by this fund is limited, and there are always candidates for admission to the wards of the incurables awaiting any vacancy that may occur. The rest of the hospital and the main part of it, the leading design also of the institution, is for the cure, not the mere harbouring, of the insane. It is only to cases which there is fair reason to hope may prove curable, that admission will be given. Nobody will be received as curable who has been discharged uncured from any other hospital for lunatics, or whose case is of more than twelve months' standing; or who is idiotic, paralytic or subject to any convulsive fits; or who is through disease or physical infirmity unfit to associate with other patients. On behalf of any person of the class we have specified who has become insane and whose case does not appear to be ineligible on any of the accounts just named, application may be made to the resident physician of Bethlehem Hospital, Southwark, London, for a form which will have to be filled up and returned. The form includes upon one large sheet all the certificates required by the hospital, and every information likely to be required by the patient and his friends, or hers.

A patient having been admitted, is maintained and treated for one year. If he (or she) be not cured at the expiration of a year, and there remain hope, that appointed limit of time is extended by three months, and perhaps again, and once—but only once—again, by three months; but the rule of the institution is, that patients be returned to their friends, if uncured at the expiration of a twelvemonth.

We did not know until we read a little book on the statistics of insanity, by Dr. Hood—in which ten years of the case-books of Bethlehem are collated, with the experience of other hospitals for the insane—how constantly insanity is to be referred to a depressing influence. Three in five of the men, and a still greater proportion of the women, who have come and gone through Bethlehem during a space of ten years, were maddened simply by distress and anxiety. The other assigned causes operate also by depression,—disappointment, over-work, death of relatives, bodily illness, the gloom which some account religious, and intemperance. In ten years, all Bethlehem furnished only six cases of lunacy through sudden joy; and Esquirol remarks that the excess of joy which destroys life never takes away the reason; "and," Dr. Hood adds, "he sets himself to explain away certain cases which are supposed to support a contrary conclusion." Every case in his own experience that looked like madness through excess of joy, he traced, upon investigation, to a reaction that produced the opposite emotion. The depressing influence of solitude is also a frequent cause of insanity; for which reason insanity prevails in lonely mountain districts, and is much more common in England among people who live in the country than among inhabitants of towns. A cheerful temper and a busy life, with generous and wholesome diet, are the best preservatives of mental health. Against them it is hard work even for hereditary tendency to make any head.

Another most important fact, which is expressed very clearly in the Bethlehem tables, urges every one who has contemplated taking advice for any friend become insane, to lose no time about it. Every month of duration carries the disorder farther from a chance of cure. The chances of cure are four to one in cases admitted for treatment within three months of the first attack; but after twelve months have elapsed, the chances are reversed, and become one to four. Of the whole number of patients admitted for cure into Bethlehem, cure follows in three cases out of five.

In saying this, however, we should give a false impression if we did not transfer an estimate founded by Dr. Thurnam upon the traced history of two hundred and forty-four patients of the York Retreat, which we find

quoted without dissent in one of the Bethlehem Hospital reports: "In round numbers, of ten persons attacked by insanity, five recover, and five die, sooner or later, during the attack, of the five who recover, not more than two remain well during the rest of their lives; the other three sustain subsequent attacks, during which at least two of them die. But, although the picture is thus an unfavourable one, it is very far from justifying the popular prejudice, that insanity is virtually an incurable disease; and the view which it presents is much modified by the long intervals which often occur between the attacks, during which intervals of mental health (in many cases of from ten to twenty years' duration), an individual has lived in all the enjoyments of social life."

It may be worth while, also, now that we speak of English insanity to correct the common error which ascribes a tendency to produce insanity and suicide to our November weather. In England as in France, in Bethlehem as in the Salpetrière, the greatest number of insane cases occur in the six summer months, especially in May, June, and July. In London, the greatest number of recoveries occur in November.

MY WINDOW.

I AM a very quiet man, fond of idle dreaming, fond of speculative studies, fond of a great many things that rarely make headway in this practical world, but which fitly furnish forth a life that has been almost blank of incident,—a life that parted with hope early—that may, in fact, be said to have lost the better part of its vitality when Nelly died.

Nelly was not my wife, but she would have been if she had lived. I can speak of her calmly now, but time was when my very soul sickened for sorrow at her loss; when I would have rushed with eagerness to the grave as a door through which I must pass to behold her dear face again. Sometimes a spasm of anguish thrills me even yet, when I recal her image, as she was when she left me nearly forty years ago; most winning fair, most beautiful, that image seems, glowing with innocent youth, palpitating with tenderness and joy. Then I ask myself, will she know me? will she love me?—*me*, worn old and grey—in that other world, where we two shall surely meet? Will the bright spirit-girl recognise the love of her earthly youth in the man of full three-score years and ten? Will her countenance—will mine—be changed and glorified? The angels cannot be purer than Nelly was: purer or lovelier. I cannot help thinking of this reunion. I cannot help speculating whether she is waiting for me to come to her as impatiently as I am waiting to depart. In the dead of the night I have awakened with a low trembling at my heart, and have been conscious of a strange presence in the room, which faded out of it as I listened breathless for some voice to speak to me—Nelly's voice to cheer me—when sound there was none.

When Nelly died, I was a young man. I had hopes, prospects, interests, even ambitions in life. But, after that, worldly matters became irksome to me; and worldly prosperity failed me. Friends and acquaintances looked shyly on one who had not elasticity enough to rise up under the weight of a crushing sorrow; they turned their backs on me, I turned my back on them. Henceforth our ways lay wide apart theirs, in amongst the struggle, the toil, the great weariness of life, mine, by the quiet waters that flow down peacefully to death. The love of seclusion has grown upon me as moss grows upon a rooted stone; I could not wrench myself away from it, even if I would. Of worldly pelf I have little, but that little suffices me; and, although my existence seems selfish—nay, is so—I lack not interest in my kind. I catch hold of a slight thread of reality, and weave it into a tissue of romance. The facts that I cannot know, imagination supplies me with; and my own temperament, still and melancholy, suffuses the story with a tender twilight hue, which is not great anguish, but which takes no tint of joy.

My abode is in one of the retired streets of London. I know not where a man can be so utterly alone as in this great Babylon. My favourite room has a bay window overhanging the pavement, and in its cornices, its door frames, and its lofty carved mantelshelf, testifies to better days than it is ever likely to see again. The rents in this quarter are low, and though, at certain long intervals, the street is as forsaken and silent as Tadmor in the wilderness, still, the surging rush, the rattle, the hum of the vast city, echoes through my solitude from dawn till dark. I love that echo in my heart. It is company. If I had been a happy, I should have been a busy man—a worker instead of a dreamer That little if—that great impassable gulf—between the Actual and the Possible!

I do not begin and end my romances in a day, in a week, in a month, or even in a year, as story-tellers do. The threads run on and on. Sometimes smoothly, sometimes in hopeless entanglement. The merest trifle may suggest them; now, it is the stealthy, startled looking back of a man over his shoulder, as he hurries down the street, as if Fate with her sleuth-hounds, Vengeance, and Justice, were following close upon his traces; now, the downcast grey head of a loiterer, hands in pockets, chin on breast, drivelling aimlessly nowhere; again, it is the pitiful face of a little child clad in mourning; or, it is the worn figure of a woman in shabby garments, young, toilsome, hopeless; or, it is the same figure flaunting in silks and laces, but a hundredfold more toilsome, more

hopeless. Occasionally I take hold of a golden thread that runs from a good and a happy life. Such a thread I caught three years ago, and the tissue into which I wrought it is completed at last. This is it:—

I have mentioned my bay window overhanging the street; in this window is a luxuriously cushioned old-fashioned red settee. By this settee, a solid limbed table, on which my landlady every morning lays my breakfast, and the newly-come in newspaper. It was while leisurely enjoying my coffee and unconsciously watching the tremulous motion of the acacias which overtop the low garden wall of a house a little higher up the street, that I first laid my hand upon the gleaming thread which shines athwart this grey cobweb romance—cobweb, I say, because so slight is it, so altogether fancy-spun, that perhaps the knowledge of one actual fact of the case would sweep it down as ruthlessly and entirely as a housemaid's brush destroys the diligent labours of arachne.

Perhaps it was the quivering green of the light acacia leaves, with the sunshine flitting through and lying upon the pavement like net-work of gold, that began my romance

Every Thursday and every Saturday morning, for some months, I had seen a girl come round the street corner, without much observing her. I could have certified that she was tall and lissome in figure, and that she was scrupulously neat in her dress, but nothing further. That morning to which I refer in particular was early in June. The sun was shining in our quiet street; the birds were singing blithely in that overgrown London garden beyond the wall; the acacias were shivering and showering the broken beams upon the white stones as cheerily, as gaily, as if the roar of the vast city were a hundred miles away, instead of floating down on every breeze, filling every ear, chiming in like a softened bass to the whisper of the leaves and twitter of the birds. My window was open, and I was gazing dreamily on the branches above the wall, when a figure stopped beneath it and looked up; it was the young girl who passed every Thursday and Saturday morning. I observed her more closely than I had yet done, and saw that she was good and intelligent in face—pretty, even, for she had a clear, steadfast brow, fine eyes, and a fresh complexion. As she stood for a minute gazing up into the trees there was a curious, wistful, far-away look upon her countenance, which brightened into a smile as she came on more quickly for having lost a minute watching the acacia leaves. She carried in her hand a roll covered with dark-red morocco, and walked with a decisive step—light yet regular—as if her foot kept time to a march ringing in her memory. "She is a music-teacher, going to one of her pupils," I said to myself; and, when she was gone by, I fell into my mood, and sought an interpretation of that thoughtful upcast look that I had seen upon her face under the trees.

"She was born in the country," I made out, "in some soft, balmy, sheltered spot, where all was pretty in the summer weather. There were acacias there, and these reminded her of them. Perhaps some one she knew and dearly loved had loved those trees, and she saw in the rippling shadows a long train of reminiscences that I could not see—things past because her expression was tender, yet things not sad altogether, because a smile succeeded the little wistful look.'

After that Thursday morning I watched for her coming twice in the week, each time with increased interest. I always give my dream-folk names, such as their appearance and general air suggest. I gave her the name of Georgie. She seemed to have a certain stability and independence of character which spring out of an early—possibly an enforced—habit of self reliance. This I deduced from externals, such as that though her dress was always neat and appropriate, it was never fashionable. She looked what women among themselves call nice. I should say her tastes were nice in the more correct acceptation of the word, and by no means capricious. She wore usually a grey shade of some soft material for her dress, and, that summer, she wore a plain silky white shawl, which clung to her figure, a straw-bonnet with white ribbon, and a kerchief of bright rose or blue. Her shoes and her gloves were dainty; and, from the habitual pleasantness of her countenance, I knew that if she were, as my familiar suggested, music and singing mistress, the times went well with her. She had plenty to do, and was well paid.

Her coming was as good as a happy thought to me. Her punctuality was extraordinary, I could have set my watch by her movements those two mornings in each week. I watched for her as regularly as I watched for my breakfast, and should have missed her much more. By whatever way she returned home, it was not by my street. For two full months she came round the corner at ten minutes before nine, and, glancing up at the garden-trees, passed down the opposite side of the pavement, and out of sight. All this time I could not add another chapter to my romance. She had ever the same cheerful brow, and quiet, placid, undisturbed mouth; the same dauntless, straightlooking, well-opened eyes; the same even, girlish step, as regular and calm as the beat of her own young heart. I could but work out the details of the country home where the rose on her cheek bloomed, and where the erect lithe shape developed; where the honest disposition grew into strength and principle, and where loving training had encouraged

and ripened the kindly spirit that looked out at her eyes. Two or three little traits that showed her goodness, I did observe. Never a beggar asked of her in the street whom she did not either relieve or speak to with infinite goodness. I have seen her stop to comfort a crying child, and look after a half-starved masterless dog picking about the kennel for a bone, with a look on her face that reminded me of my lost one—so tender, so compassionate, so true, pure womanly.

One evening at the commencement of August—it was about half past six, and all the sun was out of our street—I saw Georgie, as I called her in my own mind, come down the pavement, still carrying the music roll; but not alone. There was with her a young man. He might be a clerk, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or any other profession almost, from his appearance; I could not tell what. He was tall, and certainly well-looking; but his face was rather feeble, and its complexion too delicate for a man. Georgie seemed his superior, in mind even more than in person. There was a suggestive slouch in his gait, a trail of the foot, that I did not like. He carried his head down, and walked slowly; but that might be from ill health, or that he wanted to keep Georgie's company longer, or a thousand things rather than the weakness of character with which, from the first glance, I felt disposed to charge him. He was perhaps Georgie's brother, I said at first; afterwards I felt sure he was her lover, and that she loved him.

Three weeks passed. Georgie's morning transits continued as regularly as the clock-stroke; but I had not seen her any more in the evenings, when I became aware that I had the young man, her companion, for an opposite neighbour. From the time of his daily exits and returns, I made out that he must be employed as clerk somewhere. He used to watch at the window for Georgie; and, as soon as he saw her turn the corner, he would rush out. They always met with a smile and a hand-shake, and walked away together. In about a quarter of an hour he came back alone, and left the house again at ten. This continued until the chilly autumn days set in, and there was always a whirl of the acacia leaves on the pavement under the wall. Georgie did not often look up in passing them now. Perhaps she was thinking of the meeting close at hand.

The young clerk I called Arthur. Now that I had him as a daily subject of study, I began to approve of him more. I do not imagine that he was a man of any great energy of character; and even, what little he might have possessed, originally, must have been sapped by ill-health long since; but there was a certain intellectual expression on his pale, large brow that overbalanced the feebleness of the lower part of his face. I could fancy Georgie, in her womanly faith and love, idealising him until his face was as that of an angel to her—mild as St. John's, and as beautiful. Indolent and weak, myself, what I approve is strength of will, power to turn and bend circumstances to our profit; in Arthur, I detected only a gentle goodness; therefore he did not satisfy me for Georgie who, I said to myself, could live a great, a noble life, and bear as well the strivings of adversity as she now bore the sunshine of young happiness. If I could have chosen Georgie's lover he should have been a hero; but truth placed him before my eyes too gravely for misconception.

The winter was very harsh, very cold, very bitter indeed; but all the long months I never missed the bi-weekly transits of that brave-eyed girl. She had a thick and coarse maud of shepherd's plaid, and a dark dress now; but that was the only change. She seemed healthy-proof against the cruel blasts that appeared almost to kill poor Arthur. He was always enveloped in coat upon coat; and, round his throat, he wore a comforter of scarlet and white wool, rather gaudy and rather uncommon; but I did not wonder why he was so constant to its use, when I remembered that it was a bit of woman's work, and that Georgie's fingers had knitted it, most probably.

Ill or well, the winter got over, and the more trying east-winds of spring began. Arthur did not often issue forth to meet Georgie then, and I believe he had been obliged to give up his situation; for, I used to see him at all times of the day in the parlour of the opposite house; occasionally, when the sun was out, he would come and saunter wearily up and down the flags for half an hour, and then drag himself feebly in-doors again. He sometimes had a companion in these walks, on whose stalwart arm he leaned—a good friend, he seemed to be.

"Ah! if Georgie had only loved *him!*" I thought, foolishly.

He was older than Arthur, and totally different: a tall, strong young fellow with a bronzed face, a brisk blue eye, and a great brown beard. The other looked boyish and simple beside him; especially now that he was so ill. The two seemed to have a great affection for each other. Perhaps they had been school-fellows and playmates; but, at any rate, there was a strong bond between them, and Georgie must have known it.

I remember one warm afternoon, at the beginning of June, I saw Arthur and Robert (that was my gift-name to the brown stranger) come out and begin walking and talking together up and down the pavement. They were going from the corner when Georgie, quite at an unusual hour, came hurrying round it. She had in her hand one of those unwieldy bunches of moss-roses with stalks a foot long, which you can buy in Lon-

don streets for sixpence, and she was busy trimming them into some shape and order, as she advanced. She reached the door of Arthur's lodgings before they turned; and, just as she got to the step and seemed about to ring, she descried them in the distance. Spy that I was, I detected the blush that fired her face, and the quick smile of pleasure with which she went to meet them as they returned. Arthur took the flowers listlessly. I could see that he was getting beyond any strong feelings of pleasure or pain, through sheer debility. In fact, he was melting away in the flame of consumption as rapidly—to use a homely saying—as a candle lighted at both ends. I wondered, more than once, whether Georgie was blind to his state, for she still seemed as cheerful as ever, and still wore that calm, good expression which I have mentioned before as characteristic of her. I believe she was quite in the dark, or else so full of hope that she could not and would not admit a sad presentiment. Arthur stood silent and tired, while Robert and she spoke to each other; and, after a minute or two, he grew impatient and would go in-doors. I thought Georgie looked chagrined as the door shut, and she was left outside. I could not quite interpret that bit. She remained hesitating a second or two, and then started very quickly—as if she had forgotten something,—back in the direction from which she had come.

Sometimes in my romances I should like to alter the few certainties that impose themselves as checks on my fancy. I would fain alter here, for instance, and make out that Robert fell instantaneously in love with Georgie, and that poor Arthur was only a cousin for whom she had a quiet, sisterly affection, and nothing more,—but I cannot. They were surely lovers, whose hearts were each bound up in the other, and there was a parting preparing for them, such as had severed my darling and me.

The Thursday after the little incident of the moss-roses I missed Georgie for the first time. Could she have passed by earlier, I asked myself? I was certainly late for breakfast. On the following Saturday it was the same. "She has given up her pupil in this direction, or she is ill," I said; but the next week I watched, with an anxiety that quickened every pulse, for her coming. I took up my post on the settee early, and kept my eye on the corner; but never saw her. On the succeeding Saturday I almost gave up my hope; for she was still absent, and I lost many an hour in devising explanations why. But the following Thursday my romance was continued. When I went into my sitting-room and threw up the window I saw the thin, pale hand of my opposite neighbour holding back the curtain of the window as he lay on his bed and presently Georgie went by on my side, that his eyes might, for a moment, be cheered as he saw her pass. After that, I often saw the wan face of Arthur at the glass, and sometimes Robert's healthy brown visage beside it. One afternoon, Georgie came, as it were, stealthily to the door and rang the bell. She had a little basket and some flowers which she gave to the woman of the house, with whom she spoke for a while, and then she went away very grave, downcast, sad. I was sure that she knew at last.

Every day now, two incidents recurred regularly. One, was the arrival of the doctor in his green chariot; the other, the arrival of Georgie with her little basket and her nosegay of flowers. She always went in-doors and stayed—sometimes only a few minutes, sometimes an hour or more. At this time my romance got a new light, or rather a new shadow. I began to think that Arthur was all Georgie had in the world; for nobody ever came with her, nobody ever spoke to her, but the woman of the house, and Robert.

Occasionally Robert would come out with her on the door-step, and they would converse together for a little while. It was about Arthur, I knew, from their serious looks and glances up to the room where he lay. I cannot tell how much I felt for Georgie, in the loneliness by which my imagination surrounded her. I began to see in Arthur many virtues, many merits, which must have made her love him, that I had never seen in him before. His wan face looked patient, his great brow more spiritual than ever, and I was sure she would cling to him with a keener affection as she beheld him passing away. Did I not remember how it had been with me and Nelly!

I suppose when death comes amongst us; no matter how long we have been warned; how long we have used ourselves to think that he might knock at our door any day—his coming appears sudden,—unexpected. I rose one morning as usual; and, on looking at the opposite house, saw that the shutters were closed and the blinds all down. Arthur, then, was dead. The milkman came to the door, the baker, the postman with his letters—letters for a dead man.

It was Thursday morning. Georgie would pass early. A little before nine she came, ran swiftly up the house-steps and rang. At the same moment, advanced in another direction, the man with the board on which the dead are laid. He was but just gone, then! Georgie stood by to let him pass in before her, and I saw the shiver that ran through her frame as she watched him up the stairs, and thought what he was going to do. Robert came out to her; his manly face, grief-stricken and pale, was writhing as he recounted to her, perhaps, some dying message from Arthur, perhaps some last token of his love—I know not what.

Nelly's last moments,—Nelly's death over again to me!

Then Georgie came out crying—crying, O! so bitterly; and in going down from the door she dropped the flowers that she had brought in her hand to gladden eyes that the sight of her would never more gladden on this earth. Robert picked them up; and, after watching her a few minutes on her way, went in again and shut the door. But, in the afternoon, she returned and went up-stairs to see what had been her lover. It is good to look at the cast-off mould of what we love it dissevers us so coldly, so effectually from their dust. It forces us to look elsewhere for the warm, loving soul that animated it. There is nothing in that clay that can respond to us. That which we idolised, exists elsewhere.

Every day—sometimes at one hour, sometimes at another—Georgie came to the opposite house, was admitted by Robert and visited the relics of her beloved. She seemed to be more than ever alone; for, even in these melancholy comings and goings, she was always unaccompanied. On the sixth day from Arthur's death, there was a funeral; and Georgie and Robert were the only mourners who attended it. Seeing the girl in her black clothing, white and tearful, I said, "She did love him, and I hope she will stay—for his sake—a widow all her life!"

The Thursday and Saturday morning transits were now resumed. Georgie looked graver, loftier, more thoughtful; like a woman on whom sorrow has lighted, but whom sorrow cannot destroy. Robert left the opposite house and sometimes my fancy went home with the poor, lonely girl, and I wondered whether she had any friend in the world who was near to her and dear to her now.

For upwards of six months I never missed her with her roll of music twice in the week: but, at the end of that time, she suddenly ceased to appear in our quiet street, and I saw her no more for a long time. I thought that this romance of mine, like many others, was to melt away amongst the crowd of actualities; but, yesterday, behold! there came upon me its dramatic conclusion. Georgie and Robert, he strong and handsome as ever, she fair and lovely, and wearing garments that had the spotless air of belonging to a new bride, came like a startling sunbreak into its gloom. They paused opposite the house where Arthur died, seemed to recall him each to the other, and then walked on silently and more slowly than before; but before they turned the corner I could see Georgie smiling up in Robert's face, and Robert looking down on Georgie with such a love as never shone in Arthur's cold, spiritual eyes.

For an instant I had a little regret,—a little anger against her—but it passed. Let Georgie live her life, and be happy! Did I not at the first wish that Robert—and not Arthur—had been her choice?

A MUTINY IN INDIA.

Years ago, a brigade of irregular cavalry lay at a station not very remote from Poona. It was composed of three regiments, in which Mahomedans and Hindoos were mingled, and was renowned for the very high state of its discipline. In the war that had not very long terminated, these troops had repeatedly distinguished themselves, and by acts of the utmost gallantry and heroism had won the highest eulogies from the commander-in-chief and the rest of the army. The brigadier in command was a dare-devil old officer named Daintry, a grim soldier, who loved a tussle, sword in hand, as dearly as Cœur de Lion himself, and who, with his long white moustachios and scarred face, looked superb when in the saddle. One of the best horsemen and hog-hunters in India, he performed such wonders with the boar-spear as are still spoken of in the hunting-camp, and I have myself seen him overtake and transfix almost the whole of a sounder of wild pigs that by some strange chance had galloped right through our cantonments. In the day of battle, the brigadier was as full of fire as his own mettled charger; his voice rang like a trumpet, and his troopers followed him with an unhesitating ardour that nothing could daunt.

But, peace came, and mischief came with it. Daintry's great misfortune simply was this: he had been born five hundred years too late. As a feudal baron, unable to read and unused to think, most likely spent a dull spell of rainy weather in yawning about his castle halls and kicking his unoffending vassals, so did Daintry fall foul of his vassals as soon as there were no enemies to be pommelled. The brigadier had received an old-fashioned education; that is to say, he wrote badly, spelt worse, and, as a matter of choice, read not at all. Indeed, a bookish man was the brigadier's abhorrence. So, as he was an abstemious drinker, and could not always be hunting, he turned martinet and tyrant from sheer idleness.

He worked the brigade pitilessly. Morning, noon, and eve, there were inspections, foot and mounted drills, sword exercises, and so forth. By night, though the country was profoundly quiet, patrols were kept in motion, and the stony roads rang to the clattering hoofs of the cavalry. Each regiment was perfect in its evolutions, but the men were kept day by day grinding at their manœuvres as if they had been the most awkward squad of bumpkins alive. Then the uniforms were altered, the saddle-cloths meddled with, the soldiers kept hard at work sharpening swords and pointing spears. Once a-week the sabres were inspected, and any blade not of razor keenness was snapped across the brigadier's

knee. In short, he worried them as Paul worried his Russian guards.

Now, a soldier grows rusty in idleness, no doubt; but when he is harassed by causeless and perpetual toil he is apt to become sulky. When the war ended, every rider of the brigade would have died in Daintry's defence. A few months of annoyance changed this devotion into dislike, fast ripening into hatred. It was then that I was appointed to be Daintry's brigade-major, to his great disgust, for he was not above the weakness of nepotism. Two of his regiments were commanded by his sons-in-law, both of whom were young for such a trust, and he had solicited my post for his wife's nephew, on the laudable principle of taking care of Dowb. However, rumours of the discontent among the men had reached head-quarters, and it was preferred to select a brigade-major who might mediate between the brigade and its rash chief, and who would not be a mere mouthpiece to the commandant.

I had been chosen, as being well acquainted with the language and the native habits of thought; and, found little difficulty in gaining the confidence of many of the soldiers and havildars. But, with the brigadier I had another sort of task. He disliked me, as having accepted the post his nephew had asked for, on which account he offered me a hundred petty slights, and even requested the mess to send me to "Coventry." Also, he quietly made up his mind to neglect every suggestion or remonstrance I could possibly make. For me to oppose an innovation was enough to confirm the brigadier in his decision. As the old officers dropped off or were got rid of, their places were filled by boys, who knew no more of Hindustani than of Swedish, and were utterly ignorant of Hindoo or Mussulman usages. And before long, Daintry announced the advent of a thorough and sweeping reform. The irregular troopers were to learn infantry drill, and to SHAVE OFF THEIR BEARDS. When I first heard this, I could not believe the commander to be serious. But he swore he would not rest until the chins of his grim Patans and Rajpoots were as destitute of beard or moustache as the palm of his hand.

The youngsters who had just joined, applauded mightily. Fresh from Addiscombe or Rugby, they thought it would be "such a capital joke to shave the old bearded billy-goats." In vain I remonstrated, argued, and begged for delay. Daintry's headstrong nature would bear no check. He, long as he had been in India, had learned but one-half of the native character. Many fall into the same error. They see the submissive timidity, the ductile obedience, of the native; his deference to authority or assumption; his childish reverence for rank; and they think there are no limits to his endurance. Some day they are terribly undeceived. So it was in this case. The order was read out on parade; and even the instincts of discipline could not restrain a murmur that gradually swelled into a shout of indignation. One regiment in especial, sent in a memorial, which I read with surprise, so just and temperate was its language. "We are horsemen," said the soldiers, "and the sons of horsemen, and have shed our blood under your banners. If you are displeased with us, give us our discharge. We will go, blessing you for your bread and salt that we have eaten. But we were not hired for the drill of foot soldiers, and to that degradation we cannot submit." Daintry swore like a Bedlamite. To crown all, he ordered the regiment to come on parade SHAVED. The regiment paraded, but not a man had complied. The brigadier selected two sergeants, both Mahometans, a Patan and a Belooch, and ordered his servants to hold them down on the ground while their beards were shaved off by a barber.

To realise the full effect of this most unwise order, one should remember that a Mahometan invests his beard with a species of sanctity, tends it with jealous care, values it above his life, swears by it his most solemn oaths, and resents an affront to it as the worst of insults. One should remember, also, that these men were all, Moslem and Hindoo, of good parentage, sons of land-holders, Potails and Zemindars: military adventurers, in fact, who possess horses and weapons of their own, and by themselves and their officers are styled and considered gentlemen, being all of a class far superior to that which furnishes the sepoy. The regiment looked on in sullen silence, and no immediate outbreak took place.

But, at dawn next morning, I was awakened by finding Daintry in full dress, spurred and booted, at my bedside.

"Up with you," said he, more good-humouredly than usual; "your horse is being saddled. You must ride with me, for there's a mutiny, by ——."

"I told you how it would turn out," said I, rubbing my eyes, and reluctantly rising. I was not five minutes dressing, and off we galloped, with a dozen troopers and armed peons at our heels. There, on a round hill, a red flag was flying, the flag of mutiny. A drum was beating and already a crowd of disaffected soldiers had collected, and more were gathering by twos and threes.

The ringleaders, conspicuous among the others, were the two Mussulmans who had been so roughly used the day before. When we approached, a hundred carbines were pointed at us. Daintry tried to address the mutineers. A yell drowned his voice. I made the next essay, and succeeded better.

"The brigadier may approach," called out the Patan ringleader, "but no armed men shall come near us, only the chief and his brigade-major."

And they presented their weapons at the

sowars who pressed behind us. Daintry, who was as brave as a lion, bade his followers fall back, and advanced. I tried in vain to dissuade him, knowing how little fit he was to conciliate. But he persisted, and so in among them we went.

"You have won great honours by our valour," cried the irregulars to Daintry, "and you have oppressed us since the foe was conquered. Now we will serve no more. We ask our discharge. Give it us."

A parley ensued. Daintry would yield nothing. The affair was hopeless. The brigadier retired, to give me a chance of persuasion.

"Now, sahibs and comrades," said I, "you know me, and I understand you. I cannot treat with armed mutineers, but go and pile your arms before my house, and I pledge you my honour as an English officer, you shall have your discharge."

After a long discussion, I won them over to this, and they were already moving from the hill-top, when the brigadier returned. Briefly I explained the bargain, and asked him to ratify the compact, and end the affair. Daintry electrified me by exclaiming in Hindustanee: "No! the others may have their discharge, but I'll punish the cursed ringleaders!"

In one moment, all my diplomacy was rent to pieces. Sabres, carbines, pistols, menaced us on all sides.

"Are the other regiments to be trusted?" asked I, at last.

"Yes!" cried Daintry suddenly; "ride and bring them up, and we'll pepper this swarthy scum."

He spoke in English, so was not understood. I started on my errand; but, by some strange infatuation, Daintry remained in the heart of the mob. Hard by, was a road, winding between two lofty banks. I was scarcely in it, when I met the leading files of a mounted column, commanded by one of Daintry's sons-in-law. The colonel had turned his regiment out on hearing of the mutiny. I lifted my hand as a signal. The trumpeters raised their instruments, and sounded the call to trot. The blast was answered by a pistol shot, a wild cry, and a random volley of carbines from the crowd of mutineers on the hill I had left. Wheeling, I rode back at full gallop, the regiment pelting at my heels. The mutineers fired again, but harmlessly, and then broke and ran. Many were cut down, speared, or trampled: others were driven into the jungles, where they perished miserably, between fevers and wild beasts. Few, probably, reached their homes again.

We found Daintry on the ground, still breathing, but in desperate case.

"O!" said the poor fellow, as I knelt by him, "I wish I had taken your advice; forgive me, my boy. They've murdered me."

When the trumpet sounded, the ringleader had clutched Daintry's bridle, and, as his horse reared, shot him with a pistol. While on the ground, he had received sixteen ghastly sabre-cuts from blades of razor keenness; yet he lived thirty hours, to the wonder of every surgeon in the cantonments, though he never spoke after the first five minutes. The regiment was disbanded, its name was blotted out of the Company's books, and the matter was hushed up; a proceeding, as recent events show, about as sensible as screwing down a safety-valve to guard against explosions.

Surely, we may make some use of the follies of the past, to serve as beacons for the future; and surely those have much to answer for, who are prevented by a foolish punctilio from exposing the true causes of the rottenness of our Indian civil and military system.

A QUEEN'S REVENGE.

The name of Gustavus Adolphus, the faithful Protestant, the great general, and the good king of Sweden, has been long since rendered familiar to readers of history. We all know how this renowned warrior and monarch was beloved by his soldiers and subjects, how successfully he fought through a long and fearful war, and how nobly he died on the field of battle. With his death, however, the interest of the English reader in Swedish affairs seems to terminate. Those who have followed the narrative of his life carefully to the end, may remember that he left behind him an only child—a daughter named Christina; but of the character of that child, and of her extraordinary adventures after she grew to womanhood, the public in England is, for the most part, entirely ignorant. In the popular historical and romantic literature of France, Queen Christina is a prominent and a notorious character. In the literature of this country she has, hitherto, been allowed but little chance of making her way to the notice of the world at large.

And yet, the life of this woman is in itself a romance. At six years old she was Queen of Sweden, with the famous Oxenstiern for guardian. This great and good man governed the kingdom in her name until she had lived through her minority. Four years after her coronation she, of her own accord, abdicated her rights in favour of her cousin, Charles Gustavus. Young and beautiful, the most learned and most accomplished woman of her time, she resolutely turned her back on the throne of her inheritance, and, publicly betraying her dislike of the empty pomp and irksome restraint of royalty, set forth to wander through civilised Europe in the character of an independent traveller who was resolved to see all varieties of men and manners, to collect all the knowledge which the widest experience could give her, and to

measure her mind boldly against the greatest minds of the age wherever she went. So far, the interest excited by her character and her adventures is of the most picturesquely-attractive kind. There is something strikingly new in the spectacle of a young queen who prefers the pursuit of knowledge to the possession of a throne, and who barters a royal birthright for the privilege of being free. Unhappily, the portrait of Christina cannot be painted throughout in bright colours only. It is not pleasant to record of her that, when her travels brought her to Rome, she abandoned the religion for which her father fought and died. It is still less agreeable to add, that she freed herself from other restraints besides the restraint of royalty, and that, if she was mentally distinguished by her capacities, she was also morally disgraced by her vices and her crimes.

The events in the strange life of Christina—especially those which are connected with her actions and adventures in the character of a queen-errant—present the freshest and the most ample materials for a biography, which might be regarded in England as a new contribution to our historical literature. Within the necessarily limited space at our command in these columns, it is impossible to follow her, with sufficient attention to details, through the adventures which attended her travelling career. One, however, among the many strange and startling passages in her life, may profitably be introduced in this place. The events of which the narrative is composed, throw light, in many ways, on the manners, habits, and opinions of a past age, and they can, moreover, be presented in this place in the very words of an eye-witness who beheld them two centuries ago.

The scene is Paris, the time is the close of the year sixteen hundred and fifty-seven, the persons are the wandering Queen Christina, her grand equerry, the Marquis Monaldeschi, and Father le Bel of the Convent of Fontainebleau, the witness whose testimony we are shortly about to cite.

Monaldeschi, as his name implies, was an Italian by birth. He was a handsome, accomplished man, refined in his manners, supple in his disposition, and possessed of the art of making himself eminently agreeable in the society of women. With these personal recommendations, he soon won his way to the favour of Queen Christina. Out of the long list of her lovers, not one of the many whom she encouraged caught so long and firm a hold of her capricious fancy as Monaldeschi. The intimacy between them probably took its rise, on her side at least, in as deep a sincerity of affection as it was in Christina's nature to feel. On the side of the Italian, the connection was prompted solely by ambition. As soon as he had risen to the distinction and reaped all the advantages of the position of chief favourite in the queen's court, he wearied of his royal mistress, and addressed his attentions secretly to a young Roman lady, whose youth and beauty powerfully attracted him, and whose fatal influence over his actions ultimately led to his ruin and his death.

After endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the Roman lady, in various ways, Monaldeschi found that the surest means of winning her favour lay in satisfying her malicious curiosity on the subject of the private life and the secret frailties of Queen Christina. He was not a man who was troubled by any scrupulous feelings of honour when the interests of his own intrigues happened to be concerned; and he shamelessly took advantage of the position that he held towards Christina, to commit breaches of confidence of the most inexcusably ungrateful and the most meanly infamous kind. He gave to the Roman lady the series of the queen's letters to himself, which contained secrets that she had revealed to him in the fullest confidence of his worthiness to be trusted; more than this, he wrote letters of his own to the new object of his addresses, in which he ridiculed the queen's fondness for him, and sarcastically described her smallest personal defects with a heartless effrontery which the most patient and long-suffering of women would have found it impossible to forgive. While he was thus privately betraying the confidence that had been reposed in him, he was publicly affecting the most unalterable attachment and the most sincere respect for the queen.

For some time this disgraceful deception proceeded successfully. But the hour of the discovery was appointed, and the instrument of effecting it was a certain cardinal who was desirous of supplanting Monaldeschi in the queen's favour. The priest contrived to get possession of the whole correspondence which had been privately placed in the hands of the Roman lady, including, besides Christina's letters, the letters which Monaldeschi had written in ridicule of his royal mistress. The whole collection of documents was enclosed by the cardinal in one packet, and was presented by him, at a private audience, to the queen.

It is at this critical point of the story that the testimony of the eye-witness whom we propose to quote, begins. Father Le Bel was present at the fearful execution of the queen's vengeance on Monaldeschi, and was furnished with copies of the whole correspondence which had been abstracted from the possession of the Roman lady. Having been trusted with the secret, he is wisely and honourably silent throughout his narrative on the subject of Monaldeschi's offence. Such particulars of the Italian's baseness and ingratitude as have been presented here, have been gathered from the somewhat contradictory reports which were current at the time, and which have been preserved by the old

French collectors of historical anecdotes. Such further details of the extraordinary punishment of Monaldeschi's offence as are now to follow, may be given in the words of Father Le Bel himself. The reader will understand that his narrative begins immediately after Christina's discovery of the perfidy of her favourite.

The sixth of November, sixteen hundred and fifty-seven (writes Father Le Bel), at a quarter past nine in the morning, Queen Christina of Sweden, being at that time lodged in the Royal Palace of Fontainebleau, sent one of her men servants to my convent, to obtain an interview with me. The messenger, on being admitted to my presence, inquired if I was the superior of the convent, and when I replied in the affirmative, informed me that I was expected to present myself immediately before the Queen of Sweden.

Fearful of keeping her Majesty waiting, I followed the man at once to the palace, without waiting to take any of my brethren from the convent with me. After a little delay in the antechamber, I was shown into the Queen's room. She was alone; and I saw, by the expression of her face, as I respectfully begged to be favoured with her commands, that something was wrong. She hesitated for a moment; then told me, rather sharply, to follow her to a place where she might speak with the certainty of not being overheard. She led me into the Galerie des Cerfs, and, turning round on me suddenly, asked if we had ever met before. I informed her Majesty that I had once had the honour of presenting my respects to her; that she had received me graciously, and that there the interview had ended. She nodded her head and looked about her a little; then said, very abruptly, that I wore a dress (referring to my convent costume) which encouraged her to put perfect faith in my honour; and she desired me to promise beforehand that I would keep the secret with which she was about to entrust me as strictly as if I had heard it in the confessional. I answered respectfully that it was part of my sacred profession to be trusted with secrets; that I had never betrayed the private affairs of any one, and that I could answer for myself as worthy to be honoured by the confidence of a queen.

Upon this, her Majesty handed me a packet of papers sealed in three places, but having no superscription of any sort. She ordered me to keep it under lock and key, and to be prepared to give it her back again before any person in whose presence she might see fit to ask me for it. She further charged me to remember the day, the hour, and the place in which she had given me the packet; and with that last piece of advice she dismissed me. I left her alone in the gallery, walking slowly away from me, with her head drooping on her bosom, and her mind, as well as I could presume to judge, perturbed by anxious thoughts.*

On Saturday, the tenth of November, at one o'clock in the afternoon, I was sent for from Fontainebleau again. I took the packet out of my private cabinet, feeling that I might be asked for it; and then followed the messenger as before. This time he led me at once to the Galerie des Cerfs. The moment I entered it, he shut the door behind me with such extraordinary haste and violence, that I felt a little startled. As soon as I recovered myself, I saw her Majesty standing in the middle of the gallery, talking to one of the gentlemen of her Court, who was generally known by the name of The Marquis, and whom I soon ascertained to be the Marquis Monaldeschi, Grand Equerry of the Queen of Sweden. I approached her Majesty and made my bow, then stood before her, waiting until she should think proper to address me.

With a stern look on her face, and with a loud, clear, steady voice, she asked me, before the Marquis and before three other men who were also in the gallery, for the packet which she had confided to my care. As she made that demand, two of the three men moved back a few paces, while the third, the captain of her guard, advanced rather nearer to her. I handed her back the packet. She looked at it thoughtfully for a little while; then opened it, and took out the letters and written papers which it contained, handed them to the Marquis Monaldeschi, and insisted on his reading them. When he had obeyed, she asked him, with the same stern look and the same steady voice, whether he had any knowledge of the documents which he had just been reading. The Marquis turned deadly pale, and answered that he had now read the papers referred to for the first time.

"Do you deny all knowledge of them?" said the Queen. "Answer me plainly, sir. Yes or no?"

The Marquis turned paler still. "I deny all knowledge of them," he said, in faint tones, with his eyes on the ground.

"Do you deny all knowledge of these too?" said the Queen, suddenly producing a second packet of manuscript from under her dress, and thrusting it in the Marquis's face.

He started, drew back a little, and answered not a word. The packet which the Queen had given to me contained copies only. The original papers were those which she had just thrust in the Marquis's face.

"Do you deny your own seal and your own handwriting?" she asked.

He murmured a few words, acknowledging

* Although Father Le Bel discreetly abstains from mentioning the fact, it seems clear from the context that he was permitted to read, and that he did read, the papers contained in the packet.

both the seal and the handwriting to be his own, and added some phrases of excuse, in which he endeavoured to cast the blame that attached to the writing of the letters on the shoulders of other persons. While he was speaking, the three men in attendance on the Queen silently closed round him.

Her Majesty heard him to the end. "You are a traitor," she said, and turned her back on him.

The three men, as she spoke those words, drew their swords.

The Marquis heard the clash of the blades against the scabbards, and, looking quickly round, saw the drawn swords behind him. He caught the Queen by the arm immediately, and drew her away with him, first into one corner of the gallery, then into another, entreating her in the most moving terms to listen to him, and to believe in the sincerity of his repentance. The Queen let him go on talking without showing the least sign of anger or impatience. Her colour never changed; the stern look never left her countenance. There was something awful in the clear, cold, deadly resolution which her eyes expressed while they rested on the Marquis's face.

At last she shook herself free from his grasp, still without betraying the slightest irritation. The three men with the drawn swords, who had followed the Marquis silently as he led the Queen from corner to corner of the gallery, now closed round him again, as soon as he was left standing alone. There was perfect silence for a minute or more. Then the Queen addressed herself to me.

"Father," she said, "I charge you to bear witness that I treat this man with the strictest impartiality." She pointed, while she spoke, to the Marquis Monaldeschi with a little ebony riding-whip that she carried in her hand. "I offer that worthless traitor all the time he requires—more time than he has any right to ask for—to justify himself if he can."

The Marquis hearing these words, took some letters from a place of concealment in his dress, and gave them to the Queen, along with a small bunch of keys. He snatched these last from his pocket so quickly, that he drew out with them a few small silver coins which fell to the floor. As he addressed himself to the Queen again, she made a sign with her ebony riding-whip to the men with the drawn swords; and they retired towards one of the windows of the gallery. I, on my side, withdrew out of hearing. The conference which ensued between the Queen and the Marquis lasted nearly an hour. When it was over, her Majesty beckoned the men back again with the whip, and then approached the place where I was standing.

"Father," she said, in her clear, ringing, resolute tones, "there is no need for me to remain here any longer. I leave that man," she pointed to the Marquis again, "to your care. Do all that you can for the good of his soul. He has failed to justify himself, and I doom him to die."

If I had heard sentence pronounced against myself, I could hardly have been more terrified than I was when the Queen uttered these last words. The Marquis heard them where he was standing, and flung himself at her feet. I dropped on my knees by his side, and entreated her to pardon him, or at least to visit his offence with some milder punishment than the punishment of death.

"I have said the words," she answered, addressing herself only to me; "and no power under Heaven shall make me unsay them. Many a man has been broken alive on the wheel for offences which were innocence itself compared with the offence which this perjured traitor has committed against me. I have trusted him as I might have trusted a brother; he has infamously betrayed that trust; and I exercise my royal rights over the life of a traitor. Say no more to me. I tell you again, he is doomed to die."

With these words the Queen quitted the gallery, and left me alone with Monaldeschi and the three executioners who were waiting to kill him.

The unhappy man dropped on his knees at my feet, and implored me to follow the Queen, and make one more effort to obtain his pardon. Before I could answer a word, the three men surrounded him, held the points of their swords to his sides, without, however, actually touching him, and angrily recommended him to make his confession to me, without wasting any more time. I entreated them, with the tears in my eyes, to wait as long as they could, so as to give the Queen time to reflect, and, perhaps, to falter in her deadly intentions towards the Marquis. I succeeded in producing such an impression on the chief of the three men, that he left us, to obtain an interview with the Queen, and to ascertain if there was any change in her purpose. After a very short absence he came back, shaking his head.

"There is no hope for you," he said, addressing Monaldeschi. "Make your peace with Heaven. Prepare yourself to die!"

"Go to the Queen!" cried the Marquis, kneeling before me with clasped hands. "Go to the Queen yourself; make one more effort to save me! O, my father, my father, run one more risk—venture one last entreaty—before you leave me to die!"

"Will you wait till I come back?" I said to the three men.

"We will wait," they answered, and lowered their sword-points to the ground.

I found the Queen alone in her room, without the slightest appearance of agitation in her face or her manner. Nothing that I could say had the slightest effect on her. I adjured her by all that religion holds

most sacred, to remember that the noblest privilege of any sovereign is the privilege of granting mercy; that the first of Christian duties is the duty of forgiving. She heard me unmoved. Seeing that entreaties were thrown away, I ventured, at my own proper hazard, on reminding her that she was not living now in her own kingdom of Sweden, but that she was the guest of the King of France, and lodged in one of his own palaces; and I boldly asked her, if she had calculated the possible consequences of authorising the killing of one of her attendants inside the walls of Fontainebleau, without any preliminary form of trial, or any official notification of the offence that he had committed. She answered me coldly, that it was enough that she knew the unpardonable nature of the offence of which Monaldeschi had been guilty; that she stood in a perfectly independent position towards the King of France; that she was absolute mistress of her own actions, at all times and in all places; and that she was accountable to nobody under Heaven for her conduct towards her subjects and servants, over whose lives and liberties she possessed sovereign rights, which no consideration whatever should induce her to resign.

Fearful as I was of irritating her, I still ventured on reiterating my remonstrances. She cut them short by hastily signing to me to leave her. As she dismissed me, I thought I saw a slight change pass over her face; and it occurred to me that she might not have been indisposed at that moment to grant some respite, if she could have done so without appearing to falter in her resolution, and without running the risk of letting Monaldeschi escape her. Before I passed the door, I attempted to take advantage of the disposition to relent which I fancied I had perceived in her; but she angrily reiterated the gesture of dismissal before I had spoken half-a-dozen words; and, with a heavy heart, I yielded to necessity, and left her.

On returning to the gallery, I found the three men standing round the Marquis, with their sword-points on the floor, exactly as I had left them.

"Is he to live or to die?" they asked when I came in.

There was no need for me to reply in words; my face answered the question. The Marquis groaned heavily, but said nothing. I sat myself down on a stool, and beckoned to him to come to me, and begged him, as well as my terror and wretchedness would let me, to think of repentence, and to prepare for another world. He began his confession kneeling at my feet, with his head on my knees. After continuing it for some time, he suddenly started to his feet with a scream of terror. I contrived to quiet him, and to fix his thoughts again on heavenly things. He completed his confession, speaking sometimes in Latin, sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, according as he could best explain himself in the agitation and misery which now possessed him.

Just as he had concluded, the Queen's chaplain entered the gallery. Without waiting to receive absolution, the unhappy Marquis rushed away from me to the chaplain, and, still clinging desperately to the hope of life, he besought him to intercede with the Queen. The two talked together in low tones, holding each other by the hand. When their conference was over, the chaplain left the gallery again, taking with him the chief of the three executioners who were appointed to carry out the Queen's deadly purpose. After a short absence, this man returned without the chaplain. "Get your absolution," he said briefly to the Marquis, "and make up your mind to die."

Saying these words, he seized Monaldeschi, pressed him back against the wall at the end of the gallery, just under the picture of Saint Germain; and, before I could interfere, or even turn aside from the sight, aimed at the Marquis's right side with his sword. Monaldeschi caught the blade with his hand, cutting three of his fingers in the act. At the same moment the point touched his side and glanced off. Upon this, the man who had struck at him exclaimed, "He has armour under his clothes," and, at the same moment, stabbed Monaldeschi in the face. As he received the wound, he turned round towards me, and cried out loudly, "My father! My father!"

I advanced towards him immediately; and, as I did so, the man who had wounded him retired a little, and signed to his two companions to withdraw also. The Marquis, with one knee on the ground, asked pardon of God, and said certain last words in my ear. I immediately gave him absolution, telling him that he must atone for his sins by suffering death, and that he must pardon those who were about to kill him. Having heard my words, he threw himself forward on the floor, and, as he fell, one of the three executioners who had not assailed him as yet, struck at his head, and wounded him on the surface of the skull.

The Marquis sank on his face; then raised himself a little, and signed to the men to kill him outright, by striking him on the neck. The same man who had last wounded him obeyed by cutting two or three times at his neck, without, however, doing him any great injury. For it was indeed true that he wore armour under his clothes, which armour consisted of a shirt of mail weighing nine or ten pounds, and rising so high round his neck, inside his collar, as to defend it successfully from any chance blow with a sword.

Seeing this, I came forward to exhort the Marquis to bear his sufferings with patience, for the remission of his sins. While I was speaking, the chief of the three executioners

advanced, and asked me if I did not think it was time to give Monaldeschi the finishing stroke. I pushed the man violently away from me, saying that I had no advice to offer on the matter, and telling him that if I had any orders to give, they would be for the sparing of the Marquis's life, and not for the hastening of his death. Hearing me speak in those terms, the man asked my pardon, and confessed that he had done wrong in addressing me on the subject at all.

He had hardly finished making his excuses to me, when the door of the gallery opened. The unhappy Marquis hearing the sound, raised himself from the floor, and, seeing that the person who entered was the Queen's chaplain, dragged himself along the gallery, holding on by the tapestry that hung from the walls, until he reached the feet of the holy man. There, he whispered a few words (as if he was confessing) to the chaplain, who, after first asking my permission, gave him absolution, and then returned to the Queen.

As the chaplain closed the door, the man who had struck the Marquis on the neck stabbed him adroitly with a long narrow sword in the throat, just above the edge of the shirt of mail. Monaldeschi sank on his right side, and spoke no more. For a quarter of an hour longer he still breathed, during which time I prayed by him, and exhorted him as I best could. When the bleeding from this last wound ceased, his life ceased with it. It was then a quarter to four o'clock. The death agony of the miserable man had lasted, from the time of the Queen's first pronouncing sentence on him, for nearly three hours.

I said the De Profundis over his body. While I was praying, the three men sheathed their swords, and the chief of them rifled the Marquis's pockets. Finding nothing on him but a prayer-book and a small knife, the chief beckoned to his companions, and they all three marched to the door in silence, went out, and left me alone with the corpse.

A few minutes afterwards I followed them, to go and report what had happened to the Queen. I thought her colour changed a little when I told her that Monaldeschi was dead; but those cold, clear eyes of her's never softened, and her voice was still as steady and firm as when I first heard its tones on entering the gallery that day. She spoke very little, only saying to herself "He is dead, and he deserved to die!" Then, turning to me, she added, "Father, I leave the care of burying him to you; and, for my own part, I will charge myself with the expense of having masses enough said for the repose of his soul." I ordered the body to be placed in a coffin, which I instructed the bearers to remove to the churchyard on a tumbril, in consequence of the great weight of the corpse, of the misty rain that was falling, and of the bad state of the roads. On Monday, the twelfth of November, at a quarter to six in the evening, the Marquis was buried in the parish church of Avon, near the font of holy water. The next day the Queen sent one hundred livres, by two of her servants, for masses for the repose of his soul.

Thus ends the extraordinary narrative of Father Le Bel. It is satisfactory to record, as some evidence of the progress of humanity, that the barbarous murder, committed under the sanction and authority of Queen Christina, which would have passed unnoticed in the feudal times, as an ordinary and legitimate exercise of a sovereign's authority over a vassal, excited, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the utmost disgust and horror throughout Paris. The prime minister at that period, Cardinal Mazarin (by no means an over-scrupulous man, as all readers of French history know), wrote officially to Christina, informing her that "a crime so atrocious as that which had just been committed under her sanction, in the Palace of Fontainebleau, must be considered as a sufficient cause for banishing the Queen of Sweden from the court and dominions of his sovereign, who, in common with every honest man in the kingdom, felt horrified at the lawless outrage which had just been committed on the soil of France."

To this letter Queen Christina sent the following answer, which, as a specimen of spiteful effrontery, has probably never been matched:

Monsieur Mazarin,—Those who have communicated to you the details of the death of my equerry, Monaldeschi, knew nothing at all about it. I think it highly absurd that you should have compromised so many people for the sake of informing yourself about one simple fact. Such a proceeding on your part, ridiculous as it is, does not, however, much astonish me. What I am amazed at, is, that you and the king your master should have dared to express disapproval of what I have done.

Understand, all of you—servants and masters, little people and great—that it was my sovereign pleasure to act as I did. I neither owe, nor render, an account of my actions to any one,—least of all, to a bully like you.

* * * * * *

It may be well for you to know, and to report to any one whom you can get to listen to you, that Christina cares little for your court, and less still for you. When I want to revenge myself, I have no need of your formidable power to help me. My honour obliged me to act as I did; my will is my law, and you ought to know how to respect it. . . . Understand, if you please, that wherever I choose to live, there I am Queen; and that the men about me, rascals as they may be, are better than you and the myrmidons whom you keep in your service.

* * * * * *

Take my advice, Mazarin, and behave yourself for the future so as to merit my favour; you cannot, for your own sake, be too anxious to deserve it. Heaven preserve you from venturing on any more disparaging remarks about my conduct! I shall hear of them, if I am at the other end of the world, for I have friends

and followers in my service who are as unscrupulous and as vigilant as any in yours, though it is probable enough that they are not quite so heavily bribed.

After replying to the prime minister of France in these terms, Christina was wise enough to leave the kingdom immediately.

For three years more, she pursued her travels. At the expiration of that time, her cousin, the king of Sweden, in whose favour she had abdicated, died. She returned at once to her own country, with the object of possessing herself once more of the royal power. Here the punishment of the merciless crime that she had sanctioned overtook her at last. The brave and honest people of Sweden refused to be governed by the woman who had ordered the murder of Monaldeschi, and who had forsaken the national religion for which her father had died. Threatened with the loss of her revenues as well as the loss of her sovereignty, if she remained in Sweden, the proud and merciless Christina yielded for the first time in her life. She resigned once more all right and title to the royal dignity, and left her native country for the last time. The final place of her retirement was Rome. She died there in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine. Even in the epitaph which she ordered to be placed on her tomb, the strange and daring character of the woman breaks out. The whole record of that wild, wondrous, wicked existence, was summed up with stern brevity in this one line:

CHRISTINA LIVED SEVENTY-TWO YEARS.

CHIP.

A SCHOOL FOR COOKS.

INNUTRITIOUS, wasteful, and unsavoury cooking, is our national characteristic. No school of cookery has ever yet thoroughly answered in this country. The school of adversity teaches the poor to hunger patiently when the cupboard is empty, but to reward themselves, by hasty cooking and large meals, when they have the chance of filling it. The food they throw away from ignorance of correct culinary principles, when food is to be had, would, properly husbanded and prepared, satisfy the cravings of hunger when money is scarce. Prosperity is also a bad school for the middle classes, whose gastronomic ambition is literally bounded by roast and boiled. The roasting-jack and the saucepan, with an occasional mess or two out of the frying-pan, so thoroughly satisfy their desires, that they make it a boast not to like soup, nor made-dishes, nor stews, nor any of the more wholesome and succulent modes of enlarging their narrow range of taste.

No doubt a juicy portion of roast beef or roast mutton is an excellent dish. Yet, if the Englishman become too poor to buy these prime joints, what then? Practically, he goes without meat; for his wife, not knowing how to cook inferior parts properly, he must either abstain, or lay in a solid stock of indigestion. Most of the meat in France is—except veal—lean, hard, and stringy, but none the less nutritious; because French cooks know how to extract the best qualities of the meat, how to make it nutritive, more than tempting—even delicious—and how to utilise what, here, is utterly thrown away. Amongst the very poor in this country, there are whole classes who do not taste animal food from one year's end to another, chiefly in consequence of the prevalent ignorance respecting effectual modes of economising and cooking it.

When provisions are dear, this subject (a very important one; but seldom spoken of without a smile, for some curious and inexplicable reason) occupies attention. Why, it is then asked, are not our national school girls taught to cook? The answers to this question are as innumerable as the difficulties to be surmounted in effecting such an object, and which are too apparent to be more than alluded to. However, a small and unpretending effort has been made by a few ladies of rank to afford means of such instruction. Near to the Christ Church schools, in Albany Street, Regent's Park, this inscription appears upon an otherwise blank shop window: SCHOOL OF COOKERY AND RESTAURANT. The objects of the little establishment are set forth in a prospectus which we begged from its intelligent superintendant:

First. To open a kitchen for the poor, where they may buy their food at little more than cost price, and go themselves or send their children for instruction in the elements of cookery. Secondly: A class of girls desirous of service will be educated under an experienced man cook, and at the same time receive moral training from the matron and ladies connected with the institution. Thirdly: a special class will be taught cookery for the sick, to qualify them to become sick nurses.

Young women wishing to receive lessons, will be taught at a much lower price than they now have to pay at clubs and elsewhere.

It is proposed to give, as rewards, certificates of competency to those young women who distinguish themselves as pupils, and who will thus carry with them into service the surest evidences of their proficiency.

Persons becoming subscribers will have the advantage of sending their own cooks to receive lessons, or of nominating a girl to the class. They will also be entitled to have a cook from the school when wanting help at their own houses.

The plan is answering well. The food is much prized by the poor, and many families in the neighbourhood are giving orders for dinners, and dishes of a better description to be sent to their own houses.

Aid, either in money or custom, is asked. Any lady ordering soups, jellies, &c., will benefit the school, and, as a thoroughly good cook is employed, the orders will be properly attended to.

Orders from medical men for sick persons will be received, and the food sent to them if required.

The success of this scheme depends wholly upon the manner in which it is carried out. It removes the difficulty of finding means and materials for training pupils in national schools, to become good cooks, and it provides a market for the produce of their skill. As it should be looked upon as a mission-house for cooks, the doctrines taught in this culinary academy must be sound, and the practicable results profitable; or failure will be inevitable. The few who may be its customers will not excuse bad cooking, or ill-chosen raw-material, from an establishment which professes to be a model; and unless, eventually, it become even more than self-supporting, bad economy will be suspected,—the very worst trait in the character of any cook, whether she be of the class "good plain" or the class "professed."

THE RINDERPEST; OR, STEPPE MURRAIN.

Man, whether savage or civilised, whether clad in broadcloth and dwelling at Clapham, or naked and wandering over the wilds of Australia, dotes on gossip, and demands and obtains a supply of horrors.

No traveller has ever wandered into a savage country but there have been a hundred reports among the tribes through which he has passed, of his death by violence. Every African traveller has, according to Sir R. Murchison's authority, thus died many deaths. More than once, a friend of ours, a colonist in the bush, has been surprised by a visit at a gallop from friends with spades, who, on the information of an old black woman, have arrived to bury him, but who have remained to dine. Every season the town is agitated by the reported death by drowning, or railroad accident, or foreign banditti, of some distinguished character. On a larger scale are the rumours of earthquakes, comets, plagues, pestilence, and famine, which formerly frightened good people out of their senses, and sent town citizens, in Horace Walpole's time, to encamp in the country. Now, they do nothing more than alarm old women, and generate a swarm of pamphlets and newspaper paragraphs. We have had within our times some real terrors. We have had the cholera twice, and the influenza, which, on its first advent, killed more than the cholera. We have had the potato-rot and short harvest, more fatal in its effects than any epidemic or contagious disease, although my worthy agricultural friend and fossil protectionist, Brittle, of Essex, still maintains that the Irish famine was a political device concocted between Sir Robert Peel and Mr. Cobden. More recently we have had the panic created by the Californian and Australian gold diggings, when stout gentlemen, large holders of three per-cents., gravely deplored the coming time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer would pay them off with worthless sovereigns, of no more value than the shankless buttons with which ragged boys play at chuckfarthing.

The two last favourite future terrors and horrors have been the comet and the cattle murrain; the comet has been the peculiar perquisite of the more ignorant of the Stiggins fraternity, while the doctors have have had the monopoly of the talk about cattle murrain.

The comet terror has passed away, to be renewed at some convenient opportunity. The cattle murrain mania, with which was allied the diseased meat mania, has just been put at rest, or in a fair way extinguished, by the same means that created it; that is to say, by the facilities of railway travelling and the news-diffusing powers of the press.

Ever since common sense triumphed, and Englishmen who send what they manufacture all over the world, were permitted to buy food, alive or dead, wherever they could get it cheapest, we have been doing a large business in foreign live-stock. They come to Hull. They come chiefly from Spain and Portugal, to Liverpool and Southampton; and they come by hundreds and even thousands a-week to London from the Baltic and northern ports, from Belgium, and by exception from France. The importation does not increase at present. At first it rose rapidly, until it reached some seventy thousand a-year. It has since declined to about fifty thousand. For, after we had exhausted the surplus stock of working oxen that our continental neighbours had on hand (their fortunes made out of Spanish bullocks); after we had raised the price of meat all over Europe, from the Elbe to the Danube, from the Scheldt to the Garonne, and for ever extinguished those mountains of beef at twopence per pound, which used to disturb the rest of our hardacred and ungeographical baronets and squires between Norfolk and Devonshire; after we had compelled France, in self-defence, to permit what French protectionist journalists called "the fatal invasion of foreign beasts," our supplies of continental beef and mutton fell off, with no chance of increase until Russian, Spanish, and Portuguese railroads shall open up fresh fields and pastures new.

Nevertheless, the supply of foreign cattle to Islington market was, in eighteen hundred and fifty-five and eighteen hundred and fifty-six, nearly one-fourth of the whole weekly sale, when there came a succession of despatches from our foreign consuls, and even ambassadors, announcing that the close of the Russian war had left behind, a truly Russian cattle disease—the rinderpest or steppe murrain—more fatal and contagious than anything hitherto known in England. These despatches, in which three or four different diseases were mingled in one frightful description, followed each other so

quickly, and were accompanied by newspaper paragraphs, giving such horrible pictures of the new disorder, that the public meat-eating community was completely overset. In spite of the remonstrances of cattle salesmen, the Government felt bound, not only to strengthen the veterinary inspection and quarantine arrangements, but to absolutely prohibit the importation of cattle from certain northern ports. In the then state of knowledge, nothing less would have been satisfactory or right; though subsequent authoritative veterinary information has shown that ordinary veterinary inspection would have been quite sufficient, and that total prohibition was altogether superfluous.

The publication of the diplomatic and consulate information on continental cattle disease, brought out a cloud of medical prophets and professors vaticinating all sanitary evils, unless grown-up England was immediately placed under medical superintendance, as complete as Sancho Panza's when he was promoted to the governorship of Barataria, and sent in state famished and dinnerless to bed.

Among no class are so many devoted, earnest, charitable, ill-paid, unrequited philanthropists to be found as among the medical profession. In the ascetic ages no order of monks vowed to poverty and works of charity, ever worked harder for the poor, without reward or hope of reward, than do many of our unappreciated general practitioners. Doctors are but men, however, and it is very natural that when they have nothing to do, and have the faculty of fluency, they should try to make something. Hence, we have warnings so frightful on the air we breathe, the water we drink, the food we consume, that if they were half true, we ought to have been all poisoned years ago; every village pump would be more dangerous than liquid arsenic, and every mutton-pieman's shop would be the distributary centre of unnumbered diseases. Every ten houses ought to be under the special care of a medical inspector, and every man of fortune ought, like Sancho Panza, to have a physician and an analytical chemist in constant communication with his cook.

For instance, on the strength of the terrors excited by the continental murrain or rinderpest, Dr. Gamgee, medical member of many learned societies, described in one of his advertisements as "enthusiastically fond of diving into every question of pathology . . . . the more obscure the more deeply," addressed two letters to the Home Secretary, in which real evils are surrounded by a framework of artificial terrors, and remedies are suggested infinitely more baneful to public health and comfort than anything that could occur from leaving the public to take care of itself.

The antidote, the oil upon the waters of public feeling, excited by the alarming blasts of the amateurs of obscure pathological investigations, is to be found in a blue book containing a report by Dr. Greenhow, prepared under the orders of the Board of Health, and in a statement made by Mr. Simmonds, professor of veterinary art to the Royal Agricultural Society of England, of the results of a journey he has just made through the continent in search of the steppe murrain or rinderpest, which, as before observed, gave rise to the meat panic.

Mr. Simmonds visited in turn Belgium, Holland, the free cities of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck, and proceeded through Mecklenburgh and Hanover into Prussia, without finding a single case, or hearing of a single authentic case of rinderpest. In Prussia he at last made out a rumour of a case; but it was doubtful, and accompanied by the unpleasant information, that if he did once penetrate into an infected or even suspected district, he would only be allowed to return after a quarantine of twenty-one days, on condition of leaving all his clothes and paper-money behind him.

Not desiring to make so long a stay or pay such a penalty for the benefit of science and the credit of the Royal Agricultural Society, Professor Simmonds preferred travelling on into Austria, where the Government was able to relax the quarantine in favour of the curious strangers; and so, after travelling one thousand three hundred miles from home, after leaving the districts of railroads and highroads, after enduring the excitement of being whirled along mountain tracks at full speed, in a springless cart, drawn by half-wild ponies and driven by half-wild men, after reposing their bruised limbs in huts alive with entomological curiosities, after satisfying the pangs of hunger with black sour bread and potato brandy, fetid and fiery, the Professor and his party reached Karamenia, a village in Austrian Poland, some hundred miles beyond Krakow, and passing the circle of sentinels set around the afflicted district, found themselves in a village in which the rinderpest had recently raged. The last victim had died and been buried, sixty-eight hours. Science was not to be balked. Professor Simmonds made use of his authorisation, and had the body exhumed. He dissected it, and immediately found a contradiction of all popular opinion on the subject.

The flesh was sound and by no means discoloured or offensive; the marks of disease were confined to certain internal organs. He afterwards had an opportunity of examining two living animals, one of which died within three days; the other was slaughtered when about to recover. In these animals the symptoms and gradations from apparent health to death were the same and agreed perfectly with the authentic accounts he gathered on the spot, where the disease is familiar. The beast seems at first to have caught a severe cold, and stands still and dull

without eating; then a discharge from the nostrils and eyes sets in; then diarrhœa comes on, which quickly turns to dysentery, and if this does not cease (which it does not once in twenty cases) death follows—usually within a week. It is firmly believed that the rinderpest may lie dormant twenty-one days; there is no doubt that it will, ten days. The slightest contact with the skin or breathing the breath of an infected beast is sufficient to communicate the disorder; and the peasantry believe that a herdsman can convey it from one herd to another without himself suffering. Under this belief, the Austrian government, whenever the rinderpest breaks out, establishes a cordon militaire, cutting off all communication not only between all the animals, but between all the inhabitants, of the infected and uninfected districts. The cattle dying within the cordon are buried immediately, and, in many instances, all the other cattle of the herd are slaughtered by way of precaution: the owner being compensated for the cattle so slaughtered, by the government, but not for those dying of disease.

In the district visited by Professor Simmonds the rinderpest had been brought by ten Russian oxen, purchased at a fair a hundred miles distant, which were placed among some of the owner's herd in a stable, as they seemed dulled. There seems to be no authentic case of the rinderpest having broken out anywhere in Europe, except Russia, and wherever it has made its appearance in other parts of Europe it may be distinctly traced to the importation of the cattle of the steppes. Thus, it followed the track of the Russian army to Belgium in eighteen hundred and thirteen, and has never been known since. In Prussian Poland it breaks out from time to time, and some ravages occur every three or four years in the Esterhazy estates and other parts of Hungary from the same cause—importation of steppe cattle. But, it is always extinguished by the rigid quarantine which the peasantry eagerly assist the military in maintaining.

In consequence of the distant origin of this disease—at least twelve hundred miles from any part from which we receive cattle—and of the stringent completely-organised arrangements of all the continental governments for excluding suspected cattle from their dominions, it is the opinion of Professor Simmonds that it is quite impossible that the rinderpest can ever reach England. The murrain which carried off so many thousand cattle in England in the last century, was what is commonly called the lung disease (Pleuro-pneumonia) Pulmonary murrain, which is contagious in a certain advanced stage, but which in no way, as regards the flesh, partakes of a malignant or poisonous nature.

Dr. Greenhow's Report to the President of the Board of Health, which was prepared in consequence of the alarming account given by one of the new officers of health—a gentleman of more zeal than veterinary or carcase-butcher knowledge—drawn up with admirable skill and clearness, would, had some gentleman experienced in the diseases of cattle been joined with so skilful a writer and acute investigator as Dr. Greenhow, have been a complete and permanent authority on all the sanitary questions connected with the meat and milk of crowded cities. But the doctor, we are told, on the authority of Professor Simmonds, had to learn the characteristics of cattle disease when he commenced his task.

Dr. Greenhow found, contrary to the popular opinion of his medical brethren, the cows of London cowhouses generally healthy. It is natural that they should be so, because it would not pay to keep unhealthy cows. Whenever a cow becomes sick, she falls off in her milk, so the cowkeeper who has to buy food will, if wise, sell an unprofitable animal; but no experienced veterinary surgeon will concur in the opinion expressed in the report, that situation and ventilation have very little to do with the spread of the lung disease. Professor Dick of Edinburgh told the Royal Agricultural Society, the other day, that, with satisfactory drainage and ventilation, the pulmonary disease rarely appeared unless introduced by contact with animals in an advanced state of disease, and might be driven from byres in which it already existed. Cowkeepers told Dr. Greenhow just the reverse; but, then, no stock-owner ever will admit that there is any defect in his buildings. We could point out a celebrated model-dairy where the ravages of pulmonary disease have been terrible, and where they might have been anticipated by any one who could use his nose when he entered the byre. But, the owner will not admit that his ceilings are too low. Many cowkeepers, to avoid all chance of contagion, adopt the expensive plan of breeding all their cows instead of buying.

In Holstein and the territory of the free city of Hamburg the precautions against pulmonary murrain are as severe as in Prussia against rinderpest. The death of one animal condemns the whole herd to slaughter and burial; nevertheless, after being apparently extinguished, the disease again broke out in the marshes of the Elbe, two years ago, and has raged ever since.

Dr. Greenhow shows that the cattle-murrain terror, which lately prevailed among medical and agricultural circles, arose from mistaking the pulmonary murrain, which has prevailed for some years past, here as well as on the continent, for the rinderpest.

As to the sale of the meat of animals which have died of disease, or of other causes than the knife, the report makes it plain that a great deal is sold for soup and sausages in London, although the new market has put an end to the open sale of diseased animals. It is very lamentable and disgusting that any

part of our countrymen should eat diseased meat. The practicable remedy lies in new meat markets and in extended education in Common Things; but it is satisfactory to learn, that Dr. Greenhow, although favoured with many general and positive statements by officers of health as to the poisonous effects of unsound meat, "found on inquiry that none of the gentlemen were able to furnish any specific facts on the subject." From which we may conclude that cooking generally neutralises the injurious effects which might be expected from the meat of diseased animals.

Dr. Greenhow concludes his report by giving a résumé of the result of his investigations, which, as regards the murrain, is entirely confirmed by Professor Simmonds's personal investigations on the continent. As to meat, he says that although "meat derived from animals suffering from pulmonary murrain and probably other diseases, is commonly and extensively sold both in London and elsewhere for human food, there is no satisfactory proof that the consumption has been productive of injurious consequences to those who have eaten it."

Thus it would seem that, as regards London well-arranged dead-meat markets are of more importance than an increased army of inspectors, and that, as regards the country, generally good drainage and sufficient ventilation in our cattle byres will do more to prevent disease than the most stringent quarantine laws. This seems to be the common sense of the question.

DOCTOR GARRICK.

The Germans have, in their repository of plays, an ingenious little piece, founded on an imaginary incident in the career of one of the greatest of actors—David Garrick.

The plot and story are simply these: Shortly after Garrick's genius had astounded the play-going world, and attracted persons of all ranks to witness his performances, a country baronet—a widower—came to London with his daughter, an only child, and a rich heiress, for the purpose of introducing the young lady at court.

During Sir John's stay in town he took his daughter to the theatre, where she saw Garrick, then a young man, play the part of Romeo; before the performance was over, she fell in love with the actor. On her return to the country the girl began to pine, and eventually became ill. A physician was called in, but to no purpose. The young lady became worse instead of better, and it was now feared that she was in a rapid decline. One day, however, a suspicion crossed the mind of the doctor, which he communicated to Sir John. He suspected that the girl was in love. Sir John employed a lady friend to question her, and endeavour to ascertain the truth. The lady friend succeeded. The fair Amelia confessed she was in love with Romeo.

The baronet's horror and disgust knew no bounds. He was, upon all occasions, violent when angry; but upon this occasion he stormed and raved like a madman. Sir John raved when he contemplated the idea that his Amelia, upon whose brow he had hoped to see a coronet, should have fallen in love with a poor player, on the boards of a theatre. It would have been idle to inform Sir John that Garrick's birth was quite equal, if not superior, to his own; and that he was a gentleman by education, as well as by birth. Sir John, however, soon became sensible that his anger, so far from effecting a cure, only made matters worse, and he accordingly consulted several friends whom he considered best qualified to advise him and guide him in his difficulty, or calamity, as he described it. One of his shrewdest friends, suggested that "he who had caused the malady could alone devise a cure for it."

"How?" inquired Sir John.

"Let Garrick see her."

"See her? But what if he should take advantage of the knowledge that she loves him? What if he should encourage her passion? Is she not beautiful and accomplished? Has she not, apart from this folly, ability and sense? Is she not rich, and a person of rank? Would not the temptation be too great for the actor to withstand?"

"It is a difficult position, truly," conceded the baronet's adviser, "but you must either do what I have recommended, or be prepared shortly to follow your daughter's remains to the grave."

In despair, Sir John consented. But then came the difficulty, how and where was the meeting to take place? This was eventually managed by the baronet's adviser, who knew intimately a barrister, named Bingham, who had studied under the same professor with Garrick, at Cambridge,* and who subsequently lived with him in the same chambers in Lincoln's Inn, when Garrick was studying for the bar.

Garrick, at first, thought that his old friend and fellow-student was jesting with him, and resorted to a playful sarcasm:

"You say that it is not with me, but with the part of Romeo that she is in love?"

"Yes."

"Then the remedy is in your hands, rather than in mine."

"How so?"

"Come upon the boards, and play the part yourself."

When assured, however, of the truth, Garrick willingly undertook to cure the fair Amelia of her fancy, and set his ingenuity to work, in order to devise the means.

Sir John, with his lovesick daughter, came

* Garrick read at Cambridge, but, query, if he matriculated?

to town, and hired a house in a fashionable square. Mr. Garrick called upon Sir John, and was received with coldness, hauteur, and perhaps rudeness. But the lofty soul and generous heart of the great actor, who had studied human nature and human passions so deeply, would not permit him to take umbrage or offence at this conduct of the girl's father. In a Christian spirit, he made every allowance for Sir John's wrath; but, at the same time, respectfully pointed out that he was in no way to blame for the young lady's infatuation.

"You are to blame, sir," vociferated the baronet. "The entire drama is to blame, sir. It is all unreal. I am disgusted with it. Here are men without a shilling in the world represented as persons of rank and fortune. Others, of ordinary looks, if not actually plain, are painted up to seem handsome. Without your paints, your tinselled garments, and your gilded walls, you could do nothing. Appear in your own clothes, and as your own selves, and few, I warrant, would fall in love with you."

"That may be, Sir John," replied Garrick, meekly, to this silly and insulting speech. "But I think the attributes of an actor are not quite so mean and contemptible as you imagine. I cannot, however, at this moment discuss the subject with you; for, within the past five minutes, and in this very square, I have witnessed a scene which has occasioned my feelings a very severe shock. The bare recollection of it makes—as you may see, Sir John—the colour recede from my cheek, my heart to quiver, and my pulse to tremble."

"What is it, sir, that has so affected you?" asked Sir John, with great curiosity, earnestness, and emotion.

"Picture to yourself, sir, a beautiful child!"

"Yes."

"A beautiful child, scarcely three years of age!"

"Yes."

"As lovely a child as the eye of man ever beheld!"

"Yes, yes."

"Fancy that child having climbed from an attic window, out upon a parapet, attracted by a flower which was growing on the very edge."

"Good heavens!"

"The child stooping over to pluck the flower—"

"Horrible!"

"The nurse, looking out of the window, and observing the child in that dangerous position—"

"Called to the child, and—"

"No! She remained, speechless, at the window, with her hands upraised—thus."

"Yes, yes."

"Some people in the street observed the child, and ere long a crowd was assembled. All eyes were now on the child, whose little body was half over the parapet, where the flower was growing."

"Yes, yes."

"The child snapped the flower from its stem—had it in its little hand—was smiling at the people in the street, when—"

"It fell!"

"Amongst the crowd it beheld its own mother. The poor woman was watching with the rest, but afraid to speak—"

"The child observing its mother, sprang off?"

"Nothing of the kind, Sir John," said Garrick, laughing, "the child threw the flower to its mother, crawled back to the window, and was lifted in by the nurse."

"What do you mean, Mr. Garrick," said the Baronet, on recovering himself, "by thus trifling with my feelings?"

"To prove to you, Sir John," returned Garrick, calmly, "that without any assistance from dress and scenery an actor may easily move our passions. I have no paint upon my face, no tinsel on my coat, and am not surrounded by gilded walls. It was the tone of my voice, the manner of my delivery, the expression of suspense and agony that I threw over my features, that fluttered your heart and made you feel what I affected to feel, while narrating that story of my own, invented for the occasion. Now, Sir John, why should you marvel that a young lady of spirit and feeling should be charmed with the Romeo that I enact on the stage? But I am not here to argue, but to cure your daughter of the malady of which I am said to be the cause. When can I see my patient?"

"When you please, sir."

"Then at five this afternoon I will call again, disguised as a physician—a very old man. You will introduce me as Doctor Bolin to your daughter. I am a physician whom you have called in to see her. Your rôle is a very simple one. There must be bottles of wine and glasses left on the sideboard."

At the appointed hour Garrick was in attendance, and was introduced to the young lady, with whom he was left alone. He took her hand with great gentleness and felt her pulse.

"I am not ill, doctor," said she. "It is an idea—a fancy of my father's."

"You must allow me to be the best judge of your health," said Garrick. "You are ill, very ill! Feverish—very feverish! Where is the pain? In the head?"

"No."

"In the heart?"

The girl blushed and sighed.

"I see; I see. You have seen too much gaiety of late, balls, masquerades, plays. You have been to Covent Garden. Seen Romeo, perhaps? You must have quiet

— perfect quiet — repose. No more of Romeo."

"O, Doctor," exclaimed Amelia, "I am dying to see Romeo once more. Tell them it will do me good. Doctor! Doctor! Dear doctor! Romeo is the only medicine for my complaint. Romeo! Dear Romeo!"

"Nonsense! You must not talk in this way."

"I shall go mad if I do not see Romeo again. His voice and his words are still ringing in my ears:

By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word."

"Pooh! pooh!" cried Garrick. "Old as I am, I could make a better Romeo than the one you are raving about!"

"Ah, no, doctor. There cannot be another Romeo."

"Indeed? Now, listen!—

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out.
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of these swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity."

Here Garrick threw aside his wig and cloak, and continued:

"I have night's cloak to hide me from their sight;
And but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love."

The girl rose from the couch and threw herself into the arms of Garrick, whom she now recognised as the real Romeo. The scene that ensues is admirably conceived and well worked out by the German dramatist, and is, on the whole, the best scene in the piece. Whilst holding the beautiful girl, senseless with her emotion, in his arms, he reproaches himself with having gone too far; with having strengthened the love he had pledged himself to extinguish. His heart returns the passion, and he asks himself the question whether he dare be faithless to his word? Then comes the struggle between love and honour, passion and faith; and for a while it is hard to say which will have the mastery. The "situation" is, in some respects, quite as fine as that at the end of the First Act of Bulwer's play, The Lady of Lyons. Conscience, however, gains the day over Inclination, and Garrick restores the pleasing burden, which he has sustained in his arms, to the couch on which she had been sitting. He then continues to act the part of Romeo; but holds in one hand a decanter, and in the other a tumbler, stopping occasionally to drink. Presently he affects intoxication, talks incoherently, and suddenly begins to act the scene between Richard the Third and Lady Anne.

"And who is Lady Anne?" inquires the girl, not a little jealous, and rather disgusted.

"She that I am going to woo to-night," replies Garrick.

"But you have sworn to me."

"For that matter I swear to everybody."

"Then, you are perjured."

"Not at all. I am an actor, and I play all parts. To-night I shall be a king; to-morrow night I shall be a beggar; the night after, a thief. Yes, I swear to everybody. Sometimes to queens, duchesses, and countesses, and not unfrequently to chambermaids and fish-fags."

"Then, you are not Romeo?"

"Only on the stage; and off the stage there is no Romeo."

Here the play (of which the above is but a bare outline), to all intents and purposes ends. The young lady is awakened from her delusion, and returns to the country, prepared, of course, to accept the hand of a suitor whom she has recently slighted. The old baronet is delighted, and the rest of the dramatis personæ are perfectly satisfied and happy. And so was the audience on the occasion when I had the pleasure of seeing the piece represented in Berlin some few years ago.

Since the above was written, the author has had a conversation with a gentleman of eighty-two years of age—a gentleman whose name is a sufficient guarantee for the truth of his statement. He says: "I knew Mrs. Garrick (the actor's widow) in the evening of her life, and a very charming and clever woman she was—devoted to the memory of her husband, whom she idolised during his lifetime. She was a German, who came to England under the protection and auspices of the Countess of Burlington, at whose mansion Garrick, a favoured guest, first met her. I have frequently heard Mrs. Garrick tell the story of which the German dramatist has availed himself, and therefore I know it to be a fact, and not a fiction. It was Garrick's noble conduct on this occasion that induced the Countess of Burlington to give her consent, for a long time withheld, to their nuptials—the nuptials of Garrick and his wife; for, although the countess received Garrick as a guest, and had vast admiration for his talents and his genius, nevertheless she was opposed to his marriage with a lady under her protection, and one whom she expected would form a matrimonial alliance of a loftier character in the worldly sense of that phrase."

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 387.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

PRUSSIAN POLICE.

The British constitution unites firmly the principle of hereditary monarchy with a respect for the liberty of the people: mainly because the people of England, not the monarch, has the key of the exchequer. The constitutions granted to their subjects by hereditary monarchs on the continent of Europe are gifts easily revoked, because those monarchs have in their power the revenues of the state, by help of which they may become masters of the people. The key of the money-box is a great talisman. The king or queen of England represents the country. When we sing God save the Queen, we mean willing devotion to a sovereign who merits our most loyal affection, but we mean not less, God save Us All. The Queen is ours not less than we are hers. In a German state, the people belongs to the prince; but the prince does not belong to the people. It is their duty to look upon him as their owner.

The British army exists to protect Britain from foreign enemies. Our constables and police officers exist to protect the lives and liberties of all at home from the aggressions of the lawless. German armies and police exist chiefly for the protection of the prince against the people. Their more onerous task is to suppress the people as a power in the state. Every Prussian, for instance, is stamped and registered by the police at birth; goes about with a label, like a sheep with a mark of ruddle on his back, all his life long; and if found without such label, may be almost worried to death. To make monarchy a despotism is one main duty of the police in Prussia. It sets about its duty in a way that brings the police force into secret and deep contempt among the people.

There are good men in it. Be quiet in Prussia, mind only your own private business—if it be business not dangerous to the state, as authorship or anything implying exercise of independent thought—illuminate loyally on royal birthdays, read the government newspaper, go to the government church, and you may enjoy in many things more freedom in Germany than can be had in England. "I have often thought," says an English writer who knows Germany well, "I have often thought and felt that, while in England we have political liberty, we have nothing like the personal and individual freedom, the social liberty of the Germans, even under their worst governments." Go to Prussia without political opinions and with a passport well covered with authentications of the harmless object of your visit, and you will find the police considerate and faithful in performance of their duties. A subordinate policeman will here and there—as a gift, not as a bribe—quite harmlessly accept a coin as drink-money for service done; but, usually, even that would be refused. The Prussian police, seen from this point of view, is the best on the continent. It is superior, perhaps, to the police of England. But——

But, the work which is the whole work of the police in England is not half the work of the police in Prussia. Go to Prussia as an Englishman without a passport; go with a good passport and express freely and boldly your own constitutional ideas; let it be seen, whether Englishman or German, that you care more about a people than about a people's king; then you are a rat, and the police are terriers by whom you will assuredly be worried. A Prussian subject takes in the wrong newspaper, goes to the wrong church, stays away from church for too many successive Sundays, or talks liberal politics within the hearing of a servant. No legal offence may have been committed; but he will be liable to an arrest, on suspicion of having tried to make people discontented with the government. He will be fortunate if, in such case, he escape with only a few weeks' imprisonment during his "arrest for investigation." There are persons so arrested who have been several years in prison without having been brought up for an examination. Against the proceedings of the police, in all matters affecting the government's care of itself, no appeal is of any use. A man's house may be ransacked from garret to cellar; any or all of his papers may be seized, upon the simple assertion of the police that they are suspicious. If seized, they are not often returned; and should he lay any complaint at the tribunals of justice, he will be told only that these are "affairs of the police," in which the

judges can do nothing. Not the police only, but all persons who receive government pay, the judges themselves—nay, the very clergy—are put to a degrading use as spies upon the people.

Against a man suspected of small contentment with the government, no treachery is too base to be employed by the police in Prussia. His friendship and familiar intercourse will be courted assiduously, for purposes of betrayal. Agents of the police will even be instructed to pay their addresses to his cook or housekeeper, for the sake of arriving at the secrets of his home. His letters will be opened secretly; if by chance any difficulty should arise in the reclosing of any one of them, it will be sent on to him with the effrontery which only irresponsible authorities can venture to display, sealed with a great official seal.

The Prussian clergy, too, do not receive the king's money without being required to do their duty on behalf of absolutism; wherefore they are distrusted by large masses of the people, and are known disrespectfully as Black Police. They are bound to keep lists of all persons in their respective parishes, and to observe how often each attends the state church or sacrament. Defaulters will be warned once and again; after which, if they be government functionaries, they will be dismissed; if they be private persons, they will suffer social blight from the displeasure of the police. Well-affected subjects will be counselled to avoid them, and they will be—in a quiet, mean way, and without open accusation—forced to choose for themselves between the alternatives of banishment or ruin.

The political use of the police was brought to its most complete state, and to its point of utmost oppression, by the chief president of police, the Herr von Hinckeldey, who was shot, not very long ago, in a duel. He was a very clever man, well versed in many sciences, and was personally amiable; but, in the carrying out of his political theory, he was thorough-going and remorseless. His object was to recover for the king every shred of that robe of irresponsible supremacy that had been torn in the struggle of the wild year 'forty-eight. He bribed whatever writers would receive a bribe; issued commands to journalists; and threatened what was virtually ruin to those who were independent. He established, even in London, an office for procuring letters that miserable scribblers could be got to forward—in the name of English opinion, favourable to the cause he had at heart—to the German newspapers. This office was an establishment distinct from the spy office established here to watch the emigration; being so purely one of Hinckeldey's own private speculations, that it tumbled to the ground when he was shot. But the organisation of the police force in Prussia, as a pillar of the royal state perfected by him, remains. This, of which we are now speaking, is his monument;—but, as to the durability of it, it is not well to prophesy with any confidence.

At present it is strong, and is supported also by stout buttresses. The Prussian police system connects itself more or less with the police of all North Germany. Strong governments are persuaded; weak ones intimidated—as in the case of Hamburgh, which may be a free city in name, but is the vassal of Prussia whenever questions arise of throwing back into the jaws of the Prussian terriers, any small head of the game they have been trained to worry.

Now let me illustrate what I have been saying, by help of a few facts that happen either to lie within my own private experience, or to have been witnessed by trustworthy friends. I do not tell real names; but I do tell what I *know* to be the literal and simple truth. Let me begin with a passport case.

M. Henry, an old gentleman, who lived for more than twenty-five years in Prussia, fell ill, and his wife wrote to their son—who was established in the United States of America,—to come over and see his old father once more, before his end. The dutiful son threw all his business aside, went on board the first steamer bound to Hamburgh; where he arrived in due time. By the first train he set off for Berlin. Here, he was stopped by the police; who asked for his passport. Young Mr. Henry, little versed in police matters, had not even thought of a passport. When he left home he had none. A republican without a passport, what a horror! Of course he was arrested on the spot as a vagabond, put into prison, and compelled to spin wool. In this agreeable situation he remained for ten days; after which time he became free, by the interposition of the American consul in Hamburgh; to whom he wrote immediately after his arrest. The Prussian police did not even apologise to him. They simply told him, "All right; you have told us the truth, and may go." The misused gentleman was almost killed by this vexation, and took the product of his labours in the spinning-house (a large clew of worsted) home with him, to show it to his children and to keep it in his family as a token of Prussian liberty.

Another gentleman I know well, remained in prison a whole year for having irreverently observed, upon one occasion, that the king was tipsy.

I was intimately acquainted with a literary man who conducted a weekly newspaper: the cheapness of which (three shillings a-year) was thought more dangerous even than its contents. It was written under censure; that is to say, the proof-sheets were sent to the censor, who struck out everything which he considered disloyal. Having thus received the sanction of the government, the paper was published, and common sense would

have induced every editor to think himself safe. It was not so. My friend had an immense success with his paper, and got, in a few months, no fewer than fifteen thousand subscribers. This would have yielded him a considerable income, even after English notions. All the German governments; and, most of all, that of Prussia, became almost frantic; for my friend was as cautious as clever, and they could not get at him under any legal pretext. It was before the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, and such pretexts were still required. One day, however, when I was at dinner wondering at my friend's vacant place, I received a hurried, open, pencil-note from him, dated from prison; by which he informed me of his having been arrested, and of the judge's having very reluctantly consented to let him go, on depositing five hundred thalers in cash. Fortunately the money was to be had. I took it myself to the judge, and delivered my friend.

Of course, I was curious to know his offence, and was not a little amused when he showed me the lines of his paper for which the Austrian government had impeached him. He had spoken of an Austrian chief of artillery having opposed the reducing of military service from fourteen years to eight, objecting that it would be impossible for recruits to become good artillerymen in eight years; and the writer exclaimed, "that a fellow who could not learn his service in eight years must be indeed a potenzirter Austrian;" which meant, that he must be many times sillier than the Austrians generally are thought to be in the north of Germany. My friend was condemned to three months' imprisonment, without being allowed to compound for his punishment by a payment of money; which was customary in press transgressions. Very soon afterwards the paper was prohibited without any legal proceeding—nay, against law and the constitution. With the same right they might have shut up the shop of any grocer for selling cigars manufactured by the special consent of the government.

When my friend published another journal, that was prohibited also, and we got a hint that he would be arrested. By stratagem, I got his passport from the bureau where it was deposited, and he left Leipzig, going to the next Prussian town; for he was a subject of Prussia. Taught by necessity, my friend was well versed in the law, and adhered so strictly to it, that they could find no "legal pretexts" for a long time; but he was annoyed in every manner. At last, the Prussian government—who would put him aside at any cost—sent one of his books to Magdeburg, that the law officers and judges there might pick out from it matter to impeach him for high treason, or any other nonsense that promised a rich harvest of prison. The Magdeburg courts were much puzzled by this desire of the government; for they could find no crime in the book, and returned it at last to Berlin. But very soon it came back, with a reproof, and many passages in the book marked with a red pencil. Cardinal Richelieu said, "Give me five written words of a man, and I shall find matter in them to have him hanged." My friend was summoned before the court, and impeached on Majestats-Beleidigung—læsæ majestatis, is I think the technical name. When the judges showed him the offending passage, he took the Landrecht (provincial law) smilingly up from the table, turned up the paragraph relating to the offence attributed to him, and read aloud, "Such a criminal shall be dragged to the place of execution sitting upon a cowskin and there crushed by a wheel, &c (gerädert werden von unten auf)." And all this, for the flesh-coloured tricots of Lola Montez! The whole court of justice could not help laughing outright; for the thing was too ludicrous.

In his paper my friend had mentioned how Lola Montez had horsewhipped an officer of the police, and how she had been condemned to half a year in the house of correction, but had been pardoned by the king, and concluded, "Well, I wonder whether I should have been pardoned also, for having committed such a crime? Possibly, but not very likely; for if, even in the scale of justice, a pair of flesh-coloured tricots weighs heavier than my steel-pen, how much the more will they not put out of its equilibrium the balance of grace?"

Yes; the judges condemned him, laughingly, to two years' imprisonment, and the loss of the national cockade. About this hated sign of bondage to an absolute Hohenzollern my friend cared not a pin; but its loss involved the loss of most of his civil rights. Therefore he laid an appeal against this verdict, and it was altered to only one year of imprisonment, which he endured, in the citadel of Magdeburg.

So much for the press. Now I shall show how the police work in the vineyard of the Lord.

There was, in Königsberg, a dissenting congregation of about eight thousand members, belonging to a Protestant sect spread all over the empire. Of course any legal pretexts to be met with were available for annoying and vexing these dissenters; but the police used the most dastardly and base means to ruin them, besides. They induced, for instance, all persons employed in the police, and even private persons, to give no work to any tradesmen; to buy no goods of merchants belonging to this persecuted sect—nay, keepers of public-houses and tea or coffee gardens were forbidden to sell anything to members of it, under pain of the withdrawal of their licences. This was a serious thing for these innkeepers, and they requested the Reverend Mr. Rupp, then minister of the congregation, to communicate these police measures to his parishioners, lest they might bring innocent men to trouble and ruin.

One of the dissenters, having no fewer than ten children, happened to be employed in the police, and lost his place for his religion. To get another existence this man competed to rent the house of the shooters' company belonging to the city, and therefore depending on the city authorities. When the police became aware of his intention, they managed things with the corporation so, that he was offered the house only if he would receive the Lord's Supper out of the hands of the most fanatical parson of the state church. The poor man, having no other hope of supporting his large family, was weak enough to comply; but he was afterwards very much troubled in his mind; wretched for life in fact.

A young respectable girl, having a very large connection as a seamstress, against whom no one in Königsberg could say a word, belonged to the dissenters; and, not being a native of Königsberg, although of Prussia, was ordered to leave the city in a fortnight. The girl, whose nimble fingers supported an old mother, was not base enough to disown her faith, and prepared weepingly to leave her friends and her snug, although humble position. However she was not only clever and good, but pretty, and a young master-joiner offered her his hand. She accepted him at once. There was no time for simpering; a fortnight with three Sundays being just sufficient to fulfil the requisites of the law. The night before the day she was ordered to leave her home, the Reverend Mr. Rupp performed the marriage service, and they sat joyously at supper, laughing at the police; for now, being the bride of a citizen of Königsberg, she was legally a denizen of that city. A loud knock was heard at the door. Police entered, and one of them said, "This assembly is dissolved!" This interruption was disagreeable; but so ludicrous that everybody was amused. The bridegroom said, "Well, good night, friends—sorry for the good victuals, but they might dissolve as much as they like; this society" (he took the hand of his bride) "I think shall never be dissolved; neither by any policeman nor by any other functionary, whether in blue or in black."

With this dissolving of assemblies the police annoyed the dissenters most. Some of them had little meetings to take tea and read the German classics. Almost always they were disturbed by policemen dissolving the assembly; sometimes followed by soldiers with their muskets and bayonets. The next day, each member of this circle was summoned before the police and reproved. Remonstrance was useless; and, when they at last asked the president of the police to give them a definition of a prohibited assembly, (for they had no idea why the government should prohibit every tea party,) he told them their meeting was not to be taken for a tea party, but for an assembly; because the different persons forming it were neither friends nor neighbours, nor relations, nor of the same station in life. When the Reverend Mr. Rupp once invited some poor people of his congregation to a public garden, to keep holiday there, he was reproved by the police. He remonstrated, and said these persons had been his guests. He was answered rudely, that they were low people and no society for him. Mr. Rupp took out his Bible, and read a passage in St. Luke, in which something was said about not inviting the rich, who could give dinners in return, but the poor and needy. The magistrate looked confused, and Mr. Rupp escaped, unfined.

Even children-gardens were forbid by the police, and an assembly of babies, from three to five years' old, was once dissolved. The little ones did not know the way home; for it was not yet time to be fetched by the servants of their parents; and, when the police asked them the names of their fathers, they answered, "Papa." Then the little lambs were seen walking with the wolves, quite confidently, about the streets, inquiring where they did belong to.

Such dissenters as belonged to official families were persecuted most. The Lieut.-Colonel von L., who died in the year eighteen hundred and forty-eight, left two orphan girls, without a penny. However, the younger sister had the expectancy of a place as canonesse in a foundation for spinsters of noble birth, which had been restored and richly bestowed by the late grandfather of the young lady; who was a very rich man. The elder of the two sisters got, after much ado, a small pension from the government, by the interest of the minister of Auerswald, who was connected with the family. Angelina, the younger sister, while expecting her canonesse place, tried to get her livelihood by giving lessons in French, and writing books for young people. Heaven blessed her brave endeavours: she got a situation at a school, and many private lessons. She had, indeed, so much to do, that almost her only recreation was to visit the religious congregations of the dissenters, to hear Mr. Rupp.

Thus she went on very well till the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two; when it was ordered by Polizei-President Peters that Miss von L. should forbear giving any lessons; secondly it was decreed that Miss Leo, the mistress of the school, should dismiss Miss A. von L. directly, and without any fuss (geraeuschlos); thirdly, Miss von L. was to leave Königsberg, and informed that the interdict to give any lessons applied to the whole Prussian monarchy.

In vain the unhappy lady tried the law,—nay, wrote even twice to the king, complaining of the wrongs practised on her. She was answered by the Minister of the Interior, that all the proceedings against her had been strictly lawful. Notwithstanding, Miss von L. tried to give lessons in Danzig, where the first magistrate was a

friend of her family; but this gentleman, although wishing her well, found himself obliged to repeat the proceedings of Königsberg. She left the Prussian empire for Dresden, where she found pupils; but there came a telegraphic dispatch from Berlin, and she was ordered by the police of Saxony to leave Dresden in twenty-eight hours. To fill the chalice of sorrow to the brim, she received a letter from the abbess of the Barth-foundation, telling her to give up all expectation of a canonesse-place, if she adhered to the dissenters. Thus she lost home, existence—even the only hope left her for old age — for her faith.

THE AMPHLETT LOVE-MATCH.

I.

"Forgiveness, Arthur? You surely need not ask for that!" said the lady, with a cold smile. "You were of age, and free to choose as you would; and, if by that choice you have disappointed my hopes and frustrated my intentions, it is scarcely a matter for which to ask my forgiveness—my recognition, if you will; and that I have granted."

"I wish you would say that in a more cordial tone, mother," said Arthur, earnestly; "in spite of your kind words my heart feels chilled and heavy."

"Do you re-assure your husband, then, since his mother's words have no longer any power over him," said Mrs. Amphlett, still with the same strange, hard smile on her face, turning to a pretty, young girl who stood timidly in the background, and taking her stiffly by the hand.

"It is only his love for you that makes him doubtful," stammered the girl, looking appealingly to her husband.

"I asked you to combat the effect—not to explain to me the cause," replied Mrs. Amphlett. "I am afraid you do not understand very quickly. You are embarrassed, and want self-possession, I see; you blush, too, and lose your grace of outline in the awkward angularity of confession. We shall have some training to go through, before you will be fit for the drawing-rooms of my friends and your husband's associates."

She laughed;—a low, forced, contemptuous laugh, that completed poor Geraldine's dismay. Turning to her husband she retreated into his arms; and, burying her face in his bosom, exclaimed piteously:

"Oh, Arthur! take me away—take me away!" then burst into tears.

Mrs. Amphlett quietly rang the bell.

"A glass of cold water, Jones; and ask Gryce for the sal-volatile, which is in my room," she said, when the man entered. "This young lady is hysterical."

The lady's tone and manner of unutterable contempt roused Geraldine from her weakness more than cold water or sal-volatile. She felt, too, Arthur's heart throb under her hand; and though he passed his arm round her and pressed her kindly to him, as if mutely assuring her of his protection, she feared she had annoyed him, more because she felt she had been silly, than because she showed displeasure.

"No, never mind now," she said, trying to laugh, and shaking back the bright, brown hair which had fallen in disorder over her face. "I am quite well now—it is nothing—I am very sorry," she added, with a running accompaniment of small sobs.

"Are you often hysterical?" asked Mrs. Amphlett, her light hazel eyes fixed sternly on her. "It must be very inconvenient to you, I should think, and scarcely befitting Mrs. Arthur Amphlett. You may take it away again, Jones," she said to the footman who bustled in with the cold water and a small phial on a silver stand; "or—no, stay,—you had better leave them. You may be attacked again," she added, to Geraldine.

"I assure you, mother, I never before saw my wife so nervous," exclaimed Arthur. "In general, she is both brave and cheerful. I never knew her so shaken."

"Indeed? It is unfortunate then, that she should have selected me, and our first interview, for the display of a weakness which some, I believe, call interesting; but which to me is puerile; which, in fact, I regard as temporary insanity. Come!" she added, arranging herself in her easy-chair, and speaking with a little less pitiless deliberation; "we have now got through the first meeting; which, as you were the delinquents, I presume, you dreaded more than I. Understand then, that I overlook all the personal disrespect there has been in your secret marriage, Arthur: all the disappointment, and wounded pride I have had in your marrying so far beneath you. I am a woman of plain words, Geraldine. Your name is Geraldine, is it not? I thought you started and looked surprised when I called you so. No matter!—and I invite you both to remain with me as long as it suits you to make Thornivale your home. Now let the subject be dropped. Gryce will show you to your room, young lady, if you ring the bell twice; and, I dare say, in time, we shall become tolerably well acquainted."

"Arthur! dear Arthur! what will become of me if your mother does not soften towards me!" cried poor Geraldine, when she was alone with her husband.

"Be patient, love, for a few days," said Arthur, soothingly. "She has had much sorrow in her life, and that has made her harder than she was by nature. But I cannot believe she will be always so strange as she is to-day. I cannot believe but that my Geraldine's sweetness and goodness will soften her, and lead her to love and value one who cannot be known without being loved."

"Oh, Arthur! I never prized your dear words so much as to-day," exclaimed the

young wife, with a look and gesture of most touching devotion. "While you love me, and believe in me, and are not ashamed of me, all the world might scorn me,—I should still be proud and blessed."

"All the world shall honour you," said Arthur, laughing. "But, come, bathe those great, blue eyes, and draw a veil between their love and the outside world. Meet my mother with as much composure and ease, and with as little show of feeling as you can. Remember, she respects strength more than she sympathises with feeling. She would honour a victorious foe—however vile—more than she would pity a prostrate one, however virtuous. Strength, will, self-assertion she respects, even when in direct opposition to herself: timidity, obedience, and excitability she simply despises and tramples under foot. Don't be afraid of her. Assert yourself and all will come right. Is not your husband by to support you?"

"Arthur! I wish you would give me something terrible to do for you! I feel as if I could go through the fiercest, wildest martyrdom for you and your love. I could die for you——"

"But you dare not oppose my mother? Is that it? Darling! you shall live for and with me; and that is better than dying. Ah! I wonder if you will say such words after we have been married as many years as now days. Let me see,—how many? Twenty six. We are almost at the end of our honeymoon, Geraldine!"

II.

"I think Geraldine is slightly improved since she came," said Mrs. Amphlett, one morning, to her son. "She is rather less awkward and mannerless than she was."

"Awkward was never the word for her," said Arthur, briskly. "She is only shy and unused to the world. She is singularly graceful, I think."

Mrs. Amphlett lifted her eyebrows.

"Think how young she is!" continued Arthur, answering his mother's look,—"not quite twenty, yet—and was never in society before she came here."

"How strange it is," continued the mother, as if speaking to herself, "to see the marriages which some men make!—men of intellect, wealth, education, standing,—all that you imagine would refine their tastes and render them fastidious in their choice. Yet these are the very persons who so often marry beneath them. Instead of choosing the wife who could best fulfil their social requirements, they think only of pleasing the eye, which they call love — as you have done, Arthur, in choosing Geraldine in place of Miss Vaughan."

"Miss Vaughan! Why you might as well have asked me to marry a statue. A handsome girl, I confess; but without a spark of life or a drop of human blood in her."

"That may be. Yet she was the right and natural wife for you. She was a woman of your own age and your own standing; formed to be the leader of her society as befits your wife; rich, well born; in short, possessing all the requisite qualifications of the future mistress of Thornivale. You disregard such patent harmony of circumstances for what?—for a good little blue-eyed nobody; who cannot receive like a gentlewoman, and who steps into her carriage with the wrong foot."

"But who has goodness, love, innocence, constancy——"

"Don't be a fool, Arthur," interrupted Mrs. Amphlett. "What do you get, pray, with this excessive plasticity of nature? All very delightful, I dare say, when confined to you, and while you are by her side to influence her; but, when you are away, will not the same facility which renders her so delightful to you, place her as much under the influence of another, as she is under yours? Foolish boy! you have burdened yourself with that most intolerable burden of all—the weakness and incapacity of a life-long companion. There! don't protest, or you will make me angry. I know she is very amiable and beautiful, and charming, and good, and all that; but she has no more strength, self-reliance, common sense nor manner than a baby. And you know this as well as I. Here she is.—I was just talking of you, Geraldine. Are you well to day?" she asked suddenly.

"Yes, thank you, quite well," said Geraldine, always nervous when speaking to her mother-in-law.

"I thought not; you are black under the eyes, and your hair is dull. Will you drive with me to-day?"

"If you please," said Geraldine.

"Or ride with your husband?"

"Whichever you and Arthur like best."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Amphlett, with one of her stony looks, "when *will* you learn to have a will of your own?"

"Yes, Geraldine! I wish you would always say what you, yourself, really prefer, when you are asked," said Arthur, with a shadow of testiness.

"I am afraid of being selfish and inconsiderate to others," said Geraldine, hastily. "But, if you please, then, I would rather ride with Arthur."

"You know I am going to Croft to look at young Vaughan's stud," returned Arthur, still with the same accent of irritability. "How, then, can I ride with you to-day?"

"Ah, see, now! what use in giving me my choice?" cried Geraldine, making a sad attempt to smile and to seem gay; tears rushing into her eyes, instead; for, the three weeks during which she had been under her lady-mother's harrow, had reduced her to a state of chronic depression.

"Would it not be more dignified if you did not cry whenever you are spoken to?" said the pitiless hawk-eyed lady.

"I am not crying," said Geraldine, boldly.

"No?—What is that on your hand, if it be not a tear? Fie! you must not be untruthful, according to the common vice of the weak."

Arthur went to the window, pale with suppressed passion. For the moment he hated Geraldine. The young wife had passed a sleepless night. She was nervous and unwell. She tried to calm herself, but she felt as if something gave way within her, and sighing gently she sank very quietly back against the pillows of the ottoman where she was sitting, in a dead swoon.

A loud knock came to the door.

"Geraldine!" exclaimed Mrs. Amphlett, "Geraldine! Why, bless my soul, Arthur, the girl has fainted!"

Before any order or aid could be given the footman threw open the door, and a lady, all flounces, rustling silk, dignity, and statuesque beauty—Arthur's natural wife, as Mrs. Amphlett called her—Miss Vaughan, of Croft, walked leisurely forward.

Calmly surveying the fainting Geraldine through her eye-glass, the visitor turned gracefully away, saying, as Mrs. Amphlett herself had once said. "How very inconvenient for her!"

Arthur reddened and turned pale by turns; "Good!" said Mrs. Amphlett, to herself, with a cruel smile, "the first blow is really struck now!"

She led Miss Vaughan into the inner drawing-room, while Gryce attended on Geraldine.

"You had better leave my maid with your wife, Arthur," she said, speaking as she stood between the rooms, holding the curtain in her hand. But Arthur refused. No! he would rather attend to her himself.

"What a model husband," said Miss Vaughan; but, in a voice so calm, so sweet, so silvery and even, that no one could know whether she spoke ironically or admiringly. Arthur was in a bad humour, and disposed to see all in shadow. He took her words as a cutting satire; and Geraldine fared none the better in his heart for the belief. This was the first time, since he had known Geraldine, that a thought of unfavourable criticism had crossed his mind; the first time that he had said to himself, "I wish I had waited."

Mrs. Amphlett had the art—no one exactly knew how—of making every person appear illogical, ridiculous, ungraceful, ill-bred; yet, not from any special amount of grace or good breeding in herself; rather the reverse. Her manners were chiefly noticeable for their undisguised contempt, and their immovable assumption of superiority; though she was, certainly, a handsome woman, yet it was not of a kind to throw any other beauty into the shade. She was pale to bloodlessness, with a fierce eye and a cruel jaw. She wore her white hair braided low on her square forehead; but her thick, straight eyebrows were still black as ebony, and the light-hazel, deep-set eyes beneath them had lost none of their fire or power. The lines between her brows were deep and harsh. The centre furrow—the Amphlett cut, it was called—with the heavy brow swelling on each side, was especially forbidding. Her nose was sharp, high and handsome; her thin lips closed tightly over small and even—but discoloured—teeth; and her chin was square-cut, massive, and slightly protruding. Not then from grace or beauty came her special power of moral oppression; but from her cruelty. She was infinitely cruel and harsh. She said exactly what she thought, be it ever so painful; and no one ever knew her to soften her words for pity, grace, or delicacy. She prided herself on her honesty, her directness, her absence of false sentiment, and her ruthless crusade against all forms of weakness. In her first interview with any one she measured that person's power of self-assertion. If the stranger yielded to her, whether from timidity or amiability, she set her foot on the stranger's neck and kept it there. If opposed, she hated, but still respected her opponent. The only thing in the world that she respected was strength; and the only person in her neighbourhood to whom she was not insolent was Miss Vaughan. For, Miss Vaughan, though of a different nature, was as dauntless and self-asserting as Mrs. Amphlett, and suffered no one to come too near her. They were co-queens—not rivals—and regarded each other's rights.

As for Geraldine, she simply despised her: honouring her with only a reflective hatred, because of her marriage with her son. Had it not been for that, she would have quietly walked over her and have trodden her out of her path. But she could not do this now; so Geraldine was promoted to the dignity of her intense hatred and ceaseless, fierce displeasure. The girl felt her position and pined under it. Hence she was losing those merely outside physical graces she had promised when she married; and which had counted for something in her husband's love. Arthur, too, was influenced by his mother's perpetual harping on Geraldine's faults. Soon he learnt to apologise for her; then to criticise her himself—not always favourably—and lastly, to feel slightly ashamed of her. His pride and manhood prevented his falling very low there; but a great peril lay before him: none the less perilous because not confessed.

In the midst of all these dangerous beginnings Arthur was called away on business, cunningly provided for him, and Geraldine was left to the care of her mother-in-law. The heavy gates had scarcely swung back for her son to pass out, when Mrs. Amphlett sat down to write a letter to Cousin Hal—the scapegrace of the family—the handsomest

"Something is wrong with you, Arthur?" she said quickly, but trembling.

"Yes, Geraldine—very wrong."

"With me?" and her hand stole softly up to his face.

"Yes, with you—only with you."

"Why do you not look at me when you say so?" she said, creeping closer to him.

He turned his eyes upon her. Her eyes were so full of love, her whole manner and attitude so eloquent of child-like devotedness, that his heart overflowed and overwhelmed all his jealous fancies, like feverish dreams drowned in the morning sunlight. He took her hands in both of his, and looked fixedly and lovingly, but sadly, into her eyes.

"So beautiful and so false!" he said, half aloud. "Can she be really faithless with eyes so full of love and innocence? And, yet—has my mother lied to me?"

"Why do you speak so low, Arthur? I cannot hear you. Tell me frankly, what it is that lies on your heart against me. Whatever it may be, tell me openly; and I will answer you from my very soul, as I have always answered you. I have never deceived you, Arthur; and I would not begin a career of falsehood and hypocrisy to-day."

"You must read these. I can tell you nothing more." Arthur put his mother's letters into her hands.

Geraldine read them through—all of them—and they were numerous. Her colour deepened and her eyes darkened; but she read them to the end quite quietly. She gave them back to him with the same unnatural stillness: sitting for a moment in utter silence. Then she rose.

"Arthur," she said, "you must come with me to your mother. Your cousin and Miss Vaughan must be there, too."

"Nonsense, Geraldine," said Arthur, who had a constitutional horror of demonstrations; "I will have no foolish scene for the whole county to talk of. What we have to do must be done quietly, and between ourselves: alone. Henry and Miss Vaughan, indeed! I will not hear of such folly!"

"I insist!" said Geraldine, in a deep, still voice, and with heavy emphasis.

"I insist, Geraldine! That is strange language from you to me!"

"The occasion is strange, Arthur. Ah!" she added bitterly; "and you, too, have made that old, blind mistake! Because I am not exacting nor selfish, in my daily life; because I am naturally timid and easily depressed: you think that I could have no sense of justice to myself; no self-respect; no firmness. If you have made that mistake, you must unlearn your lesson to-day. Come! this affair must be explained at once!"

"But, Geraldine——"

"Are you in league with your mother to defame me?" said Geraldine, her lips quivering and her eyes almost flashing. Arthur put away the hand which she had laid on his arm; and, without uttering another word, strode gloomily by her side into the house.

At the hall-door they encountered Miss Vaughan. Geraldine knew that she was coming early to ride with her and cousin Hal to the Dripping Well; so that there was nothing remarkable in her arrival at this moment; nor in cousin Hal's standing there at the door, assisting her to dismount.

"You are not ready, I see," said Miss Vaughan, as Geraldine came up. "Ah! Mr. Amphlett! When did you come?"

"This morning," said Arthur, in his sulkiest tone.

Miss Vaughan was struck by his unusual tone and manner, and put up her eye-glass; looking from him to Geraldine, in that most graceful, affected, and imperturbable way of hers, which would have made an excitable person angry.

"Some family business on hand, I see," she then said. "I am in the way."

"No, if you please, Miss Vaughan," said Geraldine, quickly. "You are necessary here; you also, cousin Henry."

Miss Vaughan made an almost imperceptible movement with her eyebrows, and slightly bowed. Cousin Hal flung back his head, smoothed his moustache, showed his white teeth, and laughed out, "very happy;" but not in quite so confident and merry a voice as usual. Then they all passed through the hall into the library, where Mrs. Amphlett usually sat in the morning. She knew what was coming as soon as they entered in such a strange phalanx. She was pale, and her face looked harder and sterner than ever, with even more than the old fire of secret passion in her fierce eyes. But, for the first time, Geraldine did not quail before them. Mrs. Amphlett felt that the sceptre of her power was falling from her hand.

"What is all this, young lady?" she asked, as Geraldine came near to the table, in advance of the rest. "What is the meaning of the ridiculous air you have assumed this morning? Can *you* explain this comedy?" she said, turning to Miss Vaughan.

"Ma foi, non!" replied that lady, gathering up her riding skirt, and seating herself with singular grace on the sofa, flirting open her little French lorgnon, and watching the party as steadily as if she were the audience, and they actors on the stage.

"It means," began Geraldine, her voice slightly trembling, but from agitation, not timidity; "that you have written to my husband letters concerning me, which it is due to myself to demand—demand——" she repeated, "an explanation of, before those whom you have quoted as witnesses and authorities."

"Good heavens, Arthur! how can you suffer this low-minded young person to degrade you—a gentleman—into complicity with anything so vulgar and improper as

this!" said Mrs. Amphlett, angrily. "Was there ever an underbred girl who was not always ready for a scene!" she added, as if making a reflection to herself.

"Leave the question of vulgarity alone," said Geraldine in a new tone of her voice—one of command, "and come to that of truth. I *will* speak," she continued, silencing Mrs. Amphlett by her uplifted hand and dilating eyes; "it is my right, and I will use it."

"Upon my word, this is a natural phenomenon!" sneered Mrs. Amphlett, leaning forward, fixing her eyes on the girl, as if trying to subdue her by her look. But Geraldine was roused; and, like most timid people, was more reckless, more careless of consequences and more impossible to overbear than the naturally brave and self-assertive. Her latent power of will must have been roused indeed, when it could sweep down Mrs. Amphlett's sternest and angriest opposition.

"You wrote these letters," continued Geraldine, laying her finger on the packet; "and as you have spoken of Miss Vaughan and cousin Henry, I wish them to give Arthur their version of the same stories. Miss Vaughan," she said, speaking in the same rapid and positive voice, "did you ever reprove me for undue familiarity with my cousin Henry?" And she read the passage from the letter, referring to Miss Vaughan having crushed Geraldine with one of her lofty looks, because of cousin Hal.

"Why, no," said that lady deliberately, dropping her lorgnon, and unbuttoning her gauntlet gloves; "I do not remember ever speaking to you on the subject; but I certainly did say to Mrs. Amphlett, that I thought it scarcely proper that you should ride so much with Captain Aztler: and indeed, to tell the truth, it was to prevent anything unpleasant being said that I have gone so much with you of late. I thought you were ignorant of the world, and I could not understand your mother's indifference to appearances—or probabilities," she added in the same careless way as she would have spoken of a rent opera cloak or a damaged riding whip.

"Mrs. Amphlett!" cried Geraldine, turning full on her mother-in-law, "was it not you—yourself—who, when I objected to ride alone with my cousin, scolded me for my presumption in holding an opinion contrary to yours? Have you not thrown me into my cousin's way as you would into a brother's? Those were your words: you said he was to be my brother, and that I was to treat him with unreserved affection."

"I am afraid, Aunt Amphlett, that you have been playing rather a double game!" said Harry; whose good-humoured, frank, manly voice came like a charm into the midst of all this tense and nervous feminine excitement. "Arthur," he added, "do you come with me: your wife can stay with Miss Vaughan. Why, bless my soul, man!" he cried, as soon as they were outside the door, "how could you be such a—ahem!—well, so weak as to believe in such obvious misrepresentations? Your wife and I have been on kindly friendly terms enough; but, bless my heart! what's that to make a row about? When I came, I saw that she had been regularly bullied since her marriage, and I took her part in a quiet way, and paid her all the attention I could: trying simply to give her self-confidence. But, I hope indeed that I am not so bad a fellow as ever to take advantage of such a young thing's innocence and candour,—still less, to plan or plot, as the guest of a relative, for the dishonour and misery of the family. Your mother threw Geraldine (excuse me, you know my way) under my protection entirely. I was astonished at the first; but I have not studied my aunt for all these years, not to be able to understand her now. I soon suspected that something was in the wind by her over-graciousness to me—whom she never liked—and by her flattery of Geraldine—whom I saw she hated. And I was not long in finding out the drift of it all. But she lost her game; for Geraldine had no inclination to flirt with me, nor had I the smallest intention of running away with her." He laughed as if he had said a good thing, and ran his finger through his hair, with a pleasant kind of debonnaire vanity, not at all offensive. "All that nonsense about Geraldine's acting is a perfect fabrication. She was very anxious about you when you did not write, and spoke of all sorts of fears, such as my aunt mentions, truly enough in substance; but she spoke of them in sorrow, not in jest; and Miss Vaughan's anger with her was for her folly in fretting at your silence so much. I felt for the poor little girl, and defended her, and then Miss Vaughan put me down;" and he laughed again. "Certainly she did come across the room—Geraldine, I mean—and put her hands into mine, and say, 'Thank you, cousin Henry, for you kind championship;' but her eyes were full of tears, and her poor little heart was almost breaking about you."

"I am afraid, Henry, I have been a fool," said Arthur.

Cousin Hal looked grave, and not in the least contradictory.

V.

Arthur was humiliated, but still sufficiently generous to acknowledge that he had been in error. He could not apologise, nor enter into any lengthened defence with Geraldine; that would not have been Arthur; but, meeting her in the hall, he held out his arms, and, calling her by her name, strained her tenderly to his heart, whispering:

"Will my own true wife forgive me?"

She held up her fresh face and stood on

tiptoe to get nearer to him. Arthur had no need to ask again whether she loved him and forgave him.

Arthur's private interview with his mother was more violent. The passions of both were roused, and ran riot. He openly accused her of falsehood, and heaped on her reproaches the most wounding to bear; but they were merited, if harshly worded and not befitting him to make, with such unfilial passion: she, losing dignity, self-respect, and maternal feeling, retorted on him with taunts and insinuations that curdled the man's blood round his heart. Of course, Arthur must find a new home for his young wife, she said.

Unfortunately Geraldine entered the room at this climax of the discussion, from the drawing-room, the door of which was open:

"I will not leave this house, Mrs. Amphlett," she exclaimed, passionately. "Thornivale being entailed property, belongs to my husband. I am, therefore, its lawful mistress. You are my guest; I am not your guest."

"Geraldine! Geraldine!" expostulated Arthur,

"Hush!" said the young wife, imperiously. "This affair is mine, not yours. I do not expect you to defend me against your mother. I must defend myself."

With which words she turned away, and passed back into the drawing-room again.

"You are right, Geraldine," said Miss Vaughan, who had heard all that passed, and who was shaken off her stilts, and out of her starch and buckram by the gravity of the scene. "If you leave Thornivale, your character is lost; you need never attempt to show your face in the neighbourhood again."

"I will not leave Thornivale," said Geraldine, positively, and working rapidly at her embroidery, but making nothing but false stitches.

"My wife has spoken the truth, mother," said Arthur. "I would not have said so, even now; but it is the truth."

"Must I abide by it, Arthur?" sneered Mrs. Amphlett. "Must I leave Thornivale for that worthless creature you call your wife? Please yourself with the thought, my boy; for, as I live, you will have nothing *but* the thought!"

"I will have the deed, mother," said Arthur. "Remember! What I assert I generally fulfil. Understand, then, that since you cannot live with my wife in such respectability as you deem due to you, you must leave us. You shall not banish her from here. I have no more to say; I leave you to think of what I *have* said." Arthur strode into the drawing-room, closing the door after him.

Thus left to herself, old Mrs. Amphlett's passion swept, without check or barrier, through her soul. It was awful to witness. She strode up and down the long oaken library; her hard-drawn breathing was heard in the drawing-room, through all the massive doors and heavy curtains made to shut out louder sounds than a woman's breathing. Her face was distorted; her teeth set, and her hands clenched tightly together; while the "Amphlett cut" in her forehead was deep, and the brows knotted and swollen. She was more like a panther than a human being, as she raged and chafed in that den-like room; her passionate heart wearing itself fiercely against her fate. That she should have been baffled by such a girl as Geraldine: that her power, her very will, her plans, her words, should all have been torn and scattered to the winds by the simple, ignorant breath of one whom she persisted in believing half an idiot!

Suddenly a heavy fall was heard; Arthur and Geraldine rushed in. They found her lying speechless on the ground, in a fit—a fit produced by passion. Gradually recovering, her eyes turned on Arthur and Geraldine standing near her: Geraldine occupied in some little womanly office about her, and Arthur looking on in genuine distress. She tried to speak, but failed; though she made several attempts. At last a strange unnatural voice issued from her lips; and, with her fiery eyes still fierce if even somewhat subdued, and her stern black brows still swollen, she said, "Ah! well, you are not quite such a fool as I thought you were;" and, after a short time, adding, "I have almost a respect for you."

Mrs. Amphlett never rallied from this fit. She did not die; but she was never the same woman again, as the servants said. By force she was obliged to let her daughter reign in her stead; she living helpless and inactive in a wheeled chair. She kept up her old privilege of "truth-telling," and was to the last a fierce, cruel, passionate woman; but she treated her daughter-in-law with respect: for Geraldine had received a lesson she never forgot, and, while dutiful and thoughtful and kind and bright, she made both her husband and her mother feel that something had been fairly developed in her nature which could never fail her again. It is a doubt whether Arthur loved her as he loved her when she was more timid and submissive; but he respected her more and treated her with greater consideration. He was his mother's true son, and inherited her nature and temperament, though softened and modified. But, by virtue of this inheritance, he was disposed to tyrannise over the weak, as Geraldine would have found out when the youth of her marriage had fled, had she not changed as has been described; and she could not have changed without some such vital crisis as she had passed through. Thus, on the whole, she got on very well between the fierce old crippled woman and the moody, jealous man. Mrs. Amphlett was never weary of saying, "Bless me! I thought that girl a perfect

fool, and she has really quite something of a character after all;" and Arthur never dared to hint a jealous thought or to give a gloomy look when Cousin Hal and his wife—née Miss Vaughan of Croft—came over to Thornivale, and when Cousin Hal made "Gerald" laugh till the tears ran over her eyes, or quoted her before all the world as "the bravest and best little woman living."

OPIUM.

CHAPTER THE SECOND. CHINA.

We have briefly traced the course of the opium question in India, so far as concerns the native cultivators, the East India Company, and the merchants at Calcutta and Bombay. We now direct attention to China, where the matter presents itself for notice under many different aspects.

Among various tribes and nations on the eastern margin of Asia, opium is readily saleable without bar or hindrance from the governing authorities. Thus, the chests exported from India find their way to the Malay peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, and other islands of the Eastern Archipelago; the augmentation of price is enormous, for either the article pays a heavy duty, or, as at Java, the native princes monopolise the sale, and farm it out to the Dutch at an annual rental. In China, however, the government in a formal manner prohibits the traffic and indulgence in opium; we say in a formal manner, for much discrepancy exists touching the sincerity of this course of policy. Certain it is, that prohibitory regulations have now existed for sixty years, and that the trade in opium on the Chinese coast has, during this period, been nothing less than contraband—in violation of the expressed laws of the empire. Nothing but the extraordinary corruption of the Chinese authorities can account for the recent vast increase of a trade prohibited by the laws; this increase is one among many proofs of the difficulty of putting in force, regulations at variance with popular habits and tastes; and it at the same time shows the probability that the Emperor's servants like the forbidden indulgence itself, as well as the bribes administered by others.

Let us see, however, in what way the trade is managed.

The English merchants, and to a smaller extent the American, in whose hands the trade is principally centred, keep a fleet of opium clippers, or runners, remarkable for their complete appointments and great swiftness—scarcely paralleled by any sailing ships, except the liners between Britain and the United States. These clippers convey the chests of opium from Calcutta or Bombay to the China coast; and as there is an atmosphere of illegality surrounding them, they are armed for self-defence, like smugglers' or pirates' ships. Early in the present century, the opium clippers were accustomed to proceed as far as Whampoa, and there anchor, fifteen miles below the city of Canton, but far up Canton river. The opposition offered by the Chinese authorities, however, was such, that the merchants abandoned Whampoa, and established a rendezvous at Macao, some miles lower down; here, they encountered Portuguese jealousy, which was effective enough to drive them to the Bay of Lintin, near the mouth of the river. In that Bay, the opium was transferred to ten or twelve stationary vessels called receiving ships; and the clippers, perhaps with cargoes of silk or tea, returned to India. This system lasted until the change in the East India Company's charter, in eighteen hundred and thirty-four; the Company's own servants then ceased to manage the trade, which was thenceforth carried on by the independent English, and American, and other merchants above adverted to. Another change was at the same time made; instead of proceeding to the mouth of the Canton river only, the opium clippers—strong, swift, well commanded, and well armed—were despatched to various points on the south-east coast of China, where receiving ships were at anchor, ready to receive the opium and to serve as market depôts for the smuggling purchasers.

At Canton, the head quarters of foreign trade with the Chinese, various European and American nations have trading posts, or factories, in a particular part of the suburbs of the town appropriated by the authorities to that purpose. A select number of dealers, or brokers, called Hong merchants, are alone permitted to conduct the negotiations between the natives and the barbarians; these negotiations relate, fairly and openly, to tea and other Chinese produce on the one hand, and to European and American goods and manufactures on the other; but they also include, illegally, if not secretly, dealings in the forbidden opium. Or, if the Hong merchants may not venture to do this, there are other Chinese dealers who will, and with whom the English and American agents make bargains. When a purchase has been thus made at Canton, an order is given to a Chinese smuggler, the captain of a swiftly rowed and strongly armed junk; he descends the river to the depôt, gives the order, receives the opium, and ascends the river with it to Canton. Every step of his progress is illegal; but there are certainly two reasons why the imperial war-junks seldom attack him—because his crew are determined fellows, well paid and well armed; and because the officials have been bribed to keep quiet. There may be other reasons on the part of a Government so full of chicanery and evasion as the Chinese. The mandarins and the smugglers occasionally concoct a sham fight, to give the former an appearance of obeying the imperial mandates. Some-

times the smuggler does a little business on his own account; buying opium at the ship's side, and paying for it money down. This money-down system is characteristic of the whole trade; the opium is paid for, before delivery, and the payment is in nothing less than Sycee silver, lumps of the purest silver, estimated by weight at so much per ounce: no bills, no bonds, no barter: Sycee, and nothing but Sycee, in exchange for the opium. The history of commerce presents nothing more solid or direct than the purchase price of opium. At other places along the coast, there are depôt ships kept well supplied with opium by the clippers; and to these depôt ships brokers come from native merchants on shore; or else smaller vessels go as near the posts as prudence will justify, where the opium is sold to traders over the ship's side, and silver received in payment; the silver being brought by the same junks that take away the opium. The English merchants and their agents do not, must not, go on shore with, or concerning the opium; nor are any of the Chinese junks that maintain intercourse between the ships and the shore, allowed by law so to do; the junk crews know that they are disobeying the imperial mandates from first to last, and the English merchants are just as fully conversant with the same fact. The junks not only carry the opium from the ships to the posts, but convey it likewise up the great rivers, for surreptitious sale at various inland towns. The price received by the English merchants may vary from a hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds sterling per chest, according to the varying circumstances of the trade at the time and place; but how much addition is made to this price, by the time the drug reaches the hands of the consumers, the Chinese only can tell.

That the trade is, as above denoted, illegal or contraband, no one pretends to doubt, whatever may be the interpretation given to the imperial motives. The edicts issued by the government have been numerous and strongly worded. The following, quoted by Sir J. F. Davis, as being promulgated in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, is as unmistakeable as can well be imagined: "Let the buyers and smokers of opium be punished with one hundred blows, and pilloried for two months. Then let them declare the seller's name; and in default of this declaration, let the smoker be punished, as an accomplice of the seller, with a hundred blows and three years' imprisonment. Let mandarins and their dependents who buy and smoke opium, be punished one degree more severely than others; and let governors and lieutenant-governors of provinces, as well as the magistrates of subordinate districts, be required to give security that there are no opium-smokers in their respective departments. Let a joint memorial be sent in at the close of every year, representing the conduct of those officers who have connived at the practice."

Before noticing the manifestations of imperial displeasure against the barbarian opium-sellers, it will be well to know what the Chinese do with the opium when they have bought it; what, in fact, is the nature of the indulgence, and of the effect produced by it.

The Chinese rarely eat opium; they generally smoke it, and are very particular concerning its quality. When opium is bought at the depôt ships, the Chinese agents or brokers test it by taking samples from three balls, mixing them with water, simmering and straining the liquid, evaporating it by heat to the consistence of treacle, and then smoking all the three samples separately or together, to determine the probable average quality of the whole chestful. In by-gone years, the ryot cultivators in India were wont to increase the weight of the lumps of opium by adulteration with sugar, molasses, catechu, cow-dung, soft clay, or pounded poppy-seeds; but the vigilance of the Company's servants on the one hand, and of the Chinese purchasers on the other, have lessened this practice. When the opium is about to be prepared for the smokers, the balls are cut open, and are steeped and simmered, strained and boiled, till they assume the state of a pasty mass; this paste is spread with a spatula in pans, and dried over a fire. Again is the drug steeped, simmered, strained, boiled, evaporated, and dried, by which it is released from many impurities; and finally, it is put into small buffalo-horn boxes, the Chinese representatives of tobacco or snuff boxes.

The prepared opium is smoked in pipes, as we smoke tobacco. The Chinese believe that the effects of the drug—the exhilarating effects, at any rate—are more apparent by inhaling the fumes than by chewing the solid itself, and they give themselves up to the indulgence in the following way: The pipe employed is formed of heavy wood, having an earthenware bowl at one end, and a cup that serves to collect the residuum or ashes after the combustion of the opium. The smoker, lying upon a couch or bench, holds the pipe, or smoking-pistol, with the bowl near a lamp, the lamp and the couch being so placed that the opium can be kindled without disturbing the lazy smoker in his position. A piece of opium about as large as a pea or a pill is taken up by a sort of spoon-headed needle, placed in the hole in the bowl, and kindled at the lamp; then one or two whiffs suffice to draw in all the smoke emitted by the burning drug. Old smokers will retain the breath a long time, filling the lungs and exhaling the smoke gradually through the nostrils. When the pipe has burnt out, the smoker lies still for a moment, thinking of his dreamy delights, while the fumes are dissipating, and then repeats the

charge until his prescribed dose is exhausted, or until his means of purchase are expended. There are smoking-shops by hundreds in the towns within moderate distance of the coast; and these shops, we are told, are kept open day and night, each being furnished with a number of couches formed of bamboo-canes and covered with mats and rattans; a sort of wooden stool serves as a bolster or pillow; and in the centre of the shop is a lamp that serves for many smokers, each of whom is enabled to turn the bowl of his pipe towards it. Mr. Pohlman, an American resident at Amoy, has stated that there are a thousand of these opium-smoking shops in that town alone. If the account of these shops rested only on the testimony of missionaries, it might be supposed that a heightened colour was given to the effects by men who regard the indulgence as an irreparable, uncompensated evil; but Lord Jocelyn, who accompanied the Chinese expedition as military secretary seventeen years ago, and who, as a military man, may not be suspected of over-sensitiveness on such a matter, gives testimony that ought not to be overlooked. He is speaking of the opium-shops of Singapore, analogous to those of China: "In these houses devoted to their ruin, these infatuated people may be seen at nine o'clock in the evening, in all the different stages. Some entering half distracted to feed the craving appetite they have been obliged to subdue during the day; others laughing and talking wildly under the effects of a first pipe; whilst the couches round are filled with their different occupants, who lie languid, with an idiot smile upon their countenances—too much under the influence of the drug to care for passing events, and fast emerging to the wished-for consummation. The last scene in the tragic play is generally a room in the rear of the building, a species of dead-house, where lie stretched those who have passed into the state of bliss which the opium-smoker madly seeks, an emblem of the long sleep to which he is blindly hurrying." Dr. Ball, many years a resident in China, speaks of "walking skeletons, families wretched and beggared by drugged fathers and husbands, and who have lost house and home, may be seen dying in the streets, in the fields, on the banks of the river, without even a stranger to care for them while alive, and, when dead, left exposed to view till they become offensive masses." This last quotation, however, is of insufficient value; since any husband or father who became beggared and wretched in China, and rendered his family beggared and wretched, whether by spirit-drinking or by opium-smoking, would produce almost the same amount of evil; the question is, not as to the wretchedness of such a state, but as to the tendency of opium-smoking to produce it. On this point it is impossible to avoid noticing the concurrence of opinion that the confirmed opium-smoker may be known "by his inflamed eyes and haggard countenance, by his lank and shrivelled limbs, tottering gait, sallow visage, feeble voice, and the death-boding glance of his eye. He seems the most forlorn creature that treads the earth."

Now, however much we may laugh at the pretensions of the Emperor of China to be brother to the sun and moon, and to be ineffably superior in all points to the barbarians of Europe, we may reasonably ask ourselves whether we are to give him any credit for sincerity in regard to the welfare of his own subjects. The missionaries give him much of this credit, the merchants give him little or none; it may perhaps be found that a medium estimate between the two is more nearly correct than either. It is known that, about eighteen years ago, the Emperor and his council discussed fully the opium-question; it was found that all attempts to check the contraband trade with the British, were rendered futile by the self-interested energy of the merchants, by the growing love of the Chinese for the drug, and by the venality of the Emperor's officers. Some of his ministers, seeing the impracticability of prohibition, proposed the legalised admission of opium into China under an import duty, so as to render it a source of revenue; but this was overruled, and an increased rigour of prohibition adopted. Knowing imperfectly, as we in England must necessarily do, the motives that led to the decision, we cannot say how far self-interest prompted it; but, at any rate, the Chinese government did not snatch at a source of revenue from a commodity which they had already and unequivocally condemned. The decision once made, the government sent Lin, an officer of high distinction and in high command, from Pekin to Canton, as a commissioner empowered to put down at once and completely the opium trade at that port. Commissioner Lin, in the month of March, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, startled the opium traders by suddenly seizing a number of British merchants at Canton, and retaining them as prisoners until the whole of the opium belonging to all foreigners at that port was delivered into his hands. It has since been frequently asserted, that if the merchants had been left to themselves, they would in some way have got out of the scrape, perhaps with a partial loss; knowing that they were abettors of smuggling, so far as concerned opium, they would perhaps have yielded, in order to save their trade in tea and other commodities. But, whatever this amount of probability may have been, the merchants were not left to themselves. On the ending of the East India Company's monopoly, five years before, a superintendent of trade in China was appointed by the British government, and this superintendent was perpetually embroiled with the authorities. He was not permitted to address the

governor of Canton as an equal; while, on the other hand, he was commanded to check, with all the British power he might possess, the arrival of British opium ships from India. Throughout the greater part of the years eighteen hundred and thirty-four, five, six, seven, and eight, the superintendent was in constant hot water on these matters; Lord Napier and Sir J. F. Davis successively tried to conciliate the authorities, but failed; and it fell to the lot of Captain Elliott to be superintendent of trade at the time of Lin's coup d'état. Elliott advised the merchants to give up the opium. This was done; more than twenty thousand chests were delivered up. Lin and his imperial master were at least sincere in this matter, for the opium, instead of being made profitable to official pockets, was all destroyed in the presence of the foreign merchants and agents, at the rate of three hundred chests per day. The opium was converted into a kind of brown, fetid mud by the agency of salt, lime, and water, and was then sluiced into the river. Elliott gave receipts or notes to the merchants, promising indemnity for the loss of their opium. During the remainder of the year, frequent quarrels and scuffles took place between the Chinese authorities and the foreigners at Macao and Hong Kong. When all these things were known in England, the sword was determined on, and the opium war commenced. This war, the details of which may be sufficiently in the reader's recollection, lasted nearly three years, and was terminated by the Treaty of Nankin, in August, eighteen hundred and forty-two.

Let the opium war pass in all its political and military relations; let us say nothing about Lin, Keshen, Kwan, and Ke-quy, on the Chinese side, or about Elliott, Maitland, Bremer, Gough, Parker, and Pottinger, on the English side; let us pass over the disputes between the English government and the merchants concerning the proper price to be paid for the opium destroyed; let us admit that the Chinese carried on war in a barbarous and outrageous way; but, at the same time, let us remark how great was the tendency of the Chinese government throughout the whole affair to point to the opium trade as a source of evil. They asked at the outset of the war, during the war, and at the end of the war, that the English government would assist in putting down this contraband trade. The treaty justified the expectation, that this, at least in intention, would be done. A proclamation from the superintendent, issued some months after the signing of the treaty, formally disapproved of the clandestine opium trade. Again, the superintendent issued another proclamation soon afterwards, addressed chiefly to English merchants and traders at Hong Kong, Canton, Amoy, Foo-choo-foo, Ningpo, and Shang-hae, in which he said: "It having been brought to my notice that such a step has been contemplated as sending vessels with opium on board into the ports of China opened by treaty to foreign trade, and demanding that the opium shall be admitted to importation by virtue of the concluding clause of the new tariff, I think it expedient by this proclamation to point out to all whom it may concern, that opium being an article the traffic in which is well known to be declared illegal and contraband by the laws and imperial edicts of China, any person who will take such a step will do so at his own risk, and will, if a British subject, meet with no support or protection from Her Majesty's consuls or other officers."

Without any reference to wars present, past, or future, or to the ins and outs of statesmen, or to the disruption of ministries and parliaments, we may present the arguments on both sides of the opium question, in the following condensed form:

The denouncer of opium addresses the British nation thus: You entice the Chinese to ruin their fortune and health, that you may make money. You condemn the Americans for encouraging and extending slavery; and yet you wink at a traffic quite as iniquitous, for a reason quite as selfish. You adduce drunkenness as a parallel evil in our own country; but opium holds its victim by a tighter grasp than does any kind of drink. If you will not attend to English objections, at least give ear to a distinguished man in China, who, speaking of the corroding influence of the drug, says, "It is not man that eats the opium, but opium that eats the man." If you think Christian missions to China good, look around you; for reasonable men among the Chinese laugh with bitter scorn when you bring the Bible in one hand and opium in the other. You should remember that opium-smoking is not an ancient habit in China; it is comparatively modern, and therefore more easily eradicated. You should regard it as cruel to tempt the Chinese with this mind-destroyer just now, when they are distracted with insurrections and civil wars. You should give the Chinese government credit for sincerity in their abhorrence of opium as a national evil; since they have submitted to costly compromises of fiscal interests, and have severely punished their own servants detected in prosecuting the trade: they might obtain an enormous revenue by legalising the import of opium at a duty, or might benefit their country by cultivating opium at home, at one-fifth of the present cost price; but they refuse to pander to immorality for the sake of profit. You should consider that China pays us twenty million dollars' worth of silver annually, besides the tea and silk and other articles sold, to pay for the opium; that this drain of silver impoverishes the country; that the sale of British manufactures to the Chinese is not so large as had been hoped and expected; and that if the trade in opium were discouraged

the Chinese would have more silver at command to purchase our cutlery, cottons, machinery, and other goods. And as to your India: let the Company make canals, railways, and telegraphs; let them develope the immense resources of that rich country; let them, above all, encourage the growth of cotton—and they would soon find that the opium revenue might be dispensed with.

On the other hand, the objector is objected to thus: You over-rate the ill effects of opium; opium-smoking is deemed by medical men not so pernicious as opium-eating, since many of the worst qualities are softened by the processes the drug undergoes; and to that extent the Chinese are in better case than the Turks. Smoked in moderation, opium neither produces dreams nor disturbs the mind; it is served round, in smoke-whiffs, at Chinese entertainments, as wine is in England. Bear in mind that opium is provided, as one of the naval stores, in Chinese emigrant ships; that the highly coloured accounts of the evils of opium have been written by men who have neither tasted nor smoked it themselves; that a drunkard, whatever else may be said, is more violent, maudlin, and disgusting than an opium-smoker. As to the ruinous effects of excess, these are observable in all indulgences, and should not be laid specially to the account of opium; and if you were to check or prohibit this drug, a craving would arise for some other stimulus, like as in England, where an intemperate advocacy of temperance often leads to a secret indulgence in something fully as bad as ardent spirits. The mandarins themselves smoke opium, and they take bribes, and they allow pipe-selling shops and opium-smoking shops in the open streets in enormous numbers. How, therefore, could you stop the trade? Smugglers would be too strong for you under such circumstances. You censure the East India Company as a great corporation unworthily deriving revenue from the sale of a poisonous drug to an infatuated people; but remember these three facts—that the Company have no control over the demand for opium; that if the Company withdrew from the trade, or rather from the culture in India, China would probably be flooded with opium more in quantity and worse in quality than at present; and that as the opium revenue is now five millions sterling annually, you cannot fairly demand of the Company such a sacrifice without a previous re-adjustment of the strange relations existing between the Company on the one hand, and the Crown or the nation on the other.

The reader will find the opium question one not to be answered with off-hand readiness; and on that account we have presented above, the chief arguments used on either side, that he may, at any rate, appreciate the largeness and complexity of the matter. It is safe to predict that opium will have something to do with any future settlement of the relations between the barbarian English and the Celestial Empire.

BÉRANGER.

A pleasant picture has recently died out like a dissolving view in one of the stately streets of Paris—at number seven in the Rue de Vendôme. A quaint and beautiful group, lon familiar to us all, has there, but just now, been abruptly scattered. The central figure in it was buried with great pomp on the seventeenth of July under the sacred dust of Père la Chaise. And yet that group, or we are much mistaken, will very long survive in the world's remembrance. It was one in many ways quainter even and more beautiful than any with which the eccentricities of genius have hitherto rendered us so strangely and yet so intimately acquainted in the animated and pictorial records of literature. Quainter even and more beautiful than that glimpse we catch in one direction of Cowper in his velvet day-cap and brocaded gown sauntering among his tame hares, over the green lawn at Olney! Or, yonder again, that other of white-haired Sir Walter in his leathern gaiters and his "carvelled" chair, seated among the shaggy deer-hounds in the laird's writing room at Abbotsford! Or Voltaire, with a face wizened and wrinkled like a last autumn's apple, tripping with a mincing step and a lacquered cane, with a stereotyped sneer on his lips and an everlasting scorn in his eyes, among the box hedgerows and quincunxes of Ferney! Or Châteaubriand, brooding with dreamful eyes under his disordered locks, in the midst of the wizard-conclave of cats littered habitually about his chairs and tables, among his books and manuscripts! But *this* group—the group of Passy and the Rue de Vendôme? Ah, what a charming group it was, what a picture it made, how it still contrives to shine out vividly before the mind's eye in the dim perspective of one's remembrance!

Loitering among his flower-beds, or seated by his garden-porch, see dear old Pierre Jean de Béranger! A comfortable old gentleman to look upon,—clad after the homeliest fashion in an ample and broad-skirted coat, rather worn, it must be told, and even threadbare. Has he not sung of it in one of his most famous ditties? An easy waistcoat and loose-fitting trousers, altogether reminding one of that preposterously good line in Rejected Addresses:

"Loose in his gaiters, looser in his gait."

His feet thrust into slippers trodden down at heel; his head bald and smooth, and glossy as appears somehow to befit best your true bacchanalian singer; a very

"Beaded bubble winking at the brim!"

bald, and smooth, and glossy, as the sculp-

tured front of his own brother of the classic age—Anacreon! The dearest old face in the world—the simplest form—the kindliest features. Yet withal a face, a form, and features about which notwithstanding their exceeding simplicity and homeliness, nothing, absolutely nothing, seemed to come incongruously in the way of even the loveliest, the most aërial, or the most fantastically exquisite associations. One could fancy the Fairies playing at hide-and-seek between his slippers, or a stray Cupid secreting itself on the sly in one of his pockets. His voice sounded with a tender intonation, thrilling alternately with tears and laughter. His eyes brimmed with the pathetic, or sparkled with the humorous. His cheek flushed with the praise rather than with the quaffing of the delicious draughts of the love and the wine and the glory he sang of. For, this old man in the old coat—slipshod and bald-pated—was *the* Song-writer of his Age, the boast of French literature, the darling of the French population! During nearly half a century, throughout a long delightful interval of more than forty years, his poetry, the poetry of his Great Heart, has been to the entire mass of the people in his native land, whether gentle or simple, grey-beards or little children, at once a joy and a consolation. And no wonder—for, of all song-writers, Béranger was undoubtedly both the most natural and the most national: more so even, if that be possible, than Moore was to Erin, or Burns to Caledonia! His very style, in truth, was so intrinsically naturalised and nationalised; it was, so to speak, in the very grain and colour of it, so intensely idiomatic and indigenous, as absolutely to defy anything like adequate translation. Insomuch that the happiest foreign version of any one of his songs ever yet accomplished, is, at the best, but as a plum that has been fingered! A butterfly—caught, no doubt, but with the golden bloom draggled off its purple wings in the catching. A flower with the dew shaken out of it, and the aroma gone, and the petals withered.

What songs they are, these Chansons of Béranger! Expressive of every kind of emotion that can ever stir our heart. Songs of love and battle; of grief and gaiety; of sarcasm and tenderness. Celebrations of glory and of beauty, of victory and defeat, of the homely and the heroic. Ditties that have often and often been, that will again and yet again be (how many a time to come!) crooned gently by the cradle, and chanted dolefully by the bier,—music thrilling deeply and tenderly into the heart of a great people, listened to by them, and loved by them, as Saul listened to and loved the harp-tones of the Shepherd of the Terebynthine Valley.

How it happened that Béranger came to be a song-writer at all, he himself has related, and this moreover in some of the loveliest of his many noble effusions. He has embalmed the flies and straws of his lowly experience in the amber of his verse: and for once we don't "wonder how the devil they got there!" Very precious memorials they are of the man to those who love him —and who among us all has not an affection for this Trouvère in the home-spun broadcloth, this Bard of the Guinguette? Above all, they are inestimable attestations of the unaffected simplicity and nobility of his character.

It was in Paris (of all places), at number fifty in the Rue Montorgueil, on the nineteenth of August, seventeen hundred and eighty, that Pierre Jean de Béranger was born—Paris ("full of gold and woe") being appropriately the birthplace and the deathplace of this most intensely French of Frenchmen. He breathed his first breath, he tells us, in the house of a poor tailor—his maternal grandfather. He not merely tell us this—he sings it—sings the very names and dates (precisely as we have here given them), the humble trade and the lowly parentage.

"Dans ce Paris plein d'or et de misère,
En l'an du Christ mil sept cent quatre vingt
Chez un tailleur, mon pauvre et vieux grand-père,
Moi nouveau-né, sachez ce qui m'advint."

And thereupon he chants to us (how melodiously!) the surprise of his old grandsire, the Sire, on finding him one day tenderly rocked in the arms of a Fairy, "who with gay refrains lulled the cry of his first sorrows:"

"Et cette fée avec des gais refrains,
Calmait le cri de mes premiers chagrins."

Another of these charming little autobiographic Chansons, recounts the awful source of this holy mission of the Song-writer. It is called Ma Vocation. And it relates how a mournful wail issuing from his new-born lips, the dear God said to him—"Sing, sing, poor little one!" Everything is touchingly and truthfully particularised in this manly and modest egotism of Béranger. Even the drowsy lullaby sung to him by the pretty bonne, Ma Nourice, who hushed him to rest in his infancy.

"Dodo, l'enfant do,
L'enfant dormira tantôt."
"Bye-bye, baby, bye!
Sleep, my baby, bye-and-bye!"

So likewise in the Recollections of Childhood, Souvenirs d'Enfance, he commemorates the games and tasks of the dear school-days, when, from his tenth to his sixteenth years, from seventeen hundred and ninety to seventeen hundred and ninety-six, he lived during those troublous times among his friends and relatives in the town of Péronne. Later on, he sings regretfully of the joyous hours passed in his garret, see Le Grenier, when a healthful and hopeful stripling. Nay,

even (as already intimated), the perishable Old Coat, with the pile brushed off it and the seams whitened by age, has a charm for him—vide Mon Habit—becomes endeared to him by the simple force of association. It is not, however, we need scarcely add, by any means exclusively to the celebration of littlenesses even thus genially domestic, that Béranger restricts his incomparable genius as a song-writer. He has, on the contrary, sounded in some sort the whole gamut of the Human Passions, from the Treble to the Diapason. Religion and Patriotism, Glory and Beauty, Love and Friendship, have been his themes alternately. And it would be difficult to say, upon the instant, in which department of song his Muse has proved the most eminently successful.

His immense popularity can scarcely be matter of surprise to us, when we remember that others have, before now, been rewarded with Fame for the production of a single copy of verses. Not to allude more than casually to Wolfe, as having secured remembrance for his name in the world of letters by his one solitary Elegy about Sir John Moore at Corunna—precisely as Beckford has, by Vathek alone, gained for himself no fleeting reputation as a romancist—did not the Lady Anne Barnard (God bless her!) win renown by her single ballad of Auld Robin Gray? Did not Rouget de Lisle, the young artillery officer in the garrison at Strasbourg, half-starved during the scarcity of seventeen hundred and ninety-two, flushed with wine and improvising to the sound of his clavicord in the silence and solitude of his barrack-chamber upon one memorable midnight before that first stormy dawn of the Great French Revolution—did not Rouget de Lisle there and then immortalise himself, in that one effort, by the composition, the creation, rather be it said, the rapturous revelation, of that glorious Hymn of Revolt, the Marseillaise? It is no marvel whatever, that, with celebrity thus not unfrequently achieved before now, by one single triumph on the part of a song-writer, Béranger by so many triumphs, triumphs so signal and so reiterated, should have won for himself this unrivalled popularity, and this all but unparalleled reputation.

And this for the most part simply because his marvellous lyrical genius was throughout so perfectly truthful, so entirely unaffected, so wholly natural and unstudied in its manifestation. He never pretends or exaggerates. What he thinks, he says—what he feels, he expresses—he Is simply what he appears To Be. His Muse, so to speak, is never hysterical. His fun declares itself, not in a roar of merriment, but in a laughter like that of Old Fezziwig, who, we are told, "laughed all over himself from his shoes to his organ of benevolence." His rage and his pathos have neither the howl of a Cassandra, nor the shriek of a Deiphobe. Rejoicing, sorrowing, believing, feeling, thinking, in every way intensely—he is never in extremes. Affectation, it may be said, was his antithesis. He, we may be sure, could never

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain."

He would have inhaled its fragrance with a sort of rapture, and then have stuck it jauntily in his button-hole. And so the people loved him—the man was so true at the same time that he was so intense!

The purest love-songs of Béranger—alas! that we should have to regret his occasionally chanting licentious ditties to the zon zon of the flute and the violin—how exquisitely delicate they are in their refined and chastened tenderness! Loveliest of them all, perhaps, the one in which he cries out continually That she is beautiful, Qu'elle est jolie! Pre-eminently above all his exhilarating convivial songs, or Bacchanalians, commend us to his jovial Trinquons, in which he bids the whole world hob-nob socially together! Trinquons! with its chinking refrain, better even than the drinking chorus of Mine Ancient in Othello.

"Et pour choquer,
Nous provoquer,
Le verre en main, en rond nous attaquer,
D'abord nous trinquerons pour boire,
Et puis nous boirons pour trinquer."

Very freely translated thus:

"Cans we clatter,
Tables batter,
Glass in hand, each other flatter:
First of all we chink to drink,
And presently we drink to chink!"

But what refrains they all are, the wonderful refrains of Béranger; as provocative of singing in unison to the voice of those who listen, as the stirring sound of Scottish dance-music ever proves to be an irresistible incentive to movement among the feet of a gathering of Highlanders. Listen to the close of each verse of the Vivandière, with her choral rub-a-dub—

"Tintin, tintin, tintin, r'lin, tintin!"

Or hearken to his comically serious expostulation with Grimalkin in his stanzas entitled Ma Chatte (asking Pussy What ails her?)—

"Mia-mia-ou! Que veut Minette?"

Above all, sit silently, with a grave face, if you can, while some friend from Over the Water chuckles out the laughing refrain of any one among the drollest of these chansons! say, for example, that about The Little Grey Man:

"Qui dit: Moi, je m'en . . .
Et dit: Moi, je m'en . . .
Ma foi, moi, je m'en ris!
Oh! qu'il est gai le petit homme gris!"
"Who said: As for me . . .
And said: As for me . . .

Faith, as for me, I laugh!
Oh! but the Little Grey Man loves chaff!"

or, better still, that of the famous King of Yvetot:

"Pour toute garde il n'avait rien
Qu'un chien.
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
Quel bon petit roi c'était là!
La, la!"

"Whose only guard was a dog—
Queer dog!
[Quite a Punch with Toby!]
Oh! oh! oh! oh! ah! ah! ah! ah!
What a funny little king was that—
La, la!"

His pensive and purely meditative songs, however, must always be regarded as amongst his most eminently beautiful. The exquisite little poem about The Shooting Stars, especially, with its closing couplet:

"Ce n'est qu'une étoile qui file,
Qui file, file, et disparait."

"'Tis only a star that shoots,
That shoots, shoots, and disappears!"

Daintiest among the daintiest of these particular compositions of his, moreover, being his far-famed song, If I were a little Bird! That graceful freak of fancy, in which he exclaims continually, like a voice from the boughs,

"Je volerais vite, vite, vite,
Si j'étais petit oiseau"

"I would fly quick, quick, quick,
If I were a little bird."

Several of these world-renowned chansons are nevertheless, in reality strange to tell, about mere abstractions. But how much Béranger could make of themes thus apparently vague and impalpable, those will very well remember, who are familiar with his songs on Fortune and on Happiness. Yet to understand thoroughly that he loves to deal in something better than mere abstractions, it is only necessary to contemplate for a moment, his celebration of such exceedingly substantial personages as Roger Bontemps, or Madame Grégoire; or to look at his ingenious delineation of Jean de Paris and Monsieur Judas; to say nothing of that wonderful scapegrace Paillasse. Sometimes, as in the half-playful, half-pathetic equivoque about The Blind Mother—wherein Lise, with inimitable effrontery, attributes the opening window to the heat! and the opening door to the wind! and the sound of kisses to the bird in its osier cage! (Colin, the rogue, all the while at her elbow, invisible to La Mère Aveugle, but suspected!)—Béranger compresses within half-a-dozen sparkling stanzas, the interest of a little romance, and, with the interest also, the resistless fascination.

His chief glory as a song-writer, however, springs incontestably from his wondrous identification of himself with the patriotic ardour, and the national enthusiasm, and the warlike splendour, of his Fatherland. Especially, and beyond all, from his intimate, it should rather be said, his inextricable, interweaving of his own poetic fame with the heroic renown of Napoleon. Henceforth their names will live together in the popular remembrance—celebrities so strangely contrasting, and yet at the same time so curiously harmonious! The founder of an empire and of a dynasty, conqueror at once and lawgiver: and, side by side with that new Sesostris, the homely poet who sang of his glory, who loved to call himself simply by his one enviable but unpretending title of Chansonnier. Béranger, more even than Manzoni, has acquired for himself the right of being designated the Poet of Napoleon. Already that right has, during a very long interval, been universally recognised—already! and yet there are some fifty songs, relating exclusively to the memories of the Empire, which have never yet appeared. Fifty original chansons written by Béranger about Napoleon; deposited several years ago by their author in the hands of a Paris notary, with an ulterior view to their posthumous publication. Need any one hint with what eagerness that posthumous publication is at this moment anticipated? Scarcely; to those at least, who know familiarly the glorious songs chanted long since to the memory of Napoleon the Great by the thrilling voice of Pierre Jean de Béranger! Songs in which it is curious to note that never once is the name of Napoleon articulated. He is only spoken of in them as "le grand homme," or "le bon empereur," or by some such phrase—lovingly and reverently. The merest allusion is enough; the Hero shines forth through the verse of the Songwriter too distinctly to require one solitary syllable with a view to his identification. Besides which, the catastrophe of Mont Saint Jean and the sorrowful exile in Saint Helena were altogether too freshly and too painfully in the popular remembrance when Béranger wrote, to admit of his articulating without a pang, through such cries of homage and affection as rang out wildly in those impassioned songs, the name of all others consecrated to the love and admiration of France: first of all by many unparalleled achievements: afterwards, and yet more, by sufferings profound and overwhelming. His evidently intentional suppression of Napoleon's name in all the war-songs, appears indeed to be born of the same profound emotions of grief, dictating, in one of his songs, the avowedly intentional suppression of the name of Waterloo. Remembering the anguish with which it is associated, he cries out that "by that name his verse shall never be saddened." Is not the reticence as significant in regard to Napoleon as in regard to Waterloo?

"Son nom jamais n'attristera mes vers."

Yet, though he sings of him thus merely

inferentially, with what fervour he sings, nevertheless! His words ring through these noble war-songs as with the resonance of a trumpet. What a tender and elevated pathos there is in the commemoration of the Hero's Death, Le Cinq Mai, eighteen hundred and twenty-one, at Longwood! What a tenacity of love and admiration in the colloquy between the old soldiers of the grand army, les Deux Grenadiers! How evidently the old man delights to sing of the Old Times in respect of the Old Flag, and the Old Sergeant, and the Old Corporal! The Old Flag treasured up in secret, dusty and faded, under the mattress; the Old Sergeant talking rapturously of the ensanguined past, to his pretty daughter; the Old Corporal marching to death, with the pipe between his teeth, muttering to the young troopers through the puffs of tobacco, as they move on with measured tread towards the place of execution:—

"Conscrits au pas;
Ne pleurez pas,
Ne pleurez pas;
Marchez au pas,
Au pas, au pas, au pas, au pas!"

"Recruits—march free!
Weep not for me,
Weep not for me,
Keep step—march free!
Keep step, keep step, keep step, keep step!"

The grandest of all these heroic chansons, however, yet remains to be particularised, the glorious Recollections of the People, called simply Souvenirs du Peuple, in which (as usual, without a whisper of his name) the historic form of Napoleon gleams forth vividly before the popular imagination, transfigured! An old grandame is the narrator; and a party of villagers, clustered around her as she sits in the evening twilight, are the listeners and interlocutors. The refrain of this song in particular has something wonderful in its strange and scarcely definable blending of variety with monotony. Monotony in effect as all tending to the one purpose; variety of treatment as helping to keep alive, at its utmost intensity, the interest first awakened. The villagers entreat the old grandame to talk to them about the Great Man, whose deeds long past, still, like events of yesterday, captivate the popular heart in their remembrance. And she talks—talks of her own personal recollections. She has seen him herself: they are full of wonder. He has given her Good-day at her cottage door, as he passed through the village with a retinue of kings. "What!" they exclaim. "He has spoken to you, mother? He has spoken to you?" Everything is described by the old grandame minutely, with all the particularity of a photograph. The grey great-coat, the three-cornered hat, the smile which she says was so sweet, "était bien doux." They hang upon every syllable, exclaiming again, "What brave days for you, mother! What brave days for you!" Her recollections now change in their tone; she talks no longer of his glory, but of the disasters portending his downfal. One evening, "as it might be this," she tells them, he came again to her cottage, and entered. No retinue of kings at his heels then, but a feeble escort, weary and dejected. "Seated in this very chair," she says, he sighed, "Oh! War, War!" "What!" they exclaim. "Then he sat there, mother? Then he sat there?" It ends, this apotheosis of a popular hero in song—as such a song should end—with tears and words of benediction. In every way it is Béranger's master-piece.

It was not, of course, by a single bound that Pierre Jean de Béranger attained this conspicuous elevation, or rather this absolute pre-eminence as a song-writer. As might be said in the instance of almost every self-made man on record, his were indeed but very small beginnings. At the outset, a boy-waiter at a little tavern or auberge kept by a prim old aunt of his at Péronne. Afterwards, like Franklin, or our own gifted and lamented Jerrold, a compositor; this also at the town of Péronne, at a M. Laisney's printing establishment. Here, handling the type, he seems to have caught from them the old ineradicable disease of writing, the cacoethes scribendi, and to have instinctively aspired to the dignity of authorship. Animated by his new-born ambition, Béranger hastened from the provinces to his native capital, and there, in that "golden and miserable Paris," boldly tried his fortunes in literature. It was at this most critical period of his history that he passed through many and bitter hardships. Hardships from which he was only extricated by means of the sole patronage he is known to have ever accepted—patronage coming to him appropriately from the First Consul's brother, afterwards known as the Prince di Canino, M. Lucien Bonaparte. Having in eighteen hundred and three, by a fortunate inspiration, enclosed some of his MS. verses to this amiable cultivator of the fine arts and of letters, the young, unfriended, and impoverished adventurer, received three days afterwards the exquisite consolation of the verbal, and, with it, the substantial sympathy of his new-found Mecænas. How amply and abundantly he repaid the author of the epic of Charlemagne for that sympathy, every one knows who has chanced to read the grateful note of eighteen hundred and thirty-three, in most eloquent prose explanatory of his ever-memorable Dedication.

It has been observed in reference to Béranger, as something in every way most remarkable, that he of all men remained to the last without the cross and ribbon of the Legion of Honour, in a land where merit, however insignificant—sometimes, indeed, de-merit

the most flagrant and disgraceful—is in the habit of being signalised by decorations. This in truth, however, is not by any means, as has been supposed, remarkable in regard to Béranger. It is, on the contrary, strictly in keeping and perfectly characteristic. It is a circumstance in its way as perfectly characteristic as the incident embellishing his whole life—that, namely, of his supporting existence to the end, exclusively with the proceeds of a trifling annuity derived from his publisher, and his warm hearted friend and associate, M. Perrotin. Had he not won a popularity beyond all decorations? He who has been voted the Poet of France by national acclamation? He who comes to us, bearing in one hand the bay-wreath of a Bard of the People, and in the other the undying laurel-crown woven by himself, the greenest and the brightest ever laid in votive offering upon the imperial tomb of Napoleon? As for himself, he had long since received the old anacreontic coronation: crowned with the song-writer's garland of roses—roses drooping about his bald head voluptuously—heavy with their aromatic perfume—the dew upon them, wine-drops! It is exclusively upon his transcendant merits as a song-writer that his fame rests, as upon an indestructible foundation. Of the absolute reality of this truth he himself was so entirely satisfied, that he is known to have spontaneously committed to the flames, one by one at intervals, his more ornate and more ambitious contributions to literature. Conspicuous among the works thus destroyed by his own hand, in manuscript, were—his epic on Clovis, his dithyrambics on the Deluge, his idyll, descriptive of a Pilgrimage, his comedy of the Hermaphrodites, his Memoirs of his Own Times, and a compendious critical and biographical Dictionary of his Contemporaries. Even now, his ingenious labours, between eighteen hundred and five and eighteen hundred and six, as the compiler of the Annals of the Museum, are forgotten by the world at large, almost as entirely as his assiduous application subsequently in the office of M. de Fontanes, the Grand Master of the University, within the jurisdiction of whose department he occupied for twelve years the position of sub-secretary, or rather the minor post of commis-expéditionnaire.

Béranger, we repeat, was fully conscious, immediately after the occasion of his earlier successes, that the one fruitful toil of his life was that adventured upon by him simply in his character as a Chansonnier. "My songs," said he, "are myself" (Mes chansons, c'est moi). And as attestations of his really national importance as a song-writer, twice we find him subjected, in that capacity, to fine and incarceration. First of all, in eighteen hundred and twenty-one, when he was mulcted of five hundred francs, and imprisoned for three months in Saint Pélagie. Secondly, in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, when he was in durance for as many as nine months at La Force, having incurred, under the same sentence, a penalty of no less than ten thousand francs—a sum which was at once raised (at the suggestion of his friend, Lafitte, the banker), by national subscription. "The happiness of mankind has been the dream of my life," wrote Béranger, in eighteen hundred and thirty-three. And strangely enough, it was the destiny of that philanthropic genius to watch from the very commencement the momentous struggle of France towards that day-dream, with a view to its social and political realisation. He who remembered, as an incident of yesterday, following (when himself but a little nine-year-old gamin of the Quartier des Halles) the tumultuous mob of Parisians on the renowned fourteenth of July, seventeen hundred and eighty-nine, to the Storming of the Bastille; nearly sixty years later found himself in his old age returned by two hundred and four thousand four hundred and seventy-one votes to a seat in the National Assembly, as representative of the Seine, the eighth upon the list of Popular Favourites, his name coming immediately after those of the leading members of the Provisional Government. It was only, however, at one single sitting of that Republican Chamber that the reserved and simple-hearted song-writer took his place among the chosen legislators of France: namely, upon Thursday, the fourth of May, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, the day upon which the National Assembly was solemnly inaugurated. Withdrawing into the privacy most congenial to the noble simplicity of his character, Béranger there survived, in uninterrupted calm, very nearly to the patriarchal age of an octogenarian. He, who by a memorable accident was almost destroyed in his childhood at Péronne by a thunderbolt, breathed his last peacefully, on Thursday, the fifteenth of July, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven; expiring from the sheer exhaustion of nature, but one month short of his seventy-seventh anniversary. The national honours subsequently paid to his memory in France are, at this moment, freshly in the general remembrance. The ceremonial of a great public funeral upon the morrow of his demise, was the first tribute offered to the fame of the poor tailor's grandson of the Rue Montorgueil by the People and the Government. A monument, provided by the latter, is to be raised over the grave where his honoured remains lie, side by side with those of his old friend Manuel. The street where the national song writer expired, is henceforth to be called (no longer the Rue de Vendôme but) the Rue de Béranger. His portrait, moreover, is forthwith to be placed in the gallery at Versailles, where are already grouped the effigies of Molière, Corneille, and Lafontaine. But, sorrowfully again be it said,

the group has at length but just now been scattered, of which the Original of that Portrait was so long the central figure, the group so well-known and so familiar! Béranger, the white-haired and bald-headed—his old coat and slippers clustered about by Fays and Cupids—swallows circling cheerily at his open lattice—a cup of wine in his hand and a song upon his lips—the wine and the song both tributes to the love and beauty of Lisette.

A VOICE FROM THE CLOISTER.

I am a Fellow of no mean college in an university that yields to none. It is possible that my little work upon the Greek particles may not be altogether unknown to the classical public. I have done, perhaps, something in relation to the text of the Choephoræ which the world will not willingly let die. I may or may not be the humble instrument through which the editions of a certain German, who has been for some time exercising a malign influence in this country, have suffered a blow—in their choral parts especially—from which they will not recover. Let that pass. All that I wish to make clear, is, that I am not altogether a nobody, and that I have a right to be heard.

Was it ever before contemplated—in any country, however barbarous, under any government, however despotic—to pass a law whereby the wives of many innocent persons should be suddenly divorced, their children forcibly carried away, their homes and hearths made desolate, and the whole tenor of their lives put violently out of tune? It is surely without precedent that many hundreds of gentlemen, scholars, divines, who had looked forward unsuspectingly to a domestic life from their earliest manhood, should be all at once rendered celibate, and compelled to live in rooms without bells! And yet such a proposal as this, or rather, one precisely the reverse of this (which, of course, does not affect the injustice of the case supposed) is even now about to be brought forward for the consideration of a British legislature. I say, it is actually in contemplation that our universities shall not only be, what they at present claim to be, the mighty training-grounds of British youth, but shall also become enormous nurseries for British babies! A petition having for its object the removal of our celibate restriction, numerously signed by Fellows of colleges, and countersigned (as I believe) by their respective beloved objects, is at this moment in the hands of the University Commission!

These engaged young men—so intoxicated with love, so blinded with passion—are unaware (or, if aware, are prepared to run any risk) of the awful change which they must experience if they succeed in this. Still less do they consider (with such selfishness has this sentiment already inspired them) the case of scores of associates like myself, who, being far too old or too wise for matrimony, will yet be exposed by this abominable scheme to all the discomforts of an hymeneal career. It is in vain for them to attempt to dazzle our eyes with the idea that this privilege (? sic prospectus) of marriage will only be extended to non-residents at the university. I happen to know that a proposition the direct contrary of this is already cherished, and that the entire elimination of bachelors from our collegiate system is the malicious hope of hundreds.

I am myself an old man, having taken my degree years before some of these enthusiastic boys were out of longclothes, and I shall probably never live to be turned out of my dear old rooms in order that they may be fitted up as nurseries: to see little gates put up at the doors, little holes punched in the chairs, little bars set across the windows, and little rocking-horses cutting up the carpets in all directions. But I speak for posterity against the introduction of babies while there is yet time. Once grant the right of matrimony, and there is no limit to the inconveniences that may follow.

I used to have confidence in Blank, the man who keeps the rooms above mine; a steady fellow, although not nearly of my standing, and who has held an official station in the college for several years. Six months ago he took to pacing his apartment to and fro for hours together, and one always had to speak to him twice before he answered. I positively caught him, upon one occasion, reading my last notes upon Wellauer's Eumenides, with the book turned upside down—which, however, although the thing was quite unaccountable, did not raise my suspicions. Now, the murder's out. Blank put his name down to the petition last Wednesday, and is evidently noosed. This parading of his room all night will be a good deal worse for me when he comes to have a sleepless child in his paternal arms. I should not wonder if, as an old friend of poor B.'s, he made me a godfather; and then I shall have to kiss a baby,—perhaps a couple of them. I foresee as many fatal troubles as Cassandra herself, and only trust that I may be listened to before they actually arrive. My bedmaker will be continually in hot water about things that are missing—for the good old soul can't be expected to give over all her little privileges at once—and there will be a tumult upon the stairs all day. Mrs. Blank will be sending down her compliments, whenever I am making myself particularly comfortable, and be sorry to say that the smell of tobacco affects her very seriously, and would I mind smoking out of doors. All my pupils will be making love to the pretty nursemaids,—for all nursemaids are pretty, although some are not so pretty as others. The most convivial party will

have to retire by eight p.m. or so, for fear of waking a child above, below, or on one side of them. A nightcap will be thrust forth from this or that door, as we unwillingly come home, with a "Hush, sir! Please to take off your shoes at the bottom stair." The most hideous reports will pervade this peaceful community, and a couple of elopements, perhaps, will actually occur per term,—just enough to keep scandal well alive. We who have lived well and quietly so long, without the breath of censure dulling us, will then have our every action criticised over crochet, and our every sentence dissected over Berlin wool.

The Dean's wife will favour the handsome under-graduates, and forbid their being "gated." What a shock, too, would it cause to modest freshmen sent for by that functionary about their chapels, to find inside the sporting den a white kid glove tied delicately round the knocker! Wrapped up in the new arrival, his Reverence may tell them perhaps that they have gone to church, he thinks, as well as can be expected.

The tutors and assistant tutors will be liable to be summoned in their lecture-rooms from the woes of a Medea, or from the conditions of equilibrium, at any domestic crisis of Jemmy's teeth or Lucy's tears. Again, is it likely that Mrs. Blank, the brewer's wife, will give up precedence without a struggle to Mrs. Asterisk, the auditor's lady? Will not the dean's helpmate sniff contemptuously at the vice-master's, and the spouse of the public orator patronise the university preacher's? Will Blank and Asterisk themselves escape being drawn into personal conflict, sooner or later, and may not we very bachelors be pressed into the fight as arbitrating parties?

Crinoline will usurp all our official seats in chapel, and the master himself be lucky if he is permitted to keep his stall. How meagre, on the contrary, will our gathering be, in hall and combination-room! What vacant chairs there will be—what absent faces!

"Smith! what has become of Smith?" we shall ask.

"Mr. Smith is gone, sir," the butler will solemnly reply; "he took his name, last week, poor gentleman, off the buttery-book, sir; and dinner for two is to be sent henceforward to his rooms."

The unmarried will regard the married with a certain uneasy suspicion, for we shall be doubtful whether they tell their consorts everything or no. Fancy our combination-room stories circulating all over the female population! Then, if we decide upon admitting ladies into hall, things will be even worse. Our conversation will then be solely directed into channels of domesticity; the economy of the kitchen will fall into feminine hands; and we shall have leg of mutton upon the high table in the three stages of roast and hashed and cold. The children—bless their little hearts, say I, but I like to see them in their proper places—will be admitted to dessert in combination-room. I know, too, how short a time will be permitted to us for enjoying ourselves when the ladies have withdrawn. Married men who have been Fellows, revisit us here not seldom upon furlough, and the way in which they look towards the door after dinner is positively distressing. "Please, sir, mistress says that the tea has been served in the drawing-room some minutes," is what they are expecting to hear; and when our good old butler brings in more Port instead, their relief is pleasant to witness.

Lastly, leaving our personal comforts out of the question, will not our practical usefulness be seriously impaired by this introduction of the feminine element? Is it to be supposed that we shall be permitted to carry on our present educational course, for instance, without interference? Will there not be ladies with a turn for classics, and with a talent for mathematics, and (especially) with a peculiar view upon theology, which they will insist on an opportunity of displaying, and of imparting to our youth? Shall we not have

"upon the lecture slate
The circle rounded under female hands
With flawless demonstration?"

or (as is still more likely to be the case), all wrong? Shall we not have

"Classic lectures, rich in sentiment,
With scraps of thunderous epic lilted out
By violet-hooded doctors?"

Nay, shall we not quite possibly have some poor Fellow's strong-minded mother-in-law usurping the chair of the professor of political economy, and expounding her ideas upon woman's rights and population, in large green spectacles and an ugly?

We have had some stormy scenes lately at our college meetings; but I fancy they have been nothing to what they will be when the seniority comes to be half composed of females! By that time it is possible that more than one of those impassioned young persons who are at present so desirous of doing away with our old Salic laws, will look up fondly, but in vain, to the image of the royal founder over our gateway, and envy that bluff King Hal, who, although he did marry half-a-dozen wives or so, became a Bachelor Fellow whenever he chose.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 388.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

A HEALTHY YEAR IN LONDON.

By the one hundred and thirty-second section of the Metropolis Local Management Act, it was ordained about two years ago that there should be appointed by the Board of Works, which represents the vestry in each London parish, a Medical Officer of Health, whose duty it should be "to ascertain the existence of diseases, more especially epidemics increasing the rate of mortality," and who also should "take cognisance of the fact of the existence of diseases."

By an instructional minute of the General Board of Health, dated on the twentieth of the December before last, the duties of these medical officers of health were further defined: they were not only to show the existence of preventible diseases, to point out methods of removing them, and to insist on their removal, but they were also to collect and diffuse general information upon sanitary matters, and to serve as sanitary referees to the parishioners on whose behalf they were retained. The raising of the corps of sanitary soldiers thus established was not completed until March, in the year eighteen 'fifty-six. Some vestries had their officers of health appointed earlier, but the first year's work for the improved health of London was supposed to begin in March of last year, and to end in March of this year; when the Act of Parliament required that each officer of health, in addition to any weekly, monthly, or half-yearly reports that he might furnish to the board with which he worked, should write an annual report for publication by the vestry. The publication of these annual reports, by the several London parishes, has been recently completed. We have made it our business to read them all, together with many of the monthly and half-yearly reports by which they were preceded. We have not only read, but we have also marked them and digested them, and the result of our study is now at the service of the reader.

It gives us much of the story of a healthy year in London. There is not a fact or a suggestion in the sketch we are now writing which has not been drawn from the recent reports of the London officers of health, and there has been hardly a report issued that will not contribute to it, indirectly or directly, some fact or opinion. The year in question was a healthy one. In 'fifty-six, deaths from all causes in town fell short of the average of the four former years by five thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight; and in the spring of this year the mortality was five hundred and forty-six below the average. We do not attribute this to the exertions of the health officers and sanitary inspectors; but when we come presently to take a glance at the work actually done for the improvement of our wholesomeness, it will be evident that some of the life saved has been saved by the increase of attention paid to what is necessary for the maintenance of health.

Let us confirm our minds upon this subject, and at the same time fortify them against any undue despondency when we fall upon details of our present state that are disheartening and sickening, by looking at the increase of health and duration of life actually produced by improvement in the public sense of what is wholesome. In London, in the year seventeen hundred, one person died out of every twenty-five. Fifty years later one died out of every twenty-one. In the first year of the present century there died only one in thirty-five, and in eighteen 'thirty one in forty-five. Mr. Bianchi, of St. Saviour's, reminds us of that. Again, Mr. Rendle, the health officer for the parish of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, reminds the public, that in the great plague year of sixteen 'fifty-five there died out of that parish one person in every four; but that the loss in modern pestilences is one in thirty, forty, or sixty. His district is now one of the worst in London, and one of the most densely peopled; but he does not look back with envy to the day when its population was much thinner—a century and a-half ago; when all the alleys were blind alleys, and thoroughfares gloried in filthiness; when people had an address by Harrow Dung-hill, or in Dirty-lane, or Melancholy-walk, and Labour-in-vain-alley—dens of life interspersed among good buildings and spacious gardens.

At the present time we may represent the effect of unwholesome influences on a town population by the evidence of Dr. Letheby, that in some parts of the City of London the

death rate—in all parts high—is actually doubled. While in England the mean duration of life, with men who have reached the age of twenty, will be forty years, in the City of London it will be but thirty, and in the western divisions of it only twenty-eight. He who starts upon a city life and residence at the age of twenty, says the city officer of health, "hardly stands a better chance of existence than do the average of infants when they are a year old; for in the one case he only reaches to the age of forty-eight, and in the other, with all the dangers of early life, they will get to be forty-seven."

But these averages are struck between the well-to-do and the ill-to-do; the great mortality in courts and alleys is made to suggest a diminution of life that does not really take place in the mansions of the rich.

Well, but it does sometimes. Dr. Druitt is the medical officer of health for Saint George's, Hanover Square. Small-pox appeared in his district. One of the places in which it appeared, was the room of a journeyman who—in this room, surrounded by his sick children—was making coats for the customers of a fashionable tailor in a fashionable street. Another was the room of a laundress, employed in getting up gentlemen's white ties. Another was inhabited by the family of an upper servant in a house in Berkeley Square.

That is a broad hint to the selfish, but God knows, we are not selfish as a people in this matter. When we are told that at Dulwich, where the high ground secures light and air, where money secures all the wants of life, and where the population is but at the rate of one person in one acre, there died last year only thirteen persons in a thousand, two of them children, and not one from a preventible disease; while in Peckham—to go no farther—there died twenty in a thousand, we do not fail to see the influence of a man's dwelling-place on the duration of his life. We are not blind to the meaning of a comparison like this between neighbour and neighbour. Between Hanover Square and Hyde Park are the hundred and thirty-seven houses of Lower and Upper Brook Street, besides thirteen mansions at the north of Grosvenor Square. The deaths in them all between the first of April last year and the same date this year were nine. Shepherd's Court in Upper Brook Street contains nine houses, and there were as many deaths in those houses alone. We give some more of these comparisons which carry their own lesson with them too distinctly, and appeal too surely to our hearts, to need enforcement. In the west Ward of Mile End, the deaths are at the rate of thirty-two in every thousand; in the centre ward, which is not much less densely crowded, there die out of the thousand only twenty-one. The Medical Officer of Health for Mile End, Mr. Freeman, looks for the cause of this excessive destruction of life in his west ward, and finds that it takes place in a new town, which has sprung up during the last few years at the rear of Castle Tavern, sometimes called the Rhodeswell estate. These houses form a main part of the ward; they have been inhabited several years, yet the roads were not made up and the district was undrained. Under recent laws the drainage of a new street is made before houses are built, instead of afterwards.

At Chelsea, Dr. Barclay, local Officer of Health, prudently doubtful of conclusions drawn from a comparison between populations of only one, two, or three thousand for a single year, yet sets down certain facts in a table of the rate of mortality from epidemics in different corners of the parish. In the parish as a whole there do not die of epidemic and infectious diseases so many as two in a thousand, but in various districts of small streets and courts, the deaths from this cause amount to six or even a little more than seven in a thousand. Now, this table shows that among such courts the death rate has been by far the lowest where the year's course of sanitary improvement was begun first, and even then has been made up almost entirely of deaths in a street that was not inspected until very late in the season, and of some that occurred before any alterations were begun. We need not hesitate to accept the inference suggested. The effect of changes made in Rotherhithe shows most emphatically, if any men could doubt, how life is to be saved by making homes less poisonous. In eighteen hundred and forty-nine, cholera mowed down the inhabitants of the eastern part of Rotherhithe, which was without sewers, almost without drains, and without other water than the people dipped up from the Thames or from some filthy tidal wells. The ravages of cholera caused the construction of a sewer and the bringing-in of an abundant supply of good water. When the cholera returned in eighteen hundred and fifty-four, there was no part of London south of the Thames more free from it than the eastern part of Rotherhithe: while the new streets on the Deptford Lower Road, built upon undrained garden ground, suffered severely. Again, writes Mr. Murdoch, Medical Officer of Health for Rotherhithe, a few years ago the upper part of Swan Lane was intersected by foul open ditches. Typhus fever then reigned constantly on that spot. As many as ninety cases of fever were attended by the parish surgeon in twelve months. But, since the ditches have been arched over, the disease has entirely disappeared, and the place is one of the healthiest in the parish.

Again, there is in Rotherhithe a group of ten houses called Dodd's Place. In those ten houses, with a population of about fifty, ten persons died of cholera in eighteen hundred and forty-nine. There was then a stagnant

ditch before the houses. That has been filled up, and Dodd's Place has since been remarkably free from disease. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, only three persons in it were attacked by cholera, and not one died. We come to a more fashionable quarter for one other instance. Dr. Lankester is medical officer of health for St. James's, Westminster. He tells us that in the unhealthy Berwick Street division are the model lodging-houses, called Ingestre Buildings. Their mortality last year was at the rate of sixteen in a thousand. With that he contrasts a part of the St. James's Square division—Burlington Arcade. The rooms there are narrow and small, imperfectly ventilated, and, although not overcrowded, shorten life. The mortality last year among residents in Burlington Arcade was at the rate of thirty in a thousand.

Now, let us turn from Saint James to Saint Giles.

Dr. George Buchanan, Medical Officer of Health for Saint Giles, tells us that "the present mortality among infants in Saint Giles's is such, that a child two years old has a better chance of living to be fifty, than a child at its birth has of living to be two years old." And so we turn over a new leaf in the history of London during this its healthy year. The little children form by far the largest class of victims to the poisoning or stinting of our air and food. In foul homes the mortality of children tends to multiply itself, for where more children die, more children are born to feed the jaws of death. Partly this happens, because the perishing of unweaned infants from the mother's breast is followed speedily by new creations. But there must be another law of nature working, to produce a result so striking as that in healthy districts, where there is one death in fifty-six people, there is one birth in forty-two; but that in unhealthy districts where there is one death in thirty-three people, there is one birth in twenty-eight. We take this into account then, in considering the large sum of the mortality of infants. Were everything as it should be, the death of a young child, except by accident, would be a rare event. Little ones inheriting no weakness from their parents, breathing pure air, eating pure bread, and drinking the due quantity of wholesome milk, would grow to sturdy manhood, and to comely womanhood, but there would not be so many of them growing. Families would be little larger than they now are, but they would be composed more entirely of children upon the knee, and by the fireside: not many would be moved into the little coffin from the cot. We know what the truth is. Dr. Pavy, Medical Officer of Health for Saint Luke's, tells that in the Old Street district of his parish, the actual number of the deaths during the healthy year of which we write, was forty-four, twenty-six of them being deaths of children under five years old, and eighteen the sum of deaths at every other age. In the City Road district, there died forty-one infants, against twenty-six persons of every age older than five. In the Whitecross Street district, there were seventy-seven deaths, of which no less than fifty-nine were deaths of infants under five years old. Three burials in every four were burials of little children.

This is, by far, the worst fact of its kind to be found in the whole budget of sanitary reports now before us. The worst that can be generally said (and with all its local variations, it is a distressing feature in each parish account) is, that one half the deaths are deaths of children under five. And then, as Dr. Barnes reminds the vestry at Shoreditch, of all the children born among us, only one half live to the age of fifteen; only one in three lives to be older than forty; only one in five lives to be sixty-one.

To account for such figures as these, we will now take from the reports one or two illustrations of what may be found in London in a healthy year, to warn us how much wholesomer and healthier we may become. Turner's Retreat, Bermondsey, is cited by Dr. Challice, officer of health for that parish, as a fever-nest inhabited by persons not of the poorest description, many of whom are very cleanly in their habits, but who are poisoned by want of drainage, who live beset by their own offscourings in a court soaked by a neighbouring yard in which a manufacturer keeps a strong solution of dogs' excrement (technically called pure) adjacent to the public thoroughfare. We will quote only one passage more—it is from the Rotherhithe report. We sicken as we read of such homes. They sicken and die, who have to live in them. In Spreadeagle Court "almost all the houses were overcrowded with inmates, dilapidated, and swarming with bugs. Many of the inhabitants complained that the quantity of water forced on by the company was not sufficient, and certainly the receptacles for it were not generally large enough, and often dirty and leaky. The drainage has been originally good, but is everywhere choked up. Not a house had an ashpit, the vegetable and animal refuse being strewn about the yards, and mixing their effluvia with those from the overflowing cesspools."

We can quote no more of such details. They abound in the reports, and we know that they must abound. The late Sir Henry de la Beche informed me, writes Dr. Lankester of the court district, that when the School of Mines was built on the space between Jermyn Street and Piccadilly, formerly known as Derby Court, no less than thirty-two cesspools had to be emptied and filled up. There is plenty of work, then, to be done everywhere by the boards of works, medical officers of health, and inspectors of nuisances; and in each of the reports before us there is an accurate chronicle of work

done, which suggests the strong conviction to which we have before referred, that even already some part of the diminution in the rate of our mortality is due to recent exertion for the removal of a few causes of disease—faint as it is in comparison with the great mass of evil to be overcome. In one parish alone (Whitechapel) thirteen hundred cesspools have been abolished, and nearly four hundred, for which sewerage could not be substituted, have been cleansed.

In the same parish, more than three hundred dwellings have been lime-whited and cleaned; as many yards and cellars have been paved; improvement has been made in forty slaughter-houses; dust-bins have been built, water supply has been amended in some houses, and connected with soil-pans in seven hundred and fifty. This kind of activity, various in degree, is everywhere shown; out of these reports we might fill two or three columns with such local records of work done. A large proportion of it is the result of the activity of the inspectors of nuisances. The business of the officer of health is to supply in each district the helping mind, and we have not read our heap of reports without acquiring a very high respect for the intelligence of the body of gentlemen by whom they have been furnished. They vary, of course, very much in ability, but they are all written in earnest. Except one or two instances of subservience to vestries, they take a liberal, high-minded tone; are firm in pursuit of their object, but make few extravagant demands; and if they now and then misread a fact into theory, they far more than compensate for the occasional error by the frequency and force of their warnings against generalisation from a few facts, or from many facts without taking incidental circumstances into consideration.

Thus Dr. Druitt tells the inhabitants of Saint George's, Hanover Square, that they must look beyond dry tables of mortality to see that half the parish is like a vast hotel, with shifting population. He learns from the bakers, that there is from twice and a-half to four times as much bread eaten there in June as in September. Many people, if sick, go into the country. Into certain streets, many sick people come as lodgers, attracted by the excellence of the medical and surgical advice to be had in the parish, so that, apart from that consideration, we might suppose, from tables, that those streets were particularly fatal to persons in the prime of life. Again, the immunity from sickness and death among the rich is made to appear greater than it is, because, in the population of their houses, are reckoned the domestic servants, who leave, if unhealthy, go away to their friends in the alleys to be ill; and who, having given their lives to swell the life-table of the rich, add their deaths to the death-tables of the poor.

The Medical Officers of Health in London, very soon after their appointment, formed themselves into an Association, in order that since their office was new, its duty ill-defined, and its usefulness very dependent upon their all collecting and arranging facts upon a common system, they might work harmoniously "for mutual assistance and information, and for the advancement of medical science." The good spirit which produced such an association has maintained it now for fifteen months, not only as a bond of union among fellow-workers, but as a means of making work effective for the public service.

We have shown how the reports before us teach the need of sanitary work in London, and that they tell something of work done. It remains for us to refer to the curious facts and valuable suggestions in which they abound.

As to particular diseases, there are strange things to be learnt. Why is consumption the disease most fatal at Mile-end, as Mr. Freeman shows us that it is; and why has Dr. Buchanan to report that the great feeder of the grave is measle in Saint Giles's? The last fact reminds us of a sentence in Mr. Wilkinson's report for the Lewisham district. "Closely surrounding a courtyard, in which are placed a stable, slaughter-house, and dung-heap, draining into a well (which was, until lately, used for drinking) there have been sixteen or seventeen severe cases of measles."

In Mr. Pittard's district of Saint George's-in-the-East, there are the London Docks, and into these docks, clearly and easily preventible as the disease is, "hardly a month passes without the coming of a ship with frightful sickness and death on board from scurvy." In one case that came under Mr Pittard's notice, the captain perfectly well knew by what means to prevent scurvy, "and, after the first culpable neglect in leaving India without them—when scurvy was spreading in the ship, and one man had already died of it—they lay to at the Azores, where oranges (a well-known preventive) were selling at threepence the dozen, and the captain purchased some for his own use, of which he subsequently sold a few to the sick men at two-pence a-piece. The outlay of a pound or two would have enabled him to put his crew in perfect health; but he only took care of himself. Two more men died before the ship reached England, and the survivors contrasted with the captain, who was hale and hearty, it was painful to see. The law, as it now stands, I fear, cannot be brought directly to bear on such a case. I had no vent for my indignation, but to upbraid this captain, in no measured terms, on his own deck, in the presence of the men he had so foully wronged."

Among the suggestions scattered about these reports, are some for the establishment of public playgrounds; some, tending to enforce the fact, that the pulling down of here and there a house, when to do so would make an open thoroughfare of a blind alley,

would bring the blessing of air home to the poor, as surely as the laying out of parks; some, urging that houses should be built for the poor in flats, or proving the value of good model lodging-houses as investment—sick tenants being often unable to pay their rents. One gentleman wishes that coroners' inquests should be made of reasonable use to science, and thinks it a scandal that in framing tables of mortality he should be baulked now-a-days by such a register as "Found dead," or "Died by the visitation of God." Nearly all specially denounce the watering of milk, which is no harmless adulteration, but, as one writer puts it, a far worse crime than the poisoning of pickles. Milk is almost the sole food of the infant, and should be the main article of food for the child. The milkman who waters his cans, is a starver of children. In a town where the mortality of children is so frightful as in London, and where so great a number of the deaths is caused by defective nutrition, that a large part of what food the children do get should be surreptitiously withdrawn, is not a trifling matter. In one report it is urged upon respectable householders that they should use the very cheap and simple instrument which tells tales on the milkman, and determinedly—not for their own sakes, but for the sake of all the children dying round about us—refuse to buy milk that has been watered. Again, we are told that the practice of giving drink-money to dustmen leads such men to refuse to empty the bins of the poor, except when they can extort pence for the service, and that in this way a considerable element of unwholesomeness is added to their narrow homes. The Paddington Vestry prints on the cover of its report a special request that the inhabitants will not give money to the parish dustmen for the mere performance of their duties. Upon drainage and water-supply, the reports are of course rich in information and suggestion. Dr. Barnes, officer of health for Shoreditch, who happens also to be senior physician to the Dreadnought, knows, from his Dreadnought experience, that the deposit on the banks, not the filth held suspended in the river, is that by which fever is bred; and he has made observations of his own on Thames water, with these results.—He finds that the river never is so filthy to the eye as during the flood and high-water, precisely when it contains the minimum of sewage matter. At low water, on the contrary, when there is the maximum of sewage, the water is often almost bright, yielding comparatively little earthy sediment. But, that admixture of earth and inorganic matter from the banks, which makes the Thames water turbid and opaque, serves really for the conversion and the disinfection of the sewage. It is the blessing of the river: not, as most people suppose, its curse. It exerts its disinfecting power best on sewage matter entering the river, as it now does, gradually, by various small outlets. But if the whole drainage of London on either side of the Thames be brought into one great sewer, and discharged thence into the river in a single torrent, Dr. Barnes believes that it will form a stream too powerful and rapid to unite soon with the river water, or to be in any sensible degree disinfected by the earths contained in them. It would run into the Thames as the water of the River Plata runs into the sea, holding its own for miles, or as the red waters of the river Maine, after entering the bed of the Rhine, may be seen flowing side by side with the green Rhine water, and distinctly separate therefrom. If that be the case, the outfall of the sewer flood cannot be situated too far from the town.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

BURNBANK COTTAGE, *July the seventh, Eighteen hundred and forty-four.*—Mrs. Lake said to me this morning in her grave, impressive fashion, "My dear love, it is a very serious responsibility to be an heiress."

She was looking straight into me, as it were, and I felt that she was in such solemn earnest that I dared not turn it off with a laugh, as I could have done if anybody else had made the remark. Indeed, for a moment, a perfect spasm of terror made my heart quiver again; I could scarcely get my breath, and went red and white, hot and cold, half-a-dozen times in as many minutes.

I cannot be glad as I know some girls would. I never knew what it was to want money, and so don't set much store by it—I don't see how it can make me any happier than I have been, but I do see how it can make me a very great deal more miserable.

Ever since Mrs. Lake said that about its being a serious responsibility, I have felt as if I had got a great heavy yoke about my neck. I wonder what Uncle Robert meant by laying such a burden upon me, when there were Cousin Henry and Cousin Jane who would have borne it with so much more dignity — who would have rejoiced in it, sleeping and waking, which I shall never, never do! He might have built a church (and sorely they want one at Burnshead), or endowed a hospital; he might have done a thousand things with it more sensible and profitable than bequeathing it to me whom he had never seen, and who am not the least bit grateful for it.

What am I to do with eighty thousand pounds? If I were a man I would go into business, and speculate with it, and get rid of it: I hate trouble and anxiety about money, and I love to sit with dear Grannie in this pretty old drawing-room, and read, or sew, or idle, just as it pleases me. I never felt to want anything grander

or better: our life seemed quite sufficient for me, and now it will be changed — all changed!

I am a very common-place, unambitious body, no doubt, but I can't help it. I don't want to be magnificent and do great deeds: I never had an aspiration in my life! I like to give Ailie Martin five shillings and a flannel petticoat at Christmas, or to help anybody whose cow or donkey dies; but as for having my name put in charitable subscription-lists, as other people's are, with great sums of money after them, it would make me want to hide my head for shame at my ostentation! I said yesterday to Grannie and Cousin Jane, that I believed this fine fortune would prove the plague of my life, and Cousin Jane bade me not talk so wildly, I should be glad enough of it some day; Grannie only sighed: in her heart she thinks as I do—that I shall be neither the happier nor the better for it.

It has already made me have some disagreeable thoughts: — the Curlings, who are generally so high and mighty, and scarcely vouchsafe me a word, when they called the other day literally abased themselves before me; it would have delighted me to throw a sofa-cushion at Mary Jane when she began to praise what she styled my beautiful indifference to sordid dross; and if I had done it, I believe she would only have called it a charming outbreak of girlish vivacity! They asked me to tea, and I said I would not go; Grannie scolded me afterwards for being rude and abrupt to them: well,—I dare say I was rude and abrupt, and I will never be anything else to people I dislike.

Then, poor Miss Lawson and her sister Betsy took the other view of me, and the last time I saw them were quite stiff and cold. They hoped I should not be uplifted and proud in my new position, and pretended to think that I should despise coming to have tea at five o'clock in their dingy little parlour. It was not kind, for I am fond of Betsy, and I should like to give them a couple of nice easy chairs to rest their backs, only I am such an awkward creature, I don't know how to do it. If I have to give anybody anything, I always want to do it without being seen; and if ever what I offered was refused, I am sure I would never venture to offer again. I am very stupid! It is to be hoped I shall grow used to being rich, and I am sure I say my prayers that I may do no harm with my money, even if I cannot do much good; but it is all so new to me yet, and it eases me to tell my difficulties to my little books; they are so silly, I dare not inflict them even on Grannie, who looks sad and serious whenever I attempt it.

I should like to get some method of spending my income regularly; it shall not accumulate if I can help it. When Cousin Henry comes down to-morrow there will be a grand consultation over me; I should not wonder if I were to be sent off to school somewhere: the threat has been looming in Grannie's eyes for long. But I shall not like leaving home. Burnbank will always be home to me.

It looks so lovely from the window just now! There is a little vessel with its white sails set, gliding across the glimpse of sea between the trees beyond the green; then the sun is out, and the wind is strong enough to keep up a continual whisper among the leaves; there are two charming little baby donkeys with their mothers, and flocks of geese, and a few children on the grass—now, one of the baby donkeys is taking maternal refreshment, and the clerk's yelping terrier, Spite, is making a scurry amongst the geese! Ferndell Park may be very grand and very beautiful, but it will be transportation to go away from Burnbank for the grandest and most beautiful place in the world—but I shall not need to live there yet!

July the ninth.—It has ended as I expected. I am to go to school! Cousin Henry is very decided, and it was of no use to rebel. He is my guardian. He reminded me that I am not sixteen years old yet, and that my education has been of the plainest. Grannie spoke up for me, and said that though I was home-taught, I was not ignorant of common things, and that what I had learnt, I had learnt thoroughly. It was good of her; but, of course, I must be far behind other girls who have had immense advantages. So this is my sentence: banishment from Burnbank, and hard labour at the long roll of accomplishments for two years: these are the first-fruits of my heiress-ship! There is a little respite, however, for none of the schools open until August.

Since I have seen Cousin Henry and listened to his sage talk, I am more than ever impressed by the mistake Uncle Robert made in leaving his money to me instead of to him, and I believe Cousin Henry thinks it a mistake too. He had not anything very pleasant to say, and appeared to consider his task of guardian to my wilful self anything but a delightful office. When I opposed one of his schemes because I did not like it, he retorted sharply, "Wealth has its penalties, Eleanor Clare, and you must just take them along with its satisfactions. As long as you were a portionless country damsel, no one cared much what you did—now, as a rich heiress, there will be many scrutinising eyes upon you."

I shall go and talk to Mrs. Lake about it: if I am to do this and not to do that, different to myself, I shall loathe my fortune: I think Cousin Henry might have left that unsaid. People who call, ask what I am going to do; and when they are told, some say it is the most sensible and best plan, but others wonder why I do not immediately plunge into fashionable revelry—I shall never do for that!

Cousin Jane has invited herself over to Burnbank to spend a week or two: I hope she will not bring a Dorcas basket to sew at, as she did the last time she came. I want to be out of doors this glorious weather.

It was such fun once in Cousin Henry's magnificent laying down of the law for my rule and guidance! When he had settled that I was to go to school, he added precisely: "And until Eleanor's education is finished her allowance need not be more than three hundred a-year. Afterwards, until she is of age, and my duty ceases, six hundred will be about the mark."

I spoke up immediately, and said; "No, Cousin Henry, it will not. I shall have five hundred a-year now, and immediately I leave school, I shall choose to enjoy the whole of my income."

Grannie looked so startled, and Cousin Henry sat bolt upright in his chair, drew a very long breath, and glared as if I had struck him. After a minute's pause, he asked, "But what can you do with five hundred a-year now?"

I replied, "I want to have a pretty little carriage and a pair of ponies, like Mrs. Lake's, for us at Burnbank; and in my holidays, I want a horse to ride myself—then I want to re-furbish the drawing-room, and put up a little conservatory at the glass-door end,—I want to hire Mary Burton to wait on Grannie and me, and Mary's brother to attend to the ponies, and drive Grannie about when I am away. All that can be done, Cousin Henry?"

"Certainly, it can be done," said he with a great deal of hesitation, and keeping his eye watchfully upon me.

"Then, it must be done—there, Grannie, the carriage and ponies for you!" cried I, and really for the first time I felt what a good thing money is.

Cousin Henry did not look half satisfied, but he refrained from arguing the matter—perhaps he felt a little glad, because he is very fond of Grannie, and he has far too large a family himself for there to be any likelihood of his making her old age more comfortable. He could not reasonably oppose me, because I know Uncle Robert left his estate free from incumbrance and in perfect order; consequently there can be no pretence for accumulating money to clear or improve it.

I believe I am going to develop into a woman of business, after all. But would anybody believe it? I will tell you, my old book, but nobody else. I have been trying to calculate the interest of eighty thousand pounds at four per cent. and I can't do it! I know nothing of sums except the four first rules and long division, and I am ashamed to ask what my income will ultimately be—yet, I wish to know—and when I do know I will spend it every year up to the last shilling!

July the twelfth.—Last night I went to have tea with Miss Lawson and Betsy. I had bought two very nice easy chairs the day before at Compton, and sent them with a little note and my love. Next morning, Miss Betsy came and asked me to go in the evening; they were both so pleased with my present, and each sat in her chair all the time to show me how they appreciated them. I had felt afraid they might be affronted, but Miss Lawson said, "Never fear to do a kind action, Eleanor, now you have the means. We never could have bought these chairs ourselves, as Betsy knows, if our backs had been broken with rheumatism. We shall always think of you when we are resting in them." And she did not snap once all the while I was there.

Cousin Jane is here, as full of business and care as she usually is. I have subscribed to every one of her baskets, and all her schools, but I had hard work to beg off making sun-bonnets for the little girls of Central Africa; and whether I would or no, I have had to make two bazaar pincushions and a doll pen-wiper. I offered her ten shillings to let me off, but she lectured me for idleness, and made me set to work. The Curlings came to invite us to join a picnic of theirs to the Abbey at Downham, but Grannie said No for me, and afterwards explained that she did not want me to be acquainted with the people I should meet there. I should have liked to go very well, not that I care for any of the people, but because the drive there is pleasant, and the old ruins are so beautiful.

The Curlings have undergone a wonderful transformation lately; their civility is oppressive; how I do dislike them! That Mary Jane asked me if I should continue to visit the Lawsons, and actually had the insolence to add: "The reason we never took you up so cordially as we were inclined to do, Eleanor dear, was because we really could not associate with such common people—you know they used to keep a little shop in Compton, where they sold coffee and tea."

I put on my grand air, which Grannie always says repels as decidedly as if I said, "Stand back!" and told her that my lovings and hatings had undergone no change, and that I should certainly go to Miss Lawson's as much as I had ever done. She reddened, and tried to talk about my position (she and I taking diametrically opposite views of how the said position is best respected), and opined that I should soon learn my own value.

How sick it all makes me! as if directly this mis-fortune happened to me I had lost my identity, and ceased to be that Eleanor Clare who went on her way rejoicing and unmolested! I don't like to think it can be true, but I have fancied that two or three people whom I have known since I was a child have

ceased liking me as well as they did. Cousin Jane, for instance: she sneers at me continually. I do hope I shall not grow suspicious: I have often heard of people with money thinking they were not loved for themselves, and I should not like it to be my own case—but as little should I approve of being envied for it. Nobody knows, and I suppose nobody ever will know, for I am not going to prate about what I cannot do—how much better pleased and how much happier I should have been, if Uncle Robert had divided his property among the three of us, instead of leaving it all to me. Grannie says my mother was always his pet, but she evidently thinks that Ferndell ought to have been Cousin Henry's, so that it might have been kept in the name of Favell instead of passing to the Clare's—to be sure, it was not family property: Uncle Robert earned it for himself; and had, therefore, an indisputable right to bequeath it as he would, but his will has not given satisfaction to any of us—not even to me, his heiress.

I should like to know what made him pass over Cousin Henry and Cousin Jane. If I might hazard such a thought, I could almost fancy that Grannie loved Uncle Robert less than her other children. He never came amongst us here, and except for the present he sent to me at Christmas, I never should have known I had such a relative. Cousin Jane does not talk of him as if she had ever seen him, but only says that she understood he was a shy, reserved man, who led, from choice, an extremely secluded life. I don't like to ask Grannie, for she never mentions him first.

July the sixteenth.—We have heard of a pair of beautiful bay ponies, that will just suit us; Grannie says she shall be able to drive them herself. They belonged to Lady Singleton at Deerhill: the carriage is to come from London, next week: I hope we shall have one or two drives in it before I go to school.

Cousin Henry has decided upon the place to which I am to be sent. It is a Miss Thoroton's at Stockbridge—a very excellent school, he says, where I shall have every opportunity of becoming what he desires to see me! O! what does he desire to see me? A paragon, a peri, a nonpareil! My firm belief is, that if I am cultivated for a score years I shall revert to my natural pleasures and quiet idlenesses the moment the guard is off. I cannot be always thinking of what is proper and fitting to be done.

July the seventeenth.—I have had a long walk with Mrs. Lake, who told me about Uncle Robert. He was Grannie's eldest son, Cousin Henry's father is the second, and Uncle Tom was the youngest; my mother was the youngest of all. Uncle Robert made a low marriage—that is, our family felt it so—and they would not acknowledge his wife, or see him at Burnbank after: only my mother wrote him kind letters. Uncle Robert's wife was very pretty, and Mrs. Lake says, very good, too, and neither ignorant nor vulgar; but Grannie would not forgive him, and his two brothers kept up the estrangement, instead of trying to heal it. Uncle Robert loved her devotedly, but he soon lost her; and when she lay dying, it was my mother (then unmarried, and quite a girl) who visited and nursed her. This explains why he left his property to me, and why Grannie so very much dislikes to speak of him. I am glad I know about it, for mysteries are always in the way.

I am surprised Grannie should have been so harsh, but it often seems as if the best people were the most tyrannical in trying to make others be good and happy exactly after their fashion. Cousin Jane has that way. She says to me often,—"Eleanor, do so and so, I am sure it is the right way, the only right way, and it will befal better than if you followed your own head;"—and she will talk and argue until I am fairly beaten down by an avalanche of words. If I am resolved to do as I like, there is nothing for it but running out of hearing, and that I do sometimes.

Then I had some talk with Mrs. Lake about myself, and she bids me turn a deaf ear to all warnings, doubts, and promptings, and to go straightforward in my own natural way, just as if the fortune had never come to me; and I will, if I can. There is one good thing at school—there we are all equal, fortunes or no fortunes—no, not all equal! I begin to feel as if I should turn out a fearful dunce, and rather to dread the beginning. I don't know why, but I always feel more awkward in a company of young girls about my own age than I ever do elsewhere; I think they quizz and make remarks, and then I have such a silly trick of blushing; however, it has to be, and so my courage must bear me through as well as it may.

July the twenty-fourth.—To-day Grannie and I had our first drive together in the pony carriage; it was so cosy, so charming, and will be such an ease and comfort to Grannie, now that she cannot walk far, but still finds the fresh air necessary to keep her in health. We went round by Deerhill, and the ponies wanted to turn in at the gate. Poor little things! They remembered their old home.

The Singletons are quite ruined, and are gone abroad, we hear. That odious Mary Jane Curling suggested to me that if they had stayed at home, young Sir Edward might have married me—I should have been my lady, and my fortune would have restored Deerhill.

I can scarcely control myself when she begins to show her teeth, roll her eyes, and talk in that way. I should like to beat her, she makes me feel worse than anything or anybody I ever saw. I dislike her present

free-and-easy tone far more than her former lofty one. I shall have to encase myself in my unapproachable armour whenever we meet, if we are to remain on civil terms, but I would much rather quarrel with her, and have done with it; it would be naughty, but it would save a world of trouble and hypocrisy.

A man came this morning to plan the conservatory; there is to be a glass door out of the drawing-room into it, and it is to be made on the same principle as Mrs. Lake's. It will be finished when I come home at Christmas.

It is arranged for Cousin Jane to stay at Burnbank with Grannie while I am away. This is very nice; she would have been dull alone, for, though Mary Burton is a good attentive girl, she wants some one to read aloud to her, and to drive or walk out with. Jane is too bustling and active for me—too fussy; but Grannie seems not to mind it, or else she has a way of making her sit still and keep quiet. I had to sew at a sun-bonnet to-day for peace and quietness' sake; but it is not a charitable bonnet, for I did it with the greatest ill-will possible.

July the twenty-seventh.—Grannie proposed a few days since, that to celebrate my going to school (I saw nothing to rejoice over) we must have a tea-drinking at Burnbank. I said, if we did, it should be a tea-drinking for the children, and anybody else who chose to come without an invitation might come, but I would not have a solemn party for talk, compliments, and scandal.

I managed the affair myself. It was beautiful weather, so the children had tea in the orchard at three o'clock, and the old women had tea too. Grannie thought we should have it all to ourselves, but I knew better. I told our advertising Post, Miss Briske, that I should be glad to see any of my friends who could dispense with formality; that there would be plenty of strawberries, and other ripe fruit, and tea, coffee, and cakes, at five o'clock for them, but that I did not mean to give anybody anything unless they arrived in time to help to amuse the children.

I was sure they would come, if it was only for the novelty, and come they did,—all the Curlings, the Prices, Lucy, and Ellen Cooper, the Lawsons, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. and Miss Cranworth, Dr. Rayson and his wife, and a troop of people from the Charltons. John Burton and little Tom had quite enough to do to pick fruit all the afternoon, and every one seemed to enjoy the freedom of walking about the house and grounds, and talking to their friends; indeed, my Strawberry Party, as they called it, gave so much satisfaction that the Prices are to have one next Saturday.

But I must not forget the children, who were my chosen guests. They all arrived in due time, with mug and saucer, and sat down to regale on the tea and spice-buns we had provided; vastly they enjoyed them, too, if we might judge from the consumption that took place. At one time or another, I have taught every child in the school; so not to cause any distinction between past and present pupils, I made each one a little present, and they chose them from the trays as they stand in their classes. My class, we call it the Encouragement Class, because Thompson always sent me the dull and backward, or idle and tiresome children, had the post of honour, and chose first.

There will be plenty of cut fingers in Burnbank for some days to come! For the boys I had provided a number of strong clasp knives, pencil cases and books; for the girls, little cases with thimble, scissors, and other working-tools; and for the small fry, gaily dressed dolls, squeaking toy sheep, dogs, and cats, &c. Cousin Jane thought it a frightful waste of money, and lectured me seriously on the folly of giving poor folks' children toys, —"wanton extravagance," she designated it, but I am sure it was pleasant to see how glad they most of them were; it never is possible to satisfy all.

Knives were in great request amongst the boys, and when they were all gone, and the little fellows came up to choose, some few looked marvellously discontented. Anty Craggs was very hard to pacify. When I said, "Now, Anty, it is your turn; what will you have?" he replied in his native Doric, "I'll ha' a knoife," though all the knives were gone. I told him he must try to be pleased with something else, but still he would only keep on reiterating, "I'll ha' a knoife," so at last I proposed the alternative of sixpence, which, after a little hesitation he condescended to accept. Another boy, Simmy Deane, would only be contented with a Dutch doll dressed in pink glazed calico and white muslin, and Betty, his sister, chose a drum.

When all the presents were distributed, we went upon the green, and the children ran races and played games. Some of the fine folk came out to encourage us with their presence, but the Curlings, and Charltons, and Prices kept quite to themselves. Cousin Jane started the racers, and I gave the prizes. Then we had scrambles for sweeties and halfpence. In everything Anty Craggs was conspicuously unsuccessful. His fat freckled face and red hair were always panting up at the fag end of each race; and totally eclipsed,—flattened on the ground, most likely—in the thickest of every scramble. When beaten in the races, he vociferated defiantly, "I'll run 'em again, I'll run 'em again!" and when he rose empty-handed from the melée over the sweeties, he still cried out, "Gi'e us another chance, Miss Eleanor, I'll ha' some yet."

I could not help laughing, and liking the little fellow who would not give in, though I know he is the most perverse and naughty boy in the school.

When all the sweeties, and halfpence, and toys were gone, the children went too, gradually dispersing down to Ferny Bank and the shore; then our other company assembled in the house, and the early tea (remarkable innovation on Burnbank customs) took place for those who chose to remain. A few, who dine at half-past six and seven o'clock, departed, after expressing regret that they had had so little of my company. I believe a great many people,—all, perhaps, except Mrs. Lake and the Lawsons—took away an impression that Miss Eleanor Clare has a taste for low company. Mary Jane Curling said they were surprised I had not chosen to give a dance! As if I cared for a dance in this hot weather! And where were the partners to come from, if I had? I like the children's parties the best yet, whatever I may do by-and-by. I will give a dance, maybe, when I leave school, or when I am of age.

Dr. Rayson was very much gratified; he likes the poor things to be pleased, and says it does them good, and I would rather he thought me right than all the Curlings, Charltons, and Prices put together. I do not value their opinion at all.

I am not quite sure whether Grannie likes me to act as I do—I have doubts. She said to me, when I remarked about my indifference to what people think: "There is no need to be so violently independent, Eleanor; you will become harsh and brusque in manner if you live in such a defiant frame of mind as you have adopted lately."

Can it be true that I am (notwithstanding my indifference to its possession) actually deteriorating since this fortune befel me? I believe I am. I have thoughts I never had before. It is true, six months ago, I was shy of these fine folks whom I care nothing about now; and I know that it is because they think more of me on account of my money that the change has come. It will be a very good thing for me to be sent off to school, where I shall have something to do to keep my head steady. I believe I could have borne a good strong shock of adversity a great deal better than I am bearing my prosperity. Now I should hate myself if I became what I so particularly detest, a strong-minded, disagreeable woman—and there seems a danger of it.

July the twenty-ninth.—I am not a crying body generally, but last night, after I got to bed, I had a thorough good cry, and feel all the better for it now it is over. Cousin Jane said to me: "Eleanor, you are quite spoilt; I never saw such a conceited, dogmatical puss as you are turning into in all my life! And you used to be a simple-minded girl enough once."

I cannot express how intense my mortification was, but I contrived to keep it still until I got to bed, and then I did cry. I was all the more vexed, because Cousin Jane was so right in what she said. I am becoming positively odious, I know I am. All the while that I have been trying to persuade myself that I cared nothing about my money I have been puffing myself up into a very balloon of arrogance. How I should have ridiculed anybody else if they had done so; and I daresay people are laughing at me! And if they are, I deserve it! There will be some good in going away from Burnbank, after all. At Miss Thoroton's, no one knows I am an heiress, no one will be constantly calling the fact to my mind, therefore, by remarks and insinuations. I shall have to wait on myself, and work hard, too. I am going on the first of August; Grannie is to take me. I wonder what it will all be like?

A HINT FROM SIAM.

We are indebted to Doctor Bowring for the following information regarding the Hereditary Aristocracy of Siam, one at least of whose attributes, it seems to us, might be most advantageously adopted by our own. It appears, in that favoured country, wherein, as in this our beloved land, the principal nobility are never approached by the middle and lower classes, except upon their stomachs and all fours, that persons of gentle birth are always recognisable by means of a certain artificial twist in their left arms. This peculiarity is not as many of the more abject Siamese are prepared to swear, exactly born with them, but it is cultivated very assiduously by the upper Ten Thousand from their earliest infancy; so that at last, and when the young aristocrat is old enough to fill the high office of state which of course awaits him, the palm of his hand can be turned upward after two revolutions, in which position it possesses all the ability for receiving and retaining the public money which pertains to it, in England, after one. There is a very interesting engraving in Doctor Bowring's book, which I regret that the unpictorial character of this journal forbids me to copy, representing a noble lord with this dislocated left elbow sitting superciliously before an empty desk (which typifies, after the eastern manner, the colonies perhaps, or the war department), and awaiting, as it seems, the Morning Post of his country, while a number of individuals are crawling towards him upon hands and knees, offering, I suppose, votes of confidence and testimonials, and boasting without doubt of their Siamese Sion and the freedom of election.

I do not for one instant intend to magnify the Siamese nobility at the expense of my own dear country; but I think that the eastern aristocracy have an advantage over them in this matter of arm turning. It is the single attribute, if I may be allowed to say so, which it seems to me the governing classes in this country need to make them perfect.

At present it is often next to impossible to tell lords from commoners.

When a noble lord, for instance, comes upon the platform at a missionary meeting, amidst a crowd of wholesale tradespeople and clergymen, who on earth is to pick him out? The society has had trouble enough, perhaps, to get him there. Five noblemen beginning with A—we fish for them alphabetically for religious meetings—have refused point blank to attend, and this, maybe, is our last chance of feasting our eyes upon this one (for they do not often come twice); but who is to tell which is he? I protest, that during the whole of the opening prayer at our last Central African, more than half of us mistook the missionary—a solemn, dignified-looking person enough—for Lord Viscount A. himself; mistook a preaching fellow with seventy-five pounds a-year, and who had spent three parts of his life among the vulgarest savages, for his noble lordship, the particular pink of Belgravian society, and who ran away not six months ago with Mrs. K., the greatest beauty in Ireland. When we were set right, of course we made up for it as well as we could, by cheering, by waving our handkerchiefs, and by stamping with our umbrellas. When he bowed, my wife, who is impressionable, was even affected to tears; but, still, the mistake was very annoying. Now, if his lordship had but adopted the device which I have adverted to, and had entered the room with his left arm turned quite round with the palm of his hand upward, no error could possibly have occurred. I must say I like the custom prevalent in the universities, of the aristocracy going about in gold or silver or silk gowns, so as to be easily recognised—although, at Cambridge at least, there is still room for improvement—for one may possibly confuse a real nobleman who takes an honorary degree (as his lordship should, God bless him!) with a mere classical or mathematical master of arts who has had to work for it; still, if my suggestion be ever carried into effect, it is my pride to believe that the first dislocated arm in this country will certainly be nourished at one of our two ancient seats of learning.

Advantages would ensue from what I propose in every point of view; it would settle all those social squabbles which embitter the whole of middle class life at once; that great question for instance, whether Mrs. General Ruff, or Mrs. Reeve, the Vicar's wife, shall be first taken down to dinner; the one being the second cousin of a marquis (Irish), and the other being the daughter of a baronet. There would be no question whose arm the master of the house should prefer? The arm which has most turn in it, clearly; for when the thing is once systematised, there will, of course, be the nicest gradation of twist imaginable. What would become then of the De Brouns, who persist in setting the Plantagenet crest upon their page's buttons, under pretence of relationship to that exalted family? How much distinction will Mrs. Major Callaghan be able to derive from her ancestors, the Kings of Connaught, we wonder? But, what pleases me most in the contemplation of this ingenious device, is, that all the people who have, as the phrase is, raised themselves from nothing, must needs be thus entirely put a stop to. We shall then say boldly, We don't want to know what you have done (who does?), and we don't care in the least what you are; but let us see, upon the instant, what you were, good people. Can you turn your left arm twice with the palm of the hand upward, or can't you turn it at all? To descend to minor advantages, it will be surely no slight satisfaction to a Briton from the country, to be able, from the strangers' gallery of the Lower House, to separate for himself the true scions of aristocracy from the mere working members; and again, under this new system, what a peculiar and impressive appearance would be presented by the House of Lords! Nay, instead of the clumsy machines called open examinations, and the other absurd blinds which we have had to put up between state offices and the public, let the test of merit be unblushingly declared to be, not birth, but a dislocated elbow; and then we should see, what is now not so clear as is desirable, that those who are born as it were to great offices are also the fittest persons to fill them.

One more suggestion regarding this projected improvement, and I have done. No sooner shall the thing be established, than there will be countless attempts made by unprivileged persons to dislocate their left arms. How many hours would not the pastor spare from his duties in order to become honourable as well as reverend! And rightly enough, for with that left arm oratorically extended, what limit would there be to his congregation? Do the attorneys care for none of these things, or would it not be worth a counsel's while to devote his Sundays to this twisting process? The medical man would surely gain in popularity through his additional rank far more than he could lose through any decreased efficiency as an operator in consequence of a twist too much. And as for the soldier, what end to the staff appointments and good things which assiduity at this practice would ensure him. Let him remember Dowb!

Nay, leaving any mere gain out of the question, the vast majority of my own private acquaintance, male as well as female, would, I am convinced, go through almost any amount of torture in order to assimilate themselves to the nobility. I can fancy our Aunt Betty—whose husband, the alderman, was knighted this last winter—sitting patiently with her comely arm in a vice for days and days, on the chance of

being taken for "the Lady Elizabeth." While, therefore, I once more strenuously recommend that the Siamese attribute be adopted by the British aristocracy; I also suggest that its imitation by any of a lower class shall be made penal.

OUR P's AND Q's.

WHEN the jackdaw of Rheims, in the pleasant legend of Mr. Barham's, is discovered by the monks to be moulting, bald, and miserable, after the curse pronounced by their abbot, upon whomsoever had stolen his ring, they are said to have thus expressed their belief in the jackdaw's guilt:

"Regardless of grammar, they all cried, That's him!"

We moderns, also, under the influence of excitement, are too apt to give vent to our feelings in expressions which Horne Tooke and Lindley Murray would equally reprobate; such as, "It's me—just open the door;" or, "It's them—say we are not at home."

Mistakes in speech are of continual occurrence, and are perpetrated in all classes of society. Our neighbour, the barrister, proclaims that he shall summons the fellow: the M.P. over the way is perpetually declaiming upon the exports and imports of the United Kingdom: the author in our second-floor front, boasts of selling no less than five thousand copies of his latest production: and the clergyman at the chapel, yonder, declares superfluously, every Sunday, that he shall sink down into the pit.

Still—before we set eyes upon a little volume here present, whose title is, Never Too Late to Learn—we had no conception that persons who have received what is supposed to be a fair education (to whom the book is addressed) are wont to fall into wordy snares and pit-falls such as these: "I throwed my box away, and never took no more snuff."

Our esteemed uncle, an officer in her Majesty's service, of twenty years standing, and one who has, throughout that period, looked forward to being a field-martial, spelt with a t and an i, used many bad expressions when deprived, by our aunt, of his favourite relaxation of snuff-taking; but none so bad as this. Our mother readily admits that she has not sung without accompaniment this ten years, but she does not call it singing extempore, nor does she pronounce that word so as to rhyme with sore. This author, however, evidently conceives that these accuracies of my beloved relatives are very unusual, and instances more than three hundred mistakes of daily occurrence to prove this. A certain school-mistress of his acquaintance, in speaking of the minister she "sat under," and who had incurred her displeasure, remarked, that "He didn't ought to have his salary rose." If such be really the school-mistress, what then must be the pupils? and why should we wonder at reading upon this title-page, the twenty-eighth thousand?

241. "Rinse your mouth; pronounce rinse, as it is written,—never rense."

Who ever does pronounce it rense? cries the astonished reader. Thousands of fairly educated persons, is the reply; and even, "Wrench your mouth," observed a fashionable dentist once to the author of this little volume.

354. "Never say liver for cover; afeard for afraid; or debbuty for deputy; which are three very common mistakes among the citizens of London."

Is this a fact or a malicious scandal? Does the Lord Mayor talk like this? Do the aldermen? The sheriffs? The debbuty sheriffs? Does the recorder? Here, again:

302. "I saw him somewheres in the city; say, somewhere. N.B. Nowheres, everywheres, and anywheres, are also very frequent errors in London."

If this be true, then we congratulate ourselves upon living in the country. What dismal depths of ignorance does a little rushlight of information, such as this, exhibit to us!

381. "I met him quite permiscuous; say, quite accidentally."

We should rather think so, indeed; and yet No. 383 is, if possible, a still more terrible warning.

"He is still a bacheldor; say, bachelor."

Why, goodness gracious! in what county, town, or hamlet, in this distracted kingdom are the inhabitants accustomed to confuse unmarried persons with battledores? Hear a few more choice examples of the schoolmaster abroad.

385. "I called on him every day in the week, successfully; very common (?) but very incorrect; say, successively."

356. "I was necessitated to do it; a vile expression, and often (?) made worse by necessiated; say, obliged, or compelled."

These, however, are classical expressions in comparison with:

306. "Pronounce January as it is written, and not Jennivery; and beware of leaving out the u in February, or of calling the word Febbiverry."

Conceive a lover's horror at hearing from the lips of the most charming of her sex, when asked to name the nuptial month, such a word as Febbivery!

Three ungrammatical expressions (it appears) are almost universal in trade, business, and in the scholastic profession:

340. "Equal to bespoke, instead of equal to bespoken."

365. "Received of Mr. Brown ten pounds, instead of from."

And 185. "Bills are requested to be paid quarterly; instead of, it is requested that bills be paid quarterly."

We trust that bootmakers, merchants, and schoolmasters, committing this error, do not

at least give way to the powerful temptation instanced in Number three hundred and forty-six, and salute one another with "How's yourself, this morning?"

This "Never Too Late to Learn" seems sometimes to raise ungrammatical ghosts for the mere fun of laying them, and to exhibit the ignorance of our fairly educated classes through the medium of a magnifier. This manner of treatment is however reversed in the case of another work of the same nature, also before us, called The New Letter Writer, which gives the public the credit of the first moral culture, and aims at the adoption of even a higher standard of correctness than is quite desirable.

Think of a young gentleman at a Huddersfield (sic) preparatory school, expressing his feelings after this fashion, when he writes home to say when the holidays begin:

"Dear Parents,—It is with mingled feelings of regret at leaving my kind preceptor, and of delight at the prospect of our speedy meeting, that I announce to you the conclusion of one half-year's stay at school."

We remember some such form of words in a certain holiday letter, composed by our schoolmaster, and written by us immediately under his naked eye, but we don't think that our original sentiments were by any means appropriately expressed thereby. There is another academy at Huddersfield, it seems (or is it possible it can be the same?), which has a second lusus naturæ in it.

"My schoolfellows are, generally speaking, very agreeable and well-disposed boys, and we are so well treated, that I almost feel as happy as though I were at home."

The little hypocrite concludes many pattern remarks of the like nature with a hope that he shall "enjoy the Christmas festivities in the accustomed manner."

When a young gentleman of ten years old acknowledges a cake from his mother in such terms as these "Knowing, as I do, that your whole life is occupied in promoting my improvement and happiness, I can only feel that each fresh token of your affection lays an additional claim upon my gratitude," —we think it probable that he would be just the boy who would take that welcome present into the seclusion of his own apartment, and devour the whole of it, without giving a single slice away. When he grows up, we most sincerely wish that he may marry the young woman who at present writes from Cappe House Seminary, after the following manner:—"No pains have been spared by any of my teachers to render me worthy of your good opinion; and I must ever feel grateful both to them and to yourselves, dear parents, for the pains bestowed upon my education."

As a father who has both boys and girls of his own, I should receive any such epistles as these with a prolonged whistle.

No university man, not even a freshman, writes of "moving in the best set" in his college; and very few, we regret to say, gladden a parent with such a sentence out of The New Letter Writer as this: "The cheque you so kindly sent me arrived in due course, and was not only fully adequate to the expenses of my entrance, but has left me a surplus which will last me throughout the term." Happy the country which produces an author who, believing in the universality of such sentiments as these, can express them, for the use of the virtuous, so tersely and so well! It is pleasant to see, too, how a moralist of this exalted description can unbend, and stoop even to give a specimen of an invitation to a bachelor party: "Myself and half-dozen other good fellows are going to devote a few hours on Tuesday evening to the enjoyment of a few glasses of wine, chit-chat, and so on; I hope you will make one." This, we are convinced, is the pattern boy and pattern undergraduate, grown up to be a pattern young barrister in chambers in Gray's Inn. Who else would have written "a few hours," limiting the time during which a bachelor party should enjoy itself? Or "a few glasses of wine," limiting the amount which they should be suffered to imbibe? The same contemptible person, married and settled in Clarendon Square, asks his "dear ——" to "take a chop" with him, and "knowing dear —— is not partial to large dinner parties," trusts the host and hostess will be sufficient company. This is however in later life. During his young days, we delight in thinking that the young lady who "felt almost distracted at leaving that delightful place," her school, is coming up to him, as sure as fate, and will certainly at last be his wedded wife. It was she, in after years, who caused him to refuse the subscription to the charity in letter eighty-six, upon the ground of poverty, although, with his parsimonious habits and hers, he must needs have been very rich. He "presents his compliments" to the reverend gentleman who applies to him, "but regrets that in consequence of many similar claims upon his purse, he is unable to contribute to a design, the excellence of which he fully recognises." That last sentence we think to be exceedingly characteristic of our pattern friend; he is always ready at the call of charity to give to the uttermost—his compliments and his good wishes. It is our firm and unalterable conviction that he never sent the following letter to the father of our young woman (late of Cappe House Seminary), until every dishonourable means for effecting his purpose had been resorted to. It reads so ferociously respectable.

114. "Sir.—As I scorn to act in any manner that may bring reproach upon myself and family, and to hold clandestine proceedings unbecoming any man of character, I take the liberty of distinctly avowing my love for your daughter, and humbly request your permission to pay her my addresses, as I flatter

myself my family and expectancies are not unworthy of your notice. . . . . I have not, I assure you, as yet endeavoured to win her affections, for fear it might be repugnant to a father's will."

When he has obtained this desirable old gentleman's consent, he proceeds to break off with another lady to whom he had engaged himself; but who is not so wealthy as the second, in just such a style as we, his enemies, should have expected of him.

119. . . . . "My dear, -With pain I utter it—I must resign all hopes of our future union ; ask me not wherefore ; my answer would inflict an additional pang in the breasts of both. This is no hasty resolve . . . . it is essential to our mutual happiness and welfare. . . . . I will send your letters under seal, entreating, however, that you will grant me the indulgence of being allowed to keep only one as a memorial of the past ! and with this request I bid you a painful but affectionate adieu."

Observe, how, when he is committing a baseness, his style, like Marlborough's, rises always higher, and his tone becomes additionally moral and improving. Our female friend, however (of Cappe House Seminary), will be fully a match for him ; she is far from being one of those enthusiastic young ladies ready to marry, off-hand, without at least a tolerable prospect.

"We are both young," she writes in letter 67, and adds sarcastically, "myself especially ; and it is of no use for us to rush into a state of life which we have not the means of supporting." (This all arises, we are confident, from some false statement made by the pattern young man in reference to his pecuniary position, and to prevent his having to make settlements). "Should you be so fortunate, however, as to obtain the situation of which Mr. —— has held out hopes, we shall be able to marry without fear."

However, as we have said, this marriage did certainly come off, as is proved by the following sentences culled from letters 117 and 143 . the former is from an old friend proposing a day for his nuptials: always with the same delicate modesty and respectful sensitiveness for the feelings of others .

"The happy day to which I have looked forward as the blissful reward of our mutual constancy is not far distant, if the proposal I am now about to make should meet the approbation of yourself and parents."

In letter 143, of a much later date, we find him excusing himself very characteristically from paying a bill ; he sends one-tenth or so of what is due and accompanies the scanty instalment with these words :

"I fully expected to be able to meet your bill in full when I last wrote to you, and should have done so but for a severe domestic affliction which has interfered with my paying my usual attention to business."

He made capital, as we fully expected our pattern letter-writer would do, out of even the death of his wife ; and our impression is, not only that he poisoned, or otherwise made away with her, but also that she richly deserved it.

There is yet another little book to be studied on the customs of society and the manners of the best circles, called Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen, and then we shall have perhaps received all the information regarding our P's and Q's, which the human mind is capable of retaining. This last work has the advantage of having been originally French ; but it has been translated into our own language and disseminated to the extent of two editions in this savage country, through the influence, as it seems, of some good missionary society of the Faubourg St. Germain. The author—we have his own word for it—is himself personally acquainted with people of the highest rank and reputation, and has found it sometimes hard to preserve that calm judgment which he recommends so strongly to others, in the intoxication produced by beauty, harmony, and perfume. Let us then, by all means, attend to the instructions of such a monitor.

The hand of a gentleman should be always gloved ; what would be thought of a man who was seen at church, without those articles, or of another who could dance without kids ? On a visit of condolence, attire yourself in a grave-coloured suit ; for a friendly call, dress neatly but not with costliness ; and reserve all splendour of costume for your visits of ceremony.

To place your hat on any article of furniture is ungenteel—to lay it on a bed (!) is unpardonable. Crossing the legs or stretching them out at full length is equally improper. Perfect cleanliness not only affords an agreeable sensation of comfort, but imparts an air of confidence springing from the consciousness that you need not fear investigation. But our author is far from being exacting in this respect after all; only, let your face and neck be clean, he says, "and I particularly recommend attention to your ears." This unnecessary minuteness (as one would think) upon such a subject is more than counterbalanced, however, by the grace and delicacy he exhibits in the art of choosing a bouquet. For a young girl the recipe is as follows: Take a white rose-bud just ready to unfold, a spray of jessamine and some violets, never intermixing with these dahlias, peonies, ranunculuses, or scabias. A branch of the orange-tree, in blossom, will be an appropriate present for a young lady ; for a young wife, you may smilingly cull a spray of myrtle. Camellias, rose-laurels, and large roses you must reserve for ladies of maturer age. The delicate flower of the Bengal rose, open or otherwise, may be offered to a young girl.

Everybody in the best circle says, "Sir, may I offer you" this or that, which may happen to be before him ; not, "will you take," or "will

you have," which are ungenteel phrases. It is bad manners to raise your knife in putting food into your mouth; "but it is worse," observes our editor, "to use your fingers," for that purpose. He objects, too (and we think rightly), to your taking "anything out of your pocket,"—a quid of tobacco, a small tooth comb, for instance, "and laying it upon the table by your plate."

Turning up your sleeves when sitting down to table is also to be carefully avoided. When made dishes or vegetables are handed to you, be careful not to turn them over fastidiously with your fork. Experience will soon teach you to select the best piece for yourself at a single glance. Our author does not confine his valuable advice to the upper classes only, nor disdain to throw a point or two of elegant example for the consideration of operatives. The revolutionary spirit has done much to brutalise the lower orders in France, he says, but he has hopes of them still. He trusts to see amongst them less frequently these pugilistic encounters which make them resemble the English of Box Hall (! !) When a workman is more genteel than his associates, he should not, on that account, be called a spy or a jesuit.

A well-bred physician, it appears, will always say to a husband at the fashionable season, "It is indispensable, sir, that your wife should enjoy the waters of Cheltenham, or the air of Brighton," as the case may be. And again, in the provinces, where dress—to be called such—is not to be procured,

"A husband is quite inexcusable if he do not bring his wife up to town with him to choose her apparel; and, indeed, by negligence of this sort, gives her a right to be sulky with him on his return; his own taste can never be sufficiently light and airy to select, for her, appropriate garments."

Here is some advice to young ladies about spoiling their own good looks, which cannot be too much insisted upon, and which is, at least, as applicable to our own fair countrywomen as to the beauties of France:

"Be not angry; for, if so, your nose contracts, your upper-lip is elongated, your eyes are half covered by their lids; you are frightfully ugly. And look not starved of cold, for then all your features are contracted, every muscle of your face is in a state of tension,—your neck sinks between your shoulders—you are hump-backed; consequently, the blood, less active in this semi-circular position, makes you still colder than if you walked on boldly, and you have further the disadvantage of looking like a little, old man."

A variety of information is afforded to us upon the ceremonies of baptism, burial, and marriage, as regards both our manners and morals. Upon the latter (and we suppose upon the second) occasion it is permitted to a gentleman to divest himself, temporarily, of one of his gloves—the right-hand one.

"We renounce," says the author, "upon this day (that of our marriage) a certain good for an uncertain happiness, and the event should therefore awaken in us serious thought and some emotion. However, there is nothing in it of so much importance, after all, as in another French ceremony held in much higher repute—that of the Duello. It is indispensable that we should know how to behave ourselves in this respect."

Punctuality is to be strictly observed in coming to the place of meeting. The principals should keep silence. The challenger fires first. After the first two shots the seconds should make an attempt at reconciliation; but, if the principals insist upon a renewal of the combat, it must be permitted. Before commencing to fight with swords the salutations must, of course, be interchanged.

"When the duel ends without serious mischief, justice usually takes no notice of the affair; but let it be remembered, if a man is killed or even seriously wounded, prosecution and a prison are the inevitable results of this foolish escapade."

Our author we have observed can be moral, and all that now remains is to prove him to be equally religious.

"It is fashionable, in the country, as well as in Paris, to be charitable, and it is certainly a fashion worthy of observance on its own merits."

It cannot but be gratifying to learn that a custom which has already met with some approval amongst us, has thus received the sanction of the Parisian editor of Etiquette for Ladies and Gentlemen.

FRENCH TAVERN LIFE.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

With the close of the seventeenth century a new era in French tavern-life began. The race of bacchanalian poets, whose Helicon was in the wine vat, ended with Saint Amand and Chapelle, and the cabaret became the home of those who went there only to feast and carouse, with no thought of cultivating the Muses. Freed from the restraints of the court of Madame de Maintenon, the great people who had danced ante-chamber there availed themselves of the example set by the Regent Orleans, and hurried to the tavern, where their days and nights were mostly spent. There was no place so obscure, no haunt so degraded, but was filled with what people called, at that time, the best company. The low and dirty cabaret kept by the notorious Rousseau, in the Rue d' Avignon, held a bad pre-eminence, and the noble dukes and marquises took shame to themselves if they got drunk anywhere else. Neither were they particular what kind of wine they drank, provided they had it in Rousseau's den. The popular tavern-keeper quickly turned this mania to account, and adulterated his wares to an extent sufficient

to excite the admiration of those London dealers who sell you a naked sherry or a dry port at twenty-six shillings per dozen. To tickle his customers' hot palates, he gave them, instead of the Burgundy of the Côte d'Or, that harsh, bastard Burgundy which is grown at Auxerre, made harsher by the infusion of alum, and further disguised by being mixed with the wine of Orleans. But Rousseau was not the only celebrated frelateur, or brouilleur de vin (as those who adulterated liquors were called). Forel, whose cabaret was close to the Palais Royal, and Lamy, who kept the sign of the Trois Cuillers (Three Spoons), contested the palm with him. All three were gibbeted in an epigram written upon them by Boursaut, who frequented their respective houses: the gist of which was, that although they were allowed to rob their guests with impunity, they were not yet permitted to poison them.

The picture that might be drawn of the drunkenness of the nobles during the period of the Regency, would be bad enough, but its worst features could be rendered still more repulsive by showing that many of the ladies imitated their lords in their devotion to the bottle. Madame de Villedieu, the authoress of a number of romances, now forgotten, died from the results of a drinking bout; and the last moments of the Princess de Condé, the widow of the Duke de Vendôme, were passed in her private cabinet, where, surrounded by well-filled flasks, she was in the habit of indulging in solitary intoxication. This princess was only forty years old when she died, in the year seventeen hundred and eighteen. It may readily be supposed that the epigrammatists of the day did not spare such ladies. The Moulin de Javelle, a suburban guingette, was the chief scene of these feminine irregularities. There was, however, a whole village of such guingettes, called the Port à l' Anglais (The Englishman's Port), situated beyond the Plaine d' Ivry, to the south-west of Paris.

Although the tavern had ceased to be a source of inspiration, dramatic poets still found consolation there — none more frequently than Dancourt, whose plays were so often damned. As a matter of course, he was always in the pit on the first night of representation, and as soon as symptoms of dissatisfaction on the part of the audience began to manifest themselves, he invariably took himself off to his favourite cabaret to drown his disappointment in wine. The house he patronised was La Cornemuse (The Bagpipe), kept by one Cheret. The guests who used to assemble there, knew Dancourt's habits, and respected the silence he observed while he drank his first bottle; but when he was beginning to see daylight through the second, and his melancholy gradually disappeared, they rallied him upon his failure, and none were merrier on the subject than he. He then continued his libations as joyously as if no mischance had befallen him, and drew from his discomfiture the materials of future success. Dancourt was in the habit of reading his pieces to his family before he took them to the green-room. On one occasion—it was the first night of a comedy unhappily named The Eclipse—he assembled his wife and children to learn their candid opinion, that he might form some notion of that of the public. It was a packed audience, but this did not save the piece from failure. The first scene appeared dull; during the second the children yawned; in the third his wife fell asleep. Dancourt saw it was of no use to go on; he put his manuscript in his pocket, and rose to leave the house. His youngest child, a little girl, perceived the movement, and going behind her father, pulled him by the sleeve. The poet turned. "I suppose, papa," she said, "you mean to sup at Cheret's this evening!" Dancourt laughed, kissed his daughter, and, safe in the conclusion that his play would indeed be eclipsed, did not go to the theatre to witness the fact, but waited for the event at the Cornemuse, and, when the news arrived, was so well primed, that it produced no effect whatever upon him, except, perhaps, of increasing his gaiety. He had, in fact, discounted his defeat, and in doing so had only followed the advice which Molière so humorously gives to those whom ill-fortune pursues.

The chief places of resort for the fashionable tipplers of Paris, a hundred and fifty years since, were the cellars of the quarter of the Temple known as the salle basse of the famous Fité, and the cave of La Morellière; and they corresponded, in many respects, to the modern Coal-hole of the Savoy, and the Cider Cellar in Maiden Lane. Amongst the company, were always to be found Chaulieu, La Fare, the Chevalier de Bouillon, the Abbé Courtin, Palaprat, and occasionally the Grand Prior, M. de Vendôme, their Mæcenas. But even the site of these haunts is now forgotten, and nothing remains of them but the names of the occupants.

There is, however, as much caprice in tavern-seeking as in courting; and the poetical bons-vivants aforesaid at one time quitted the neighbourhood of the Temple for the filthy Rue Quincampoix, in which Law had established his famous bubble bank. They installed themselves in this street at the Wooden Sword (L'Epée de Bois), which occupied the corner made by its intersection with the Rue de Venise; and in this retreat the stirring drama of the Mississipi scheme was ever before them. From satirising the all absorbing mania, the tippling poets, seduced by the splendid promises of Law and his agents, became objects of satire themselves; free from the malady of speculation, when first they went to the Wooden Sword, they soon became diseased and lent

a ready ear to the Delphic promise of the Scottish adventurer, who calmed the eager mob by telling them that, if they would have a little patience, he would take all they had (soyez tranquilles, on vous prendra tout, on prendra tout à tout le monde!). Amongst the miracles which Law performed, in the way of extracting money, that certainly was the greatest which drew gold from the pockets of the poets. Amongst those who lost their all in this way, were Louis Racine, the son of the great dramatist, and the writer Marivaux: the latter, however, was the more fortunate of the two, for his patrimony being entirely engulfed in the Mississipi scheme, he turned his attention to the stage, and not only recovered himself by his writings, but acquired an enduring fame. Fatal as the bank in the Rue Quincampoix was to thousands, there is no more tragic story connected with it than that which attaches to the name of the Count de Horn. It is as follows:

In the early part of the month of March, of the year seventeen hundred and twenty, there lodged at Paris, at the Hôtel de Flandre, in the Rue Dauphine, the Count de Horn, twenty-three years of age, a younger son of the Prince de Horn, a relative of the Emperor of Germany, of the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, and of the Duke-Regent himself. He had a yearly allowance from his father of twelve thousand livres. As he had lost much money at the fair of Saint Germain, where play was very high that year, owing to the great quantity of banknotes that were in circulation, two rascals, old officers of the count's acquaintance (Dulaure, in his History of Paris, names them as Laurent de Milly and De l'Estang), put him up to a way of filling his pockets again, by suggesting the robbery and assassination of a rich stock-jobber, who always carried a great deal of money on his person. This man occupied a room on the second floor of the Wooden Sword in the Rue de Venise, and thither, on the twentieth of March, De Horn and his confederates secretly repaired. They found their victim seated at a table, with a sum of one hundred and fifty thousand crowns spread out before him, of which he had, apparently, been taking an account. De Horn seized and tried to strangle him with a napkin, but the poor wretch made so much noise and resistance, that the assassins had recourse to other means and stabbed him in twenty places. At the first outcry, De l'Estang, who was keeping watch on the stairs, made off to his own hotel in the Rue de Tournon, where he collected every thing that was portable, and effected his escape. But the noise had alarmed a waiter of the cabaret, who ran up to the stockbroker's room, and seeing him stretched on the floor, bathed in blood, raised a hue and cry and hastily double-locked the door: not, however, in time to prevent De Milly from rushing past him. The Count de Horn, finding himself shut in, attempted to escape by the window, and, favoured by some timber which shored up the house, reached the ground in safety; but he committed the inconceivable folly of going straight to the commissary of police to lay a complaint against the owner of the cabaret for having attempted to assassinate him! His story was scarcely told, when a crowd of people brought in his accomplice, De Milly, whom they had arrested as he was escaping by the Rue Quincampoix. Thereupon, the commissary sent them both to prison. The greatest exertions were made by all the nobility to save De Horn: the families of Chatillon, Egmont, Epinay, and others, interceded for him in vain, for Law was implacable—having the rights of property so dearly at heart,—and the regent was inflexible. De Horn and De Milly were convicted and condemned to be broken alive on the wheel and afterwards beheaded, and the sentence was carried into execution. Amongst the solicitations made to the Duke of Orleans to save the life of De Horn was the representation that he was the regent's kinsman. "Very well," said the prince, "I will take my share of the disgrace: that ought to console the rest of his relations." He then recited the well-known line of Corneille, "Le crime fait la honte, et non pas l'échafaud" (the crime and not the scaffold makes the shame).

The inn called the Hôtel Royal, in the Rue des Mathurins, was also the scene of a very bloody adventure. In the month of January, seventeen hundred and fifty-three, a person wearing the dress of an abbé, and giving himself out as one, went to the shop of a rich jeweller, named Vallat, and telling him that he had an immense quantity of gold lace to dispose of, made an appointment at the hotel mentioned. Vallat, punctual to the time agreed on, drove in his coach to the place, and went upstairs to the abbé, whose first inquiry was if he had brought the money? Vallat showed him a bag containing three thousand livres in gold which he had brought, on which the reverend man seized the jeweller by the throat, and, drawing out a dagger, threatened him with instant death unless he delivered up the money, for that, for his part, he had no lace to sell. Vallat struggled, and got hold of the dagger; the abbé then caught up a razor, and inflicted gashes innumerable on the unhappy jeweller, whose cries at length brought some one to his aid. The abbé escaped by the window, and took refuge on the roof, hiding behind a stack of chimneys, but so placing himself that his shadow betrayed his place of concealment. He was quickly captured, and, judgment in such cases being speedy, soon afterwards closed his clerical career on the square of the Grève. Barbier, who tells this story in his amusing journal, quaintly adds that he thinks "it was very imprudent on the part of Vallat, to go

alone to see a man whom he knew nothing of in a furnished apartment."

All to whom the lives of celebrated criminals are familiar, must have heard of the robber Cartouche. He had, as may be supposed, no private residence of his own in Paris, preferring this or that cabaret, where the tavern-keeper and himself had business-relations. The police, arriving at a knowledge of his movements, laid a plot to catch him, which at last succeeded. On the night of the twentieth of October, seventeen hundred and twenty-one, he went to a cabaret in the quarter of Courtille, called La Haute Borne (the high boundary stone), which was kept by one Master Germain Saward, and, after giving the pass-word, "Are there four women?" (Y a-t-il quatre femmes?), was admitted, ate his supper, and went to bed,—with six loaded pistols on the night-table beside him. The police, who were in league with the tavern-keeper, remained concealed until they thought Cartouche was asleep, when they entered his room, and seized him before he was able to defend himself, or his resistance would have been desperate. At his trial, which occupied some time, he revealed the name of a number of his accomplices, the keepers of cabarets, the principal being two brothers named Liard, who, in spite of the poverty-stricken appellation, were worth at least fifty thousand crowns each,—the whole of it acquired by fraud and robbery, and connivance in crime.

The cabarets in the suburbs of Paris, a hundred years ago, were more dangerous even than the taverns in the heart of the city. At the head of one of the bands of robbers that infested the environs of Belleville, was the son of an innkeeper of that place, whose place of concealment was in the adjacent quarries. It chanced, in the year seventeen hundred and sixty-three, that a citizen of Paris, with his wife and daughter, were robbed one day by two of this band. Returning sadly homeward, they stopped at a road-side inn to ask for some refreshment, and while it was being prepared, two young men entered the house. The citizen looking round, saw them, and exclaimed, "Ah, there are the fellows who robbed us!" In one of them, the innkeeper recognised his own son; in the other, the son of a neighbour. At the citizen's exclamation, up started three or four archers of the police, who were drinking at the cabaret, and arrested them on the spot.

Dulaure tells rather an amusing story of a certain innkeeper of Paris, named Blanchard, who kept the Hôtel d'Yorck, in the time of Louis the Fifteenth. A celebrated figurante of the opera, La Grandi, had received from her lover, who was a Polish nobleman, a carriage and horses amongst his numerous gifts. This equipage had not been paid for, and Blanchard, who had trusted the Pole, was desirous of getting it back again. He accordingly waited upon Mademoiselle Grandi, and she, fancying he came to ask her some favour, put on all the airs of a fine lady, and began to find fault with the horses. Blanchard most respectfully assured her that they were the finest in Paris, and to prove it, offered to drive her himself to Longchamps, if she would allow him. The lady consented, and when they reached the boulevards, the horses began to caper at such a rate, that Blanchard advised Mademoiselle Grandi, whose nerves were delicate, to get out of the carriage until he had quieted them. She fell at once into the snare. No sooner had her foot touched the ground, than Blanchard, laying on the whip, galloped off to his own stables, and left the lady to walk home how she could.

Ramponneau is the name of a tavernkeeper of Paris, who in the year seventeen hundred and sixty, was, the talk of all the world, on account of an affair in which Voltaire amusingly interposed. In conformity with the Horatian precept, Ramponneau, who had been very successful as an aubergiste, was not content with the reputation which had made him so popular in his own quarter of the town that the women wore ribbons called after his name, but desired to change his profession and become an actor. He was a fellow who by his jokes and grimaces, and tavernkeeper's assurance, was wont to keep his guests in a roar of laughter. Hearing a good deal about the burlesque actor Volange, who at that time entertained the town, he fancied he had talents at least equal to Volange's, and resolved to put his opinion to the proof. On the Boulevard of the Temple there dwelt, just then, a certain Master Gaudon, who gave a kind of theatrical representation every evening, which was very much in vogue. The demand for "great talent" was then, as now, an object which managers of all degrees were anxious to meet; and Master Gaudon thought he could make no arrangement more profitable than that of listening to a proposal made to him by the Sieur Ramponneau to bring him out as the star of the day. They accordingly entered into a mutual treaty, Ramponneau undertaking to play for the behoof of Master Gaudon, who was to advertise his appearance, cause his portrait at full length to be displayed outside his booth or place of representation, and prepare the necessary songs and entertainments during an engagement which was to last for two months and a half, from the fourteenth of April to the twenty-eighth of June. For the services of Ramponneau, Master Gaudon stipulated to give four hundred livres, half of which was to be paid a week after his appearance, and the other half at the end of five weeks; and in addition to this salary, the Sieur Ramponneau, in consideration of the vast amount of theatrical ability with which he was supposed to be endowed—was to share the profits of

the enterprise. On his part Ramponneau agreed to appear and play at the hours fixed upon, and a forfeit of a thousand livres bound each to the contract. If Ramponneau had possessed the genius of Robson he could scarcely have made better terms; and Gaudon felt so sure of the great card he held in his hand, that instead of waiting for the opening week's success, he paid the first two hundred livres down, and Ramponneau laid out the money in a magnificent comic wardrobe, with no end of figured waistcoats and red-tailed wigs. As a little time would intervene before his début on the Boulevard of the Temple, Ramponneau decided on making an experimental rehearsal in public; for that purpose, accompanied by a citizen friend, named Haget, who swore by the aubergiste, he set off for Versailles, and close to the very palace-gates came forward to seek the applause he fully reckoned on. But never was man more deceived. As a tavern-keeper his sallies made people laugh; as a comic actor he was voted execrable; he was hissed, hooted, all but pelted off the boards; and, shaking the dust of Versailles off his feet, made the best of his way back to Paris. Everything was in readiness for his appearance; but a single night intervened, and during that night Ramponneau took counsel with himself as to his future proceedings. It seems almost incredible that an amateur actor, and a Frenchman to boot, should have entertained any misgiving as to his success; but such appears to have been the case with our would-be comedian, and he took his resolution accordingly. On the following morning Master Gaudon received a letter from the Sieur Ramponneau. It was delivered to him by a solemn notary attired in professional black. Gaudon fancied at first that some exquisite joke was intended by his facetious friend; but when he had read Ramponneau's letter, he found there was nothing to laugh at. The comic aubergiste declined to fulfil his engagement; it was against his conscience to do so; he dreaded the censures which the Church visited upon comedians and all that class of people, and had resolved to renounce a profession, the exercise of which imperilled his hopes of salvation,—with a great deal more of the same kind, all formally drawn out by the pale-faced notary in a formal "acte de desistement," in which, however, no mention was made of returning the two hundred livres, which Ramponneau had pocketed. But it was not altogether the fear of failure that had led to this rupture of the tavern-keeper's contract. He had had an eye to his interest in the matter, having privately sold the goodwill of his guingette to a man named Martin, for an annuity of fifteen hundred livres, this condition being attached to the sale—that Ramponneau should remain for a time in the exercise of his usual (comic) function, in order to keep up the attraction of the place. Master Gaudon, of course, was furious, when this intimation reached him, and a lawsuit was the immediate consequence. Besides, the lawyers on either side, a third party took up the quarrel. This individual was Voltaire, to whom the whole affair appeared full of fun, and he covered it accordingly with ridicule, in a small pamphlet in which he ironically defended Ramponneau, and gave several of his friends, Jean Jaques among the rest, some of his hardest hits. The trial which, according to Grimon, was the great event of the year, ended simply in a decree to the effect that Ramponneau should pay back the money he had received from Gaudon, and he returned to his cabaret with a vast accession of popularity.

That Ramponneau's celebrity has not been exaggerated, may be inferred from the fact that one of the barriers near Belleville still bears his name, though that of La Courtille is more popularly applied to it. In our own day,—and it may even still exist—"La descente de la Courtille" was the place for strangers to visit, who were in search of low life in Paris: the night of Shrove Tuesday being kept up there as the great holiday of the year. In Ramponneau's time, the guingettes of La Villette and Les Porcherons, along the same line of barriers, were as celebrated as his own, and have also been immortalised in verse,—the Hudibrastic verse of the poet Vadé. At the barrier of La Rapée, situated on the right bank of the Seine above the Bridge of Austerlitz, was a tavern of a more aristocratic description than any of those last mentioned, and in connection with it is told the following story:

The Duke de la Vauguyon, French ambassador in Holland in the time of Louis XV., while living at the Hague had a fancy one day to go with a party to Scheveningen to eat "watervisch," the equivalent to our "white-bait," though not to be confounded with it. Having fixed the day, engaged a room, and ordered an ample supply of the famous ragoût, M. de le Vauguyon sent his cook and other servants to prepare the rest of the dinner, so that the tavern-keeper at Scheveningen had only to supply the fish and get ready the place in which it was to be eaten. The party dined, and no doubt dined well, and the Duke's steward called for the bill. The "mauvais quart d'heure" of Rabelais (the disagreable moment for paying) was never more fully realised: the innkeeper handed in an account of fifteen hundred florins (one hundred and twenty pounds). The steward was at his wit's end and showed it to his master, who flew into a furious passion at the exorbitance of the amount. The host was sent for, but in reply to the Duke's remonstrances the phlegmatic Dutchman merely said, "That was his charge!" M. de la Vauguyon immediately despatched

a messenger to the resident magistrate, whose first question was, whether the Ambassador had come to any understanding beforehand? The Duke said he had not. The magistrate gave it as his opinion that the bill was a great deal too much, but the host returned that he had a right to charge what he pleased, and this being the law in Holland, in cases where no previous stipulation is made, the Duke was cast. He would not give in, however, until he had appealed to the Dutch government, but their High Mightinesses sided with the inn-keeper, and M. de la Vauguyon was obliged to pay the bill. He thereupon made a representation to his own government, who "made a note of it." Some time afterwards, the Dutch ambassador in Paris, proposed to some friends to give them a dinner at La Rapée—where the eels were famous—and, as was the recognised custom then, supplied the remainder of the banquet himself, with cook and servants, as M. de la Vauguyon had done at Schevening: forgetting like him to make a bargain. Of course, the same thing happened with respect to this bill: it came to exactly three thousand francs (an hundred and twenty pounds). Although a Dutchman, M. de Berkenroode got into a rage, stormed at the host, and stormed in vain; he was told that an arbitrary charge was, under certain circumstances, the law in France. The Ambassador cooled down in a moment: he recollected the affair of Schevening, on which he had formerly made merry: and turning round observed to one of his friends, "I understand I must pay for the 'watervisch' of Monsieur de la Vauguyon!"

It was a curious feature in the manners of the French a century ago, how much, with all their pride, the people of rank frequented the same places of amusement as the lower orders. Even the ladies visited the guingettes. One of the most remarkable parties of this kind that has been recorded, is that which was made at a cabaret at Chaillot, called La Maison Rouge (The Red House), where were assembled half-a-dozen of the greatest beauties and strong-minded women, disciples of the new philosophy. Their names were, Madame de Boufflers, Madame du Châtelet, Madame de la Popeliniere, and the Marchionesses de Mailly, de Gouvernet and Dudeffant. The Memoirs of Longchamps, who had at that time just entered the service of Madame du Châtelet, give one strange ideas of the notions of propriety which these ladies must have entertained. His description need not be quoted in detail, but when he tells us that they treated their male-servants as if they had been mere automata, the freedom of their manners may be imagined. "I am sure," he says, "that my individuality was of no more account in their eyes than the kettle which I hold in my hand." And he adds: "They must have amused themselves at a great rate, for we heard them laughing and singing all the night; indeed, they did not leave the cabaret till five o'clock in the morning." Nice ladies, and nice times! Was it wonderful that there should have been a revolution!

The last cabaret of which I have to speak is, that which has been emphatically called "Le dernier Cabaret." It was kept by La Mère Saguet, the "Madame Gregoire" of one of Béranger's songs, and served as the literary and artistic focus for the generation now fast disappearing. It was established in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-four, in the Rue du Moulin-de Beurre, close to the barrier du Maine, on the south side of Paris. Its celebrity began under the Empire, but its culminating fame was under the Restoration, when the sculptor David, the poet Victor Hugo, the painter Deveria, the journalist Thiers, the novelist Dumas, the politician Armand Carrel, and a list of artists and men of letters, including Charlet, Romieu, Tony Johannot, Reffet, Gavarni, and Fontan, were its habitual frequenters. There was one odd fellow among them, a hard-drinking sign-painter, who chiefly evinced his talents in painting bunches of grapes over the doors of the wine-sellers of Paris and the suburbs. It was he who had decorated the cabaret of the Mère Saguet, both within and without, and there his gay companions received the news of his death from the lips of the caricaturist Charlet. It was a cruel moment for the jovial crew, but they paid the poor sign-painter the only honour they had it in their power to offer; they clubbed verses for his epitaph, the greatest number of rhymes being furnished by Victor Hugo. That the strain in which they were written was not a very sad one may be supposed, if the opening lines be taken as a sample. They ran thus:

> "Tu nous as fait trop rire dans la vie,
> Pour qu' à la mort on pense à la pleurer."

(You have made us laugh too much in your life-time to allow us to think of weeping at death). Couplet after couplet was added until the funeral hymn was completed; it was then set to music on the spot, and the illustrious Collinet accompanied the air on his flute.

But the year eighteen hundred and thirty came, dispersing the boon companions to find their places in the world—most of them high ones—and la Mère Saguet no longer taking a pride in her cabaret relinquished it to the Sieur Bourdon, and withdrew to a small pavilion at the bottom of the garden where, only three years ago, she was still living, a hale old woman, who every year, on her birthday, returned to the cabaret, took her place behind the counter, looked after the cooking, and stirred the pot ("remuait la castrolle," so she called it), with all the

vigour of her youthful days. Cabarets abound all over France, but la Mère Saguet is the last of her race.

THE DATCHLEY PHILHARMONIC.

I AM of opinion that an impartial narrative of our Datchley Philharmonic Union, traced conscientiously from its original inception in the early part of the year eighteen hundred and fifty blank, to its final extinction in the autumn of that same year, would form an humble, but interesting page in the great history of the musical human family. I, myself, have peculiar facilities for this task, having in a manner stood by its cradle and followed its hearse. Perhaps I may add, modestly, that I paid my share towards the expenses of these obsequies, the concern being, so to speak, insolvent at the period of its collapse.

It was at Tritonville, at a select party of Mrs. Lightbody's, that the idea originated. Belmore Jones was the immediate originator; and I, with the two Miss Withers, and Weesond (who blew a little on the cornet), seized on the project greedily and worked it promptly into shape. No doubt the rapturous applause accorded to the two-part song for equal voices, so sweetly rendered by the Misses Withers, had put Belmore Jones upon the notion. No less satisfactory had been his own performance in the early portion of the evening, giving his famous bass song with singular force and effect. The well-known Orphean quartett, in which we had obtained quite a provincial reputation, had also formed part of the evening's entertainment: the components thereof (the Misses Lightbody, Belmore Jones, and myself—tenor) falling in, regimentally, in front of the piano, had been delighting the company with miracles of sound, full of strange and pleasing contrasts. At one moment, our voices were lulled to the very faintest whisper, sending abroad doubts as to whether the chaunt was not now prematurely concluded; at the next, bursting with startling effect into proclamation respecting the Hun-ter on the Alpin' Heighths! From rock to rock He gaily Boundeth—gaily Boundeth! Indeed the Männer-Gesang-Verein, from Cologne, were held by a competent judge, who had been lately up in London, to sing very much after our manner.

"I can assure you, Jones, when I heard those Cologne men last year, the Männer-Gesang-Verein, you know, give that very Jäger-Lied; I thought it a coarse performance—a very coarse performance."

Jones was excited by the triumphs of the evening. "Suppose," said he, panting with eagerness. "Suppose, we form a society, and give concerts in the Assembly Rooms, and issue complimentary tickets!"

It was a vast conception, and we stood looking at each other for some moments, without venturing to speak. It was opening up a new vein, as yet undreamt of. We had, in a manner, sung out our whole circle of friends, and were secretly craving for a more expanded sphere. It was welcomed, therefore, with enthusiasm. Miss Bandoline, who was held to have an unrivalled soprano voice and Mrs. Lightbody's eldest, was in raptures, as was Mrs. Lightbody, herself. All she stipulated for, Mrs. Lightbody said, was, "that it should be select."

We became then resolved into a committee of the entire party: Belmore Jones on the piano-stool, and a number of hasty resolutions were passed, the essence of which was, that there should be as many concerts as possible, and that everybody should have opportunity for displaying his or her peculiar gift. The exclusion of all professionals was sternly pressed by Mrs. Lightbody, saving always Mendelssohn Jackson, local organist and director of the well-known Guild Band of the place. He would be indispensable for moulding into shape, the harmonious raw material; and so was taken in, under protest. At an adjourned meeting, held the following day, the capabilities of this raw material were looked more into, and classified: Mendelssohn Jackson being in attendance on the occasion. There was Miss Bandoline, first woman and leading soprano, beyond dispute, having but newly come from the hands of Polonio, the eminent lady's teacher, and bon ton composer. It was marvellous to hear her taking that C in alt—swooping at it gymnastically, with visible muscular action and swelling of veins. It was whispered mysteriously, that it had been manufactured, by the ingenious Polonio, he having with infinite pains so worked on the delicate organs in the regions about the thorax, as to bring about this remarkable result. It must be admitted, certainly, that the note, so eliminated, was of thin and wiry texture; perhaps owing to the physical configuration of Miss Bandoline's person, which was of the same character. Still, had not Polonio decreed her organ to have been of the character known as the Veiled Voice, or Voix Voilée, as the French have it—which quite explained it? There was Miss Bandoline's sister—contralto—who was held to put in a sweet second in Polonio's own admired duets, dedicated each to a noble pupil of Polonio's in London. There was Belmore Jones's basso profondo, which seemed to issue from many miles below the surface of the earth. The lowest note on his register was famous in the parish, it being reported to make the windows vibrate like the pedal-pipes of an organ.

Looking, however, to the instrumental department, it was truly cheering to see what abundant promise was held out to us from all quarters. It came to be a positive embarrassment of riches. Locock, in the handsomest manner, came to lay his cornet, Sax-

horn and other brass ordnance at our feet, he being indifferently skilled in each. The Reverend Alfred Hoblush, as it fell out, could do a little on the violoncello, as could his excellent vicar upon the violin. Only age had imparted a sort of quaveriness to the reverend incumbent's tone, which was discovered too late to admit of his exclusion. There were whispers too of a contra-basso or double bass, lying cast away in some upper chamber, which awful engine Mendelssohn Jackson promised to have looked up speedily, and brought down from its dust. Lastly there were a few floating elements of music, up and down the neighbourhood,—mild men who had had to do with flutes in early life—one or two who were familiar with brass instruments, Sax and poly-twist, who only needed bringing together, to form a very available and respectable force.

Finally it was agreed that the various great works intended for representation should be put in rehearsal without delay.

There was extraordinary excitement in the town when it became known that the Philharmonic Union was an accomplished fact. Quite a crowd followed the Reverend Hoblush's violoncello-case, as it was borne through the street on men's shoulders. But, curious to say, there was a strange apathy abroad with regard to the subscription. The shares were dull in the market, though Jones went about diligently; whispering, puffing, stimulating, and otherwise rigging the market. The constitution of the society had therefore to be modified; it being thought better that members alone should have the privilege of subscribing, and introducing friends on principles of love and favour, which happy ordinance at once set the institution right with the public. Then the business of rehearsal began.

Properly speaking, there was a rehearsal en permanence at Mrs. Lightbody's. In the halls of Tritonville was perpetual concert, and the hunter bounded from rock to rock eternally. Locock's unwearying manipulation of his instrument became a nuisance, crying aloud to Heaven, and it was whispered in dissenting circles,—not without a certain grim satisfaction,—that the Reverend Hoblush was being led away carnally, to the certain imperilment of his soul and great scandal of his parish.

Against the day of assembling for first rehearsal, a very important auxiliary was known to have arrived at Tritonville; to have come down specially for the great festival, it was confidently stated. There was a sort of awful respect attendant on the name of Mrs. Grey Malkyn, own aunt to Miss Bandoline, and trained under the late Mr. Braham. She had heard that incomparable artist interpret My Dog and my Gun, in the cheerful trolling style so much esteemed in that age; also the lusty, vein-distending reading of the death of Nelson, when England was brought to confess that every man that day had done his duty. She had, as it were, sat under the great master at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, where he, together with matchless Mistress Mattocks, oft chanted through Love in a Village, and other diverting pieces. With such pleasing memories, it was only natural that Mrs. G. Malkyn should be always struggling for the restoration of that defunct but famous style—hopelessly, it would seem.

Never shall I forget those earlier meetings after Mrs. G. Malkyn's arrival—days of storm and contention, on which the whole project had well nigh made shipwreck. For, it unhappily fell out that Jones also had strong musical tradition to hold by, and when great farmers of musical talent brought round the provinces their troupe of singing birds, set free from gilded cages at Haymarket and Lyceum, he contrived to establish relations with conductors and such folk, being made free of the little chamber behind the concert-room, and occasionally introduced to the singing birds themselves. Therefore did Jones incline to the modern romantic school, and was for a step in the Verdi direction. In short, nothing less than a revival in its entirety of the famous Troubadour of that master. But Mrs. G. Malkyn was in strong dissent, holding that nothing could approach the florid beauties of such old-established favourites as Norma, the Druid priestess and her sisters, and being a person of much consideration, and having funded and other moneys, it was resolved to bring out the injured priestess, who was put in rehearsal without delay. O, those rehearsals! Who shall realise to himself the incredible change they wrought in that circle, once so full of peace and goodwill. It was astonishing the heat and temper they stirred up in the breasts of gentle-minded and inoffensive beings. There was a fierce and contentious spirit abroad during those few hours, enough to scandalise any impartial Christian that might chance to be present. Thus, Miss Bandoline, whom I had always held to be about as sweet-tempered a girl as had ever come in my way, became of a sudden filled with fury, and turned quite red in the face, if her air was taken too slow or too fast, or otherwise improperly treated. Even the Reverend Hoblush would, at times, so far cast off his sacred character as to stamp upon the ground and brandish his bow fiercely in the air. His cravat was observed to get loose and his collar to open, in the excitement of the moment. But the most painful part of the whole was when the two leaders—as Mrs. Grey Malkyn and Jones might fairly be styled—came in hostile collision. They were to be seen stationed, one on either side of poor Jackson—mildest of created beings—and over his person were their battles fought. In the midst of the deafening mélée, Druid priests, next the window, hoarsely shouting

for their victim, with craven Pollio straining his larynx to top the horrid din, all would be brought up suddenly by harsh and repeated strokes of a ruler on the piano.

"Stop, stop, stop!" Mrs. Malkyn would be heard to exclaim. "Mr. Jackson, be so good as to take that passage just one-third as slow again. See, thus: one—two—three!"

To her Jones, bridling with secret rage and mortification.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Malkyn, but I took especial pains with Jackson about that very passage—it is the way they do it in London."

"I have heard Pasta," ripostes Mrs. Malkyn, taking off her spectacles, and clearing away for action, "and Malibran, and Grisi, and not one of them—no, not one of them—ever took it that way."

"Costa does," says Belmore Jones, with ashy lips.

"Never!" says Mrs. Malkyn, trembling; "would you turn it into a jig?"

"Or make it a slow march?" says Jones, tauntingly.

At this stage, the Druids and others desirous of peace would interpose, and, under cover of a hurly-burly of "Go on! Never mind!" bewildered Jackson, who was by nature a trimmer, would start with a sort of neutral tempo. And so the difficulty would be got over.

Sometimes, I grieve to say, Jones utterly forgot himself, and being drunk, as it were, with the fumes of music, would utter language disrespectful to Mrs. Malkyn. At which outrage the injured lady would retire to a remote sofa, and there and then beg to be relieved of all further responsibility in the concern. They could do very well without her, she saw; there were wiser heads than hers to direct them. At which prospect of being utterly stranded, and abandoned to their own devices, the whole company would be aghast. Horrid visions of the funded moneys, now diverted to charitable and other uses, began to loom upon the Lightbody family; and Miss Bandoline, with her priestesses, would gather distractedly round the remote sofa, and offer such gentle alleviation as was in their power. At last, the pupil of the great Braham would give way, and suffer herself to be led again to the instrument, and Mendelssohn Jackson took up once more the suspended strain.

The great day drew gradually near. The demand for tickets,—under the new system!—grew up to an amazing height; and the committee, sitting daily at Tritonville, found themselves whelmed in a heavy, but not unpleasing press of business. The difficulty was, said the Reverend Hoblush, where you were to draw the line,—outside the general practitioner's wife, whose social status was unhappily not so clearly defined; while his licensed brother, with letters of marque from St. Andrew's, was to be privileged to deposit his vulgar person upon one of our reserved seats without stop or hindrance?

Such questions were of grave moment, and, I believe, caused Mrs. Lightbody many a sleepless night.

At length the great day, long expected and desired, had come round. Belmore Jones, and others, had spent it journeying incessantly between Mrs. Lightbody's and the rooms. There was a wild excitement about his movements that made it hazardous to cross, or otherwise interfere with him. Westminster Abbey or a peerage, he was heard to mutter to himself many times,—unconsciously identifying himself with one of England's greatest heroes. It was often told afterwards how the Reverend Hoblush had hurried through certain christening ceremonials that came thickly on him that morning, despatching them with haste and manifest impatience. How, too, he had cast from him his surplice, and has hurried away with the rest in the direction of the rooms. Half the town were looking on at the preparations. The whole of that day there was a stream of chairs, and upholstery, directed on the concerts; and men, with hammers and baize aprons, were known to have been at work up to a late hour.

At precisely half-past seven o'clock the doors were thrown open, and almost immediately, the company began to pour in. They were marshalled and conducted to convenient sittings by the stewards, who might be styled, not improperly, the great Institution of the night. Everybody was a steward, and bore a white wand. I was a steward; Belmore Jones was a steward; the Reverend Hoblush was a steward, and bore a white wand. Even the bulk of singing and playing-men, found decent excuse to slip down, and fill for a short span the duties of that office. It was a sight to see us standing at intervals, leaning on our staves, used much after the manner of Spanish piccadores, inflaming remote and choleric gentlemen by repeated lunges in the regions of the breast. I have my suspicions that the stewards must have been found an outspeaking nuisance, that night—their deportment being in many instances tyrannical. As each lady and gentleman passed the threshold, a courteous steward, specially selected for his insinuating manners, stepped forward with a programme containing the events of the night. A copy still remains to me of which the following is a faithful transcript:

DATCHLEY
AMATEUR PHILHARMONIC UNION.

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

Parte Prima.

Overture	Full Orchestra.
Scotch Ballad, "Cam' hame wi' the Kail"	Miss Bandoline Lightbody.
Solo, Violoncello. Reverend Alfred Hoblush	Mendelssohn Jackson.
Orphean Quartetto, "The Alpine Hunter"	

Voluntary, Piano-Forte . Mr. Mendelssohn Jackson . .	Mendelssohn Jackson.
Grand Aria, "Terribile." Mr. Belmore Jones . . .	Porchi.
Symphony, compressed and adapted by	Mendelssohn Jackson.

(An interval of ten minutes).

Parte Seconda.

Trio, Saxe-Horns	Mendelssohn Jackson.
MSS. Ballad, "My heart, my heart is breaking!" Miss B. Lightbody	MSS.
Orphean Quartetto, "Sing tra la la!"	
Grand Scena, "Ah, Perche!" (by desire)	Miss Grey Malkyn.

Selections from the grand opera of "Norma."

One thing strikes me as I look fondly over this memorial, and that is the singularly frequent recurrence of the name of Mendelssohn Jackson. The works of that master seemed to constitute the chief aliment of the evening, no doubt owing to the natural popularity of local talent. When he was seen to come forward to his desk, bâton in hand and all begloved, there was a very gratifying display of local feeling—acknowledged by the maestro gracefully—and the overture set in. And here, at the outset, I had sore misgivings that the whole thing was about to break down prematurely, and go to pieces at once. From the very post, as it were, there came of a sudden an alarming thinness in the instrumentation—the violin apparently bearing the whole burden of the piece. This, I was afterwards informed, was owing to the various players having lost their places through nervousness or other cause. I saw Mendelssohn Jackson become of an ashy paleness, but still holding on, without faltering, to his beat, making believe, with sickness in his heart, as though all were going well, until the Reverend Hoblush, who had been rambling up and down his music distractedly, struck in desperately to the rescue, and restored the day. Rome was saved.

Miss Bandoline's song, which came next, was beautiful. Elderly gentlemen were observed beating their fingers rhythmically to the soft burden, Cam' ham' wi the kail, which recurred deliciously at each verse. Long will that hymn be chanted of winter nights in Datchley homesteads—mothers voicing it softly to their infants by the firelight. It was, of course, re-demanded frantically—florid, elderly gentlemen giving strong signs of adhesion. Jones's Terribile, introducing the well-known E flat, was an awfully impressive performance.

The trio for Sax-horns left a horrible feeling on the mind, as though we had been hearkening to the cries of souls in agony—of men being broke upon the wheel. There was a tinny mail-coach quality about their tones, with now and again strange sounds, as of braying, very distressing. But there was that in store which was to make up for all short comings.

It had been kept a profound secret, and only suffered to leak out—designedly—within the last twenty-four hours, that Mrs. Grey Malkyn had been induced to come before the public, and give a faint reflex of the late incomparable Mr. Braham's manner. Indescribable, therefore, was the excitement when, at this particular juncture, Mrs. Grey Malkyn, in rich black velvet and bugles, was seen to step forward from a front row, and to be assisted on to the platform by two stewards with wands.

People in the back rows stood up, stretching forward eagerly to catch a view of the famous lady who had sat at the feet of the departed Braham. Greater still was the sensation when, as Mendelssohn Jackson allowed his fingers to wander carelessly over the keys by way of preludio, she gathered herself up in all her strength and beauty, looking round on the company assembled with infinite grace and composure.

When perfect stillness had been restored, it became understood—from a certain thrilling sound heard, as it were, afar off, beyond the area of the concert-room—that Mrs. Malkyn was already on the first note of her air. Men looked at each other and at the ceiling, in astonishment. What did it mean? This was Mr. Braham's happy method of surprise; for she was elaborating that note in a fashion truly marvellous—making capital, as it were, of it; now swelling on it, now letting it subside, now swelling on it again, now imparting to it a fluttering motion. The slow movement was lengthened out with infinite skill. The quicker portion led off in the old roystering Trafalgar's Bay manner. Altogether, it was a fine reading. At its close tumultuous applause, and a bouquet observed to wing its flight from the centre of the house. Re-demanded, of course.

That was the pearl and flower of our concerts. There were others; but it was to that opening-night we looked back with fond and reverential feelings. Afterwards, I grieve to say, a sort of indifference sprang up in the public mind, which did not encourage us to pursue the experiment. In course of time, Belmore Jones was drafted away to London, which blow may be said to have extinguished the society. And though we brought down Mrs. G. Malkyn once more—feeling that there was much in the prestige of her name—yet, the attendance was so scant, the public apathy so marked, to say nothing of the heavy charges for hire of rooms, lighting, and the like, that we saw at once it was no use casting our pearls before——the ungracious word had best be left unspoken.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 389.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF NOTHING.

NOTE THE FIRST. TRYING FOR QUIET.

"Yes," said the doctor, pressing the tips of his fingers with a tremulous firmness on my pulse, and looking straight forward into the pupils of my eyes, "yes, I see: the symptoms all point unmistakably towards one conclusion—Brain. My dear sir, you have been working too hard; you have been following the dangerous example of the rest of the world in this age of business and bustle. Your brain is over-taxed—that is, your complaint. You must let it rest — there is your remedy."

"You mean," I said, "that I must keep quiet, and do Nothing?"

"Precisely so," replied the doctor. "You must not read or write; you must abstain from allowing yourself to be excited by society; you must have no annoyances; you must feel no anxieties; you must not think; you must be neither elated nor depressed; you must keep early hours and take an occasional tonic, with moderate exercise, and a nourishing but not too full a diet—above all, as perfect repose is essential to your restoration, you must go away into the country, taking any direction you please, and living just as you like, so long as you are quiet and so long as you do Nothing."

"I presume he is not to go away into the country without me?" said my wife, who was present at the interview.

"Certainly not," rejoined the doctor with a gallant bow. "I look to your influence, my dear madam, to encourage our patient to follow my directions. It is unnecessary to repeat them, they are so extremely simple and easy to carry out. I will answer for your husband's recovery if he will but remember that he has now only two objects in life—to keep quiet, and to do Nothing.

My wife is a woman of business habits. As soon as the doctor had taken his leave, she produced her pocket-book, and made a brief abstract of his directions for our future guidance. I looked over her shoulder and observed that the entry ran thus:—

"Rules for dear William's restoration to health. No reading; no writing; no excitement; no annoyance; no anxiety; no thinking. Tonic. No elation of spirits. Nice dinners. No depression of spirits. Dear William to take little walks (with me). To go to bed early. To get up, ditto. N.B.—Keep him quiet. Mem: Mind he does Nothing."

Mind I do Nothing? No need to mind about that. I have not had a holiday since I was a boy. Oh, blessed Idleness, after the years and years of industry that have separated us, are you and I to be brought together again at last! Oh, my weary right hand, are you really to ache no longer with driving the ceaseless pen? May I, indeed, put you in my pocket, and let you rest there, indolently, for hours together? Yes! for I am now at last to begin—doing Nothing. Delightful task that performs itself. Welcome responsibility that carries its weight away smoothly on its own shoulders. Doing Nothing? What an ease there is in the mere sound of the words! what a luxurious conviction I feel that in this one object of my life at least, I am certain, before-hand, of achieving the completest success.

These thoughts shine in pleasantly on my mind after the doctor has taken his departure, and diffuse an easy gaiety over my spirits when my wife and I set forth, the next day, for the country. We are not going the round of the noisy watering places, nor is it our intention to accept any invitations to join the gay circles assembled by festive country friends. My wife, guided solely by the abstract of the doctor's directions in her pocket-book, has decided that the only way to keep me absolutely quiet, and to make sure of my doing Nothing, is to take me to some pretty retired village and to put me up at a little primitive, unsophisticated country-inn. I offer no objection to this project—not because I have no will of my own and am not master of all my movements, but only because I happen to agree with my wife. Considering what a very independent man I am, naturally, it has sometimes struck me, as a rather remarkable circumstance, that I always do agree with her.

We find the pretty, retired village. A charming place, full of thatched cottages with creepers at the doors, like the first easy lessons in drawing-masters' copy-books. We find the

unsophisticated inn—just the sort of house that the novelists are so fond of writing about, with the snowy curtains and the sheets perfumed by lavender, and the matronly landlady and the amusing sign-post. This Elysium is called the Nag's Head. Can the Nag's Head accommodate us? Yes, with a delightful bedroom and a sweet parlour. My wife takes off her bonnet and makes herself at home, directly. She nods her head at me with a look of triumph. Yes, dear, on this occasion also I quite agree with you. Here we have found perfect quiet; here we may make sure of obeying the doctor's orders, here we have, at last, discovered Nothing.

Nothing? Did I say Nothing? We arrive at the Nag's Head late in the evening, have our tea, go to bed tired with our journey, sleep delightfully till about three o'clock in the morning, and, at that hour, begin to discover that there are actually noises even in this remote country seclusion They keep fowls at the Nag's Head, and, at three o'clock, the cock begins to crow and the hens to cluck under our window. Pastoral, my dear, and suggestive of eggs for breakfast whose reputation is above suspicion; but I wish these cheerful fowls did not wake quite so early. Are there, likewise, dogs, love, at the Nag's Head, and are they trying to bark down the crowing and clucking of the cheerful fowls? I should wish to guard myself against the possibility of making a mistake, but I think I heard three dogs. A small, shrill dog who barks rapidly, a melancholy dog of uncertain size, who howls monotonously; and a large hoarse dog who emits barks at intervals like minute guns. Is this going on long? Apparently it is. My dear, if you will refer to your pocket-book, I think you will find that the doctor recommended early hours. We will not be fretful and complain of having our morning sleep disturbed we will be contented, and will only say that it is time to get up.

Breakfast. Delicious meal, let us linger over it as long as we can,—let us linger, if possible, till the drowsy midday tranquillity begins to sink over this secluded village Strange! but now I think of it again, do I, or do I not, hear an incessant hammering over the way? No manufacture is carried on in this peaceful place, no new houses are being built; and yet there is such a hammering that, if I shut my eyes, I can almost fancy myself in the neighbourhood of a dock-yard. Waggons, too Why does a waggon which makes so little noise in London, make so much noise here? Is the dust on the road detonating powder, that goes off with a report at every turn of the heavy wheels? Does the waggoner crack his whip or fire a pistol to encourage his horses? Children, next. Only five of them, and they have not been able to settle for the last half hour what game they shall play at. On two points alone do they appear to be unanimous—they are all agreed on making a noise and on stopping to make it under our window. I think I am in some danger of forgetting one of the doctor's directions: I rather fancy I am allowing myself to be annoyed. Let us take a turn in the garden, at the back of the house. Dogs again! The yard is on one side of the garden. Every time our walk takes us near it, the small shrill dog barks and the large hoarse dog growls. The doctor tells me to have no anxieties. I am suffering devouring anxieties. These dogs may break loose and fly at us, for anything I know to the contrary, at a moment's notice. What shall I do? Give myself a drop of tonic? or escape for a few hours from the perpetual noises of this retired spot by taking a drive? My wife says, take a drive. I think I have already mentioned that I invariably agree with my wife.

The drive is successful in procuring us a little quiet. My directions to the coachman are to take us where he pleases, so long as he keeps away from secluded villages. We suffer much jolting in by-lanes, and encounter a great variety of bad smells. But a bad smell is a quiet nuisance, and I am ready to put up with it patiently. Towards dinner time we return to our inn. Meat, vegetables, pudding, all excellent, clean and perfectly cooked. As good a dinner as I wish ever to eat;—shall I get a little nap after it? The fowls, the dogs, the hammer, the children, the waggons, are quiet at last. Is there anything else left to make a noise? Yes there is the working population of the place. It is getting on towards evening, and the sons of labour are assembling on the benches placed outside the inn to drink. What a delightful scene they would make of this homely every-day event on the stage! How the simple creatures would clink their tin mugs and drink each other's healths, and laugh joyously in chorus! How the peasant maidens would come tripping on the scene and lure the men tenderly to the dance! Where are the pipe and tabour that I have seen in so many pictures; where the simple songs that I have read about in so many poems? What do I hear as I listen, prone on the sofa, to the evening gathering of the rustic throng? Oaths,—nothing, on my word of honour, but oaths! I look out, and see gangs of cadaverous savages, drinking gloomily from brown mugs, and swearing at each other every time they open their lips. Never in any large town, at home or abroad, have I been exposed to such an incessant fire of unprintable words as now assail my ears in this primitive village. No man can drink to another without swearing at him first. No man can ask a question without adding a mark of interrogation at the end in the shape of an oath. Whether they quarrel (which they do for the most part), or whether they agree; whether they

talk of weather or wages, of their troubles in this place or their good luck in that; whether they are telling a story, or proposing a toast, or giving an order, or finding fault with the beer, these men seem to be positively incapable of speaking without an allowance of at least five foul words for every one fair word that issues from their lips. English is reduced in their mouths to a brief vocabulary of all the vilest expressions in the language. This is an age of civilisation; this is a Christian country; opposite me I see a building with a spire, which is called, I believe, a church; past my window, not an hour since, there rattled a neat pony chaise with a gentleman inside, clad in glossy black broad cloth, and popularly known by the style and title of clergyman—and yet, under all these good influences, here sit twenty or thirty men whose ordinary table-talk is so outrageously beastly, and blasphemous that not one single sentence of it, though it lasted the whole evening, could be printed, as a specimen, for public inspection, in the pages of this journal. When the intelligent foreigner comes to England, and when I tell him (as I am sure to do) that we are the most moral people in the universe, I will take good care that he does not set his foot in secluded British village when the rural population is reposing over its mug of small-beer after the labours of the day.

I am not a squeamish person, neither is my wife, but the social intercourse of the villagers drives us out of our room, and sends us to take refuge at the back of the house. We gain nothing, however, by the change. The back parlour, to which we have now retreated, looks out on a bowling-green; and there are more benches, more mugs of beer, more foul-mouthed villagers on the bowling-green. Immediately under our window is a bench and table for two, and on it are seated a drunken old man and a drunken old woman. The aged sot in trousers is offering marriage to the aged sot in petticoats, with frightful oaths of endearment. Never before did I imagine that swearing could be twisted to the purposes of courtship. Never before did I suppose that a man could make an offer of his hand by bellowing imprecations on his eyes, or that all the powers of the infernal regions could be appropriately summoned to bear witness to the beating of a lover's heart under the influence of the tender passion. I know it now, and I derive so little satisfaction from gaining the knowledge of it, that I determine on having the two intolerable old drunkards removed from the window, and sent to continue their cursing courtship elsewhere. The ostler is lounging about the bowling-green, scratching his bare brawny arms and yawning grimly in the mellow evening sunlight. I beckon to him, and ask him if he does not think those two old people have had beer enough? Yes, the ostler thinks they have. I inquire next if they can be removed from the premises, before their language gets worse, without the risk of making any great disturbance. The ostler says, Yes, they can, and calls to the potboy. When the potboy comes, he says, "Now then, Jack!" and snatches the table away from the two ribald old people without another word. The old man's pipe is on the table; he rises and staggers forward to possess himself of it; the old woman rises, too, to hold him by the arm for fear he should fall flat on his face. The moment they are off the bench, the potboy snatches their seat away from behind them, and quietly joins the ostler who is carrying their table into the inn. None of the other drinkers laugh at this proceeding, or pay any attention to it; and the two intoxicated old people, left helpless on their legs, stagger away feebly without attracting the slightest notice. The neat stratagem which the ostler and the potboy have just performed is evidently the customary and only possible mode of letting drinkers know when they have had enough, at the Nag's Head. Where did those savage islanders live whose manners a certain sea-captain once upon a time described as no manners at all, and some of whose customs he reprobated as being very nasty? If I did not know that we are many miles distant from the coast, I should be almost disposed to suspect that the seafaring travellier whose opinion I have just quoted had been touching at the Nag's Head.

As it is impossible to snatch away all the tables and all the benches of all the company drinking and swearing in front of the house and behind it, I inquire of the ostler, the next time he comes near the window, at what time the tap closes? He tells me at eleven o'clock. It is hardly necessary to say that we put off going to bed until that time. At eleven we retire, drenched from head to foot, if I may so speak, in floods of bad language. I cautiously put my head out of window, and see that the lights of the tap-room are really extinguished at the appointed time. I hear the drinkers oozing out grossly into the pure freshness of the summer night. They all growl together; they all go together. All? Sinner and sufferer that I am, I have been premature in arriving at that happy conclusion! Six choice spirits, with a social horror in their souls of going home to bed, prop themselves against the wall of the inn, and continue the evening's conversazione in the darkness. I hear them cursing at each other by name. We have Tom, Dick, and Sam, Jem, Bill, and Bob to enliven us under our window, after we are in bed. They begin improving each other's minds, as a matter of course, by quarrelling. Music follows and soothes the strife, in the shape of a local duet, sung by voices of vast compass, which soar in one note from howling bass to cracked treble. Yawning follows the duet; long, loud, weary yawning of all the company in chorus. Then

Tom asks Dick for "baccer," and Dick denies that he has got any, and Tom tells him he lies, and Sam strikes in and says, "No, he doan't," and Jem tells Sam he lies, and Bill tells him that if he was Sam he would punch Jem's head, and Bob, apparently snuffing the battle from afar off and not liking the scent of it, shouts suddenly a pacific good-night in the distance. The farewell salutation seems to quiet the gathering storm. They all roar responsive to the good-night roar of Bob. A moment of silence, actually a moment, follows—then a repetition of the long, loud, weary yawning in chorus—then another moment of silence—then Jem suddenly shouts to the retiring Bob to come back—Bob refuses, softened by distance—Jem insists, and his four friends join him—Bob relents and returns. A shriek of indignation, far down the village—Bob's wife has her window open, and has heard him consent to go back to his friends. Hearty laughter from Bob's five friends; screams from Bob's wife; articulate screams, informing Bob that she will "cut his liver out," if he does not come home directly. Answering curses from Bob; he will "mash" his wife, if she does not hold her tongue. A song in chorus from Bob's five friends. Outraged by this time past all endurance, I spring out of bed and seize the water-jug. My wife, having the doctor's directions ever present to her mind, implores me in heart-rending tones to remember that I am under strict medical orders not to excite myself. I pay no heed to her remonstrances, and advance to the window with the jug. I pause before I empty the water on the heads of the assembly beneath; I pause, and hear—O! most melodious, most welcome of sounds!—the sudden fall of rain. The merciful, bountiful sky has anticipated me; the "clerk of the weather" has been struck by my idea of dispersing the Nag's Head Night Club, by water. By the time I have put down the jug and got back to bed, silence—primeval silence, the first, the foremost of all earthly influences—falls sweetly over our tavern at last. That night, before sinking wearily to rest, I have once more the satisfaction of agreeing with my wife. Dear and admirable woman! she proposes to leave this secluded village the first thing to-morrow morning. Never did I share her opinion more cordially than I share it now. Instead of keeping myself composed, I have been living in a region of perpetual disturbance; and, as for doing nothing, my mind has been so agitated and perturbed that I have not even had time to think about it. We will go, love—as you so sensibly suggest—we will go the first thing in the morning, to any place you like, so long as it is large enough to swallow up small sounds. Where, over all the surface of this noisy earth, the blessing of tranquillity may be found, I know not; but this I do know; the present secluded English village is the very last place towards which any man should think of turning his steps, if the main object of his walk through life is to discover quiet.

NOTE THE SECOND. NOTHING.

The next morning we continue our journey in the direction of the coast, and arrive at a large watering-place. Observing that it is, in every respect, as unlike the secluded village as possible, we resolve to take up our abode in this populous and perfectly tranquil town. We get a lodging fronting the sea. There are noises about us—various and loud noises, as I should have thought, if I had not just come from a village; but everything is comparative, and, after the past experience I have gone through, I find our new place of abode quiet enough to suit the moderate expectations which I have now learnt to form on the subject of getting peace in this world. Here I can at least think almost uninterruptedly of the doctor's orders. Here I may surely begin my new life, and enjoy the luxury of Nothing.

I suppose it is a luxury; and yet so perverse is man, I hardly know whether I am not beginning to find it something more like a hardship at the very outset. Perhaps my busy and active life has unfitted me for a due appreciation of the happiness of being idle. Perhaps I am naturally of a restless, feverish constitution. However that may be, it is certain that on the first day when I seriously determine to do nothing, I fail to find in the execution of my resolution such supreme comfort and such easy enjoyment as I had anticipated. I try hard to fight against the conviction (which will steal on me, nevertheless) that I have only changed one kind of hard work for another that is harder. I try to persuade myself that time does not hang at all heavily on my hands, and that I am happier with nothing to do than ever I was with a long day's work before me. Do I succeed or do I fail in this meritorious attempt? Let me write down the results of my first day's experience of Nothing, and let the reader settle the question for me.

Breakfast at nine o'clock, so as not to make too long a day of it. Among the other things on the table are shrimps. I find myself liking shrimps for an entirely new reason—they take such a long time to eat. Well, breakfast is over at last: I have had quite enough, and yet I am gluttonously sorry when the table is cleared. If I were in health I should now go to my desk, or take up a book. But I am out of health, and I must do Nothing. Suppose I look out of window? I hope that is idle enough to begin with.

Sea, Ha! sea! Very large, very grey, very calm; very calm, very grey, very large. Ha!

Ships. One big ship in front, two little ships behind. (What time shall we have dinner, my dear? At five? Certainly at five!) One big ship in front, two little ships behind. Nothing more to see? No, Nothing.

Let me look back into the room, and study the subjects of these prints on the walls. First, Death of the Earl of Chatham in the House of Lords, after Copley, R.A. Just so. Curious idea this picture suggests, of the uniformity of personal appearance which must have distinguished the Peers in the last century. Here is a house full of noble lords, and each one of them is exactly like the other. Every noble lord is tall, every noble lord is portly, every noble lord has a long receding forehead, and a majestic Roman nose. Odd; and leading to reflections on the physical changes that must have passed over the peerage of the present day, in which I might respectfully indulge, if the doctor had not ordered me to abstain from thinking.

Circumstanced as I am, I must mournfully dismiss the death of the Earl of Chatham, and pass from the work of Copley, R.A., to the other prints on the walls. Dear, dear me! Now I look again, there is nothing to pass to. There are only two other prints, and they are both classical landscapes. Sadly deteriorated as the present condition of my faculties may be, my mind has not sunk down yet to the level of Classical Landscape. I have still sense enough left to disbelieve in Claude and Poussin as painters of Italian scenery. Let me turn from the classical counterfeit to the modern reality. Let me look again at the sea.

Just as large, just as grey, just as calm as ever. Any more ships? No; still the one big ship in front; still the two little ships behind. They have not altered their relative positions the least in the world. How long is it to dinner-time? Six hours and a quarter. What on earth am I to do? Nothing.

Suppose I go and take a little walk? (No, dear, I will not tire myself; I will come back quite fresh to take you out in the afternoon.) Well, which way shall I go, now I am on the door-step? There are two walks in this place: first walk, along the cliff westward; second walk, along the cliff eastward. Which direction shall I take? I am naturally one of the most decided men in the world; but doing nothing seems to have deprived me already of my usual resolute strength of will. I will toss up for it. Heads, westward; tails, eastward. Heads! Ought this to be considered conclusive? or shall I begin again, and try the best of three? I will try the best of three, because it takes up more time. Heads, tails, heads! Westward still. Surely this is destiny. Or can it be that doing nothing has made me superstitious as well as irresolute? Never mind; I will go westward, and see what happens.

Along the path by the iron railings; then down a little dip, at the bottom of which there is a seat overlooking a ship-builder's yard. Close under me is a small coasting-vessel on the slips for repair. Nobody on board, but one old man at work. At work, did I say? Oh, happy chance! This aged repairer of ships is the very man, of all others, whom I had most need of meeting, the very man to help me in my present emergency. Before I have looked at him two minutes, I feel that I am in the presence of a great professor of the art of doing nothing. Towards this sage, to listen to his precepts and profit by his example, did destiny gently urge me, when I tossed up to decide between eastward and westward. Let me watch his proceedings; let me learn how to idle systematically, by observing the actions of this venerable man.

He is sitting on the left side of the vessel when I first look at him. In one hand he holds a crooked nail; in the other, a hammer. He coughs slowly, and looks out to sea; he sighs slowly, and looks back towards the land; he rises slowly, and surveys the deck of the vessel; he stoops slowly, and picks up a flat bit of iron, and puts it on the bulwark, and places the crooked nail upon it, and then sits down and looks at the effect of the arrangement so far. When he has had enough of the arrangement, he gives the sea a turn again, then the land. After that, he steps back a little and looks at the hammer, weighs it gently in his hand, moistens his hand, advances to the crooked nail on the bit of iron, groans softly to himself and shakes his head as he looks at it, administers three deliberate taps with the hammer, to straighten it, finds that he does not succeed to his mind; again groans softly, again shakes his head, again sits down and rests himself on the left side of the vessel. Since I first looked at him I have timed him by my watch: he has killed a quarter of an hour over that one crooked nail, and he has not straightened it yet! Wonderful man, can I ever hope to rival him? Will he condescend to talk to me? Stay! I am not free to try him; the doctor has told me not to excite myself with society; all communion of mind between me and this finished and perfect idler is, I fear, prohibited. Better to walk on, and come back, and look at him again.

I walk on and sit down; walk on a little farther and sit down again; walk on for the third time, sit down for the third time, and still there is always the down on one side of me, and the one big ship and the two little ships on the other. I retrace my steps, occupying as much time as I possibly can in getting back to the seat above the coasting-vessel. Where is my old friend, my esteemed professor, my bright and shining example in the difficult art of doing nothing? Sitting on the right side of the vessel this time, with the bit of flat iron on the right side too, with the hammer still in his hand, and, as I live, with the crooked nail not straightened yet! I observe this, and turn away quickly with despair in my heart. How can I, a tyro Do Nothing, who has had no practice in the mystery of idleness until to-day, expect to imitate that consummate

old man? It is vain to hope for success here—vain to hope for anything but dinner-time. How many hours more? Four. If I return home now, how shall I go on doing nothing? Lunch, perhaps, will help me a little. Quite so! Let us say a glass of old ale and a biscuit. I should like to add shrimps—if I were not afraid of my wife's disapprobation—merely for the purpose of trying if I could not treat them, in my small imperfect way, as my old friend of the coasting-vessel treated the crooked nail.

Three hours and a half to dinner-time. I have had my biscuit and my glass of old ale. Not being accustomed to malt liquor in the middle of the day, my lunch has more than supported me,—it has muddled me. There is a faint singing in my ears, an intense sleepishness in my eyelids, a genial warmth about my stomach, and a sensation in my head as if the brains had oozed out of me and the cavity of my skull was stuffed with cotton-wool steeped in laudanum. Not an unpleasant feeling altogether. I am not anxious; I think of nothing. I have a stolid power of staring, immovably, out of window at the one big ship and the two little ships, which I had not hitherto given myself credit for possessing. If my wife would only push an easy-chair up close behind me, I could sink back in it and go to sleep; but she will do nothing of the sort. She is putting on her bonnet: it is the hour of the afternoon at which we are to take each other out fondly, for our little walk.

The company at the watering-place is taking its little walk also at this time. But for the genial influence of the strong ale, I should now be making my observations and flying in the face of the doctor's orders by allowing my mind to be occupied. As it is, I march along, slowly, lost in a solemn trance of beer. One circumstance only, during our walk, is prominent enough to attract my sleepy attention. I just contrive to observe, with as much surprise and regret as I am capable of feeling at the present moment, that my wife apparently hates all the women we meet, and that all the women we meet, seem, judging by their looks, to return the compliment by hating my wife. We pass an infinite number of girls all more or less plump, all more or less healthy, all more or less overshadowed by eccentric sea-side hats; and my wife will not allow that any one of these young creatures is even tolerably pretty. The young creatures on their side, look so disparagingly at my wife's bonnet and gown, that I should feel uneasy about the propriety of her costume, if I were not under the comforting influence of the strong ale. What is the meaning of this unpleasant want of harmony among the members of the fair sex? Does one woman hate another woman for being a woman—is that it? How shocking if it is! I have no inclination to disparage other men whom I meet on my walk. Other men cast no disdainful looks on me. We lords of the creation are quite content to be handsome and attractive in our various styles, without snappishly contesting the palm of beauty with one another. Why cannot the women follow our meritorious example? Will any one solve that curious problem in social morals? Doctor's orders forbid me from attempting the intellectual feat. The dire necessity of doing nothing narrows me to one subject of mental contemplation—the dinner-hour. How long is it—now we have returned from our walk—to that time? Two hours and a quarter. I can't look out of window again, for I know by instinct that the three ships and the calm, grey sea are still lying in wait for me. I can't heave a patriot's sigh once more over the "Death of the Earl of Chatham." I am too tired to go out and see how the old man of the coasting-vessel is getting on with the crooked nail. In short, I am driven to my last refuge. I must take a nap.

The nap lasts more than an hour. Its results may be all summed up in one significant and dreadful word—Fidgets. I start from the sofa convulsively, and vainly try to walk off this scourge of humanity. I sit down bolt upright in a chair; my wife is opposite to me, calmly engaged over her work. It is an hour and five minutes to dinner-time. What am I to do? Shall I soothe the fidgets and soften my rugged nature by looking at my wife, to see how she gets on with her work?

She has got a strip of calico, or something of that sort, punched all over with little holes, and she is sewing round each little hole with her needle and thread. Monotonous, to a masculine mind. Surely the punching of the holes must be the pleasantest part of this style of work? And that is done at the shop, is it, dear? Ha!

Does my wife lace too tight? I have never had leisure before to look at her so long and so attentively as I am looking now; I have been uncritically contented hitherto, to take her waist for granted. Now I have my doubts about it. I think the wife of my bosom is a little too much like an hour-glass. Does she digest? Good Heavens! How do I know whether she digests? Then, as to her hair: I do not object to the dressing of it, but I think—strangely enough, for the first time since our marriage—that she uses too much bear's grease and bandoline. I see a thin rim of bandoline, shining just outside the line of hair against her temples, like varnish on a picture. This won't do—oh, dear, no—this won't do at all. Will her hands do? certainly not! I discover, for the first time, that her hands won't do, either. I am mercifully ready to put up with their not being quite white enough, but what does the woman mean by having such round tips to her fingers? Why don't they taper? I always thought they did taper until this moment. I begin to be dissatisfied with her; I begin to think my wife is not the genuine article

I took her for. What is the matter with me? Am I looking at her with perceptions made morbid already by excessive idleness? Is this dreadful necessity of doing nothing to end by sapping the foundations of my matrimonial tranquillity, and letting down my whole connubial edifice into the bottomless abyss of Doctors' Commons? Horrible!

The door of the room opens, and wakes me, as it were, from the hideous dream in which my wife's individuality has been entirely altered to my eyes. It is only half an hour to dinner; and the servant has come in to lay the cloth. In the presence of the great event of the day I feel myself again. Once more I believe in the natural slimness of my wife's waist; once more I am contented with the tops of her fingers. Now, at last, I see my way to bed-time. Assuming that we can make the dinner last two hours; assuming that I can get another nap after it; assuming——

No! I can assume nothing more, for I am really ashamed to complete the degrading picture of myself which my pen has been painting up to this time. Enough has been written—more than enough, I fear—to show how completely I have failed in my first day's attempt at Nothing. The hardest labour I ever had to get through, was not so difficult to contend with as this enforced idleness. Never again will I murmur under the wholesome necessities of work. Never again—if I can only succeed in getting well—will a day of doing nothing be counted as pleasant holiday-time by me. I have stolen away at the dead of the night in flat defiance of the doctor's directions, to relieve my unspeakable weariness by writing these lines. I cast them on the world as the brief personal narrative of a most unfortunate man. If I systematically disregard medical orders I shall make myself ill. If I conscientiously obey them, how am I to get through to-morrow? Will any kind reader, who possesses a recipe for the killing of time, benevolently send me a copy of the document? I am known and pitied at the office of this Journal; and any letters addressed to me under the name of Nobody, and endorsed on the outside of the envelope Nothing, would be sure to reach the watering-place in which I am now vainly trying to vegetate.

THE SELF-MADE POTTER.

"M. Babinet," say the annals of the French Institute, in the report of the session of the Academy of Sciences of the twenty-third of March last, "presented in the name of M. Pull some specimens of Delft-ware imitating those of Bernard Palissy, and worthy of attracting attention by the fineness and hardness of the earths employed, as by the perfection of the figures of animals which adorn them. All the parts which are in relief above are hollow beneath, giving great lightness to these products, which are, notwithstanding, remarkably solid."

La Revue des Beaux Arts of the first of June last admires the dishes in the mediæval style made by M. Pull, and praises the little figures upon them representing fish, reptiles, crustaceans, and vegetables, moulded after nature, and imitating the movements and colours of life,—for the solidity and lightness of the paste, the elegance and finish of the modelling, and the brilliancy and hardness of the enamel.

M. Pull, who is not literate, has dictated the following autobiography.

My name is George Pull; I was born at Wissembourg, in the department of the lower Rhine, upon the tenth of May, eighteen hundred and ten. My father followed in that town the trade of a locksmith. Without being able to lay by anything, he knew how to find in his labour and his economical habits the means of maintaining his family honourably; but he never had the pretension, which, besides, his resources would scarcely have permitted, of making me greater than himself by a more brilliant education. He did well, for in my young years I did not give signs of any predilection for the studies which demand head-work; and it was with great difficulty I succeeded in comprehending and retaining the little they tried to teach me. My intelligence was completely asleep in regard to questions of science, but in regard to handiwork — the knack of reproducing, counterfeiting, imitating, the form, the figure of the first object which came to hand—my intelligence awoke instantly; she came out of her ordinary lair (gîte), and came and placed herself entirely at the end of my ten fingers. Inspiration, ideas, everything then came to me at once: I fashioned, I manipulated many baubles and little figures; those who prided themselves upon their taste or their knowledge did me the honour to call them all little master-pieces. I very often heard them say, in their admiration, "If George had masters, he would go far." I often expressed a wish to learn drawing, but they could not pay for the lessons of a master. It was thus, it may be said, having learned nothing, without a fixed plan, only feeling within me a decided taste for sculpture, a very decided one for working with my fingers—an inclination which, unhappily, did not receive any help—I saw my young years pass without taking to any occupation, and without learning any trade. That inaction was not at all the wish of my father; he complained of it, and was even uneasy about it. More by necessity than enthusiasm, I engaged myself, at the age of twenty, as a military musician in the Eighth regiment of Light Infantry, which was then in garrison at Wissembourg. As I had received some lessons in instrumental music, I obtained easily the appointment of second cor d'harmonie.

The life of a soldier was scarcely of a nature likely to give an impulse to my intelligence—SHE slept always; only I had within me a vague feeling of some unknown thing for which I searched. What, I would then have been much embarrassed to say. But already at Wissembourg I had had something like a forerunner—like a slight indication of the awakening of my ideas.

When walking in the country, if I saw the terrace-makers occupied in hollowing the earth, a feeling of curiosity—or, to say it better, an instinct of which I took no heed—pushed me to examine the heaps of earth of different kinds and aspects; I took morsels in my hand, I picked out grains, I crumbled them in my fingers. I would then have given two months' pay to any man who would have explained to me the nature and properties of these different sorts of earth and clay; but the terrace-makers never have been members of the Academy of Sciences.

After the revolution of July, the Eighth light regiment quitted Wissembourg, and went into garrison in Paris. It was the first time I saw the capital. One day, my longings brought me before the windows of a marine store—un marchand de bric-à-brac. In the midst of the curiosities, of the strange objects displayed in that shop, I saw only, I remarked but one thing—a superb enamelled dish with figures of animals and plants in relief. Something like a dazzling seized at once my eyes and my intelligence. Twenty times I was tempted to enter the shop to be near, to touch, to handle, that marvellous work, to question the dealer respecting the price, the value of the thing, the name of the man who had made it. But I did not dare. They would have laughed at the amateur in red pantaloons and a police cap. That never was the costume of the antiquary. During eight days I returned and stationed myself before the shop of this dealer, absorbed in my reflections. I did not stop there; I went in search of all the bric-à-brac or odds and ends' shops in Paris. What was then my joy when I succeeded in discovering—here an ewer with its basin, there a baptistery; with this one a plate, with that one a salt-cellar, a candlestick, or any other utensil of the table —all objects elegant in form, brilliant in tone, and rich in tasteful ornaments. Unable to resist any longer the desire of instructing myself, I finally decided upon questioning the dealers, and learned that all these marvels were called Bernard Palissy's. To see them, to admire them, was the thought of all my days, the dream of all my nights. Isolating myself from my comrades, I passed all my time in contemplation before my dear enamels. Thus time passed until my regiment quitted Paris to make the campaigns of eighteen hundred and thirty-one and eighteen hundred and thirty-two. After the capitulation of the citadel of Anvers, I went to Lille; thence from garrison to garrison, and from cantonment to cantonment; but, always thinking of my dear enamels, I reached the time when, my engagement having expired, I quitted the service. We were in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

I returned to my native town, but ennui seized me, and the desire to see again the Bernard Palissy specimens soon brought me to Paris. As I have already said, I had not learned any trade, and yet I must work to live. I sought for a place, for any employment whatever, and I did not find it. Want forced me to go to Havre, where I received an offer of employment in the wine trade. My stay in that town was of short duration. As at Wissembourg, ennui seized me, and I returned to Paris, resolved never to quit it. I then entered as errand-boy the office of M. Guerin, proprietor and director of the Gazette Médicale. That place leaving me some leisure time, I took the firm resolution to make it useful.

Nevertheless, prior to beginning anything, I sat myself to reflect seriously, and to interrogate myself. I now felt that a small degree of fixity had succeeded to the vagueness of the ideas in my mind. For a long time had I searched without knowing very well what I sought; already some morsels of clay crumbled in my fingers had given me a forewarning, and then the blossoming of my intelligence at the sight of the works of Bernard Palissy had given me a presentiment of the unknown which perplexed my thoughts. At least, I thus began to comprehend it, but all that was only a feeble germ. To produce itself, it must first ferment still longer in my head. An idea then occurred to me, without doubt as a step towards the great work which I should afterwards have the temerity to undertake; I recollected that my intelligence was never more alert than when SHE went and placed herself at the tips of my ten fingers, and I took measures to cut out work for her.

I bought a few dead birds and I stuffed them; my attempts succeeded. I took a taste for it. I studied anatomy and a little natural history, and at the end of a certain time I had made a varied collection of nearly four hundred birds. They advised me to take a shop and establish myself; this was in eighteen hundred and forty-one. I met, by chance, an old comrade who had a booth in the Place du Carousel, where he was not thriving in his business. He let it to me, and I left M. Jules Guerin and opened shop. My collection of birds was sold in a twinkling, and promptly replaced. My trade prospered, and I began to acquire a certain reputation for ability. Every Monday fifteen or twenty specimens were brought to me from the country to be stuffed. High personages visited more than once my little cabinet of natural history. The Prince de Joinville came often incognito, into my shop, inquired the prices without bargaining, and immedi-

ately after sent a footman to buy different things. When the Prince shot any birds of importance, he ordered them to be carried to Pull to be mounted. I have still the foot of a stag which I ought to have prepared to form a bell-rope handle. I was in vogue. I married in eighteen hundred and forty-four. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, orders were issued to remove all the booths from the Place du Carousel, and I opened in the Rue de Seine a large magazine of birds, stuffed animals, antiquities, curiosities, and Delft-wares.

The prosperity of my business, by inspiring me with confidence in myself, gave the last step to my ideas. When I recollected the progress I had made and the knowledge I had acquired; when I reflected that without having a notion of anatomy or natural history I had tried an industry of which I was practically and entirely ignorant, and that, nevertheless, I had succeeded; boldness came to me by little and little. I said to myself, "The hand which can give the look of life to these charming little dead birds, could it not knead, mould or model little rustic figures, and give them the gestures and the colours of life?" This thought warmed and boiled in my head. From the time when it was in fusion nothing could prevent the explosion, and at length the day came when I dared to believe in the possibility of imitating the works of the master. From this time my resolution was firm and unshakeable. Prior to commencing experiments, I resolved to make every imaginable sacrifice, and even to deprive myself of necessaries to attain my object. The date of this epoch was eighteen hundred and forty-two.

What would be the use of telling all my trial and attempts, and above all my disappointments? They were innumerable, or, what is more exact, they were all the result I had of all my days of labour in these first apprentice times. They are easily understood. It was out of Paris, in the provinces, and in a secluded spot, that I made my first batches, because I wished my experiments to be surrounded with the greatest mystery. I remained there sometimes fifteen days, and sometimes six weeks. At home, in Paris, I began studying the argillaceous earths, to find out the secret of the enamels, but, like a man groping in the dark. I pounded all the materials which I supposed likely to be useful to my projects; I mixed them at random, but took care to note down the substances and the doses employed. Some of my specimens came out of the fire imperfectly cooked, and others of them burned. I made nothing of the least value. I did not know what to do, and had always to begin again. I consulted the works of Bernard Palissy, reading and re-reading them until I had them almost by heart, but they did not guide me, for I could not as yet understand anything in them, they are so full of hidden meanings. It is only now that the light has broken upon me, and I understand them perfectly. Thus I employed several years searching for the unknown, paying to human infirmity my tribute of moments of discouragement; and sometimes I caught myself doubting if I were in my senses. In the eyes of my friends and acquaintances I passed for a visionary; and my wife was told continually that poor Pull had gone crack. But these hours of doubt and discouragement were of short duration; and, as Bernard Palissy said of himself, "the hope which I had, made me proceed in my business more manfully than ever."

After so many researches, attempts, and mishaps, although I had not produced anything which in the least satisfied me, and although I had not as yet found the last word of my art, an inward voice seemed to tell me that I had found my clay and my enamel, and the only thing wanting was a good method of baking them. While making all my preparations, and taking all my precautions, judging from the state of my head, I seemed to be mad or becoming it. But when I saw the earth coming out of the fire clothed in a brilliant enamel and lively colours, when I saw running lizards, swimming fishes, leaping frogs, budding plants, growing grass, upon my dishes, I thought my eyes were deceiving me. Not that I had obtained a complete success, which is not reached at the first throw, but from having obtained a result which announced to me what I should accomplish when I could give myself entirely up to the fabrication of my dear potteries. I sold my collection of birds and my store of antiquities, and established myself, in April, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, at Vaugirard.

Ever since I have tried to improve my productions, to acquire more perfect models, and the science and harmony of colours. Moreover, when I had dared to believe that my work might be accepted as a happy continuation of the admirable Delfts of the master, when I thought it was admitted that I had re-discovered an art entirely lost, I submitted my productions with confidence to men of eminence in the arts, and subsequently to the public. Their judgment has been very favourable to me, and I have found in it my recompense for long and painful years of labour. With regard to publishing my mode of manufacture, I must upon this point also follow the example of my celebrated predecessor. His work is full of reservations; I also ought to have mine; and I say—

"After meditating and struggling unceasingly, after fatiguing body and mind, solving problems patiently, the destiny of the potter of Saintes, who carried with him to the tomb the practice of his best discoveries, one has a good right certainly not to vulgarise the secret of his processes—not to throw to the wind of publicity the fruit of his pains; a

man is quite free to bury his treasures with himself."

Brilliant propositions have been made to me to carry my industry abroad; but I cling to my country, and shall not emigrate.

BURNING, AND BURYING.

In the reports of the Medical Officers of Health for London, we read that in the Victoria Park Cemetery, last year, every Sunday, one hundred and thirty bodies were interred; which fact one of the medical journals expressed by saying that there were sixteen thousand pounds of mortal matter added on that day alone to the already decomposing mass. At the time when we were reading about such things, "A Member of the Royal College of Surgeons" issued a pamphlet upon an old subject of ours, Burning the Dead, or Urn Sepulture. Our own arguments upon that subject we have used already; but the surgeon proves to be a most intelligent ally; and a brief statement of his argument may be of service in these columns. This it is:

The soul of a man is indestructible, and at death parts from the body. Of matter only the elements are, humanly speaking, indestructible. The body of man is made up of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbon, with small quantities of phosphorus, sulphur, calcium, iron, and some other metals. By the law to which all matter is subject, man's body, when done with, decomposes into these elements, that they may be used for other purposes in nature. Can it matter to him whether the process be effected rapidly or slowly?

Upon the doubt as to the possibility of resurrection when our bodies have been burnt instead of rotted, the surgeon lays the balm of texts: "That which thou sowest, thou sowest not the body that shall be;" and "we shall be changed." But he adds: those who claim to have hereafter the whole identical body back again, must remember, that in life it wastes and is renewed, so that if every particle that ever belonged to the frame of an old man were returned to him, he would get matter enough to make twelve or twenty bodies. It is just possible that somebody may be comforted with a theory which the surgeon quotes in a note, that the soul carries away with it out of the world one atom of matter which is the seed of the future body, and that these seminal atoms not being here, need not be included in our calculations about things material.

If we could, by embalming, keep the form of the departed upon earth, that would be much; but, for any such purpose, embalming fails. Decay will use its effacing fingers. "In the museum of the College of Surgeons in London, may be seen the first wife of one Martin Van Butchell, who, at her husband's request, was embalmed by Dr. William Hunter, and Mrs. Carpenter, in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-five. No doubt extraordinary pains were taken to preserve both form and feature; and yet, what a wretched mockery of a once lovely woman it now appears, with its shrunken and rotten-looking bust, its hideous, mahogany-coloured face, and its remarkably fine set of teeth! Between the feet are the remains of a green parrot—whether immolated or not at the death of its mistress is uncertain; but as it still retains its plumage, it is a far less repulsive object than the larger biped." There was a law-suit once, to try the right of a dead man to an iron coffin, when Lord Stowell decided that, "All contrivances that, whether intentionally or not, prolong the time of dissolution beyond the period at which the common local understanding and usage have fixed it, form an act of injustice, unless compensated in some way or other." And when an iron coffin has been opened, after lapse of years, what has been found? Chiefly dry grubs of worms and other insects that have fed upon the flesh. Socrates exhorted his friends, "Let it not be said that Socrates is carried to the grave and buried; such an expression were an injury done to my immortal part." Not very long ago, a hardened murderer being told by the judge that his body, after hanging, would be given for dissection, said, "Thank you, my lord; it is well you cannot dissect my soul." We should look upward, and not downward, when we stand beside the grave.

The surgeon replies to those who regard cremation as a heathen custom, it is not more heathen than burying in holes. Sprinkling earth on the coffin is a heathen custom based upon a heathen superstition, but converted to a Christian use. He gives interesting illustrations of the use of urn-burial by many nations, but reminds us that the cost of fuel was one obstacle to its general adoption in old times. Ground was to be had more cheaply than the materials necessary for the humblest burning, when it was requisite to burn on large piles in the open air. "The Christians, however," says Sir Thomas Browne, "abhorred this way of obsequies; and though they stickt not to give their bodies to be burnt in their lives, detested that mode after death." But whatever reason Christians had in the first days of Christianity against the burning of their bodies, they have left behind them no objection founded on a permanent religious principle. We, now, bury in graves and build funeral urns in stone as emblems.

The report of the French Academy of Medicine upon the effect of cemeteries on the health of Paris, has led in France to the bestowing of much serious attention on the subject of cremation; and there is sober discussion of the plan of M. Bonneau, who proposes to replace all cemeteries near great

cities, by a building called the Sarcophagus. "Thither the corpses of both, rich and poor, should be conveyed, and laid out on a metallic tablet, which, sliding by an instantaneous movement into a concealed furnace, would cause the body to be consumed in the space of a few minutes." Like a true Frenchman, he urges the bearing of his plan on the interests of art, "for who would not wish to preserve the ashes of his ancestor? The funeral urn may soon replace on our consoles and mantelpieces the ornaments of bronze clocks and china vases now found there "This may seem a misplaced pleasantry to English minds," says the Edinburgh Medical Journal. "but we cannot help being startled at reading the sanitary report leading to it."

The surgeon then dwells briefly on the one valid objection to the burning of the dead. It destroys evidence in case of secret murder. Now, the dead speak under the spells of the chemist. If cremation be adopted, greater accuracy in the registration and closer scrutiny into each doubtful case of death will be imperatively called for. While we write this, a man lies sentenced to death against whom the condemning witness was the disinterred corpse of his mother.

The surgeon in his next chapter shows what the pollution of a graveyard is. Over this familiar ground we do not follow him, except to take up the testimony of the French Academy of Medicine that "no matter from what quarter the wind blows, it must bring over Paris the putrid emanations of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, or Montparnasse, and the very water which we drink, being impregnated with the same poisonous matter, we become the prey of new and frightful diseases of the throat and lungs, to which thousands of both sexes fall victims every year. Thus a dreadful throat disease, which baffles the skill of our most experienced medical men, and which carries off its victims in a few hours, is traced to the absorption of vitiated air into the windpipe, and has been observed to rage with the greatest violence in those quarters situated nearest to cemeteries." There need not be foul smell in poisoned air. The deadly malaria of the Pontine marshes, we are reminded, blows soft and balmy as the air of a Devonshire summer. In his last chapter, the surgeon shows how cremation of the dead would give even increased solemnity to the funeral service, and increased truth to the words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust." In the centre of the chapel used for burials, he would erect a shrine of marble, at the door of which the coffin should be laid—so constructed and arranged that at the proper time, by unseen agency, the body should be drawn from it unseen, into an inner shrine, where it would cross a sheet of furnace-flame, by which it would be instantly reduced to ashes. Within the chapel, nothing would be seen; outside, there would be seen only a quivering transparent ether, floating away from the chapel spire. At the conclusion of the service, the ashes of the dead would be reverently brought, enclosed in a glass vase, which might be again enclosed in a more costly urn for burial, for deposit in a vault, or in a consecrated niche, prepared for it after the manner of those niches for the urns of the departed which were called, from their appearance, columbaria—dove-cotes—by the Romans. The ashes of those who loved each other tenderly might mingle in one urn, if we would say:

> Let not their dust be parted,
> For their two hearts in life were single-hearted.

There is nothing irreverent to the dead in cremation. Southey expressed very emphatically why a man might desire it for his friends. "The nasty custom of interment," he says, "makes the idea of a dead friend more unpleasant. We think of the grave, corruption, and worms. Burning would be much better." The true feeling is that with which the surgeon ends his pamphlet, using the words of Sir Thomas Browne: "'Tis all one where we lye, or what becomes of our bodies after we are dead, ready to be anything in the extasie of being ever."

THE LEAF.

I.

Thou art curl'd and tender and smooth, young leaf!
With a creamy fringe of down,
As thou slippest at touch of the light, young leaf,
From thy cradling case of brown.

Thou art soft as an infant's hand, young leaf,
When it fondles a mother's cheek;
And thy elders are cluster'd around, young leaf,
To shelter the fair and weak.

To welcome thee out from the bud, young leaf,
There are airs from the east and the west;
And the rich dew glides from the clouds, young leaf,
To nestle within thy breast.

The great wide heaven, and the earth, young leaf,
Are around, and thy place for thee.
Come forth! for a thread art thou, young leaf,
In the web-work of mystery!

II.

Thou art full and firmly set, green leaf,
Like a strong man upon the earth;
And thou showest a sturdy front, green leaf,
As a shield to thy place of birth.

There is pleasant rest in thy shade, green leaf,
And thou makest a harp for the breeze,
And the blossom that bends from thy base, green leaf,
Is loved by the summer bees.

The small bird's nest on the bough, green leaf,
Has thee for an ample roof,
And the butterflies cool their wings, green leaf,
On thy branching braided woof.

Thou art doing thy part of good, green leaf,
And shedding thy ray of grace:
There's a lesson written in thee, green leaf,
For the eye of man to trace.

III.

Thou art rough, and shrivell'd, and dry, old leaf,
And hast lost the fringe of down:
And the green of thy youth is gone, old leaf,
And turn'd to yellow and brown.

There are sisters of thine trod in clay, old leaf,
And in swollen rivers drown'd;
Ah, but thou tremblest much, old leaf,
Looking down to the greedy ground.

The autumn blast, with thy doom, old leaf,
Cometh quickly, and will not spare,
Thou art hurl to the dust to-day, old leaf,
And to-morrow thou liest there.

For thy work of life is done, old leaf,
And now there is need of thy death.
Be content! 'Twill be all for the best, old leaf,
There is love in the slaying breath.

SEPOY SYMBOLS OF MUTINY.

The conspiracy which broke out in British India, by the mutinies of Sepoys, in the month of June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, was first shown by the circulation of symbols in the forms of cakes and lotus-flowers.

Herodotus described the lotus under the name of the lily of the Nile, and Theophrastus portrayed it as the Egyptian bean. The first historian and the first botanist have both described it with extreme precision, and it is mentioned by the first geographer, Strabo. The Arabs call it the bride of the Nile.

Herodotus says, the lotus grows in the country when it is flooded. Its flowers are white, and have petals like those of the lily. The lotus-plants grow in great numbers, and crowded together. Their flowers close at sunset, and hide their fruit, and they open again when the sun re-appears, and rise up above the surface of the water. They continue to do this until the fruit is entirely formed, and the flower has fallen. The fruit is as large as that of a large poppy, and contains a great number of seeds, like millet seed. The Egyptians pile the fruit in heaps, and allow the bark to rot, and they then separate the seed, wash it in the Nile, and after drying it, convert it into bread. The root of the lotus, which is called corsion, is round, and about the size of a quince; and its bark is black, like that of the chesnut: the root is, moreover, white inside, and it is eaten either raw or cooked.

Theophrastus says, this bean grows in the marshes and ponds; its stalk is about four arms long, and is of the thickness of a finger. It resembles a rush which is not knotted. The fruit it bears, is of the shape of a wasp's nest, and contains as many as thirty beans, each in a separate cell. The flower is once or twice larger than that of the poppy, and is pink. The fruit grows above the surface of the water; the leaves are borne upon stalks like those of the fruit; they are large, and they resemble a Thessalian hat. The root is thicker than the root of a stout rush, and is partitioned like the stalk. It serves as nourishment to those who live near the marshes. This plant grows spontaneously and abundantly, and can, moreover, be sown in mud, with a bed of straw to prevent its rotting.

After giving the accounts of the father of history and the father of botany, it would not be well to omit what is said by the father of geography.

Strabo says, the ancient Egyptians used to sail in barks over the lakes which were covered with the beans, and shade themselves with the leaves; as their descendants, in the present day, shade themselves with the leaves of the sedges and date trees.

Pliny the elder mentions the lotus, which he compares to a poppy: showing that the lily of the Nile was known to the Romans, although it began to disappear in Egypt from their time—it has been supposed with the religion of which it was a symbol.

Strabo says, the leaves, which were about the size of Thessalian hats, were used as goblets and plates, and the shops were supplied with them. Travellers of the present day tell us, that the Hindoos use, as plates and dishes, the leaves of the plantain tree and those of the nymphæa lotus—the beautiful lily which abounds upon their lakes. The leaves are large enough in Bengal to be used by the people without having been subjected to any artificial preparation. At each repast they renew these fresh and beautiful vessels, which cost them nothing but the trouble of gathering. In the upper provinces, where the leaves are smaller, several of them are plaited together to make plates, and the persons who make this work their trade are called "barbi." Just as in upper Bengal there are still to be seen the barbi, who made the lotus-dishes described by Strabo. The French traveller, Jacquemont, found upon the banks of the lakes of Pentapotamus and Cachemire, poor people living upon the lotus-roots, just as poor people lived upon their roots in Egypt in the time of Herodotus. In some parts of India the nut is eaten green, and preserved as a sweetmeat; the Fellahs of Damietta eat both the roots and seeds. When cooked, the leaves are said to taste like the best cabbages, and the roots like chesnuts.

The disappearance of the lotus from Egypt has been ascribed to the disappearance of the religion of which it was a symbol. The scientific commission which accompanied Napoleon, and whose services to science have won far more honour to France than Napoleon lost under the shadows of the Pyramids, could not find any traces of the lotus in the

waters of the Nile. The plant has vanished from the habitat where it flourished when it was celebrated by Strabo, Theophrastus, and Herodotus. Men of science have not failed to notice the refutation of the development theory contained in the exact accordance of the lotus of the present day in the minutest details of its structure and vegetation with the careful descriptions of it which were written two thousand years ago. The fact is one of the many proofs of the fixity of species. The lotus which is represented upon the ancient monuments and altars of Egypt is no longer found in the lakes and marshes where it was first described; but, when it is met with in still warmer climes it is seen to be exactly the species of the most ancient descriptions and delineations. The botanists are considerably puzzled to explain the disappearance of the lotus from the canals of lower Egypt, where it formerly grew almost spontaneously. The supposition of the disappearance of a plant with the religion of which it was a symbol, is far from satisfactory, and there is more feasibility in imagining the phenomenon to be due to mechanical or chemical changes in the waters, the effects of clearings and cultivation, or of a change in the climate. The lotus grows spontaneously where the average summer heat is twenty-one degrees centigrade above zero; the average heat of a climate has, however, less effect upon the lives of plants than the average variability; an increase in the violence of his floods, or of the suddenness of his changes, of the dryness of his droughts, or of the rapidity of his currents, may, therefore, be the reason why Father Nile has lost his lily. The Arabs having called the lotus the bride of the Nile, this may be only another case of separation on account of incompatibility of temper.

The lotus is a vivacious plant. Plants which go through all the changes of their lives from the seed to the seed in a year are called annuals, and plants which propagate themselves by their roots are called vivacious. The distinction is, however, less a botanical than a meteorological distinction; for the wheat and corn, for example, which are annual in our temperate climates, are vivacious in the tropical latitudes. The daily bread, which is the best and most beautiful thing upon our tables, is thus literally given us by the degrees of heat and cold, by the north-east winds, and the hoar-frosts of our boreal skies. The greater heat of the tropics gives an excessive vivacity to the cereals, which impedes the development of the seed. In our colder regions, and at the approach of the frosts and snows of our winters, the cereals assume the only forms in which they can survive the rigorous winters of the temperate and septentrional climates. If it is the spring and summer sun which pushes and ripens the corn, it is the autumn and winter frost which determines the annual metamorphoses of the grain.

The roots of the lotus resemble the white articulated climbing roots of the reeds (arundo phragmites) of our marshes. The Nymphæa family have subterranean stalks, called rhizomes. The subterranean and subaqueous stalks are confounded with the roots in popular language, but the botanists call these stalks rhizomes, from a Greek word signifying roots. While the leaves decay annually, the rhizomes persist alive at the bottom of the water in the wet mud. At each articulation there is a bunch of fibrous roots and a bud which sends forth a leaf. The leaves are in shape like a basin, and when wetted the water rolls off them like drops of mercury.

This phenomenon is not caused, however, by a coating of wax, like that secreted upon the surface of the leaves of the cabbage. The water rolls off the leaves of the lotus, because they are covered with innumerable papillæ, which are not wetted by the water, and from which the drops roll off and run from place to place. An easy experiment proves that the lotus leaf breathes only through its petiole or stalk, which is a curious peculiarity, for the leaves of plants breathe generally through little mouths, like button-holes, upon their superior and inferior epidermis. In the herbaceous plants there are more of these little mouths upon the upper than upon the under sides; and there are none upon the upper surfaces of the leaves of the forest trees. The Nymphæa, or water-lily family, nearly all have their breathing-mouths upon the upper surface of the leaves which is exposed to the air. But the lotus—having a turn for eccentricity, I suppose—does not choose to breathe like its kindred. Recently, a nymphæa is said to have been discovered which breathes by the lower surfaces of the leaves, which turn back to expose the little mouths or stomates to the air. This plant and the lotus are the only members of the family who indulge in respiratory peculiarities, and the lotus is by far the more eccentric and original of these peculiar species of water-lilies. The stomates of the lotus are all accumulated upon the top of the stalk just where it joins the leaf. A whitish central spot amidst the velvety green of the fresh young leaves marks the locality of their stomates. But I must not forget the experiment. If you cut one of these leaves and pour water into the cup which it forms, and then blow through the stalk, you will see the air raising up the water and escaping through it in bubbles.

The lotus leaves have another peculiarity. The leaves of the Nymphæa family generally have leaves resembling the leaves of the lotus, only their lobes are not soldered together. The leaves of the lotus, on the contrary, have their two lobes soldered together, and a trace of their joining can be seen upon the inferior surface and the outer edge of the leaf.

It is the soldering of the lobes which gives the lotus leaves their singular form,—the resemblance to basins or flat hats which makes them serviceable as vessels in India. In addition to having the lobes soldered together like the hellebore, the limb of the lotus leaf is round, with the nervures branching off equally from the central stalk or petiole, like the water-porringer (hydrocotyle vulgaris).

The leaves become flowers, and the flowers fruits, in the lotus, as in other plants. Goethe, the poet, made the most interesting observation upon the flowering plants which has enriched science since Ray discovered and Linnæus demonstrated their sexes. He showed the transformation of the leaves into flowers. He described how, by successive transformations, the leaves form the calix, the calix the corolla, and the corolla the organs which reproduce the plant. Botanists now know how to surprise and view these processes in many plants, and they are most easily seen on the wild as compared with the cultivated strawberries.

The lotus leaves and flowers are supported upon stalks about a yard long, which rise up out of the water. The asperities upon the stalks resemble those of the Nymphæaceæ, generally, and especially the Euryalea and the Victoria. The orbicular and singular leaves of the lotus transform themselves into a flower resembling an enormous tulip, or a gigantic magnolia flower, the ideal of elegant cups or vases, a foot in diameter, or three feet in circumference, of a rosy colour, becoming very brilliant towards the edges of the petals. These rosy leaves of the corolla are a dozen or fifteen in number, and overlap each other like tiles upon a roof. The observer who should, day by day, watch and witness the transformations of the lotus leaves into lotus flowers, would share the pleasure with which Goethe must have first divined these beautiful changes. Their fragrance like their colour resembles the rose. When the ancient Egyptians twined these leaves and flowers into canopies over their canoes, they must have formed unrivalled shady bowers, or matchless gondolas, or strangely and ravishingly delicious combinations of the bower and the gondolas. No wonder the rosy lily of the Nile struck with admiration the great observers of thousands of years ago! The lotus flower rising up out of the lakes upon which the tropical sunbeams blaze, and across which the flame breezes blow, is well fitted to strike and haunt, as it has done in all ages, the imaginations of the yellow races of the human family. Most certainly, conspiracy never had a more magnificent symbol!

There are white and yellow, as well as pink lotus flowers. They are but a short time in blow, and close at night. The stamens are very numerous, and the pistils are from fifteen to thirty in number. Each pistil becomes, in course of time, a fruit,—a little black nut like an acorn, without its cup. The pistils are borne upon a receptacle, which is the botanical name for the base upon which all the parts of the flower rest. From fifteen to thirty pistils nestle upon the fleshy sea-green receptacle of the lotus. The form of it has been compared to the knob of the spout of a watering-can. The ancients called the fruit, a bean. Theophrastus has described it exactly, with the embryon folded upon itself, and the little leaf which characterises it. "On breaking a bean," he says, "a little body is seen folded upon itself, from which the fruit-leaf grows." This primordial leaf is the cotyledon which plays such a grand part in the tables of the system-makers.

I have sketched the biography of the lotus from the seed to the seed. The Egyptians used to take the bean, and, after enclosing it in a lump of mud to make it sink, throw it into the water. When the temperature of the season prompted germination, the little body folded upon itself put forth the leaf and the root. The horizontal subaqueous stalks sent up leaves and sent down roots at each knot or joint. As the increasing heat sent a quickened vitality through the plant, the round leaves rose above the water. The leaves became flowers, and the pistils transformed themselves into fruits; the fruits containing the beans, and the beans the embryons. Such is the perpetual round of life in the lotus species, and such it has been ever since the fiat of the Creator summoned into existence this marvel of the vegetal world.

The lotus flourished for the first time in Paris in eighteen hundred and fifty-two; and it has sometimes produced its fruits in the open air in the Botanical Garden of Montpellier.

I do not know the meaning nor the derivation of the word lotus. Many Egyptian plants are called lotus, and there is a town which bears the name. But the plant which has given its name to this town is a tree,—the tree whose fruit the confectioners imitate in their jujubes. Of the Rhamnus lotus of Linnæus Pliny says: "its fruit is so sweet that it gives its name to the country and the people where it grows."

I fear I may have indulged in too long an excursion into the realms of Botany, to suit the reader who merely wishes to know why the Indian rebels choose lotus flowers as symbols of conspiracy. I am sure I am as innocent of the knowledge as of the rebellion, but I will try to help my readers to a guess.

Four-fifths of the human species worship a god-woman. I confess I have but a limited interest in the discoveries of antiquarians, for the best mines of antiquities are not the ruins of buried cities, but the minds of living populations. Four-fifths of the human species worship a god-woman; and the vestiges of

this worship are found in the most ancient monuments, documents, and traditions, stretching backwards into the past eternity, from millennium to millennium, towards an epoch beyond the records of the Deluge, and almost co-eval with the loss of Eden. The Tentyrian planisphere of the ancient Egyptians represents the Virgin and child rising out of a lotus flower. The Egyptian hieroglyphics depict the goddess Asteria, or Justice, issuing out of a lotus, and seating herself upon the centre of the beam of Libra, or the Scales. Pictorial delineations of the Judgment of the Dead, represent Osiris as Amenti swathed in the white garments of the grave, girt with a red girdle, and seated upon a chequered throne of white and black spots, or good and evil. Before him are the vase of nectar, the table of ambrosia, the great serpent, and the lotus of knowledge—the emblems of Paradise. There are Egyptian altar-pieces upon which the lotus figures as the tree of life. The Hindu priests say that the lotus rising out of the lakes is the type of the world issuing out of the ocean of time.

Travellers who have observed the worship of the Hindus and Parsees, tell us that they give religious honours to the lotus. The Budhist priests cultivate it in precious vases, and place it in their temples. The Chinese poets celebrate the sacred bean of India, out of which their goddess Amida and her child arose, in the middle of a lake. We can be at no loss to imagine the appearance of the Budhist pagodas, for our Gothic cathedrals are just those pagodas imitated in stone. Their pillars copy the trunks of the palm-trees and the effects of the creeping plants of the pagodas; their heaven-piercing spires are the golden spathes of palm-flowers, and the stained glass reproduces, feebly, the many-coloured brilliancies of the tropical skies. Every pious Budhist, giving himself up to devout meditations, repeats, as often as he can, the words, "On ma ni bat me Klom." When many worshippers are kneeling and repeating the sound, the effect is like counter-bass or the humming of bees; and profound sighs mingle with the repetitions. The Mongolian priests say these words are endowed with mysterious and supernatural powers; they increase the virtues of the faithful; they bring them nearer to divine perfection, and they exempt them from the pains of the future life. When the priests are asked to explain the words, they say volumes would be required to tell all their meanings. Klaproth, however, says that the formula is nothing but a corruption of four Hindu words, "Om man'i padma houm," signifying "Oh! precious lotus!"

Without pretending that the volume of the Hindu fakirs, on the significations of the lotus, might not throw more light upon the use of it as a symbol of conspiracy, there are hints enough in the facts I have stated, to warrant the conclusion that it serves as a sign of a great and general rising on behalf of Budhism. The flower was circulated to rally the votaries of the goddess of the lotus.

And the cakes have precisely the same significance as the lotus flowers. These cakes are very ancient symbols. Corn and lotus seeds were baked into cakes, offered to Isis the goddess of Fertility and Abundance. The principle which deems a god to be just what his worshippers believe him, is the only one likely to surmount the difficulties which surround the study of the gods. The difficulties in identifying the divinities of mythology come chiefly from their numerous metamorphoses and their innumerable aliases. The Grecian Jupiter, the Persian Ormuzd, the Egyptian Osiris, are but different names and modifications of the god of light and darkness; and Venus, Astarte, and Isis, are all names which designate the evening-star,—the queen of heaven. The worship of a divine woman is of zodiacal origin. Students of the picture language of the Egyptians ascribe the invention of the zodiacal signs to Seth the son of Adam. Virgo and Leo are united in the Sphynx, and their child is Horus the sun-god, whose symbol was the mistletoe branch of the Druids. The epithet virgin was particularly applied to Diana, Minerva, and Themis—Chastity, Wisdom, and Justice. There can scarcely be a doubt, I think, of the identity of the zodiacal virgin with Kouan-Yin, the Budhist Goddess of Mercy, and with the Queen of Heaven, the object of the idolatries described by the Prophet Jeremiah, in the seventh chapter, and in the seventeenth to the twentieth verse. "Seest thou not what they do in the cities of Judah and in the streets of Jerusalem? The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger. Do they provoke me to anger? saith the Lord: do they not provoke themselves to the confusion of their own faces? Therefore, thus saith the Lord God; Behold, mine anger and my fury shall be poured out upon this place, upon man, and upon beast, and upon the trees of the field, and upon the fruit of the ground; and it shall burn, and shall not be quenched."

Cakes and lotus flowers are the symbols of the Queen of Heaven, the Hindu goddess of mercy and mother of god. Such is the meaning of the symbols, and, in as far as they were circulated, such is the purport of the conspiracy.

The use of these ancient symbols to prepare a plot against British sway, is well fitted to strike the student of history. For there is in the incidents a junction of wonders, the most picturesque emblems of the most ancient and universally prevalent religions being brought into collision with the most marvellous empire the world has ever seen.

Four hundred years ago a horde of fierce and barbarous barons were busy in England, painting the white rose red. Having happily weakened the feudal aristocracy and the despotic monarchy by their exterminating feuds, the smaller proprietors and the industrious orders were enabled, in these highly favoured British islands, to grow up in independence and liberty, and to flourish in wealth and intelligence. A hundred years ago, in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven, a company of traders had received a grant of about five thousand square miles of territory upon the coast of Malabar and Coromandel, and now, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, their empire consists of about six hundred thousand square miles of territory. Only three or four centuries ago the loveliest flowers in the British islands were the symbols of the wretched feuds of the rival pretenders; and in June, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, one of the most magnificent products of the vegetable world is the symbol of a struggle between Budhism and Christianity. Other and coarser elements, no doubt, abound in the strife; the ambition of princes, the intrigues of rival nations; but, under atrocities and mutinies, the student of races and religions can scarcely fail to discern the signs of a revolt of the lotus against the cross.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

STOCKBRIDGE, *August the fourth.*—This is the first chance I have got since I came to Stockbridge, of writing a word in my journal—and now it is on the sly. I came four days ago, and seem to have been in a whirl and confusion ever since; I am only just beginning to settle down.

At first it seemed as if I never should settle. Everything was so strange. There was only one girl here when I arrived (Miss Alice they call her, and she is the half-boarder); but a great many have come in yesterday and to-day—twenty-three in all. From what I have seen, there is not one whom I feel inclined to like much, but I can tell with certainty one person I do not like, and that is Miss Alice—I cannot bear her. She helped the English teacher, Miss Smallwood (a gaunt, very disagreeable-looking woman) to unpack my boxes, make inventories of my clothes, and put them in the drawers as if she were a servant; and when it was time to dress for dinner (we dine at four) she came and asked me if I could do my own hair? When I told her I could, she said, "That's a blessing!" and went away.

She is apparently there to serve everybody—girls, teachers, and mistresses. Some of the girls seem great friends with her, but most of them are afraid of her. She is not cross or ill-natured, but she is so satirical she makes me cringe. If she only looks at me, I begin to dread that the next moment she will, as it were, spit out a sharp, stinging phrase at me, and make everybody laugh. It is her way. I was talking to Emily Clay about her, and asking whether she were not a disagreeable person; Emily said she was very odious to those she disliked, but by one or two there was nobody so much loved. It seems strange how anybody can love her. She does not look very formidable; she is middle-sized and dark-complexioned, with a quantity of beautiful hair, and very bright eyes; Emily calls her pretty, but I do not. Miss Thoroton does not like her, and is very harsh to her, and she even dares to retort and defend herself. Miss Smallwood and she are at daggers drawn, and are engaged in little wordy fights ever so many times a-day; the girls seem to think it fun. I should not like to be Miss Alice for anything, but I shall take care not to offend her.

August the ninth.—This is my first Sunday at school, and this evening we have some rest in the garden, where I am writing upon my knee with a pencil Emily Clay has lent me. On week-days we have scarcely time to breathe between each lesson. We get up at six, and must be in the school-room at seven. Then lessons till eight, prayers, and breakfast. After that, ten minutes out here, and in again to work until twelve. Then dry bread and toast-and-water for luncheon, and half-an-hour's recreation. Lessons again till two: then a walk up Stockbridge-lane, or by the river-side. Back to dinner at four: a quarter of an hour's rest to save our complexions, then to lessons again till half-past seven, tea at eight, prayers after, and to bed at nine; very thankful am I to get to bed too, I am so weary of the incessant hum and work.

Miss Thoroton is a very fashionable-looking lady, but she drops her h's occasionally: she addresses us, collectively and individually, upon the conduct of gentlewomen, and cites to us as shining examples for our imitation certain stars of surpassing brilliance, who formerly illumined the horizon of Stockbridge, but who have since gone in their glory to other spheres. There is one—Maggie Dickson, whom I never will forgive! Her grace, her elegance, her patience, her laborious industry, her talent, her doing her steps up-stairs her perfect propriety of manner, and her French accent are a continual reproach to me. I believe all the girls hate her sublime and inimitable virtues. Whatever we do ill, Maggie Dickson would scorn to have done: whatever we do well, Maggie Dickson would have done a hundred times better! All the genius and goodness seem to have been absorbed by past generations of school-girls, while we are left lamentably deficient. I ventured to say so to Miss Alice, and she with her smile replied, "O! we shall be past generations, next half or next year, and shall become shining lights in our turn! When Maggie Dickson was here, Miss

Thoroton used to say she was like an overgrown stable-boy, and she was; she came to Stockbridge when I did, and got into as many scrapes as any of us."

This is consolatory, but I do wish Miss Thoroton would allow us to have one little germ of goodness, so that there might be a hope of something sprouting up by-and-by; but she will not. She says my language is made up of the most frightful provincialisms, which never can be, and never ought to be, tolerated in polite society, and she inquires almost daily, where I have been brought up, and to what place I expect to go ultimately, if I continue to persevere in my present evil ways. I'm sure I don't know.

Emily Clay is such a sweet, good, kind creature; she never says an ill word of anybody; not even of that every-day-more-to-be-avoided Miss Alice. Miss Alice spares no one and no thing. She deliberately (and I must acknowledge very amusingly) caricatures us all—teachers, masters, mistress, and pupils indiscriminately. She has a book full of quaint sketches, and somebody says she keeps a locked diary: this is esteemed a great mystery and wickedness, as I suppose mine would be were it known, but so far no one is cognisant of it. I have not even told Emily Clay, and she is my favourite above all the school. Miss Alice does a great many civil offices for me, indeed sometimes I am ashamed to make use of her services, disliking her as I do, but I cannot help myself. Yesterday she had to hear me practise my new piece, and I tried to say I was obliged, but did it with such a bad grace, that she laughed and said: "You need not thank me; I shall attend to you whether you do or not, and I hate sham!"

September the second.—I scarcely ever get time to write a line in my book now, but I must set down what passed yesterday.

Miss Alice has always had to help me a great deal with my lessons because I am so low in my class, and I thought it was only right (especially as I don't like her) that I should make her some acknowledgment for her services. I wrote to consult Grannie about it, and so, when she and Cousin Jane drove over to see me last week, I asked them to bring a pretty white enamelled work-box from Compton for me to give to her. I never saw her by herself so as to offer it until yesterday afternoon, half-holiday. She was in one of the arbours alone, reading, so I fetched it out of my drawer in the school-room, and carried it to her; I felt shy of presenting it, and looked as awkward as could be when I said, "Miss Alice, here is a little work-box for you, if you will accept it."

She looked up at me in her queer way, but without ever glancing at the box, and replied, "Eleanor Clare, I never accept gifts except from those who love me," and then she went on reading.

I turned scarlet, but I was not going to enter into any protestations of my gratitude, so I left the parcel on the seat and marched off. Miss Alice presently came out of the arbour, but she did not bring the box with her, nor, so far as I observed, did she even glance at it. There it stayed all night, and as it rained heavily, it is almost spoiled; Miss Smallwood brought it in, and asked publicly to whom it belonged. I had never expected that, and feeling desperately guilty got behind my slate, and feigned not to hear. Miss Alice, however, spoke and said:

"It is a present which Miss Eleanor Clare offered to me, and which I declined."

Miss Thoroton looked up in amazement and stared at both of us, then at the box.

"It was an expensive present for you to buy, Miss Eleanor," said she; "but it shows a good spirit of gratitude; you have given Miss Alice much additional work, but she has no claim on you on that account."

"I wanted to pay her for her trouble," I blundered out stupidly.

"That you cannot do," said Miss Thoroton; "there is no question of payment between Miss Alice and any of the pupils; you are all entitled to her services, and she is entitled to your thanks, but nothing more. If she had chosen to accept the present, offered no doubt in a right spirit, there could have been no objection; but, as the matter stands, I must desire Miss Smallwood to take charge of it until you go home, when she will pack it in your trunk. There is no need to cry, Miss Eleanor.'

Yes, that final admonition was to me! I had begun to cry—to cry publicly; all the girls stared and whispered, and even Miss Alice began to look red and vexed. It was just time to go out to walk, and everybody began to move; at last they all went, except Miss Alice and myself, and there I sat at my desk crying like a baby—I could not stop, and for very shame I dropped my face into my two hands. I could have stamped with passion. In a minute, perhaps, I felt Miss Alice lay her hand on my neck, and she said, "Don't be silly, Eleanor Clare, it is not as if you loved me, and I had rejected your present—then you might cry; but you know you hate me worse than any girl in the school."

I shook her off and replied, "Yes, I do!" so vehemently. I was sorry after I had said it, for all her colour went except two red spots on her cheeks, and her eyes looked strange as if tears had flashed into them; but the next moment she laughed in her old way, and observed that she had known it all along, and did not care. "I don't care," is for ever on her lips.

September the fourteenth.—What tiresome, disagreeable subjects we have to write about!—This week's is, The Four Seasons, invited to dine with Time, dispute which is the most valuable to men. Half the girls are running to and fro in a state of distraction: they cannot borrow from books,

and Miss Alice is in one of her lofty moods, and declines to help anybody, or else the common cry when we are in a difficulty over our subjects is, "O! Miss Alice, do give me an idea!" and sometimes she will write us a good half-page.

Ever since that scene about the box she and I have scarcely spoken. I do feel a little bit vexed and ashamed of myself when I remember it, and some of the girls have taken upon themselves to quarrel with me about it. They say I insulted her—I did not intend it, and I don't believe she thinks I did. I fancy often since I began to observe her that she has a heart under her satire, but she takes a great deal of pains to keep it hidden. Emily Clay does not dislike her; indeed, she insists upon it that if she had not been so harshly treated when she was a child and since she came to Stockbridge, she would have been more affectionate and faithful than any of us. Miss Smallwood is horrid to her, but she never seems to care, and though she is slaving from morning till night, Miss Thoroton scolds her every day. She is dreadfully impertinent sometimes—indeed, she always appears ready armed for repelling an attack, and such cutting, bitter things she can say! So very different from Emily Clay! she is nice.

September the nineteenth.—Miss Alice has been put into my room, and Emily Clay moved to another. Miss Thoroton said she would not have any clanning in the school, and Emily and I were too much together. Then we are not allowed to be companions in our walks, but each of us is classed with a girl we care nothing about. Now, I call this enough to make us deceitful and underhand! Why cannot we be allowed our natural affections as we are elsewhere? I will walk with Emily, and I will talk with her too, whenever I can, for all the Miss Thoroton's in the universe! Miss Smallwood, too, has taken a spite against us, and if we are together in recreation time, she immediately sends one of us off to the piano or elsewhere. Miss Alice is quite as much vexed as we are, but we have to submit. This is such oppressive hot weather, and we have had ever so many bad thunderstorms lately. I don't like Stockbridge as a place—letting alone its being a school. There is a great, ugly marsh beyond our garden, and it is damp and steamy, so different to dear old Burnbank. Some of the girls are not well, and I am not well either, though I don't in the least know what ails me; I get tired with nothing, and my head aches miserably often, but I don't like to complain.

October the twenty-ninth.—O! what a time I have had of it! And now I am all full of aching bones, and pains, and languors! I can scarcely trail one foot after another, and the least noise almost makes me scream. I have had a rheumatic fever for nearly six weeks, and have suffered so very, very much—it was like being racked. Now I can sit up in the little music-room, and Grannie is staying in the town to be near me. They took great care of me and were very kind, Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, Emily, and all of them; but it was Miss Alice who nursed me best. The two girls who slept in the other bed were moved, and she and I were left alone for quiet. I don't know how I can have thought all the cruel things of her that I have done ever since I came to Stockbridge until I began to be ill. She is so patient and good. One night when I was the weakest I cried, and made confession to her, and asked her to forgive me. I was so weighed down with the remembrance of what I used to feel against her, that I could not rest until she kissed me. I awoke and found her sitting on the floor, with her face resting against my bed, watching me, and stroking my hand. I knew she had been practising in the drawing-room until after ten, and that she would have to be at her lessons for herself by five, and it pained me inexpressibly to see her wasting her few hours of sleep in guarding me. Since that night I have found her out; she never can be cold and repellant to me again, for I must love her whether she will or no. She did not say very much, but she kept still a long while, and knelt by the bed with her face on my hand, and I could feel it wet with tears. At last she asked me not to talk any more, she could not bear it, and got into her own bed. I thought at first she was gone to sleep, but by-and-by I heard a sob, and another, and O! how she cried! I thought she would kill herself; I never heard anybody cry so bitterly, or so long. I sat up—move I could not—and prayed her to be calm, but she seemed to have lost all control over herself, and could not cease. I know that feeling: I wanted to put my arms about her and comfort her, and to tell her there was one person would love her always, always, but I might as well have been tied to my bed, so utterly helpless was I with pain and weakness.

She fell asleep at length, and so did I, and the next morning she said very quietly, "You must not tell, Eleanor Clare, what a fool I was last night; you see I can bear any amount of scolding and hatred with equanimity, but the moment I get a glimpse of affection I am broken up—it is the hazel divining rod which shows where lie the fountains of tears in me—don't you use it again just yet." And away she went to the school-room.

I feel as if I loved her just now better than any one else in the whole world; she has a kind of power over me which I don't acknowledge in anybody besides: whatever she bade me do I should do it. I like to watch her face as she sits by the window at her frame-work (she gets a dispensation from school business and keeps me company now

and then), it changes from that quick vivacity and satirical expression that made me dislike her once to a very placid, mournful look—she has a large forehead and dark eyes, but she looks ill and worn; in fact, I believe she has a great deal too much work for her age and strength. She does twice as much as Miss Smallwood or Mademoiselle, besides learning her own lessons; she says to me that she never sleeps above an hour at a time, and that this wakeful habit she acquired when she first came to Stockbridge, through a dread of lying too long, and being up late, and not having time for her lessons. She will not talk about herself much, but occasionally I hear a little bit of her former history. She has neither father nor mother, sister nor brother, and she is here to be trained for a teacher.

November the twelfth.—O! I think Miss Smallwood the lowest-minded woman! She took me to task this morning about my infatuated fondness, as she called it, for Miss Alice. She said that when we leave school our social positions will be widely different, and that it would be awkward for me to have her for my intimate friend. I cannot express the utter disgust, the wrath that I felt. I said something violent, too, and for that I was vexed, because it gave Miss Smallwood occasion to point out what she maliciously phrased "a sign of the deterioration of my character through our association." To blame Alice!—that angered me more than ever, and I told Miss Smallwood that she was quite incapable of understanding the beautiful nature of my dearest schoolfellow, to whom I was attached equally by my gratitude and my love. Miss Smallwood looked very red, called me an impetuous silly girl, and threatened to tell Miss Thoroton: whether she has done so or not I neither know nor care, but—

* * * * *

At this part of the journal there is a blank half page, and the writing is not resumed until two years later, when Eleanor Clare left school: the sudden break-off she then explains.

Meadowlands, *June nineteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-six.*—O! how vividly the sight of my old book, that scrawl, that smeared line, and the avalanche of blots bring back the remembrance of early school-times! Miss Thoroton gave it to me yesterday when I was packing up to leave Stockbridge for good and all; she did not make any remark about the awful moment when she pounced down upon me as I was making the entry which comes to such an abrupt conclusion; she just laid it down and said, "This is your property, Eleanor Clare," and marched off with an air of intense dignity.

I have been reading a few pages—I wonder what has become of Alice, and where she is now—she promised to write to me when she was settled, and she has never done so.

Emily Clay and I are together at Meadowlands, where her father lives: it is a pretty place, but not so pretty as Burnbank. Grannie gave permission for me to pay my visit of a fortnight here before joining her, and afterwards, I suppose, we move to Ferndell. When I was at Meadowlands, last midsummer, Herbert Clay was at home; but now he is away on one of his journeys, and is not likely to come back until Monday. I wish he were here. Meadowlands is rather dull, notwithstanding dear Emily does all she can to amuse me without breaking any of the laws of the establishment. Mrs. Clay is the strangest woman—if she were not Emily's mother, I believe I should say the most unpleasant, tiresome, tyrannical woman I ever saw; she has a set of rules for the guidance of servants, husband, children, and visitors, all equally harsh and equally unrelaxing. How other people support her yoke, I cannot tell, but to me it is insufferable—the order at Stockbridge was anarchy in comparison. Emily submits with the patience and resignation of an angel, but I often feel tempted to rebel; I should rebel but for grieving her, good soul.

Mademoiselle, who has come for a fortnight, is not so conscientious. She audaciously proclaims to Mrs. Clay's face, "De stitch-work I dislike, de broidery I 'bominate, de stocking-darn I cannot abear!" and Mrs. Clay responds, smiling frigidly, "Idleness, mademoiselle, idleness, and nothing else." But mademoiselle folds her hands, yawns in the middle of dreary paragraphs, and suddenly breaks out with irrelevant remarks or suggestions as to the beauty of the day and the propriety of taking some active exercise instead of sitting "sew like mantu-makers in dat penitential dressing-room"—"dat penitential dressing room," the scene of our labours and dulness being a prettily-fitted room adjoining Mrs. Clay's bed-room, where she does everything except take her meals, although there are two cheerful drawing-rooms and a capital library down-stairs.

I wish Emily had gone to Burnbank with me instead of my coming to Meadowlands with her, as Herbert is away.

June twentieth.—Herbert Clay is coming home to-morrow, instead of Monday. I am glad! for now, surely, we shall have a drive out somewhere—perhaps to Carlton Lakes; that was a delightful drive we had to Carlton last year when the Brookes were staying here. I should like to go again. I have been at loss to understand what Mrs. Clay was hinting at all this morning while we were "in purgatory;" sometimes, from her tone and glances, I imagined it might be at myself; but, then, her remarks were so plainly irrelevant that I must have been mistaken. She talked about designing chits of girls with intense asperity, and said once very emphatically, à propos of nothing,

"When Herbert marries, he must have

money with his wife; his father can make him no allowance now!"

Emily laughed, and asked if anybody had proposed for her brother, that she was specifying conditions. Mrs. Clay reddened, and said in reply:

"It is well those things should be understood; young girls are apt to deceive themselves as to the actual position of men whom they see in a luxurious home."

Mademoiselle was very wrath, and she has been to me since, indignantly repelling any suspicion that she, Aimée Louise de Chalfont, should have designs matrimonial on the son of any "canaille manufacturier!" I appeased her wrath by pointing out that I as well as herself might be hinted at.

I am so rejoiced that I never let it out at Stockbridge about Ferndell being mine—Miss Thoroton and all of them suppose it to belong to Grannie; but she evidently felt the insult aimed particularly at herself; she was for packing her box and departing à l'instant même, but I prevailed on her to stay. She acceded, threatening to present a visage de glace à ce beau monsieur! Herbert will not be long in thawing the crust if he is as he was, and Mademoiselle's wrath never lasts more than ten seconds at a time—no fear of a quarrel therefore.

June twenty-first.—Of all hateful places, that dressing room is the most hateful! There have we been toiling the whole of the long sunshiny morning, and now, at three o'clock, the sky is overcast and threatens rain. We might have gone to Carlton so beautifully if Mrs. Clay would have let us. Herbert came in at half-past ten, saying he had a holiday from the office, and would drive us anywhere we chose to go. Mademoiselle shrieked aloud for joy, and I began to fold up my work, when Mrs. Clay bade us be tranquil, she could not spare us till the afternoon; she really must set her face against such distracted ways.

How poor Emily is to pass her life in this dreary fashion is more than I can tell; she will become as tame and spiritless as a mouse; she is far too yielding and unselfish already. Mrs. Clay tyrannises for the mere love of power. When she had refused us this reasonable pleasure, she ordered Herbert to go off, but he said he had nothing in the world to do; he had made over his work for the day to his father, and so he would wait till we were at liberty. And there he stayed leaning against the side of the door, looking chagrined and uncomfortable, until his mother found him a task to walk into the town to match some wool to work her red parrot with. We have not seen him since, and I do not suppose he went near the wool-shop.

Mrs. Clay treats her son as if he were a little school-boy, although he is nearly of age. It is marvellous how he submits to it. I would not. But there is so much in habit. Mrs. Clay is not actively unkind, but she is like flint, and her character is as tough as leather; she seems to have no sentiments, no emotions, no soft amenities of disposition; I could not love her if I tried for centuries, and I do not think she could love me. I cannot tell why, but she seems to have taken a positive dislike to me just now. She shows it continually.

June the twenty-second.—Last night we had a walk down by the river—Herbert and I, Emily and Mademoiselle. It was almost in the gloaming, and I think I never shall forget that dreary, wild scene. Though, in early spring, the water pours down in a flood, at this season the bed of the river is almost dry; the white stones gleamed ghastly against the low dark lines of wood beyond, and there was a sad moaning undertone in the wind such as I never heard before. Then the trickling flow of the springs amongst the rocky fragments, the rush of the mill-stream, and the stirring of the leaves seemed to deepen the silence; there was a strange effect, too, in the clouds—all purple bars against a golden sky, which reminded me of what some wretched prisoner might feel looking through his grated window at the unattainable liberty beyond. As the currents of air swept down the river-bed, they brought a briny scent as of the sea-shore. I almost expected to see tangle hanging on the stones, and shells lying about.

Herbert and I sat on the bank, while Emily and Mademoiselle strayed further down towards the plantations, and he began to talk about his school-days; I do not think he is happy at home; nobody could be happy so crushed and fettered as he and Emily are. I do not think Mr. Clay observes how tied down his children are; if he did, surely he would alter it; but he evidently regards his wife as the best and cleverest of women—a very proper conjugal sentiment, no doubt, but aggravating if it blinds him to paternal duty.

I wonder what would be the effect of a little steady, passive resistance, or a crisis of rebellion—salutary, most likely. It does annoy me—stirs up, indeed, the very blackest drop in me—to watch Mrs. Clay's placidly self-satisfied countenance as she contradicts us all, and rules us all, and chafes us all to the limit of human endurance. Her eyes are big and prominent, her features are flat, her mouth is thin-lipped, and when it is dropping pearls of moral sentiments, it opens and shuts like the steel snap of a purse. It was certainly an unaccountable freak of nature to give her two such fine children as Herbert and Emily. Emily is very, very pretty, and Herbert has a noble face and carries his head well; Mademoiselle styles him Jeune Apollo, and he certainly has a claim to the comparison, but I would rather call him Phaëton, for there is a very considerable element of rashness in him, and, once his mother's sway cast off, he will do some foolish things by way of trying his power. Emily is rather

afraid of him, but I should never be that; his heart and principles are sterling both, and will not let him go far wrong.

June the twenty-third.—This little book is my safety-valve; but for it I must break out in some unseemly fashion during those interminable séances in the dressing-room. This morning I have stitched my finger as rough as a nutmeg-grater with making coarse baby clothes for a charitable basket. I hope poor folks' babies come into the world with tougher skins than gentlefolks, or else they will have a miserable rasping from those little stiff shirts. Mademoiselle asked if they were for a "bebi rhinocéros?" and Mrs. Clay told us that "the offspring of labour must not be trained in luxurious ease!" Herbert came in while we were sewing at the sackcloth garments, and he gave his opinions, too, which made his mother angry, and she forbade him the dressing-room. He looked mischievous as he went out, as if a spirit of revolt were beginning to burn in his breast. I am wicked enough to wish that it would break out, and as for Mademoiselle she incites him, both by word and act, to set his tyrant at defiance.

June the twenty-fourth.—I must work off a little of my effervescent fidgetiness by scribbling in my journal how the days pass here. Mrs. Clay appears to have set all her faculties to hard labour to devise expedients for thwarting and vexing her children at this juncture. What for, nobody can tell—merely through a natural perversity, I suspect. To-day we have missed a beautiful chance of going to the ruins at Springfield Priory. I have not seen them, and should have enjoyed it, but Mrs. Clay was sure her husband had said he should want the horse this afternoon, and, after all, it turns out that he never mentioned it! I did not think before that she would have invented a story to serve her purpose. Such miserable, paltry ways she takes to annoy first one and then the other; at dinner she would only allow preserved plums to the mould of rice, which nobody but herself likes, though there were both raspberry and strawberry jam on the sideboard. Herbert ventured on a word of remonstrance, and all his mother would say was, she wanted the plums eating up. Mademoiselle thereupon shrugged her shoulders, looked wicked, took an infinitesimal portion of rice and half the dish of plums all to herself, and ate them with great apparent gusto. Mrs. Clay's face was a picture of dismay, and when she saw Mademoiselle about to help herself a second time she warned her that she would certainly be ill; but Mademoiselle smiled benignly, replied that nothing ever disagreed with her, and did not desist until she had, as our hostess desired, "eaten them up." I daresay we shall see no preserved fruit but plums for all the remainder of our visit.

The pleasantest time we have here is the evening. Mr. Clay is then at home, and he likes to have his wife to himself to read the newspapers to him aloud. Then we four can effect our escape, and we either take a walk down by the river or across the fields towards Springfield. Sometimes we meet Mr. Hugh Cameron, the curate, and he and Emily have a talk. I believe I have discovered a secret about them; I am sure he likes Emily very much, whatever she thinks of him, and I am inclined to suspect she returns his affection, from her careful avoidance of talking about him. They know nothing of it at Meadowlands, anyway, for he is received there very cordially as the curate; but Mrs. Clay is too fond of money to let Emily marry a poor man, and he has only a hundred a-year. Every day I expect Emily to come and say something to me about it. To-night, up in Redbank, Mademoiselle left them to themselves, and when we all went home Emily rushed off to her room without saying a word, and did not come down to tea; I am sure something happened in the walk! I should like to——

June the twenty-fifth.—I was stopped last night by Emily's coming in to me to tell me all about it. Mr. Hugh Cameron made her an offer last night, and she accepted him. He is to see her father to-day. Poor Emily was very white and anxious, but very happy, too. We cannot imagine what her mother will say, but dread disapproval. I think Mr. Clay would consent if left to himself, for he likes Hugh Cameron. Emily will make such a good, quiet, pretty clergyman's wife!

June the twenty-sixth.—All yesterday was a series of scenes—painful scenes. Mrs. Clay is harder and more unfeeling than I could possibly have conceived; she is an atrocious woman! She behaved most insultingly to Hugh Cameron, and most cruelly to Emily. I never saw or imagined any woman so devoid of proper consideration for others. Emily has been telling me that the first thing she did when she heard of the proposal was to shriek with laughter, as if it were an excellent jest got up for her amusement. Mr. Clay was surprised, but might easily have been induced to consent to the marriage, if his wife had not taken the other side so vehemently. She denounced the curate as a wolf in sheep's clothing, an upstart, a beggar, a designing underling, a miserable poverty-bitten Scotchman, and ended by declaring that if her daughter ever spoke to Hugh Cameron again she would renounce her at once and for ever. Emily was crushed with shame and pain, for he was there all the time, and saw the sordid soul of her mother.

Mr. Clay is ruled by his wife almost as completely as his children are, and when he saw her violent dislike to the match, he just said quietly:

"You see, Emily, it won't do—you must give him up. Mr. Hugh Cameron, you have

my respect, but your visits to Meadowlands must cease for the present."

Mrs. Clay added, furiously:

"For ever, sir! do not let your shadow darken our doors again while I live."

Emily said she sat as still as a statue herself, but Hugh Cameron looked savage, and she feared he would break out into some unpardonable retort, for which, in point of family and origin, there is scope enough in the Clay's annals. But he controlled himself, and shook hands with Emily before her mother's face, and each made some kind of promise, there and then, which Emily regards as an engagement.

When Herbert came in from the office at noon, he had to be told all about it, and he was angry that Emily should be made miserable as she is for any paltry considerations, such as his mother cites. He would have liked her to marry Hugh Cameron, who, if he be poor, is a fine-spirited gentleman, and a very clever man, who will rise in his profession before he is many years older. Herbert thinks that even in a worldly point of view, if no other, the rejection is short-sighted and wrong in the extreme. He told his mother so, and she began to cry hysterically, and invoke maledictions on her children, in a spasmodic way that would have been ridiculous if one had not known the sad cause. Mr. Clay was vexed with Herbert for contradicting his mother, and altogether it was a miserable time. Emily has gone to lie down now, literally worried to exhaustion by her mother's tongue and her own griefs; and Mademoiselle, in a spirit which I feel inclined to laud, has given herself up to the task of boring Mrs. Clay, and keeping her quiet in the dressing-room while Emily has a little rest. There will be revolution in Meadowlands ere long. The small end of the wedge of liberty has been inserted by Herbert; and to-day, my impression is, that he will push it further and further in until the prison-doors of his mother's will are broken wide open—the sooner the better, both for his happiness and Emily's.

June twenty-sixth.—I am going away from Meadowlands immediately. Last night Herbert and I went up Redbank together. Mademoiselle stayed to guard Emily from her mother, and when we returned we found that an awful storm had been brewing for us while we were gone.

But first I must write what happened on Redbank. I have known since last Midsummer that Herbert Clay liked me better than any one; but to-night he told me he must have me for his wife, or nobody. I am quite sure I love him enough to marry him, because I love him enough to die for him, or, perhaps, what is in the long-run much more difficult, to bear a great many lively annoyances for his sake from his mother. It made me very proud and happy to hear him say he loved me, because he is good and true-hearted: he has no mean suspicions and no worldly vanities. One thing he said amused me, while it gladdened me with the certainty that I was loved for myself alone.

This was it. "I know you have no money, Eleanor, and my mother will make the same objections as she did to Hugh Cameron; but never mind, I shall be one-and-twenty and my own master in September."

I smiled to myself, and thought I would keep my secret, and not tell him about Ferndell. He talked of our living in that pretty little cottage by Brookend, where there are ivy, and roses, and earwigs in such plenty, and I let him have his fancy, thinking how I would surprise him when the time came. But the fact is, I should be far happier, as Herbert Clay's wife, in that tiny cot, than as anybody else's at Ferndell.

We had a delicious hour straying over the Redbank and in the wood, but at last it began to grow dusk, and we said we really must go back. We made the walk as long as we could, but Meadowlands was reached at length, and there, on the door-step, stood waiting for us, armed with all her terrors, Mrs. Clay herself. I am not like Emily; I don't weep and faint, or else it is impossible to say what might have been the consequences of her opening address. She is a coarse, vulgar-minded woman, or she could not have spoken to any girl as she did to me. "Go in, you forward puss!" was her exclamation, the moment she saw me; "and to-morrow you shall be sent home! I will not have you contriving mischief in my peaceful dwelling, making my daughter rebel, and inveigling my silly son, as I see you are doing!"

Herbert cried out passionately, "Mother!" And she added, in a frightened tone, "Have you been imitating that fool, Emily's example, and seeking a partner without a shilling?" and then she ran screaming into the drawing-room, flung herself on the couch, and behaved like an insane person.

Herbert told me to go away to my own room quietly, he could manage her the best alone, and so I left them. This morning I have seen him again. His father objects to his marrying at all now; and I tell him I will never enter any family except with the consent of its members.

I feel strangely confused—happy and sorry, glad and sad.

The carriage is to take me to Stockbridge directly after luncheon; and I shall get to Burnbank by tea-time. Grannie will be surprised to see me, but more surprised when I tell her what has brought my visit to Meadowlands to such a summary conclusion. I don't feel to care much for Mrs. Clay's rudeness; if she had known of Ferndell she would have been almost down on her knees to me, for she worships money; but I wish Herbert's mother was a woman I could love. Emily is ill this morning, from the fatigue of yesterday, but she will soon rally; she says

she knew Herbert meant to propose to me last night, and feared how it would end. Being in much the same case, we sympathised with each other, and combined to keep up our spirits for better times. I should have liked to leave Meadowlands good friends with everybody, but that cannot be.

Herbert has given me a little ring set with five turquoises, like a forget-me-not, which I am always to wear; and I have given him my plain signet with the blood-stone. We intend to write to each other often.

HOW THE WRITER WAS DESPATCH-BOXED.

During the late war, I was despatched to the East, together with thirty-nine other persons, on a sort of irregular service. We were on pay for about fifteen months; and we cost the country, in that time, something like forty thousand pounds. There were certain phenomena of our brief corporate existence that some of us attributed to jobbery, and even the most indulgent of us to neglect. For eight months we were not employed, and should have been recalled. Our nominal head spent the liberal stipend of his office in Saint James's; and occupied himself with some reforms in the management of his club. Our storekeeper could not produce his original invoices; and property to a large amount was left to be wasted without check or responsibility. The official arrangements for our rations, our pay, our transport from place to place, were characterised by recklessness, wastefulness, confusion, and mismanagement, such as we have never seen paralleled. But we felt our own insignificance; we knew what great affairs required the attention of the executive; and we could scarcely wonder at the scant notice we received.

So, when some numbers of a certain book reached a certain town in Asia Minor, and were there discussed, we agreed that the Circumlocution Office was hardly used. We bore united witness to the personal courtesy with which we had been treated in the neighbourhood of Whitehall. But still:—

Penny related how three young gentlemen of prepossessing personal appearance had been hopelessly unable to spell the classical name of the steamer in which he voyaged. They consulted together, made various guesses, tried the look of several phonetic readings upon scraps of paper; and at last applied to him, before they could accomplish "Bacchante."

Twopenny mentioned that he was ordered to join a certain steamer at Deptford on a certain day. The vessel was detained in the river for fully a week afterwards; and the authorities on shore would not condescend to explain the cause of the detention to the captain. They told him he was waiting for orders—for their orders, that was to say; and intimated that his inquiries were improper. At length he mollified a clerk by the gift of a superlatively good cigar; and the following dialogue took place:

"Why is it that you keep me here?"

"Captain, if you must know, we are keeping you to receive a small lot of medicine stores for Malta."

"Indeed! How many packages?"

"Six."

"Where from?"

"Green and Watson's."

"Indeed!" replied the captain, dryly; "they were the first goods I shipped, and they have been in the hold these three weeks."

The clerk upset a stool, and rushed into the office of his superior. The captain thought he heard mention of the name of Lindsay. At all events, the clerk returned quickly with an order to get up steam and to be off with all speed. The anchor was weighed in an hour, and Twopenny narrowly escaped being left behind.

Groat said that when his transport anchored in the Golden Horn, they were hailed by a sister ship, and asked what cargo they brought? "Beef and pork" was the answer. The sister ship had been four months in the transport service; busy, during the first two months, in conveying beef and pork from Constantinople to Balaklava; busy, during the last two months, in conveying beef and pork, in the same casks, back from Balaklava to Constantinople.

Shortly after the talk related above, the little party in Asia was broken up by the peace, and I found myself once more in England. My pay ceased on my arrival, so I had orders to report myself immediately; as I had parted with my money freely on the way home, I was by no means indifferent to the speedy payment of a considerable balance due to me. Following my instructions, I turned into Whitehall Place, and inquired for Mr. A.

A messenger showed me into a room occupied by a most courteous and gentlemanly man, with whom I had transacted business prior to my departure. Mr. A. remembered me, congratulated me on my safe return, and then addressed himself to his official duties. He asked for my order to return to England, for my order for a passage, for my last pay certificate; when all these had been handed to him and inspected, he said,

"Who told you to come to me?"

I mentioned the name of my immediate superior.

"I am not by any means sure that he was right," replied Mr. A. He spoke very slowly and gently, taking off his spectacles the while, and deliberately folding them. "In fact, I am nearly sure that he was wrong. I think your affair belongs to Mr. B, at the Horse Guards. Yes, certainly, if you will take the trouble to go across to Mr. B., you will find that he has precedents, and knows exactly what to do for you. Should

he be in any difficulty, it will save me a letter if you will tell him to write to me for instructions."

I gathered up my papers, walked quickly across the street, pushed open the heavy door under the dark old archway, and said, briskly to the first messenger,

"I want Mr. B."

"Certainly, sir; which Mr. B.?"

Now, although B. (with its complement) is among the commonest of names, I was totally unprepared for, and totally taken aback by, this simply worded question. My positive air, as of a man intent upon transacting business, was plainly unsuited to the atmosphere of the place. I explained my wants to the messenger, and consulted him with regard to the department by which they could be supplied. After considering with knitted brow, he advised an application to Mr. R. B., and ushered me into the room over which that gentleman presided.

Mr. R. B. listened with polite attention to my statement, asked for and inspected the several papers, which Mr. A. had already passed under review, and said:

"I think it is scarcely possible that I can be the Mr. B. to whom Mr. A. intended to refer you. The matter is really quite foreign to my department. Perhaps Mr. W. B. might help you; but, for my own part, I should think Mr. C. the right person to apply to. I mention only my private impression."

I left the room with a certain hopefulness, arising out of the fact that the two last-named gentlemen were in some slight degree acquainted with me, and that I expected more from personal friendliness than from official courtesy. Returning to my old ally, the messenger, I asked for Mr. W. B.

Inquire again on the first floor.

The first floor was guarded by another messenger, who answered my inquiry by saying, slightly:

"Mr. W. B. is out of the way."

"Out of the way, is he? When will he be back?"

If I had levelled a revolver at the man's head, he could scarcely have exhibited more consternation.

"When will he be back? I am sure I don't know when he will be back. When will he be back!" this last being an obstructed and sotto voce repetition of my innocent sentence, in a style like an imitation of the Siddons whisper.

"Well, then," I rejoined impatiently, "I want Mr. C."

"He is at the department in Pall Mall."

The ignorance displayed in asking for him at the Horse Guards apparently convinced the messenger that I was one to whom he need pay no more attention. So he sauntered behind a screen, murmuring in an absent manner: "When will he be back?"

At the department in Pall Mall, I found Mr. C., a cordial and good-humoured person, who knew nothing whatever about my business, but who advised me not to waste time in pursuing other initial letters.

"Go home," said he; "get the largest sheet of paper and the biggest envelope you can, report your arrival and state your claim in writing, address the letter to the Right Honorable Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War; and, in about five weeks, you will be likely to get an answer, containing instructions for your further conduct."

So it befell. About six weeks elapsed before my letter was officially acknowledged, and many more before claims were settled about which there was not the smallest dispute or question, except that, as a matter of form, they were to be certified by somebody who was daily expected from Scotland, or who had just started for Constantinople. When these matters were finally adjusted, my experience of government offices ceased, with one trifling, though notable exception.

In the month of August eighteen hundred and fifty-six, I was desirous to obtain immediately, a certain piece of information, which I knew any clerk in a particular department in Downing Street could furnish, and which, as one of the public, I thought I had a right to ask. Mindful of past adventures with Messrs. A., B. and C., and believing that the five weeks arrear of correspondence had been an exceptional circumstance, arising out of the war, I put my inquiry in writing, and despatched it. Receiving no answer, I applied myself to private sources, ascertained what I wanted to know, acted upon the knowledge, and forgot the circumstance. In March eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, I received a very large letter, with a large intimation on the cover that it came ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE, in which a gentleman declared that he was directed by one of Her Majesty's Secretaries of State to inform me &c., &c., giving, in short, a polite, distinct, and straight-forward answer to my question. As if I were to write to-day to the publishers of the Edinburgh Review, asking for advertising space in the next number of that journal, and were to receive, in March eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, an assurance that the required space should be reserved!

I may mention that I returned from the East with a claim against a gigantic commercial establishment, as well as against a government department. The former was investigated, acknowledged, and paid, in fewer minutes than Mr. A. consumed in twiddling his spectacles, and in asking me to ask somebody else (across the street) to write to him for instructions.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 390.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

LONDONERS OVER THE BORDER.

London does not end at the limits assigned to it by those acts of parliament which take thought for the health of Londoners. More suburbs shoot up, while official ink is drying. Really, there is no limit to London; but the law must needs assign bounds; and, by the law, there is one suburb on the border of the Essex marshes which is quite cut off from the comforts of the Metropolitan Buildings' Act;—in fact, it lies just without its boundaries, and therefore is chosen as a place of refuge for offensive trade establishments turned out of town,—those of oil-boilers, gut spinners, varnish-makers, printers' ink-makers and the like. Being cut off from the support of the Metropolis Local Managing Act, this outskirt is free to possess new streets of houses without drains, roads, gas, or pavement. It forms part of the parish of West Ham, and consists of two new towns; Hallsville, called into existence some ten years since by the Messrs. Mare and Company's ship-building yard, and half depopulated by the recent bankruptcy of that firm; and Canning Town, very recently created by the works in progress at the new Victoria Docks. Hallsville and Canning Town are immediately adjacent to the Barking Road station of the Eastern Counties line. That station is connected by a junction with the North London Railway, and is to be reached by a sixpenny ride from Fenchurch Street, Camden Town, or any of the intermediate stations. Any Londoner may, in dry summer weather, at the cost of very little time and money, go out, as we have done, to see this patch of the land over the border.

If he should go out in wet weather, or in winter, for that purpose, he will doubt whether it be land that he has come to see. It is a district, at such times, most safely to be explored on stilts. The clergyman of the parish says, that he once lost his shoes in the mud while visiting in Hallsville, and did not know that they were gone till some time afterwards; so thickly were his feet encased in knobs of mud. The parish doctor tells us that he means, next winter, to wear fishing-boots that shall reach to his thighs. The inspector of schools, when he goes to Hallsville in the winter, puts on shooting-boots as a particular precaution. He may need a coracle sometimes. The whole of the ground on which Hallsville and Canning Town are built is seven feet below high-water mark. Bow Creek borders both colonies, and its water, at high tide, is dammed out from them by very ancient banks of earth. The embankment is attributed to Danes, Saxons or Romans. When we first visited the place, the water in the creek was actually, to the stature of a man, higher than the ground on which we walked.

Our second visit was paid at the time of low-water, on one of Nature's baking-days. From the slight elevation of the railway-station or the bridge over the creek, the district, on such a day, seems more inviting than repulsive. The wide plain of valuable pasturage—for the marshes that give ague to men, give grass to beasts—is dry to the foot and green to the eye. There are pleasant belts of trees, with here a spire, there a church-tower, upon the horizon; and, in the foreground, groups of cattle feed as Cuyp used to paint them feeding. There are a good many tall smoking chimneys that mark out the line of the creek, and there is a forest of masts to tell of the adjacent Thames and of the docks; but, to the eye, the broad, green Essex plain is master of the situation.

Such a plain suggests a feeling of repose. Hallsville and Canning Town seem to be enviable townlets, their small houses appearing, in the hot season, to be the happy homes of men who pasture flocks and herds safe from the wear and worry of the world.

But let us go down into either townlet. It does not, in the smallest degree, matter which. The houses are built in rows; but, there being no roads, the ways are so unformed that the parish will not take charge of them. We get, then, upon a narrow path of gravel raised about two feet above the grass—such paths enable men to walk not more than midleg deep about the place in rainy weather—and we come to a row of houses built with their backs to a stagnant ditch. We turn aside to see the ditch, and find that it is a cesspool, so charged with corruption, that not a trace of vegetable matter grows upon its surface—bubbling and seething

with the constant rise of the foul products of decomposition, that the pool pours up into the air. The filth of each house passes through a short pipe straight into this ditch, and stays there. Upon its surface, to our great wonder, a few consumptive-looking ducks are swimming, very dirty; very much like the human dwellers in foul alleys as to their depressed and haggard physiognomy, and to be weighed by ounces, not by pounds. Some of them may be ducklings; but they look as old as the most ancient raven.

Perhaps this row of houses is a poor back settlement—a slum of Hallsville. We go on, and are abruptly stopped by another ditch-full of stagnating corruption, bubbling as the last bubbled; while, at a little distance, is another row of houses built so that they may pour all their solid and liquid filth into it in the most convenient way, and receive it back as air, with the least possible dilution. Near those houses we find a plank by which the ditch is crossed. There is a path across a patch of green, and the path is, in one place, made up of planks rotted with wet, now dried into the soil on which they float in spongy weather. The planks tell a tale, so does the bloated and corrupt body of a drowned dog that lies baking in the middle of that patch of green. We smell the dog, we smell the ditches, and we smell the marsh, dry as it is. As we go on exploring, we find the same system of building everywhere.

Rows of small houses, which may have cost for their construction eighty pounds a-piece, are built designedly and systematically with their backs to the marsh ditches; which, with one exception, are all stopped up at their outlet; and, in many parts of their course also, if there were an outlet, or if it could be said that they had any course at all. Two or three yards of clay pipe "drain" each house into the open cess-pool under its back windows, when it does not happen that the house is so built as to overhang it. We feel a qualm in calling houses built when they are laid like band-boxes upon the soil. In winter time every block becomes now and then an island, and you may hear a sick man, in an upper room, complain of water trickling down over his bed. Then the flood cleans the ditches, lifting all their filth into itself, and spreading it over the land. No wonder that the stench of the marsh in Hallsville and Canning Town of nights, is horrible. A fetid mist covers the ground. If you are walking out and meet a man, you only see him from the middle upwards, the foul ground mist covering his legs. So says the parish surgeon, an intelligent man and a gentleman, by whom the day-work and the night-work of a wide district of this character has not been done without cost to his health. He was himself for a time invalided by fever, upon which ague followed. Ague, of course, is one of the most prevalent diseases of the district: fever abounds. When an epidemic comes into the place, it becomes serious in its form, and stays for months. Disease comes upon human bodies saturated with the influences of such air as this breathed day and night, as a spark upon touchwood. A case or two of small-pox caused, in spite of vaccination, an epidemic of confluent small-pox, which remained three or four months upon the spot. "I have had twenty cases of it in one day," the doctor said. The clergyman of the parish—whose church is beyond the reach of the Hallsville people, but who is himself familiar to their eyes—told us that during a half-year, when the population of Plaistow proper and of Hallsville were equal, he counted the burials in each. There were sixteen deaths in Plaistow, and in Hallsville seventy-two.

Let us not abstain from recording the zeal of the clergyman of this parish. In it, there are places four miles distant from each other, together with thousands of almost untaught parishioners. At a time when his incumbency was worth only one hundred and eighty pounds a-year, in aid of which he had but another seventy pounds a-year of private means, he for two years and a-half paid at the rate of one hundred a-year for a curate's help, and struggled, by a pinch in his own household, to relieve part of the pinch among the poor. He was obliged, after a long fight, to abandon his endeavour; for he was outrunning his income, "although living as economically as possible, making Lent to extend considerably over forty days." These are the clergy who support the church; and there is only one way in which such men usually ask the church to support them in turn;—by giving nothing to themselves, only more succour to the poor. Thus, in the present case, appeal is made on behalf of the ignorance of Hallsville and Canning Town, inhabited by dock-labourers and men employed in neighbouring works and manufactories, who live surrounded by all circumstances of degradation. The church is far from them; churchmen are asked to bring it nearer and in the best way, by establishing a mission. Thus comes into life a plea on behalf of the Plaistow and Victoria Dock Mission. We allude to that in passing; our concern here being with the bodily condition of the people.

Though there is no church near Hallsville or Canning Town, there is a small dissenting chapel, to the door of which we were attracted by a large placard touching the election of a local BOARD OF HEALTH. The Board of Health shone in such mighty capitals, and the details as to the manner of voting and the qualifications of the voters were described with such circumlocution on so large a poster, that we lost the smell of the place out of our noses for a quarter of a minute. Then it came back again. We walked on a few steps and were beside another pesti-

lential ditch, bubbling as if there were a miraculous draught of fishes just below. A row of houses was arranged with little back yards dipping into it; and, in one of the back-yards, three ghostly little children lying on the ground, hung with their faces over it, breathing the poison of the bubbles as it rose, and fishing about with their hands in the filth for something—perhaps for something nice to eat.

We went to the old national school, a small wooden lean-to, built at the side of the last house in an unfinished row. The poor in Rotherhithe, and here too, describe any line of very crazy cottages as Rabbit-hutch Row. The old Hallsville national school is certainly a sort of rabbit-hutch; and not a large hutch either. When it was first knocked up, there were but thirty houses in this part of the marsh, and accommodation was required for but eleven scholars. The new town grew rapidly, and there were no means of building a new school; so that, at last, one might see the mistress on a wet day, with her umbrella up, teaching a hundred children in the dripping hutch. We are told that there have been one hundred and seventy scholars crammed into it; although, if it were a fowl-house, nobody would suppose it able to accommodate that number of fowls. By fortune, a long room, built by a publican as an American bowling-alley for dock labourers and sailors, was bowled down as an alley and set up again as a new national school. It is spacious and clean. The sky-lights open and secure sufficient ventilation. There is a ditchfull of filth sleeping at full length (we must not say running) along one side of the building, and it branches into another ditch of the same character that stinks immediately under the back window; which, therefore, is a closed shutter and no window at all. Over the two ditches, at the place where they meet, a wooden house is built; it seems by its form to have been constructed as a pleasure-house on the ground of the publican who speculated in the bowling-green. But now it is a home. The white blind was down at the window. Was there death as well as deadly air inside?

Of course the ditches were inevitable to the school; for there is no escaping them in Hallsville or Canning Town. The local Board of Health appears, from answers made to inquiries, to care more about Stratford, where its members live, than about colonies out in the marsh. On the occasion of our first visit, however, the board had been active; for we learnt that a ton of deodorising matter had been recently scattered about the vilest pools. The stench, when we paid our second visit, was unmitigated.

Two years ago, when application was made by more than a tenth of the rate-payers of the parish of West Ham for an inquiry into the sanitary condition of the district, with a view to bringing it under the conditions of the Public Health Act, Mr. Alfred Dickens was the civil engineer sent by the general Board of Health as an inspector. His report and the evidence at his inquiry is before us as we write, and it dwells very much upon the state of Canning Town and Hallsville. We learn from this report that the area of the ditches in the parish amounted to not less than one hundred and forty acres, according to a surveyor's book upwards of thirty-five years old, and that area has been increased by side-cuttings at the railway and new cuttings of open sewer. Disease had cost the parish six hundred pounds in the year previous to the inquiry. There was then, of course, as now, no drainage or paving in Canning Town; the roads in winter were impassable; but the inhabitants were paying (for what they did not get) an eighteen-penny rate under the Commissioners' Act, not for works done in accordance with it, but "for the expenses of the act." Also, although the parish did not take charge of their roads, they were paying a highway rate for the parishioners elsewhere. One horrible detail in Mr. Dickens's report has, happily, to be omitted from our sketch. Two years ago, there was in Hallsville and Canning Town no water supply. Good water is now laid on. In all other respects, the old offences against civilised life cleave to the district. The local Board of Health which the inhabitants of the parish sought and obtained, whatever it may have done for Stratford, seems to have done nothing for Hallsville, unless it be considered something to indulge it with an odd pinch of deodorising powder.

Canning Town is the child of the Victoria Docks. The condition of this place and of its neighbour prevents the steadier class of mechanics from residing in it. They go from their work to Stratford or to Plaistow. Many select such a dwelling-place because they are already debased below the point of enmity to filth; poorer labourers live there, because they cannot afford to go farther, and there become debased. The Dock Company is surely, to a very great extent, answerable for the condition of the town they are creating. Not a few of the houses in it are built by poor and ignorant men who have saved a hundred pounds, and are deluded by the prospect of a fatally cheap building investment. But who was it that named one row of these houses Montesquieu Place? We should like to see in Canning Town some of the engineering works suggested by a place where on one spot you may pass out of Arkwright Street into Brunel Street and turn your back upon Graves Terrace. Was it an undertaker who had made his money in these parts, and spent it in a profitable investment upon houses that would further freshen up his trade, who built Graves Terrace in Canning Town?

Not to be unjust to the district, let us own that we found one ditch behind a row of houses covered with green matter; thus proving that it was not poisonous to organic life to the last degree. In one there was an agitation which suggested that its course was open, and we found this to be really the one ditch that has, at certain hours, a flow. It has tidal communication with the river Lea. We understood that a few of the best houses, five or six perhaps, are drained into this ditch, when it is at some distance from their windows, and thus have what is, in those parts, to be considered decent drainage.

We need hardly say, that the level of the marsh ought to be no obstacle to the proper drainage of a town built over it. If it be worth while to put a pump over a coal-mine, certainly it is worth while to put one over the place by the river-side to which the sewage of a little town may fall, until the great out-fall question is decided.

INDIAN IRREGULARS.

When people hear of these famous Irregulars, of Jacob's, Mayne's, and Chamberlain's Horse, they probably form rather vague ideas as to their appearance and discipline, and most likely set them down as a band of rough-riders, more picturesque than orderly, and, like the Turkish Bashi Bazouks, less agreeable as neighbours, than as subjects for a sketch in the Illustrated London News.

Such is not, however, the case. There is nothing "irregular" in these corps, with the exception of their designation. They are simply bodies of cavalry, recruited from a class much superior to any from which the "regular" regiments draw their supplies of men, and with a certain elasticity (not laxity) in their discipline, which gives more latitude to individual talent and personal qualities than the rigid precision of ordinary regulations will permit of.

I cannot better express what I mean than by saying that the commanding officer of an irregular corps finds he has elbow-room. Much is left to his discretion—and wisely so, if he be, as he generally is, an able and dashing officer; zealous for the well-being of his regiment. He is allowed to choose the arms of the corps, to pick out from the infantry such officers as are best fitted to a service so smart and active as that of the Irregular Horse, and to promote deserving privates, irrespective of that system of seniority which renders the Subahdars and Jemadars of Sepoy regiments so wretchedly inefficient.

A colonel of irregulars has a wide latitude allowed him in matters concerning which the commandant of a line regiment, whether in the Queen's or Company's service, is a mere automaton. He may attire the corps in red, in green, in blue, or in orange, at his pleasure, and every cavalry officer knows well what an advantage is a markedly distinct uniform when troopers of various regiments, mixed up with enemies, are straying, skirmishing, and galloping up hill and down dale, over a broken country. He may furnish the soldiers with lances, carbines, or rifle carbines, as he thinks best; or, he may divide the whole force into lancers and carbineers; so as to unite the advantages of both arms of the service. In matters relating to remounts, forage, cantonments, and so on, he is little hampered by interference. He has the power, at any time, of procuring the very flower of the linesmen to be his subordinate officers, and hundreds of gallant young fellows are always ready to enlist in his favoured force. Of course his responsibility is great in proportion to his powers, and these may now and then be abused. Nepotism prevails in every part of the world; and if Mrs. Wheedle do but write sufficiently moving letters to her cousin, Major or Colonel Sabretasch, that officer will give young Bobby Wheedle a commission in his command, though Bobby cannot ride without provoking even the grave Hindoos to laughter, and knows little more of Hindustani than "*khana lao*" (pale ale), and a few choice terms of abuse. Moreover, a young fellow in good odour at Government House, be he a milksop or blockhead, may be certain of donning the martial garb of the Irregulars; but this is no fault of the commandant; who, you may be sure, will, when left to himself, prefer Jack Spurrier, of the Fiftieth Native Infantry, who has no qualifications but brains, pluck, and horsemanship, to all the Honourable Frederick Fitznoodles in the peerage.

Of the system of promotion by merit among the natives of the corps, it is impossible to speak too highly. To reward the longest liver and to ignore personal qualifications is certainly not the way to get an army well governed. In the Sepoy regiments, seniority carries the day over merit; and the consequence is, that, not only are most of the native commissioned officers a set of worn-out, puffy, ghee-bloated cripples, but their fellow feeling is wholly with the privates; among whom most of their lives have been spent. Thus, in the recent mutiny, the same story was heard everywhere. A Subahdar countenanced the first outrage of the insurrection; and, in every station, the native officers seem to have been the ringleaders or the puppets of the rebels. As to the question of its being politic to give commissions to natives at all, that will doubtless receive consideration; but, if thus promoted, it should certainly not be for mere length of service. In the Irregulars, the stimulus of merit-promotions works well. The intelligent character of the men tends to foster emulation, and they yield a willing obedience to all necessary restrictions of discipline. They are, as I said before, volunteers selected from a class very superior to any which

furnishes recruits to an army in Europe. It is usual to address them as "Sahib!" and they never forget, nor allow their chiefs to forget, that, in becoming soldiers, they have not ceased to be gentlemen. An attempt to degrade them or to interfere with their religion would, of course, produce an outbreak; but whatever bad news may be wafted to us from India, I believe, and always shall believe, that the Irregulars, well led by officers they like and respect, will be found as true as steel. If they mutiny, depend upon it there is some flaw in the personnel of their officers. I could cite a hundred cases in which these troopers have shown a devotion to officers whom they really loved and esteemed, that has few parallels in European history. And I am sure that if, in the Russian war, their offers to volunteer for the Crimea had been accepted, the Cossacks would have been thoroughly checkmated in their own Parthian style of fighting. The class of military adventurers from which the Irregulars are drawn is one peculiar to Asia, and reminds one strongly of the feudal ages.

Younger sons of courtly noblemen, whose ancestors stood around the peacock throne of Aurungzebe, sons of Zemindars, Potails, Omrahs, and so forth—some from Rajpootana, but mostly children of Mahometan landholders—come in and offer themselves, with horse, weapons, and accoutrements, to the recruiting agents of the Irregular Cavalry. Nothing would tempt these proud youngsters—most of whom are first-rate horsemen, familiar with arms from childhood—to shoulder a musket in the line, or to take service in the regular cavalry. But, in the Irregulars—where they retain their eastern dress and saddle, and associate only with their equals—they are so willing to engage, that at a month's notice the existing force might be trebled. Every man is obliged, before enlisting, to prove himself perfect master of his weapons and his charger. He is required to manage a horse at full speed, with a saddle and without, to strike a spear into a tent-peg at full gallop and to draw it from the ground, to hit a mark with carbine and pistol, and to cut through a roll of felt lying on the ground, as he dashes by at the full stride of his horse, and bends over his saddle-bow to use the razor-like sword. The swords of the Irregulars are always of a keenness that contrasts wonderfully with the blunt reaping-hooks of English dragoons. Not that they are all, or even usually, of Khorassan manufacture. Most of them are of English steel, and owe all their sharpness to careful grinding and leathern scabbards. The skill to which some of the Irregulars attain, both with the lance and sword, is extraordinary. Long ago, in the Madras presidency, I witnessed a sort of mock tournament given by the privates of Skinner's Horse, in which such horsemanship was displayed as would have astounded Astley's performers; while some of the troopers carried away a tent-peg on their spears, twenty times running, at full speed.

In horsemanship, the Indian Mahometans far surpass the more broad-breasted and robust Affghans; and, although in the Punjab, we could draw any number of stout recruits from the mountains, yet the natives of the peninsula are generally preferred. In one manœuvre, the Oriental horseman is inimitable. He keeps his horse (with a murderous bit) so well in hand that, when an English dragoon charges him, he wheels off as if on a pivot, and deals a cut across the back of his enemy's neck that generally puzzles the surgeon. I myself remember a Sikh cavalier, who, in one of the Sutlej affairs, cut down three European troopers—two dragoons, namely, and a lancer—whose lance was cut through as well as his neck, and I saw the fellow killed, not far from where Lord Gough was standing, by a native trooper, who outwitted him at his own game of back-blows. Then the wonderful lightness of these riders, compared with European dragoons or hussars, is one reason for the great length of the marches they perform; which have often amounted to eighty, and, in one or two cases, to a hundred miles, in twenty four hours. But, then, the Irregulars ride, on an average, some twelve or thirteen stone, while our Light Dragoons are seldom less, in marching order, than twenty or two-and-twenty stone; a pretty tax on the powers of an Indian horse of not above fourteen hands and a-half in height, the usual stature! The Irregulars might march round and round a European regiment on a journey without the latter even discovering it.

In many corps, the privates are allowed to choose their own saddles, which are of wood, cloth, leather, felt, or velvet, as the rider pleases; but which must be covered by a uniform regimental saddle-cloth. Felt and cloth saddles, made without trees or woodwork, are generally preferred; though of a somewhat heating texture, and, if made much lighter than twenty-eight pounds English, they wring a horse's withers and rub his back. All light felt or cloth saddles turn out failures. The bits are murderous things, with prickles of steel that subdue a charger in a moment; but, if the bridle be unskilfully used, a tortured horse will often fling himself down, or rear till he falls back and crushes his rider. The great aim of Orientals is to break a horse down, and get him so under control as to check or wheel him in a moment; and, for military purposes, this answers well, although it ruins the animal's stride for a gallop. In some corps, soldiers have been allowed to wear chain armour, after the old Indian fashion; but, besides spreading a bad spirit among the men, the chain-mail is sure to be driven in by a ball, and so render fatal a gun-shot wound that might otherwise have been trifling.

On the whole, no branch of the Indian army deserves greater praise or greater reliance than the Irregular Cavalry.

THE SWEETEST OF WOMEN.

That accomplished gentleman and elegant poet, Mr. Edmund Waller, of Beaconsfield, —Member of Parliament for the borough of Agmondesham, courtier, wit and orator, man of wealth and man of fashion—loved and sang, upwards of two centuries ago, the charms of Sacharissa.

Hereupon the majority may probably inquire, Who was she? Who was she, this beautiful and charming Sacharissa? She whose name has thus, by the honeyed words of her lover, been sweetened for ever in the world's remembrance — literally preserved in the sugary compliments of verse—candied with poetry like a very sweetmeat in the bouquet of our national literature. For, at once, be it remarked, in regard to this fantastic and delicious name of Sacharissa, that Dr. Johnson has observed in reference to it, speaking of it with characteristic reprehension, and in no less characteristic phraseology, "The name is derived from the Latin appellation of sugar, and implies, if it means any thing, a spiritless mildness and dull goodnature." Whereas Mr. Elijah Fenton has described it, however, much more ingeniously and judiciously, as a name recalling to mind (to his antiquarian mind, that is to say!) "what is related of the Turks" (he does not inform us where!) "who, in their gallantries," quoth he quaintly, "think Sucar Birpara, i. e., bit of sugar, to be the most polite and endearing compliment they can use to the ladies." Delightful Mr. Fenton—it is the very key to the enigma—the solution (of course, figuratively) of the delicate love-puzzle of this melting saccharine "appellation" of Sacharissa. Bit of sugar—Sucar Birpara—let us nibble at it. It gives one the whole flavour of the poetic flattery conveyed in those rhythmic words of him whom Mr. Addison has appropriately designated the "Courtly Waller"—words rained down by him at the feet of his mistress, not, as in the instance of the Arabian princess of the fairy tale, like a shower of pearls and precious stones, but rather in this instance, like a sprinkling of comfits and sugar-plums.

Almost all that the world-at-large really appears to know about Sacharissa, might, we conjecture, be summed up thus succinctly: that she was, when her lover sang of her, very young, very charming, very beautiful. Scarcely anything besides; and that assuredly, as far as it goes, might safely enough have been taken for granted without requiring one syllable in the way of verification. Not but what these Loves of the Poets have occasionally been very startling personages indeed, by reason sometimes even of the absolute incongruity of their appearance. Appalling justifications of the bandage significantly bound over the eyes of Eros in the antique mythology! Abominable pendants, in their way, to the classic legend of Beauty wedded to the god of the splintered thigh and the splaw-foot! However it may have been thus, with rare exceptions, these Loves of the Poets have, nevertheless—almost invariably—appeared, upon investigation, to be what we have but just now very briefly described Sacharissa. Yet, invariably, they have been better than merely visibly beautiful: they have been beautiful, all of them, ideally; some of them mentally; a few of them, in a very high degree, spiritually. Types of excellence, existing now and then exclusively, it is true, in the singer's imagination; but, at any rate, existing there, and, consequently, as such, admitting, if merely as the creations of genius, of these elevated poetic celebrations. "A Thing of Beauty" each has proved to be in some particular, several in many particulars: as all know since the golden truth was first articulated, in eighteen hundred and eighteen, by one John Keats, son of a livery-stable keeper, down in Moorfields—a truth but very recently emblazoned, with appositeness, over the grand entrance of the Manchester Fine Arts Exhibition—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever!"

So, no less than with her lovely compeers, has it proved with Sacharissa. Her graces, thanks to Waller, have become perennial. Her charms—reflected in his pellucid verse as in a mirror—have been perpetuated. She has surpassed Diana of Poictiers without an effort: retaining her beauty unimpaired, the sparkle of her glance, and the bloom of her complexion: not only through the wrinkling and withering ordeal of old age, but—after death—beyond the grave—when her dust itself has long since mouldered away and perished out into absolute nothingness.

At the period when Edmund Waller first ventured to raise his voice in the impassioned language of a suitor aspiring to the hand of Sacharissa, he was still very young, although a widower. Moreover, he was in his worldly fortunes affluent; having enhanced rather considerably by the addition to it of his first wife's property his own ample and even splendid patrimony. Beyond this, he was vain enough to imagine himself to be little less than irresistible, and gifted enough to account, in some measure, for this not absolutely unparalleled hallucination. It was scarcely seven years from the date of the premature demise of Edmund Spencer, when, upon the third of March, sixteen hundred and five, Edmund Waller first drew breath at Cobshill, in Hertfordshire. His father, Robert Waller, of Agmondesham, in the county of Buckingham, dying during the future poet's infancy, bequeathed to him somewhere about three thousand five hundred pounds a-year, an amount then equiva-

lent, it has been calculated, to an annual income, now-a-days, of ten thousand pounds sterling. Obviously all of which, beyond what was absolutely requisite for the expenses of his education, must, throughout the period of his pupilage, have been in due course accumulating. Increased thus by compound interest during the lapse of a score of years, Waller's pecuniary resources were soon appreciably extended still more, as already hinted, by his early marriage with Miss Banks, a rich city heiress. In the suit for whose heart (and purse) it should be recorded that he signally triumphed over one Mr. Crofts—a rival so far formidable, that he was reputed to be backed by very powerful court influence.

Glorified by these doubled riches—vivacious, vain, and convivial—with an oratorical repute rising rapidly within, and a literary repute rising no less rapidly without, the walls of parliament, Waller (bereaved of his fine city madame thus prematurely) ventured, at twenty-five, to fix his audacious gaze upon the haughty and patrician Sacharissa. Ambitious and affluent himself, he probably recognised no disparity whatever between their relative positions. The status respectively—here of an earl's daughter—there of a commoner, well born, well-bred, rich, comely, aspiring, and, in many ways, rarely accomplished. Such was the vain glory of the man who spoke in the House of Commons with the self possession of a practised debater at the age of eighteen; and who, while yet a stripling, took within his grasp the poetic lyre then in vogue, and struck its chords boldly from the first with the skill of a practised and almost-perfected musician. It can scarcely be wondered that, successful thus in various ways at the very outset, his confidence in his own capacities should speedily have become, in a manner, supreme and consummate. Educated successively at Eton and at King's College, Cambridge, he took his place at the early period already intimated, among the national legislators at Westminster, as M.P. for his father's birthplace, the little Buckinghamshire borough of Agmondesham. At sixteen (observe! two years earlier), he had already found his way to Whitehall, among the gallilies of the court of King James the First—overhearing, there, upon one occasion, at the royal dinner-table, a contest of wits, since then recorded upon the pages of history as in many respects curiously, even portentously, characteristic. The air of the court infected him: it influenced successively his muse, his heart, and his ambition. His first poetic effort was in loyal celebration of the escape of the Prince (afterwards King Charles the First) at St. Andero. His second was in commemoration of his Majesty's wonderful equanimity on receiving intelligence, on the twenty-third of August, sixteen hundred and twenty-eight, of the assassination of the royal favourite, the handsome and profligate Duke of Buckingham. It is amusing to note in the former piece, that earliest of Waller's literary performances, how fragrantly the soil of the fancied Parnassus breathes, so to speak, of the freshly-dinted turf of the playground! Witness this, the schoolboy metaphor (verses forty-five to forty-six) comparing the gilded barge in which the Prince of Wales was nearly foundering among the Spanish waters, off Saint Andero, to the perilous tossing to and fro of the leather-covered and elastic bladder in the game of football. Witness this, moreover, hardly less, the whole of the egregiously academic illustrations, referring now to the painter Timanthes, now to the floral death of Cyparissus, and so forth, throughout the scholastic souvenirs of some well thumbed page of Ovid or Thucydides—scattered abundantly among the scanty verses relating to the bloody deed of Lieutenant Felton, by whose red right hand George Villiers was basely done to death at Portsmouth. But if the style spoke of the schools, the themes thus celebrated spoke also in their turn of the court no less distinctly. Waller had become a courtier and a poet not only prematurely but simultaneously. And precisely as the mere contagion of the golden ringing of the broad pieces in the ample purse caused him apparently to grasp, in the first instance, at the money-bags of the City Heiress avariciously, so, likewise, in the second and more notable venture of his affections, the impulse seemed to be imparted from without to this creation, half of hot impetuosity, half of cool deliberation. It should be remembered of him, that he was born with a ponderous gold spoon in his mouth, rather than with the mere matter-of-fact silver one, lightly attenuated, and plainly fiddle patterned. His fortune was ready made, and waiting for him. So might it be said of his style, whether in regard to rhetoric, or in regard to versification. "What was acquired by Denham," said the great Doctor, "was inherited by Waller." It appeared as though to have he had but to ask. Wherefore, as he had previously wooed and won Miss Banks, and that too against considerable odds, so now again he dared to woo, and hoped to win, the lofty and far more desirable Sacharissa. Likely enough, he plumed himself still more upon his lineage than upon either his parts or his possessions; for with this poet, at least, it was no russet bird of song warbling under the eaves of a garret. It was here, rather that scarcely conceivable phenomenon, the vanity and splendour of the peacock, enhanced by the glorious voice and thrilling cadence of the nightingale.

Through the maternal line, he claimed kindred with the Great English People, as represented in the Anglo-Saxon yeomanry; and this, moreover, by the strongest thews and sinews of relationship: his mother being

sister to John Hampden, the Hero of Patriotism, martyred in the green meadow near Chalgrove, and consequently cousin of his Highness the Lord Protector, Oliver Cromwell, the uncrowned king of the Commonwealth. Through the paternal line, on the contrary, our love-sick aspirant to the blending by marriage of his own "divine ichor" with the "blue blood" of the Percies and the Sydney, traced back his ancestry by direct ascent up to the Golden Age of Chivalry—in simple truth, to that valiant Sheriff of Kent, Richard Waller of Spendhurst, who, in fourteen hundred and fifteen, with his own hand, took the Duke of Orleans prisoner upon the memorable twenty-fifth of October, when King Henry gave the battle signal, "Banners Advance," upon the famous field of Agincourt. Wherefore, probably, the knightly sheriff's descendant deemed it in no way incongruous that he also, in due course, should in the lists of love dream of capturing an earl's daughter, even though that earl's daughter wore a mail of proof as impenetrable to the shafts of his passion, even, be it said, as the pride of Sacharissa. A suspicion of that repellant pride, Waller seems, in spite of his own matchless, self-reliance, to have entertained actually at the very outset; so that we absolutely find him muttering to himself "sour grapes" with a qualm like that of an agonising presentiment, in the earliest utterance of his newly-awakened admiration. It is where he hints (in the Verses upon the Picture of his Beloved) at the rate of the emotions inspired by her graces. "As doubtful," he sighs,

> "As when, beyond our greedy reach, we see
> Inviting fruit on too sublime a tree."

Never does he sing to her as he sang to Chloris afterwards:

> "So the fair tree which still preserves
> Her fruit and state when no wind blows,
> In storms from that uprightness swerves,
> And the glad earth about her strews
> With treasure from her yielding boughs."

Unconsciously, indeed, he confirms Sacharissa in her scorn by a premature revelation of his hopelessness. Cupid, with him, shoots his darts like a Parthian in flight. Besides, the manner in which his ardour found expression, bore about it the appearance at last of affectation. Writing, as he did, at long intervals—this naturally enough becoming a habit with one altogether without the necessity of toiling at the pen for his subsistence—Waller invariably wrote and re-wrote with the most exquisite care, and the most painful deliberation. Has he not acknowledged naively, in his comment upon the Earl of Roscommon's version of Horace?

> "Poets lose half the praise they should have got
> Could it be known what they discreetly blot."

Unlike Paganini, who was never once heard by his familiar friends to string an instrument, Waller was always applying fresh rosin to his bow, and screwing the strings a little tighter. According to the assurance given by the Duke of Buckingham to the Annotation of our author's Quarto Edition, he was known to have consumed the greater part of an entire summer in composing and correcting just ten lines to be inscribed in a rare copy of Tasso, belonging to her Royal Highness the Duchess of York. Yet the cherrystone was not worth much, after all, even when rubbed into a gloss and carved thus elaborately. It may be, doubtless, in explanation of the fastidious caution lavished upon these verses, for the fly-leaf of the Jerusalem Delivered, that he designed them, possibly as a tribute of reverent gratitude to the memory of Torquato, to whose melodious epic, done into English by Mr. Fairfax, he avowed, in the hearing of Mr. Dryden, that he owed whatever smoothness might be discernible in his own flowing and harmonious versification. In testimony, however, of the poetic faith that was in him, this significant couplet may be not inaptly cited from one of his Prologues:

> "Our lines reformed, and not composed in haste,
> Polished like marble, would like marble last."

Hardened and polished lines like these same marble numbers of Waller, howbeit, were scarcely the fittest medium for a passion imperatively demanding at all times more penetrable stuff for its manifestation. Sacharissa, we may presume, wanted a heart, and she was offered a gem selected with the taste, and cut with the adroitness, of the most exquisitely tasteful and cunningly adroit of lapidaries.

Sacharissa, the haughty and the debonnaire, was the first-born of eight fair daughters—offsprings of the marriage of Robert Sidney, Earl of Leicester, with the Lady Dorothea Percy, sister of the celebrated Countess of Carlisle. Sacharissa, chief flower of all this blooming stock,

> "Queen rose in this resebud garden of girls;"

was known and admired, during her radiant maidenhood, as the Lady Dorothea Sydney. Subsequently, however, her name was rendered otherwise familiar; first of all, during nearly half a century, by her husband's title, to her contemporaries; afterwards, by the sweetest appellation lover ever bestowed on his beloved, to all after generations. During her life-time, Countess of Sutherland! Perpetually, to all generations, Sacharissa! Delectable, old, bright-eyed Elia, would infallibly have called her (coining a superlative for the nonce) Fortunatest of Ladies! this—at any rate in one impprtant particular—happy-go-lucky Dorothea, Countess of Sutherland. And why? Simply, be it confessed, because there is not anywhere discoverable the faintest vestige of a clue to the date of her birth, leaving that mystery as a problem to be

solved with the quadrature of the circle, or the accurate definition of the longitude. Nowhere has the record of that date proved discernible, or even within the reach of probable conjecture, scrutinising the annals of the lady Dorothea's life from its commencement to its termination. It appears, neither down in the Wealde of Kent, upon the register at Penshurst, nor yet again upon the sepulchral monument raised over her dead lord and herself at Brinton, in Northamptonshire. As well attempt, now, to denote the age of Sacharissa, as to be quite certain (within a century or two) about that of Cagliostro, or perfectly satisfied, again, in regard to the real name or the real country of Psalmanazar. Her years baffle us, not a jot less bewilderingly than the identity of that comely White Rose of England, Perkin Warbeck, or of that ever grimly and ghostly personage, the Man-in-the-iron-mask! At any rate, if it be impossible even to guess when she was born, we know accurately enough when she was married, when she was widowed, and when she died. Married—not, Oh, doleful Muse of Beaconsfield! to Edmund Waller, poet, legislator, and what not—but, upon the eleventh of July, sixteen hundred and thirty-nine, to Henry, Lord Spencer, subsequently created, by Charles the First, Earl of Sutherland! Widowed but four years after her gay bridal morn, when her husband, in the bloom of his manhood (being then but twenty-three), was slain by a cannon-ball while fighting in arms for his king, like a gallant cavalier as he was, on the notable twentieth of September, sixteen hundred and forty-three, in the bloody strife at Newbury. Surviving her young lord full forty years, until the eve of her sepulture, on the twenty-fifth of February, sixteen hundred and eighty-three, in the stately vault of the Earls of Sunderland. By Sacharissa the young cavalier noble, notwithstanding his premature demise, left three children: one of them a son, heir to his title and possessions. And so the story of her proud life is told in few words: leaving her for forty years in weeds and for ever afterwards in flowers—flowers blooming with an eternal fragrance, the flowers of love and poetry woven deftly by the hand of Waller into a coronal for Sacharissa.

The incense of his encomiums he flung to her with a lavish hand (how affluently!) from the swinging thurible of his verse. Remembering her relationship with that Bayard of Britain, Sir Philip Sidney, author of the Arcadia, he exclaimed, while gazing upon the portrait of his mistress, rapt in admiration:

> "This glorious piece transcends what he could think,
> So much his blood is nobler than his ink!"

Describing her under the leafy covert, surrounding her ancestral home at Penshurst, he makes the very branches lacquey her as she saunters, or cluster above her head in loving obeisance:

> "If she sit down, with tops all towards her bow'd,
> They 'round about her into harbours crowd;
> Or if she walk, in even ranks they stand,
> Like some well-marshalled and obsequious band."

Hearing that some one has infamously accused her of rougeing: Yes, Heaven! he cries out in scornful ire:

> "Paints her, 'tis true, with the same hand which spreads
> Like glorious colours thro' the flowery meads,
> When lavish Nature, with her best attire,
> Clothes the gay Spring, the season of desire.
> Paints her, 'tis true, and does her cheek adorn
> With the same art with which she paints the morn;
> With the same art wherewith she gildeth so
> Those painted clouds which form Thaumantia's bow."

If he beholds her in his dreams, he thus apostrophises the lovely vision bearing her semblance:

> "In heaven itself thou sure were't drest
> With that angelic like disguise:
> Thus deluded am I blest,
> And see my joy with closed eyes."

Deprecating her evident wrath at his audacity all the while he is singing, by reminding her that his passion is, after all, merely:

> "His humble love whose hope shall ne'er rise higher
> Than for a pardon that he dares admire."

Chloris, he commands; Zelinda, eulogises; Amoret, loves; but—he confesses even while proffering his tenderness to the gentle nymph last mentioned—he adores Sacharissa. He suspects it to be for him an idle and profitless infatuation. Yet he feels, too, at the same moment, that it is of all his noblest inspiration. Conscious of this he draws an exquisite comparison between his own tantalising pursuit of her, and that of Daphne by Apollo: proudly predicting his own Fame (by way of consolation) through an imagery as beautiful, as it as proved in his and many another kindred instance, marvellously prophetic:

> "Yet what he sung in his immortal strain,
> Tho' unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
> All but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
> Attend his passion, and approve his song.
> Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
> *He catched at love, and filled his arms with bays.*"

It is the epitome of the story of Waller's idolised passion for Sacharissa. A tenderness in the metrical effusion, of which we find him occasionally, we had almost said repeatedly, anticipating some of the loveliest fancies of various after-poets of yet larger reputation. Who shall say but that Waller first suggested to Pope the elfin phantasy of his Rape of the Lock, through the following

couplet. It occurs in his epistle to Mrs. Broughton, the Abigail to Sacharissa:

"A thousand Cupids in those curls do sit
(Those curious nets! thy slender fingers knit)."

Was not Grey's memorable quatrain in the elegy:

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood:
Some mute inglorious Milton there may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood,"

anticipated by those lines of Waller, denoting the need Genius has of Opportunity?

"Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock, perhaps, or herd had led.
He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green."

And is not the principal charm of Byron's famous commemoration of Kirke White, in English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, but a literal transcript from Waller's ejaculation to his lady-love, singing a song of his composing?

"That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high."

Thus, eloquently, did Waller breathe through his oaten reed the tones of love and flattery. Vainly, however, as we have seen when those notes were syllabled to Sacharissa. Immediately upon her rather conclusive rejection of his addresses, it has been conjectured that, for the purpose of dissipating his anguish, he accompanied the Earl of Warwick in an expedition to the Bermudas. He consoled himself in effect rather differently, however, under the poignancy of his disappointment. And Sacharissa knew it! He fled for comfort to the arms of a second wife, a sort of French Wilfrid (a personage, it may be remembered, described by Lord Jeffreys as "a tame rabbit boiled to rags,") —a lady, in truth, of such absolute insignificance, individually, that it remains, to this day a moot question, whether her maiden-name were really Bresse or Breaux. Terrible is the comment, uttered by Dr. Johnson upon this incident in Waller's history, where he observes, in one of those sonorous sentences so provokingly equipoised, "he doubtless praised one whom he would have been afraid to marry, and perhaps married one whom he would have been ashamed to praise." So ridiculous was Waller's second wife in the eyes of Johnson, even with Tetty, his own red-faced Blowsabella vividly surviving in his remembrance!

Yet, while Waller's first wife brought him but two, his second probably astonished him with no less than thirteen children,—five sons and eight daughters. First Consul Bonaparte would certainly have called her no mediocrity!

Politically, Edmund Waller was a Trimmer of the most shameless effrontery, proffering his allegiance to whatever power chanced to be in the ascendant—a courtier with the most flexible knees and the most supple vertebræ. His existence, it should be borne in remembrance—beginning in the early spring of sixteen hundred and five and ending in the late autumn of sixteen hundred and eighty-seven—extended over an interval embracing within it, as by a sort of monopoly, the principal part of the seventeenth century. During the lapse of nearly eighty-three years he enjoyed the privilege of a personal intercourse with five remarkable sovereigns, with four of whom he is even recorded to have interchanged familiar compliments. His intimacy with the greatest of them all—his kinsman, Cromwell—he, himself, immediately upon the death of the Lord Protector, crowned with that glorious panegyric, which is universally recognised as incomparably his poetic masterpiece. Yet, with scarcely a momentary pause between, we find him, directly afterwards, chaunting rapturously over the event of the Restoration; and when rallied, good-humouredly, by the Merry Monarch, upon the inferiority of the Royalist verses when contrasted with their Republican predecessors, with the courtliest grace proffering in extenuation that memorable rejoinder, "Poets, Sire, succeed better in Fiction than in Truth." His wit, indeed, has few better attestations of its brilliancy than those furnished by other equally well-known and well authenticated palace anecdotes. While, as delightfully illustrative of his humorous extravagancies, it will be sufficient to particularise the reason extracted from him in palliation of his monstrous eulogium upon the Duchess of Newcastle's elegiac lines on the Death of a Stag (verses which he had protested he would have given up all his own compositions to have penned). "Nothing," said he, when charged with the flattery, "was too much to be given that a lady might be saved from the disgrace of such a vile performance." But—ah, the vengeance upon Sacharissa! A vengeance drawn down upon herself in the old age of both—of the quondam lover and the whilome beauty. When would Mr. Waller again write verses upon her? asked Sacharissa. Fancy the bow of the old beau among his rustling lace and his flowing knots,—among his wrinkles and his lovelocks, as he replied with the frostiest smile upon his withered lips, "When you are as young, Madam, and as handsome as you were then!"

The slighted poet was, indeed, avenged. If, however, the lady Dorothea possessed within herself the slightest sense of a pretension to anything like decent consistency of character, it could scarcely have been aught else to her but matter for earnest self-gratulation that she had once, in her sagacious youth, rejected a man whose whole life, after that rejection, might be accurately designated one long series of startling antitheses and dis-

graceful contradictions. His political tergiversation was, to the very last degree, flagrant and unblushing. Upon no palliative or explanatory hypothesis that could possibly be dreamed of, can his principles be reconciled, or his actions harmonised. As a Parliamentary representative he could so energetically conduct the prosecution of Sir Francis Crawley, one of the twelve judges who had declared the legality of levying ship-money, that, of the famous speech in which he advocated the interests of the nation and the cause of the legislature—an outburst of rhetorical logic and eloquent vituperation, in the midst of which he strikingly compares the beggary of the realm for the mere purpose of supplying the navy to the barbarity of seething a kid in its mother's milk—there were sold in a single day copies to the number of not less than twenty thousand. Yet this enthusiastic and impassioned conductor of Crawley's impeachment could afterwards, with admirable consistency, send a thousand broad pieces to the king when Charles the First set up the royal standard at Nottingham, and could subsequently allow himself to be so bewitched by his Majesty's kind reception of him at Oxford after the battle of Edgehill, that he is notoriously known to have engaged a little later, in a treasonous conspiracy against the Commonwealth. The particulars of that futile plot—a plot so futile that Hume speaks of it simply as a project, Lingard even mentioning it as imaginary—are altogether too familiar to the students of our national history to be here recapitulated. Its discovery, while it cost two of Waller's accomplices their heads, cost the poet himself a temporary incarceration, a fine of ten thousand pounds, and eventually banishment. Worse than all, it cost him his reputation. During the period of his exile in France, an event of interest befell the pardoned but disgraced conspirator. There appeared at London in sixteen hundred and forty-eight the very first edition of his works ever published: an enterprise originated by some unknown lady who had written to him in his foreign seclusion, requesting him to send her all his various poems collected together in manuscript. Could this nameless fair one by any wild possibility have been Sacharissa?

Ultimately Waller was permitted to return homeward, a blot on his escutcheon, and considerably reduced in his circumstances. It was then he took up his abode upon the last remnant of his fortunes at Hallbarn, near his mother's residence and his own former estate at Beaconsfield. He subsequently resumed his old position in the legislature, continuing throughout another generation to be the delight, and, in some sort also, the boast of Parliament. His literary reputation was securely established. It obtained—a marvel in those days—a continental recognition among his own immediate contemporaries. He himself, it is true, by coolly writing in one of his letters: "The old blind schoolmaster John Milton hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man," could perfectly justify, in that one sentence, the accusation of envy directed against him by Atterbury. But Envy was not the Shadow of his own Merit. He was on the contrary the very Schlemil of popularity. Alexander Pope has taught the merest tyro in verse to

"praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join."

Mr. Addison has declared the perpetuity of his renown as synonymous with the existence of the language, when he has predicted,

"So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love."

On the twenty-first of October sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, he peacefully breathed his last at Beaconsfield.

ANGELA.

Her brow is set in mellow light,
Young Angela's! The happy mind
That dwells within is laying out
Its beauty, and as fruits behind
Her bower ripen, so her face
And form grow perfect to the mind.

Oh, ever so, through days and nights,
Be clear and smooth that rounding brow!
And ever, moulded from within,
Glow brightly pure and mild as now
The loveliness where soul is all
Upon the snowy-polish'd brow!

Her braidless hair swims down her neck,
Sweet Angela's! No tresses on
The richest tropic tree that drinks
The gold breath of the central sun,
Can vie with all that curled wave
That sways her bending neck upon.

Oh, soft and deep, on cheek and neck,
Fall ever so the peerless brown!
No rougher air than floats to-day
Disturb it as it clusters down,
Nor earth distain with sadder tint
The glossy crest of golden brown!

Her drooping eyes are full of dreams,
Rapt Angela's! The dewy eyes
Of those bright buds her hands are in,
Upon her lap, in all their dyes
Have not a match for their serene
And holy blue—my dreamer's eyes!

Oh, let them droop, and melt, and dream,
Blue eyes! And let her hands be hid
In blossoms! May no touch of pain
Bedim a marbled silky lid,
Nor stir with need to dry a tear,
A rosy palm in roses hid!

Her down-tipp'd lashes quiver oft,
Bright Angela's! and melts a smile
Around the temples, down the cheek
And chin, and bathes the lips awhile;
Till, past the gold drops in her ears,
The white neck steals the sliding smile.

Oh, like the circles on a stream,
That pass from touches of the flowers
Upon the bank, may smiles play on
About her heart, through all her hours,
And o'er her face, as now within
Her summer-arbour lawn'd with flowers!

Her lips begin to murmur now,
Child Angela's! The lisping words
Are full of music, like the low
Soft whisperings of dreaming birds.
And with her tiny foot the time
Is beaten to the measured words.

Oh, ever so be near to soothe
Her soul, some poet's sweetest song!
And never harsher note afflict
Her ear; but, all her life along,
Be round her steps and in the air,
When man is mute, an angel's song!

She knows not of my watch of love,
Dear Angela! And soon away
From this deep hillock-girdled glen
Must pass the heart that beats to-day
So near her; but her pictures throbs
For ever in it far away.

In lustrous midnights of the south,
When star-shine sleeps among the vines,
And silver'd ripples crown the lakes,
My thoughts shall soar across the lines
Of Alps, and zones of earth and sky,
To her from out the land of vines.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

June twenty-seventh. I am at bonnie Burnbank once more, glad of its peace and quietness and loving ways. Grannie is angry—(a very remarkable frame of mind for her)—very angry, at my treatment at Meadowlands. I have just done all my confession to her, and she is bent on writing to Mrs. Clay, but I shall try to persuade her not. Old Mr. Clay shook hands with me very kindly when I left, but his wife would not even see me. Emily fretted, and Herbert drove me down to Stockbridge to meet the train. We consider ourselves, and his family consider us engaged, but there is to be no thought of our marrying at present, or for years to come. This makes me look on life with strangely different eyes; so much is accomplished, that there is no scope for the fancies and visions which make up some girls' youth. I am glad it is so; now I must set myself some work to do. Uncle Henry comes over soon to talk about our settling at Ferndell, but I have begged Grannie not to speak to him of Herbert and Meadowlands. Considering how matters are, I think the engagement had better be kept quiet. I hate being speculated upon and watched, as I should be were it known—especially so much as there is to know.

June twenty-ninth. Mary Jane Curling arrived here this afternoon, overflowing with happiness and consequence, to announce her approaching marriage with old Sir Simon Deering. It is a great thing for the family—the connection, I mean; for Sir Simon is supposed to have influential friends, who will help the Curling boys forward in their professions. She has asked me to be one of the bridesmaids on the occasion, and Grannie says I cannot decline without giving offence; so I suppose I must; but if my choice were given me, I certainly should not. I have been over to see Miss Lawson and Betsy since tea, and found them much as they used to be; both reverted to their chairs, which I gave them when I came into possession of Uncle Robert's property. What a dreadful burden I found that property in idea then! Now, I am quite used to its possession, and bear it meekly enough. I don't think, by the bye, if I were to lose it to-morrow, the loss would afflict me.

Mrs. Lake, who knows some people in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge who are acquainted with all the Clay family, was asking me about them yesterday in an inquisitive anxious manner, which caused me to suspect that she had heard a distorted version of recent events at Meadowlands, so I told her what had really occurred.

She felt about it much as Grannie feels; that is to say, very indignant; and besides, she did not refrain from insinuating that the heiress of Ferndell might look higher in the world than to the son of a manufacturer. Mrs. Lake does not know Herbert Clay, or she would not say that. I might have answered that once a gentleman, always a gentleman would apply to him, but I refrained. To compare him with such men as young Curling, Freddy Price, or Sir Edward Singleton, seems a positive degradation. But it vexes me to feel that it is possible for anybody to look down upon him. If I could once show him here—his fine countenance, his intelligent, good countenance—no one would ever think of speaking slightly of him again! But I see no chance of that while our engagement is unsanctioned.

I had a long letter from him to-day, chiefly written the night of the day I left Meadowlands. He still harps on the little rustic cottage, and says it has taken such a fast hold on his imagination, that he must go forthwith and examine its interior capabilities of comfort. He hopes I do not mind grandeur!

I almost wish now I had told him about Ferndell at once; but as I did not do it personally, I shall not tell him by letter—that would seem to attach more importance to it than it deserves. I am rather afraid of how the intelligence may strike him. He is a proud man, and I remember hearing him speak once of a person who had his money through his wife, as a fettered being, who had sold his liberty for ready cash. At the same time he declared that he would never be indebted to his wife for anything!

But it is of no use to fret myself with a thousand vain fancies. All will come right in the end; I know I was not born to be miserable. Once, Mary Jane Curling would tell me my fortune by the cards, and she said I should be one of the most lucky people in the world, both as regards love and money. It would be nonsense to say I believe her, but I really was pleased, and very much pleased too; I like to look forward to bright things.

July tenth. Uncle Henry has been and is gone again. He and I had one thorough good battle. It seems some meddlesome person had told him about Herbert Clay, and he was so insulting on the matter that I said to him, there were two or three points on which I would bear no interference, and this was the chief. I would marry where and whom I chose. He insisted upon it that mine was a mere girlish whim, and that when I had seen a little more of the world I should be ashamed of my first fancy. Evil befal me if I am ashamed of Herbert!

July seventeenth. Mary Jane Curling was married yesterday. Lady Deering, I must call her henceforward, with becoming respect. I went over the day before, all the company, or nearly all, being assembled. Anna Curling, the two Prices, and the two Coopers and myself were bridesmaids. None of Sir Simon's family were present; indeed, it is a fact generally known, that this marriage has given the greatest dissatisfaction. He has a son five-and-forty years old, and seven grandchildren, two of them as old, if not older than Mary Jane. She was in the most exuberant spirits, and bade us all address her in private as Grandmama. It would be affectation to try to think that she loves Sir Simon. He is a very sour, ill-tempered person from his face, and as jealous of Mary Jane as he can be. It was very wrong, I know, but I could not forbear smiling as they stood together in church. It was a sunshiny morning which dragged every contrast forcibly into light. She looked broad and blooming—very blooming; her eyes rolled more, and her teeth glittered more than usual even. Then he trembled as if he had an ague fit, and, by some unlucky accident, the brown wig with which it has recently pleased him to hide his bald pate, had got pushed a little too high up on his head, and showed the poor white hairs cut close to his neck. One of Mary Jane's Scotch cousins remarked to me that he wasna' a bonnie man at a'. And she is right there.

After the ceremony there was a grand breakfast and the usual amount of speechifying. Sir Simon (it was very bad taste in him) had chosen young Sir Edward Singleton for his best man; and, whether his tender recollections were too much for him, or he is always so tongue-tied, a very miserable oration he made for the bridesmaids. He is much improved in appearance since he came from abroad; he has lost his clownish air and gait, and looks, what he never seemed likely to do, a very fine gentleman indeed. He has a little affected insouciante manner, which would become him better if, instead of being six feet two in height, he were a little man; then he speaks with a lisp and a drawl, and nervously twirls his bit of watch-chain, or pushes up his tawny hair until he looks as fierce as a lion. Mary Jane would have found him a much more suitable mate than her decrepit Sir Simon. I never saw her countenance change but once, and that was when in his speech he made an awkward allusion to past events. She looked terrified and Lady Singleton went ghastly white. Sir Simon said, "Eh! What? what?" and there was a little titter as Sir Edward recovered himself, and stammered out a few more broken phrases, and dropped into his chair like a man exhausted with some tremendous physical exertion. Everybody felt relieved; for it was no secret why Lady Singleton was so anxious to get her son away from Deerhill two years ago. For my part I don't think it would have been a bad match for him, all things considered. She is a dashing, self-possessed woman, and would have set the estate to rights much better than Lady Singleton is capable of doing. After the breakfast we had to collect all the old white satin shoes that could be found, and when the happy couple drove off, a shower was pelted after them with hearty good will. One slipper was sent with such true aim, that it knocked off the postilion's hat, and another struck Mary Jane's maid. After they were gone, Captain Curling would have some games and races amongst the villagers who had assembled in the paddock below the house; and, as the day was fine, we got through it well enough, and without weariness. Lady Singleton joined me as I was going up the wood with Anna Curling. Anna was glad to return to the crowd, so Lady Singleton and I took a walk together. She is what people combine to call a very charming, fascinating, worldly woman; and so I think she is. She flatters with her tongue, as if the practice were nothing new to her, and also as if there were something to be gained by it. She said some amiable things to me that made me feel angry and ashamed, yet I scarcely knew how to check her, there is so much earnestness of manner mingled with her plausibility and smoothness. She clasps her hands enthusiastically and says, "My dear, you must believe me; I always speak the literal truth—sometimes the too literal truth, and give offence; for you must know I have a reputation for making the harshest judgments"—a reputation I never heard of before, though it may be a fact, nevertheless. There is a snakiness about her that I distrust. After she had catechised me closely, and uttered as many graceful compliments as I might be supposed capable of

bearing at one time. she turned the conversation upon Sir Edward. He was the dearest son—the best, the most unselfish, the most affectionate of sons. So thoughtful for her; so generous to his tenants; so staid and methodical in his own personal expenses. I could have asked Lady Singleton Miss Thornton's celebrated question, "Where she expected to go to for telling so many palpable falsehoods?" but I did not; for, after all, she is a woman whom one had better call friend than enemy. I dare say she can slander as well as she can flatter.

After our walk she had her carriage and drove home to Deerhill, but only to return in the evening to the ball. A great many more people assembled for that than had come for the breakfast. The scene was very gay, and I really enjoyed it. My first ball—that was a ball! I had partners enough; but Sir Edward Singleton was the person who chose to distinguish me the most—indeed, he never danced with anybody else. His mother incited him to the disagreeable exhibition, I know; but if she thought that, because I am young, I should be gratified by attracting the attention of the chief person there, she was lamentably mistaken. I hate to attract any particular notice, and then Sir Edward is not so intelligent or amusing as he would fain appear. In fact, I was exceeding weary of him. I wonder how all these people—who lay themselves out to pay me so much deference—would treat me if I lost Ferndell to-morrow? In a very different style, indeed, I am quite sure.

July the twenty-fourth.—This morning I had a letter again from Herbert; it has made me restless and unhappy. What can he mean by saying I have not shown confidence in him? Can it refer to Ferndell? That is the only explanation I can discover. It would have been better to tell him myself when I was at Meadowlands, and I regret now that I did not do so. The best way to make amends will be to write at once and confess—no easy matter!

August the first.—According to the post, I might have had a letter from Herbert yesterday morning, or again this morning but none has come. Perhaps he is away on one of his business journeys, and has missed mine. The Singletons—Sir Edward especially—are very diligent in their visits at Burnbank. I am as stiff and disagreeable as I can be, because it is very easy to perceive that he and his mother are laying vigorous siege to Ferndell, and I by no means intend the fortress should capitulate on any terms. Grannie encourages them, and occasionally throws out hints about the Clays; Cousin Jane asks, satirically, after "the commercial traveller" whenever I receive a letter, and yesterday, feigning ignorance of what Herbert is, she said, "Eleanor is your chosen a sort of bagman, or packman, like Wandering Willie, who comes to sell the damsels gowns at the back-door?" I said he was what our grandfather was, and her father is, a cotton-spinner,—neither more nor less; and she held her peace at once.

It is so silly to look at people's progenitors instead of themselves. I never can clearly understand on what principle it is done. I do not pretend to undervalue having come of a good stock, as the saying is. I should, for instance, feel ashamed and angry to hear that my great grandfather had been hanged for sheep stealing; but I should feel just as much ashamed and just as angry if I were told that—standing in the class of gentlemen—he had been shot in a duel for cheating at play. Happily he was neither. He was a decent mechanic—a West Riding of Yorkshire man—very stubborn, very persevering, and very honest—qualities that I hope he has transmitted to his descendants. The Clays are of just the same class. Old grandfather Clay was a quarryman, and worked as such in the neighbourhood of Stockbridge. He married a beautiful factory-girl, and then was himself engaged in one of the great mills. For some improvement that he suggested in the machinery, his master gave him a good situation, and afterwards a share in the business. He and his wife had a large and fine family. All the sons are cotton-spinners, and the three daughters—beautiful as their mother—married cotton-spinners. In fact, all the family is cotton. Herbert and Emily have inherited the personal beauty and fine moral character which raised their grandfather and grandmother from a low to a high position—yes, a high position! for even yet the kindliness and liberality of the first Clays are proverbial in Stockbridge, and the present family inherit the respect they won.

Now, I cannot be persuaded that Herbert Clay is not a better man and better gentleman than Sir Edward Singleton, whose father's baronetcy was an election bribe; whose education was neglected at home, and finished abroad amongst the worst company. I suppose it would be a shame even to know the life that young man has led since he came into the property. I have heard it hinted at years ago, when he wanted to marry Mary Jane Curling, and I have not forgotten it— am glad I have not. I can see very plainly—though I choose to appear not to see—that even good old Grannie would like me to marry Sir Edward Singleton better than Herbert Clay. As if there was anything in that man to win a girl's love! I revolt from his idea; ever since his visits here have become frequent, and their object palpable, I have experienced a species of loathing for him which is indescribable. I should be very glad if he were never again to come to Burnbank while we stay.

About the middle of September we move to Ferndell. The preparations are being made now. I wish I knew how Herbert received the intelligence my last letter conveyed to him.

August the second.—No letter from Herbert, again, this morning. What can it mean? Surely he is not angry!

August the third.—No letter.

August the fourth.—Nothing again this morning! It is not kind in Herbert. He might be perfectly sure that my anxiety to hear from him would be intense. Cousin Jane teases me mercilessly about my "faithless bagman," as she persists in calling him, and wants to know when his professional travels may be expected to bring him to Burnbank, as she intends to patronise him to the extent of ten shillings worth of cheap calico. If he only would come, this silly, vexing talk would be set at rest for ever.

Sir Edward Singleton inflicted himself upon us this morning for full two hours—such an incubus! I feel very dull to-day, and cannot help harassing myself with idle specula——

August the fifth.—While I was writing in my journal, yesterday afternoon, Mary Burton came up and knocked at the door, saying:

"If you please, Miss Eleanor, there is a gentleman who wishes to see you. I have showed him into the library;" and she handed me in a card, "Mr. Herbert Clay."

I ran down-stairs in an instant, full of delight and happiness; but there was soon an end to all that! He received me frigidly. Oh! I can't describe how it was, or how I felt! Only I sat down, and all my colour went as I looked in his face. He began to speak in a stiff, constrained way, about that being the earliest opportunity he had had of seeing me since he had received my letter, and before he had time to say three sentences, Cousin Jane appeared—curiosity brought her. I introduced them, and the next moment Grannie, having learnt from Mary Burton who was come, entered too. She looked her loftiest and sat down opposite to Herbert, as if she intended to stay as long as he did. Cousin Jane was laughing internally, for she had discernment enough to see that she had interrupted a very critical interview, and having possessed herself of a book she went away. Grannie made a few general observations on the state of the atmosphere, and then plunged into the main subject by observing that Mr. Herbert Clay's visit was an unexpected honour—her tone implied that it was also undesired. Herbert kept his temper wonderfully, and his countenance too; as for me, there was nothing to do but to sit it out as well as I could. I saw Grannie meant that any explanation there might be to make should pass in her presence. I held my peace, and Grannie said that she had understood from me he sought an alliance with her family, but that his strongly objected to it; for her part, her objections were equally strong—stronger possibly than any Mr. and Mrs. Clay entertained.

Herbert passed that over, and came straight to the pith of what he had to say, and said it with a manly pride and feeling which made my heart thrill. "When I asked Eleanor Clare to be my wife I did so under the impression that I should be able to raise her to an independent home,—that, in fact, she was without fortune, and that I could make her happy. Since then, I have learnt from herself that her position is different,—changes our relations to each other entirely,—"

"Our positions are what they always were," I interrupted, but Grannie stopped me with a warning look, and he went on as if I had never spoken,—"and this being the case, I am ready, if she desire it, to release her from her engagements."

I was startled, shocked inexpressibly, and the blood flew into my face; but, standing up, I replied with as much pride and dignity as I could muster, "I accept your resignation, sir."

I did believe, until he said that, his love for me would have outweighed all other considerations; but it seemed that I deceived myself.

Grannie added, "I must say that my grandchild has replied as is most fitting she should reply to your curt rejection of her." Herbert attempted to speak, but she would not permit him. "It is a rejection, sir,—it is an insult! If I had been in your place I would have known how to value her better than to lose her for a scruple of pride!"

To think of Grannie saying that! and so fierce she looked! Herbert would have his word now, and said a few phrases which showed all he felt; but Grannie did not take them in their right sense, so I said, "Fear no misunderstanding from me, Herbert Clay, I know your sentiments. You will give your wife all, and accept from her nothing but herself—it may be very chivalrous;" and then I felt sarcastic and bitter, and miserable, and Grannie gave him a haughty, "Good day to you, sir," and he departed. Did I not always say that Ferndell would be the plague and sorrow of my life? but I did not think it would take this turn of all others. So that is over and done with—Love's young dream!

August the sixth.—Last night I felt angry, proud, and stung to the quick. It was honourable in Herbert Clay, but somehow I would rather he had not found it so easy to give me up, that he had proved more selfish in fact; but that would not have been like himself. There has been a total silence on the subject since he went. Grannie is relieved, probably, but she will not show it; and Cousin Jane has given up teasing. I could not bear it. I don't feel disposed to fret or seek retirement for what has happened; my spirit is up and resentful. I wonder how Herbert bears it, for, say what he will, I know he loves me. We are a pair of proud young fools! Perhaps he expected me to

say that I would not desire our engagement broken.

I make a vow to myself I will write his name in my book no more. I will not be a pining love-sick maiden for anybody? To-morrow night I shall dine at Deerhill with Grannie, and flirt with Sir Edward.

August the thirtieth.—I have a mind to score out that last sentence; but it would show if I did, so it may even stand as it is—the wilful suggestion of a very miserable moment. I did dine at Deerhill, but I did not flirt with Sir Edward. I cannot do as other girls do in that way. I am not a born flirt. There is a troublesomely strong element of adhesiveness in my composition which makes me cling fast to one idea and one affection. We have hastened our preparations for going over to Ferndell. I want to be there now, to get into the midst of fresh scenes, and to begin some of my manifold duties as squiress of a considerable village. Mrs. Curling suggested to me a trip abroad, but I could not enjoy that now; I want to get into quiet routine work. I feel as steady and as phlegmatic as an old horse in a mill.

FERNDELL, *October the twenty fifth.*—We have been here nearly six weeks, and in all that time my book has laid on my desk unopened. There is nothing particular to chronicle; it seems as if I could write most fluently about my feelings, and for the present my feelings have got a rest. One cannot go on suffering pain and regret for ever; after a while they lose their prominence in the day's experience, and gradually fade and fade until they only return in melancholy moments—in the night-time, perhaps—when we lie awake, longing for the sleep that will not come.

Ferndell is beautiful—very beautiful. There are beechwoods where the crisp leaves are falling already. I like to walk in the open glades,—the sun falls in broad yellow layers over the turf, and the birds up in the branches sing as I never heard birds sing elsewhere; there must be thousands of them!

I am trying to become a practical and useful person in my generation, and in that view have given orders for rebuilding and enlarging the village schools, and attaching thereto a master's house. I cannot do all I should like to do yet, for I want nearly three years of being of age, and uncle Henry does not seem to think he can fulfil his duty as guardian correctly without thwarting some of my reasonable desires, which he stigmatises as Quixotic extravagancies. My own personal wants are so few that I shall be at a loss to spend my income unless I give it away.

Dear Grannie does so enjoy Ferndell! She proposed yesterday to invite some company, but I only feel disposed to ask Mrs. Lake and Betsy Lawson, and her sister. So I shall ask them next week.

January the sixth, eighteen hundred and forty-seven.—Christmas at Ferndell ought to be a merry time, but it was not. Outwardly there was rejoicing, but inwardly to me it all lacked heart. From time immemorial the tenants on the estate and the hall servants have been accustomed to a dinner and ball at this season, and though I care little enough for such meetings, it was best to keep up the custom; so I filled the house with people for the occasion, gave them plenty to eat and drink, and let them divert themselves after their own tastes. Sir Edward Singleton and his mother came, and Sir Simon and Lady Deering. Mary Jane makes the utmost of her new dignity, and conducts herself with a punctilious watchfulness over the old man's whims that is really very creditable to her: she has accomplished already what nine women out of ten could not have done,—namely reconciled herself to his family.

Common report—false-tongued jade that she is—has been making up a match for me with Sir Edward. Lady Deering asked me if it were true. I denied it emphatically, and told her it was not true, or ever likely to be true. I trust she will consider it her duty to carry my words to Lady Singleton's ears, so that she may abandon her fruitless pursuit of me; it is she who really does all the courting, Sir Edward stands by, looking vast and handsome, and occasionally dropping a gem of inanity from his tongue,—anything so big ought not to be so foolish, so intensely vacant. The poor giant has not yet come out of his bewilderment for Lady Deering, and he confided to me yesterday that he thought her the finest woman in all creation. She was at the moment showing to very large advantage: her crimson velvet dress enhanced the whiteness of her arms and neck, and her complexion was a shade or two less glowing than ordinary. Sir Edward suggested that Rubens was the man to paint her; no one with a more timid brush could do her justice; and I quite agree with him there.

Some of our party would get up private theatricals, but they failed through lack of brilliant actors; so there was dancing each night, and that the young people enjoyed. I get a good deal rallied for my sober ways, and am asked why I do not do this, and why I do not do that, for the embellishment of Ferndell. I don't care for the grand echoing state rooms, and never enter them except when I have company. Grannie and I use the garden apartments: dining-room, drawing-room, and book-room, all furnished en suite, and as cosy and unpretending as Burnbank. But my favourite spot is this little eyrie in the tower—bedroom and sulky. I brought Lady Deering up, and she was bewildered by my monastic taste,—wondered what it meant. I chose the locality for its quietness, and the beautiful prospects from the four windows. I can see across the

wolds for miles, and over the deer-park and beech-woods. Sometimes on a very clear day I can also distinguish an opaque cloud hanging low down in the west,—a cloud issuing from those Stockbridge mill chimneys. It is very silent up here, but not lonely, and it is furnished according to my own whim; a Turkey carpet on the stone-floor, a heavy old table with drawers, some plain comfortable easy-chairs, a couch, and dwarf book-cases fitted into the walls, and crimson draperies for the windows,—not very hermit-like, I think. Indeed, I like personal comfort and luxury in a quiet way: glitter and grandeur oppress me. Here I do my business, make my plans, and dream what I will do some day by way of benefiting my fellow-creatures. I spend a great deal of time in dreaming.

In all this time I have never heard from Alice; I cannot conceive what has become of her; it is now eighteen months since she left me at Miss Thoroton's, promising to write,—I don't understand her failing in her promises.

January the tenth.—Sir Edward Singleton is done with at last. He rode over from Mr. Napier's at Burley this morning, proposed in due form, and departed a rejected man. I am relieved that is over, as it had to happen; now, I shall be delivered from the smooth flatteries of his mother and the burden of his presence wherever I go. He professed a good amount of lumbering, honest affection, but as I knew privately he cared not a sou for me, I did not commiserate him in the smallest degree. When he was gone, Grannie came up to me curious and anxious. She was disappointed at the issue, and said she had thought for some time past that I was relenting towards the poor gentleman, and asked if I did not mean to reconsider it. I said No, decidedly No!

February the fifteenth.—Cousin Jane is going to be married to Mr. Scrope, the rector at Burnshead. This will be, what folks call, a most suitable and equal marriage, and I am glad of it; even Cousin Henry, who is generally so more than hard to please, expresses himself fully satisfied. Jane proposes, half in jest and half in earnest, that, as a matter of course, I shall make them a wedding present. I shall in my munificence give them a new church—why should I not? Whatever sum Wastelands, that Johnson wants to buy for the erection of his new mill and cottages, brings in, shall go to Burnshead for the church. Uncle Henry says that with the fine timber upon it, and the water-power, it is worth from four to five thousand pounds for building land. I wish it were a mile or two further from Ferndell; I like Stockbridge at a distance, but have no desire to see it walking up to my park gates. Jane is to be married in April.

May the twentieth.—To-day we laid the foundation-stone of Burnshead church. It is to be built upon a beautiful knoll at the back of the village, which it will overlook. The grave-yard is to slope down to the pasture-fields, which are divided from it by the beck. I intend to be buried there myself some day. I stayed with Grannie at the rectory for a week, and enjoyed it. Since Jane was married, she has quite lost her fussy old-maidish ways, and has bloomed into a very pleasing, sensible, active wife. Her house, old and inconvenient as it is, looks exquisitely clean and pretty; but, I think, I must give them a new rectory too. Mr. Scrope is a very good man, and sets immense store by Jenny, as he calls her. I have a nook in my eye, not far from the church, where the new rectory would look charming; the garden is almost ready made, for the trees there are beautiful. Next year I will improve the schools.

September the seventeenth.—Ferndell is loveliest in the early autumn; there can be nothing lovelier than the view from the south window of my tower. There are the red and yellow tints in the woods, and the golden fields of ripe corn still uncut. Yesterday I rode for the first time since we left Burnbank, and I took the Stockbridge road; I wanted to see with my own eyes if all the reports we hear about the people are true. It was perfectly quiet: indeed, there were fewer idle folks about than usual. Burton told me they met on the Marsh every evening; but I could not go so far, because Grannie would have fidgeted if I had been long away, and within six miles of Stockbridge I returned home. Mr. Scrope tells me that the reports are much exaggerated,—they always are in these cases.

December the seventh.—The strike, which was only partial in the autumn, is now general throughout Stockbridge; it is very lamentable, for the people cannot but suffer, and suffer greatly in this inclement season. I pity the people, and the masters too; both have their grievances, but I do think they might be accommodated readily enough, but for these speechifying demagogues who, while calling themselves the working man's friends, are in fact his bitterest enemies. They ought to be drummed out of the county with all possible speed and ignominy! I heard one of them myself yesterday holding forth on the Marsh to several hundreds of hollow-faced men and haggard women. It was pinching cold; but they stood patiently, drinking in his rant as if it was gospel truth. Burton begged me not to go near, lest I should be insulted; but I rode round to where I could hear the speaker, and nobody took any notice of me; I supposed that I must be personally known to many amongst the crowd. The fellow saw me—a low, black-browed man he was—nature had writ him villain on his face,—and he forthwith launched into a philippic

against "the purse-proud aristocracy, who ride over the poor man's neck and filch 'is bit of bread from 'is lips." Burton renewed his entreaties that I would come away, but it was such a novelty to be abused that I stayed to hear it. After a few general denunciations which seemed to take well enough, the man thought to point a moral personally at me, and with a curiously sarcastic air spoke of "snorting horses and chariots, and pampered menials in the livery of slaves; acres of corn growing for the wastry of one fine lady, while their children fainted for bread."

There was a hiss in the crowd, whether for me or for him I neither knew nor cared; I sat still waiting for what would come next. This came. The tub-orator proceeded to say that I had come there to gloat over their misery, and the hiss rose to a yell; as soon as that ceased a voice called out in the crowd, "Thou lees! keep a civil tongue i' thee head. Yon's Miss Clare fra' Ferndell?" and one or two of those nearest to me touched their caps respectfully. Burton brought tidings this morning that this famous orator had been beaten by the mob, and ducked in Blackmoss for making offensive remarks about the Clay family, who are at present the only mill-owners in Stockbridge who are not out of favour. The man had not learnt his lesson thoroughly, and struck out right and left at popular and unpopular with a very unlucky impartiality. I must say that I was gratified to learn that he had met with condign punishment at the hands of his worshippers.

May the twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight.—It is a very rare thing for me now to take out my old journal; I forget it, and it lies by for months, until I see some one who recalls it to my memory, or something happens of which I want to keep a record. I have been over at Burnshead to the Scropes, who have just got settled in their new house: the old one is occupied by the curate, who came at Christmas, and who should this curate be but Mr. Hugh Cameron! I was glad to meet him again, but sorry to find that he had no preferment. He has no patron to give him anything, and the church cannot always provide as amply as they deserve for her sons. He spoke of Emily Clay with a melancholy smile, and said they lived in hope—that is something.

This morning two gentlemen waited upon me from Stockbridge, to ask if I would permit the working people to come out to Ferndell for a holiday—give them the run of the park and woods for the day. I consented, on condition that no intoxicating drinkables should be sold in the grounds, and they promised to see to the stipulation being observed.

June the third.—The Stockbridge people's holiday went off satisfactorily. As early as six in the morning they began to arrive, but the men had put up the flags and decorations over night, and manufactured an arch of evergreens over the gateway, with "Welcome" in letters of daffodils, so that all was in readiness. I am told that there were as many as six thousand, but as the day was brilliantly fine, and they scattered themselves over the woods and park in detachments, I should not myself have guessed them at more than half the number. They brought with them two bands of music, and in the afternoon there was a dance on the level field near the cricket-ground; some of the young men played cricket. I had out the pony-carriage, and drove Grannie about to see them; she was rather alarmed at first, but when she saw how perfectly quiet and well-conducted everybody was she enjoyed it.

Some of the neighbouring gentry are in high dudgeon at my bringing what they style "the riff-raff" into the country; but there was no "riff-raff;" they were, as a whole, the respectable class of mechanics and factory folks. I confess that I did expect myself to find some destruction amongst the trees, but there is none; and as for the grass—nature and the first shower will restore that.

June the twenty-seventh.—Next month there is to be a great bazaar at Stockbridge towards defraying the expenses of rebuilding the old church. I have been requested to provide a stall. It is a thing I do not relish at all; I would much rather give them a couple of hundred pounds, and have done with it; but this, it seems, would not do so well; Lady Mary Vernon and I are therefore to join.

The venerable rector of Ashby-on-the-Hill died last week, and I have given the living to Hugh Cameron; it is worth four hundred a-year, so now he and Emily Clay can marry and live happily ever afterwards. When I was in Stockbridge last Monday I met Emily, but as I was in the carriage and she was walking on the pavement with several ladies, she did not see me. She looked prettier than ever; her face was always refined and full of intelligence, and years have improved it.

August the seventeenth.—The bazaar is over. Lady Mary Vernon was a most active saleswoman all the three days, but I did not fill my post very well. The heat and bustle were almost too much for me, and I was glad when the whole affair came to a successful conclusion. Mrs. Clay from Meadowlands had the next stall to ours, and as Emily was with her we had the opportunity of several talks; she thanked me very fervently for Hugh Cameron, and whispered that her mother had at last been persuaded to consent, and they were to be married in September.

There was a beautiful dark-haired girl with Emily. I inquired of Lady Mary who she was, and she told me her name was Hargrave, and she was going to marry one of the Clays, but whether Herbert Clay or his

cousin Frank she did not know; she believed Herbert. I could not help watching her with some curiosity: she appeared an animated creature, and had great success with buyers of fancy things, especially with the gentlemen. Lady Mary wished several times that we had her to help us, and she had to scold me more than once for not pushing and pressing as she did. For the last day we hired one of the German girls from the Berlin-wool shop, and then we managed much better.

Mr. Herbert Clay was to and fro in the room often during the three days: he came to his mother's stall, and talked to that pretty Miss Hargrave for a long while one afternoon towards the hour for closing, and waited to take her away. I heard her whisper, "Stop for me, Herbert;" so he sat down on a chair with his back to us, and stayed till she was ready to go. He bowed to Lady Mary in passing, but I don't think he saw me, for I was behind the drapery that divides our stalls. He looks several years older and better than he used to do, for he has lost the boyish air he had. Lady Mary said he was a fine young fellow, and that since he brought the strike to that happy ending he was very highly thought of in the county. Some one wished him to stand for Stockbridge at the last election, but he declined: his father's health is failing, and he must supply his place in the business. I was not introduced to Miss Hargrave, and Emily, in all her conversations, never alluded to her. On the closing day of the bazaar, Mrs. Clay condescended to acknowledge me with a bow: she must have seen me before, but our eyes never met, and neither could possibly feel disposed to make any advance to the other. She is become very grey, and begins to look quite the old woman, but the tyrannical, domineering spirit is not dead in her.

Miss Thoroton, Miss Smallwood, Mademoiselle, and all the young ladies paid our stall a visit, and poor Miss Thoroton observed that it was the proudest day of her life in which she learnt that she had had the training of the heiress of Ferndell; then she pretended to scold me for the reticence that had kept it a secret all the while I was at school, and ended by inviting me to renew Stockbridge reminiscences by going to dine with her. I could not accept then, but I promised to go some day next week, and hear all her gossip about my former companions—perhaps she will be able to tell me something about Miss Alice.

August the twenty-fourth.—Oh, I was sadly shocked yesterday! It was one of the furthest things from my thoughts that Alice should be dead, and I have been all along reproaching her for never writing to me. So quietly as Miss Thoroton told it, too—so unfeelingly.

I said, as she was talking on and on about one girl and another, for whom I never cared, "But can you tell me what has become of Miss Alice?" and she replied, "My dear, did you not know? She has been dead these two years, and more! When was it Miss Smallwood—in March or April?"

"I believe it was in August," said Miss Smallwood.

I was so painfully struck, that for several minutes I could not speak at all, and Miss Thoroton went on:—

"We heard of her death by the merest chance: it was in this way. When she left us, I could not reconcile it with my conscience either to find her a situation or recommend her to any family (her conduct had been so very insubordinate while with us), but she obtained, by her own arts (she was a talented girl, and there were those who liked her), a situation in a clergyman's house, as governess to two children. She was with them eighteen months, and they conceived a true respect for her, and if she had stayed with them she might, in time, have quite redeemed herself, but there was some love affair, some disappointment which affected her mind for awhile. When she recovered she was possessed with a desire to travel on the continent, and engaged herself as companion to a lady going thither. This lady fell ill of an infectious fever at Brussels, and it was in nursing her Miss Alice contracted the disease of which she died there. Who was it told us the whole story, Miss Smallwood—was it not the Drakes when they came from their wedding tour?"

Miss Smallwood thought it was the Drakes.

"It could not have been anyone else—they were in Brussels at the time. It seemed that Mrs. Hardfast was just recovered when Miss Alice fell sick, and she left her alone at the hotel where they had been staying, and almost without money—a very inconsiderate, and, I may say, cruel act—however, Miss Alice sank rapidly, and died there. Who buried her, Miss Smallwood, do you recollect?"

"It was a charitable English gentleman, the Drakes said, but I cannot call to mind his name. Was it a Sir Edward Singleton—I really believe it was? I know it was a baronet, a wild young fellow who was staying at the inn, and who had been struck by her pretty face—yes, he paid for her funeral, and I must say that his heart was in the right place, wherever his wits might be."

And the two passed their comments on other circumstances which now revived in their minds without an atom of commiseration, till the tears began to drop from my eyes at the remembrance of how good she was to me.

Miss Thoroton expressed surprise at my feeling the news so deeply, and said, by way of consolation, "My dear Miss Eleanor, it was a mercy she was taken: she had such an intolerable spirit that she never could have done any good in the world!"

I asked where she was buried.

"Was it in the cemetery at Brussels, Miss Smallwood, or was it at Laaken?"

Miss Smallwood was not certain, but she thought Laaken.

"I can learn by writing to the Drakes, if you wish it, dear Miss Eleanor," Miss Thoroton proposed.

I thanked her, but said I could obtain direct information from Sir Edward Singleton—I did not think there was that goodness and generosity in him. Poor Alice! to live and die so friendless! oh, if I had but known!

ROMANTIC BREACH OF PROMISE.

In fifteen hundred and thirty-eight, when France happened to be at peace; and nothing was talked of at Court, say the memoir-writers, but festivals, tournaments, carnivals, masquerades, and so forth, one incident occurred to supply the town-folks with talk. This was no other than the action for breach of promise of marriage, brought by the Marquis Jehan-Loys, of Saluces, against Madame Philippes de Montespedon, widow of Marshal Monte-Jan, who had been governing Piedmont. Some of the details of this case are singular enough to deserve a narrative on their own account: others are amusing chiefly because of their odd similarity with sentimental passages in the lives of our own country-folks, from time to time revealed to us in courts of law.

Marshal Monte-Jan died in Piedmont, leaving no children. His wife was instantly besieged with offers of marriage by various great lords of that state—a circumstance at which we are requested by the chroniclers "not to marvel." For, Madame Philippes was a very respectable and virtuous lady, adorned with great beauty, and in the flower of her youth; she possessed, moreover, in addition to all these perfections, sixty thousand livres of revenue in her own right, besides considerable expectations. First among the suitors, who followed so closely on the funeral, was the above-mentioned Marquis of Saluces, who seems to have been a foolish fellow, and who was certainly most scandalously treated. The narrator was on the lady's side, but he naïvely states very damaging facts. Madame Philippes feigned to accept the marquis's service, because it would be convenient to make use of his escort on the way back to France, whither he was going by express order of the king. Despite of her riches, the fair widow seems to have been accidentally without ready cash. She allowed her suitor to pay her expenses all the way from Turin to Paris; and these expenses were by no means light. All the household of her late husband, besides her own, accompanied her. The marquis thought he had the game in his own hands, and assumed the tone of a master by anticipation—intimated that the gentlemen, servants, and officers of the deceased should be dismissed, item half those of the lady herself, especially the women—for she had besides dames and demoiselles, femmes de chambre, and others for different kinds of work, as many as fifteen or sixteen. But Madame Philippes was so prudent that she never, it is alleged, allowed a word to escape that would bind her; and yet so clever that she obtained all the assistance she wanted.

The marquis, as soon as they got upon French ground, had ordered (Italian that he was) all his people to be on the watch to prevent any communication being brought from a rival; for, he did not doubt that such a rare pearl would be eagerly sought after. Yet, in spite of all precautions, as soon as the party arrived at Lyons, a courier came from M. de Vieilleville, a relative of the lady, and delivered his letters so secretly that no one ever suspected their existence. These letters contained the information that the court had heard of the proposed marriage with the Marquis of Saluces, and believed the couple were coming to Paris for the wedding. The news had much pleased the king, because he had always heard that love bound a man to a country more than anything, and thought that the marquis, having become a Frenchman by this alliance, would be more faithful ever afterwards. This was a sentimentality not to have been expected from Francis the First. However, said the correspondent, "I think you are going to marry more for the good of your own country than your own good—if what I hear be true: but I cannot yet believe it; for it is not likely that you would, after having been so happy in your first marriage, enter on another so hurriedly without even warning your friends."

Madame de Monte-Jan in reply wrote a very characteristic letter. Among other things, she said: "I would rather die than do anything of which I might have reason to repent; yet I will confess that the extreme necessity in which the death of the late marshal left me, almost made me trip in words. But heaven has so helped me, that here I am arrived in France, without being affianced, promised, or contracted to living man. . . . I am very much surprised the king should think I am going to bring him servants at the expense of my good fortune, and against my tastes. I will never be an Italian; and, if I were, the last man I should choose to make me so would be the Marquis Jehan-Loys—for reasons which I will give you when we meet, but, especially, because he is not, and never will be, a true Frenchman."

But in spite of this declaration, the beautiful Madame Philippes remained at Lyons, under the charge of this marquis, who spent twelve days in making the preparations, intending to arrive at court in magnificent

style. When the party at length set out, their baggage was so enormous, and their train so numerous, that six great boats were filled. They did all their cooking on board. With them they took a band of fiddlers, engaged by the marquis to amuse him on the river, and alleviate the ennui of the lady for the loss of her husband. They embarked on the Loire at Rouanne, and sent by land the horses and mules, which arrived as soon as they did at Briare.

M. de Vieilleville had news of their movements nearly every day, by the couriers who constantly passed on their way from Piedmont to the court; he went out from Paris as far as Corbeil, with about eighty horse, on the evening when the travellers arrived at Ersonne. He sent a messenger directly to Madame Philippes, informing her of his movements, and got back an answer not to show himself until the next day, at the dinner that was to take place at Juirzy. The lady appears to have been afraid that if the slightest suspicion of his intention had come to the marquis, he would have seized her and married her by force.

Vieilleville politely kept out of the way until the dinner was over, and then rode up with his troop. There were great reverence and salutations; and all those men began to talk as well about the good cheer they had enjoyed by the road, as about the adventures that necessarily happen in so long a journey. At a fitting opportunity, however, the lady slipped away; and, secretly calling the Sieur Plessis-au-Chat, a Breton gentleman in her service, ordered him as soon as they reached the Porte Saint Marceau, to disentangle her train from that of her suite, and move along the moat, in the direction of the Porte Saint-Gagnes, where they were to stop whilst she bade adieu to the marquis.

Soon afterwards every one mounted, ladies and all; and this gorgeous brilliant train arrived in good time at Paris. At the gate Plessis-au-Chat carried out his instructions, and dextrously separated the lady's people from the others. The marquis, surprised, called out that they mistook the way. But now, Madame Philippes pulling up, said: "Sir, they are going where they ought; for your lodging is in the Hostel des Ursins, in the Cloister of Notre Dame, and mine is in the Hostel Saint Denys, near the Augustines. My honour commands me not to lodge in your house, but to separate myself from you, which is why I now bid you adieu; but not, sir, without thanking you very humbly for your good company by the road. As to my part of the expense, I have it all down in writing. Your Maistre d'Hôtes and Plessis-au-Chat will settle matters so well together, that before a week is over we shall be quits; I mean as far as regards money; for, my obligation to you will be eternal. Now, I beg you to consider that this separation is only a bodily separation; I leave you my heart, which you will be pleased to keep." So saying, she kissed him and said, "Adieu, sir, we shall meet to-morrow at the king's lodging."

The marquis was so astonished at this sudden change, that for a long time he could not utter a single word. His sighs and sobs, however, showed his anguish and his sadness. At last his presence of mind returned, and, looking at the lady in anything but a loving manner, he said: "Madam, your adieu gave my heart a pang; but your last words, and the kiss with which you have honoured me, have somewhat revived me, though this sudden change and prompt resolution seem strange. To-morrow, as you say, we shall meet; but bear in mind the promises you have given me. Adieu, madam!"

Then the two companions parted; and Madame Philippes joyfully took her way in liberty to the Hôtel Saint Denys. The same evening, Vieilleville brought to her and introduced as a suitor the Prince de la Rochesuryon, who was of royal blood, being brother of the Duke of Montpensier. "If you will believe me, make this gentleman, as soon as possible, master of your person and your wealth, for all delay will be perilous," said he. The prince and Madam Philippes were pleased with one another, and exchanged promises.

Meanwhile the Marshal Dannebaud, who had succeeded Marshal Monte-Jan in his governorship, had formed the project of succeeding also to his widow and property. He therefore had written to the dauphine to plead his cause, and to represent that by putting their revenues together they might make up a hundred thousand livres a-year, a very rare thing in France for any one but a prince. The dauphine came with this proposal, and strongly spoke in favour of Dannebaud. "I know," said she, "that the Marquis of Saluce is three times as rich, but his position is more uncertain. Besides, he is very disagreeable in person, with a big belly, fat, dirty, swarthy, and awkward. Whereas my candidate, as you know, is a very presentable fellow."

To this, Madame Philippes replied by confirming her engagements with the prince, and the dauphine accordingly withdrew her proposal, and recommended her to marry as fast as possible, because the king laid great stress on the alliance, and might exercise his absolute authority.

The marquis never passed a day without calling to see his mistress; instead of finding her alone, he always met the Prince de la Rochesuryon, who thus became a very thorn in his side. By no means whatever could he obtain a tête-à-tête interview. So at last, unable to put up with his annoying position any longer, he suddenly began a legal action, and arraigned the lady before the parliament of Paris. This he did by express command of the king, who had the

marriage very much at heart, though he did not like to use his own authority against the interests of a prince of his own blood.

Madame Philippes was much disturbed by the prospect of being forced to ally herself with her obstinate suitor; and we may be sure there were anxious consultations at the Hôtel Saint Denys. When the day of trial came, she appeared, accompanied by M. de Vieilleville, and many other lords and gentlemen, ladies and maidens. Every one expected a long and scandalous discussion. The First President began the proceedings by telling Madame Philippes to raise her hand and swear to tell the truth; one then asked her if she had not promised marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan-Loys de Saluces, then present. The lady, forgetting all her hints and innuendoes, replied, on her faith, No. The president was about to examine her closely, and the greffier had taken up his pen, when the fair defendant stepped forward, and in a firm voice uttered the following speech:

"Messieurs, this is the first time I have ever been before a court of justice; and therefore, I am afraid that timidity may make me contradict myself in my answers. But, to cut short all the subtleties in which you are so proficient, I now say and declare, before you, gentlemen and all present, that I swear to God and the king—to God on the eternal damnation of my soul—to the king on the confiscation of my honour and my life—that I never gave any promise of marriage to Monsieur le Marquis Jehan-Loys of Saluces; and what is more, never thought of doing so in my life. And if any one says the contrary, here (taking M. de Vieilleville by the hand), here is my knight who is ready, saving the honour of this court, to prove that he villanously lies!"

This warlike demonstration, so much in harmony with the character of the period, and the chivalry which Francis the First was trying to revive, met with complete success.

"Here's a business!" exclaimed the President, familiarly. "Greffier you can pack up your papers. There is no writing to do. Madame la Maréchale has taken another road; and a much shorter one." Then addressing the Marquis, he said: "Well, sir, what observation do you make on this incident?"

The Marquis had glanced at his own portly person, and compared it with the martial aspect of the lady's knight.

"I don't want a wife by force," said he. "If she won't have me, why I won't have her; and there's an end."

With these words he made a low bow and left the Court. Then M. de Vieilleville asked if the lady were not free to marry whom she liked, and, being answered in the affirmative, invited the whole company to come and be present at the betrothal between Madame Philippes and the Prince de la Roche-sur-Yon, which would take place immediately. But the wily lawyers declined, saying that they must deliberate and send a deputy to acquaint the king with what had taken place. One of them also whispered to the knight: "You had a six months' trial before you if you had not been so clever. The Marquis had an interrogatory of forty articles prepared as to expressions that had been publicly used by the lady to him and his people; as to the kisses she had given him by the way, especially the kiss at Porte Saint Marceau; and as to her saying to one Saint-Julien (a circumstance that would have gone much against her), that she would give him a chain of five hundred écus for the wedding."

"Well, well," said Vieilleville smiling, "all we need say now is, that a Frenchwoman has outwitted a hundred Italians."

Thereupon, the betrothal between Madame Philippes and the prince, immediately took place; and in two or three days they were married at the Augustins without much ceremony, the bride being a widow. They lived happily together for twenty-five years, and had a son and a daughter; but the princess survived both her husband and her children, and died in fifteen hundred and seventy-eight, forty years after her curious journey from Turin to Paris.

ROGUES' WALK.

On the twenty-third of October eighteen hundred and twenty-three a murder was committed in England under circumstances of such coldly-planned atrocity and terrible detail, that even now, after a lapse of thirty-four years, its incidents are fresh and vivid to those who remember it, through the chronicle of other and perhaps even greater crimes. The name of the murdered man was Weare, that of his murderer, Thurtell; and there were two associates respectively called Hunt and Probert.

They belonged to that somewhat doubtful but peculiarly English class of individuals known as sporting men, as distinguished from sportsmen; that is to say, they took an interest in sports rather for what could be made, or won, or juggled out of them, than from an inherent love of any of the popular pastimes of the people of England. They were known at wine rooms, gambling houses, and fighting taverns, and as such were considered "upon town." Their society came under the happily decaying denomination of Flash, which, started under the lacquered blackguardism of the Tom-and-Jerry epoch as Corinthian; gradually sank through the phases of nobby, bang-up, kiddy and the fancy; until its flame sputtered out in the last dull flicker of gentism.

All now living who remember the murder of Mr. Weare, remember also its details. Those not old enough to do so, will be at

once told on inquiring of their seniors, of its terrible plot.—How, Thurtell, one fine afternoon, drove his friend Weare twelve or fourteen miles out of town into Hertfordshire, to pay a visit to Probert, buying a loin of pork on the way for supper, and taking also a sack, a cord, some dice, and a backgammon-board, that they might all be pleasant and agreeable.—How in Gill's Hill Lane, Thurtell shot Weare in the head, as he sat by him in the gig; but, as "the pistol was no better than a pop-gun," did not succeed so perfectly as he could have desired; whereupon Weare, struck with a sudden notion of intended mischief, jumped out of the gig and ran along the lane until Thurtell overtook him, knocked him down, hacked at his throat with a penknife, still without killing him, and, finally, with great force, jammed the pistol-barrel into his brain and turned it round and round until his man was dead.—How, also, after dragging the body into the roadside fern, Thurtell went on to Probert's house, meeting him and Hunt, who had also come down in a gig and knew what was going on; and how they cooked the loin of pork and Hunt sang songs to Mrs. Probert and her sister, Miss Noyes, and they had altogether, a very merry and convivial evening, whilst the ghastly body was lying stark and bloody, within sound of their voices, under the fern.

So far the actual murder. When the ladies went to bed, the others went to fetch the body, which they brought, hanging across a horse, to Probert's cottage, and threw into his garden pond; whence Thurtell subsequently removed it to a pond at Elstree, where it was found. On the morning after the murder, Thurtell was seen by some labourers in Gill's Hill Lane "grabbling" amongst the fern. Thinking they might find what he appeared to have lost, they waited until he had departed, and then commenced a search themselves. The blood, the penknife, and the pistol were the first witnesses. Suspicion pointed to the murderer, and he was arrested with his friends. Probert turned King's Evidence; Hunt also split, but not to the same extent, and was transported; and Thurtell was hung, after a bombastic defence that touched upon everything but the murder. We may add that Probert, convicted some time afterwards for horse-stealing, also finished his life with the assistance of Jack Ketch.

As black satin altogether went out after Mrs. Manning selected that glossy fabric for her last toilette—even with that landlady-looking race of lusty flush-faced women with whom, by some mysterious affinity, it always appeared to be identified—so, it might have been expected, that sporting men would not altogether have been so attached to their status and appearance, after this terrible reflection had been thrown upon their order. But, it was quite the contrary. Night-houses, wine rooms, and fighting public-houses became more popular than ever; and the ruffians of the ring especially rose to celebrities. If a nod from a lord was a breakfast for a fool, a wink from a boxer was a supper for a snob. For, the noble art of self defence must indeed have stood high above mundane matters, when Thurtell, during his last dreary meal of tea and toast—of which, according to custom, he partook heartily—asked "Who won the fight yesterday?" The late lamented Mr. Palmer, of Rugeley, is reported to have put a similar question, under similar circumstances, with respect to horse racing.

Well: night-houses of every description maintained their popularity. The murderers and the victim had been known at most of them; and people went there to hear anecdotes of their private lives—as private, that is to say, as such men can lead—and to talk about their visit to the Surrey Theatre, where the murder had been dramatised, and the manager had purchased the identical gig in which Weare had been shot away from the loin of pork under his seat. Fighting men almost conceded that Thurtell was "always a good un," and "know'd he'd die game." Gamblers pronounced their verdict on the victim instead of the murderer, which was "Serve him right!" and sporting men of this caste generally went the rounds, which consisted in getting gradually more intoxicated at a lower haunt than the last between midnight and day break, and sparred, and wagered, and did bills, and swindled, and drove fast mares in light gigs to fights, and gambled, and drank saloon champagne, and kept the world twirling in a wonderfully lively and festive manner, to the admiration of all beholders.

This must have been a sad state of things, we think; must it not? How considerably we have improved! Gambling houses have been put down—almost; for that cannot be called gambling where twenty or thirty highly respectable persons meet in a back parlour behind a tobacco shop, dealing entirely in empty cigar boxes, to play a quiet hit at backgammon and hear the news, at two in the morning. Prize fights have been put down—almost; for no railway nor steam-boat company can possibly imagine, when two or three hundred very ill looking travellers, the scum of London, take return tickets on a day's notice, to some spot entirely uninhabited, that they are going to do anything else than see their relations who live somewhere about there. The saloons of the theatres have, to be sure, quite mouldered away, with their woolly oranges, and muddy coffee, and warm soda-water, and brandy, and "burnt sherry," and stale macaroons. There are no "rounds" to "go." What a charming thing to reflect upon—a great city thus purified!

Wait a while. If Thurtell could be per-

mitted to revisit metropolitan earth, he would be quite at home; he would find a congenial neighbourhood of old associations draw him towards the cellar which his friend, Probert, once inhabited, opposite to where the swell-mobsman shot the policeman some weeks ago, a few doors down on the right hand side of the Haymarket.

About the top of this thoroughfare is diffused, every night, a very large part of what is blackguard, ruffianly, and deeply dangerous in London. If Piccadilly may be termed an artery of the metropolis, most assuredly that strip of pavement between the top of the Haymarket and the Regent's Circus is one of its ulcers. By day, the greater part of the shops and houses betray the character of the locality. Some there are, indeed, respectable; but they appear to have got there by chance, and must feel uncomfortable; the questionable ones preponderate. Observe the stale drooping lobsters, the gaping oysters, the mummified cold fowl with its trappings of flabby parsley, and the pale fly-spotted cigars; and then look into the chemists' windows, and see, by the open display, in which direction his chief trade tends. Study the character of the doubtful people you see standing in doorways—always waiting for somebody as doubtful as themselves—and wonder what the next "plant" is to be, which they are now cogitating. It is always an offensive place to pass, even in the daytime; but at night it is absolutely hideous, with its sparring snobs, and flashing satins, and sporting gents, and painted cheeks, and brandy-sparkling eyes, and bad tobacco, and hoarse horse-laughs, and loud indecency. Cross to the other side of the way, go out into the mud, get anywhere rather than attempt to force your passage through this mass of evil; for it will most probably happen—as if this conglomeration of foul elements was not enough to stop the polluted stream trying to flow on—that a brass band has formed a regular dam before the gin-shop, so dense that nothing can disturb it, except the tawdry bacchantes blundering about the pavement to its music. I am not an ultra-moralist. I have been long enough fighting the battles of life upon town, to stand a great deal that is very equivocal, unflinchingly: but I do say, that this corner of the Haymarket is a cancer in the great heart of the metropolis, and a shame and a disgrace to the supervision of any police. A convivial "drunky," who inclines to harmony as he goes home at night, when there is not a soul in his way to be annoyed, by expressing his confidence, through all changes, in dog Tray's fidelity, has been quieted, before this, by a knock on the head from a truncheon. A poor apple-woman, striving to earn a wretched pittance against the birth of an infant evidently not far off, is chased from post to pillar by any numbered letter of the alphabet; but here, wanton wickedness riots unchecked. The edge of the pavement is completely blockaded. If you happen to be accompanied by wife, daughter, sister, any decent woman, and to be waiting, or not waiting for one of the omnibuses that must pass there—go anywhere, do anything, rather than attempt to elbow through the phalanx of rogues, and thieves, and nameless shames and horrors.

From an extensive continental experience of cities, I can take personally an example from three quarters of the globe; but I have never, anywhere, witnessed such open ruffianism and wretched profligacy as rings along those Piccadilly flagstones any time after the gas is lighted.

It is during the weeks of Epsom, Ascot, and Hampton, that the disciples of Thurtell's school of pursuits hold high festival. Two or three years back, there were various betting houses here, with their traps always set open to catch their prey; but although these are abolished, something of the kind is still going on, which the police know (or pretend to know) nothing about. The swarm of low sporting ruffians hovering about here, at all times, is incredible. You know they have all figured, are figuring, or will figure, in card-cheating cases and dirty bill transactions. They have all the bandy legs and tight trousers, the freckled faces and speckled hands, and grubby, dubby nails that distinguish this fraternity. Theirs are the strong-flavoured cigar and highly-coloured brandy, the snaffle coat-links, and large breast-pin, the vulgar stock, and the hat-band—always the hat-band; is it a last clinging to respectability, to show that there was somebody belonging to them once? And when to this unsavoury locust-cloud the closing casino adds its different but equally obstructive swarm, and they all flutter about in the lamp-lights, amidst an admiring audience of pickpockets, flower-sellers, rich country fools, who think they are "seeing life," and poor scamps who show it to them, such a witch's cauldron is seething in the public eye, and splashing in the face of decency, as is quite intolerable in this land at this date.

I entreat the intelligent magistrates in whose division ROGUES' WALK lies, to leave their dinner-tables some evening, and go and judge for themselves whether it is anybody's business to do anything towards the correction of this scene of profligacy. Why should no quiet person be able to walk upon its skirts, unmolested, and why should all modest ears and eyes be shocked and outraged in one of the greatest thoroughfares of this metropolis?

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 391.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

THE BRAVE COUCOU DRIVER.

At this dead time, when everybody is making a tour somewhere, an idle remembrance of an idle incident, in an old tour, may not be out of season.

About fourteen years ago, a wedding tour which had been rather brilliantly inaugurated with four greys, two postilions in bright blue jackets, and the usual accompaniment of white satin favours, terminated in a manner which, considering the difference of style, might almost be called ignominious. We had taken Amiens on our way home from Paris, and had proceeded thence to Abbeville, where, having passed the night, and soon exhausted the wonders of the town on the following morning, we began to look about us for the means of reaching Boulogne. To wait until midnight for the Diligence from Paris, on the chance of obtaining two places, was out of the question, and, in all probability, would have answered no purpose, as it was generally booked full all the way through. To post was not desirable with finances somewhat exhausted—such things will happen on wedding tours when Paris is included in them—and there remained only the option of proceeding by whatever cheap conveyance we might manage to pick up.

Assured on inquiry that we should be certain to find some conveyance, we set out on a voyage of discovery, trying the market-place first, then the little square in front of the old church of St. Wolfram, then certain Remises which promised much but performed nothing, till with our patience nearly exhausted we were informed at last, that one Monsieur Jerome, if he could be found, was the man for our purpose: he being the proprietor of a vehicle with which he traversed the country in all directions.

The person who gave us this information, an idler in a blouse and cotton nightcap, added to his civility by conducting us down a very narrow, dirty lane to the residence of Monsieur Jerome, who—of course—was not at home.

"But it's very extraordinary," said his wife, desisting for a moment from her occupation of scraping and cutting up carrots for her pot au feu. "But it's very extraordinary. Only a little quarter of an hour ago, he was sitting on that chair!"

If Monsieur Jerome had occupied the chair unexpectedly, like Banquo's ghost, I could have understood his wife's cause for wonderment; but as he was the master of the house, it seemed only a natural thing that he should sit down in it; equally natural that he should no longer be there if he felt a desire to go out.

The friend in the blouse suggested the possibility of unearthing Monsieur Jerome at a neighbouring house of entertainment, known as the Good Sportsman.

It was very singular that idea had never come into her head. Yes, it was possible! Would monsieur and madame object to wait one single instant, while her husband was sent for? Monsieur Pierre, that was the gentleman in the blouse, would run and call him. He was an old friend.

Monsieur Pierre, with an eye perhaps to the future, in which there loomed a petit verre, was all alacrity. He merely requested me to be calm, and straightway disappeared.

In the mean time monsieur and madame would take seats, such as they were. It was a poor place, that was not a difficult thing to see, but what would you have? One must live where one could; rents were high; and those people (meaning the landlord) never waited for their money, it must be ready in the hand when called for. She had three children—the eldest a girl, who would soon be old enough to do something for herself—she was now at school, but was next month to take her first sacrament; the other two, both boys, had lately had the measles, and were staying, for the sake of change of air, at their grandmother's, near the sea; it was said that sea-air was good for children——

The family history was cut short by a clattering of sabots in the lane, and, at the sound, Madame Jerome rushed out, without relinquishing either knife or carrot, and cried out at the top of her voice, for her husband to make haste. A gentleman and lady desired to speak to him. Already a whole hour had they been waiting!

This hyperbolical declaration had scarcely been uttered, before Monsieur Jerome stood on his own threshold.

Like the friend who seemed familiar with

his noon-tide haunt, he, too, was attired in blouse and nightcap. He doffed the latter as he entered the cottage, and, addressing himself to me, inquired what there was for my service: that is to say, what did I happen to require?

This was soon told. I had heard from his friend, Monsieur Pierre—who, at this allusion stepped in and pulled off his nightcap also—that he, Monsieur Jerome, was the proprietor of a cabriolet de louage, or carriage of some kind, and that I wished to hire the same to go from Abbeville to Boulogne.

Yes, monsieur was perfectly right; he had, indeed, a famous carriage; they were wrong who called it a cabriolet—it was far more convenient, much more roomy, infinitely more solid. Certainly that carriage was at the disposition of monsieur and madame—madame was to be of the journey also? Good!—and the baggage. As for that, the carriage could take any quantity—without doubt—but——

Here Monsieur Jerome paused, and was constrained to admit that a difficulty existed. Of the three horses he possessed, two were already on distant journeys, and the third—the unfortunate beast—was dead lame. Nothing in the whole course of his life had ever put him out so much before. It was for the purpose of speaking to the veterinary surgeon on the subject of that horse's lameness—there was no other motive—that he had just run over to the Good Sportsman. What was to be done?

Monsieur Pierre, who seemed to be a sort of good genius to the Jerome family, threw in a second suggestion. Might not his friend contrive to borrow a horse? There was Poirot the miller; he had one that was superb, an animal unacquainted with fatigue; that horse, if it could be obtained, would remove all cause of anxiety.

Monsieur Jerome admitted that the qualities of the horse in question were such as Monsieur Pierre had described. He had himself been thinking of another noble quadruped—the mare belonging to Madame Morel, the marchande de bois; but, perhaps, the miller's horse would be the better one—at all events, it was closer at hand. In any case, monsieur and madame might rest contented a horse should be found; in less than half an hour he would present himself with his equipage at the door of monsieur's hotel.

The next question was, the price to be paid for the hire of Monsieur Jerome's conveyance. After a little haggling—based on the part of Monsieur Jerome upon the usual grounds, exaggerated distance, mountains, and so forth—the terms were settled, including a pour-boire for skilful driving, yet to be demonstrated—and an agreement was made, it being now eleven in the forenoon, that we should be safely deposited in Boulogne before the clock struck ten that night.

On the faith of these assurances we hurried back to the hotel, a little flustered by the apprehension of not being quite ready, paid our bill, had the luggage brought down into the courtyard, and waited for Monsieur Jerome's arrival. There was no need to have been in a hurry, for the promised half-hour went by, and another was added to it, without the slightest indication of his appearance. We began to be impatient, sent out twice to the market-place to see if the carriage was coming, discussed the probabilities of the case with an unoccupied waiter who, when he had heard my story, gave it as his opinion that Monsieur Jerome would not come at all, and was in the act of recommending a heavy berline that stood in a corner which, with post-horses——

He, too, was cut short by a noise: a noise of excessive rumbling, mingled with urgent vociferation, and presently a vehicle entered the court-yard, which proved to be the one I expected; Monsieur Jerome driving, Monsieur Pierre by his side, and both gesticulating with much vehemence.

When I make use of the word expected, I do not exactly state a fact. To say the truth, the carriage of Monsieur Jerome was not of the kind which I had pictured to myself, neither was the animal that drew it. With respect to the former, on one or two points Monsieur Jerome was certainly right. It was infinitely more solid than any cabriolet that ever was built; more roomy, too, there could be no doubt of it; the fact of its being more convenient remained to be seen. There are some things which command respect on the score of antiquity, but it may be questioned whether a travelling-carriage belong to that category. If so, Monsieur Jerome's conveyance put in a strong claim for veneration. Its age was proclaimed by its creaks and blurs and patches; its wrinkled hood was stony white with dust; its heavy wheels and faded body were clogged and smeared with mire. No English word can clearly describe its form, so a French one must suffice—I can call it nothing but a veritable coucou. As to the horse, I might name fifty things which it was not, leaving it to be inferred, from accumulated negatives, what it really was. One saw at a glance, for instance, that it was not a splendid, scarcely a high, stepper; its action was neither grand nor superior; it did not appear fast; I should have declined to warrant it sound; easy to drive seemed more than doubtful; quiet in harness—well, that was just possible. Of its antecedents I was left in ignorance, as Monsieur Jerome refrained from stating whether his horse came out of the mill or the wood-cart. Enough for him to crack his whip and exclaim;

"Voilà, monsieur!" with an air of intense satisfaction.

That satisfaction was not shared by the partner of my journey and bosom. She regarded Monsieur Jerome's turn-out with a look of so much astonishment and dismay

that, if I had given her time to express either, he never would have had the honour of being her charioteer. So I anticipated whatever she intended to say by observing that there was no help for it, as we must go to Boulogne that night, and I ordered the men to stow away the baggage. That readiness to submit to almost any inconvenience rather than make a fuss, that willingness to meet difficulties more than half-way, that cheerfulness of disposition which makes every ill fall lightly—all of which have since been tested on many a long day's journey, in many a trying hour—were manifested on this occasion; not a word of remonstrance was uttered, and when Monsieur Jerome announced that his arrangements were complete, my companion smiled assent to his proposition that we should ascend, as readily as if he had invited us to take our seats in a triumphal car.

But before we climbed into the coucou—such, literally, was the process—I reminded Monsieur Jerome that he was an hour later than the time he had appointed and that I expected he would fulfil his promise as to the period of our arrival at Boulogne.

"Have no fear," he replied (the Frenchman's stereotyped answer). "With such a horse"—pointing to it—"distance is nothing."

The waiter who had recommended the berline, smiled and shrugged his shoulders as he held a chair for madame to step on, to reach her place in the carriage. I affected not to notice his gesture, and, after bestowing a franc upon Monsieur Pierre for the trouble he had taken, followed my wife into the depths of the coucou. Monsieur Jerome then resumed his place in front, and, much to my surprise, the light was suddenly obscured by Monsieur Pierre seating himself beside him.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, touching Monsieur Jerome on the shoulder, as he was giving the reins a preliminary shake. "What does this person want here?"

"Ah!" returned Monsieur Jerome, with a familiar nod, "he is my friend—he means to accompany us."

This arrangement was rather too cool, and I immediately upset it.

"Your friend," said I, "may travel with you, but not with us. Tell him to get down."

Monsieur Jerome stared.

"It will make no difference to the horse," he observed.

"But it makes a considerable difference," I retorted, "to me."

"He is only going to see his aunt, about two leagues off," persisted Monsieur Jerome.

"Let him pay her a visit on foot," I replied. "Listen, Monsieur Jerome! Either your friend gets out, or we do. Choose between us!"

This was an alternative for which he was not prepared; he muttered something, gave his companion a dig with his elbow, the space in front was cleared, and laying on his beast with a little more emphasis than he might, under other circumstances, have done, Monsieur Jerome set the coucou in motion. Monsieur Pierre's eviction had not, however, caused Monsieur Pierre to lose his temper; for as the vehicle twirled round at the gateway I caught a glimpse of him, nightcap in hand, grinning a very polite adieu. The waiter, the porter, and several others in the court-yard, were grinning.

For the first mile or two, the horse went at a lazy jog-trot; my wife and I talked laughingly about this new mode of travelling, but Monsieur Jerome preserved a strict, if not a sullen, silence. As, however, it is not in a Frenchman's nature to refrain from talking, if he have anybody to speak to he took advantage of the first incline that caused his animal to walk—it was a gradient against the collar, of one foot, perhaps, in a thousand—and turned round with the evident resolve to make himself agreeable.

Monsieur Jerome was a gaunt looking man with large whiskers and a big voice, and but for a certain unsteadiness in his eye, might have passed for one of the fiercest fellows that ever flourished a whip.

"Eh bien, monsieur!" he began, "have I not kept my word?"

It was, I thought, rather early in the day to put this question, so I asked him in what respect

"Dam'!" he replied. "Monsieur perceives what an excellent jument (mare) I have procured."

"I have no objection to make to her, as yet," I answered, "only I should say she is rather fond of walking."

"Monsieur would not gallop up the hills?" was the somewhat reproachful exclamation of Monsieur Jerome.

"You don't, I hope, call this a hill?" I rejoined.

"It is true there are others more difficult, which we shall come to by-and-by, but you see I am careful of her at first—I husband her strength. Hi! forward, la Maligne! we are no longer in the mill. Hi! hi!"

At this hint la Maligne jogged on again, and Monsieur Jerome remarked triumphantly:

"See there, monsieur! She is capable of doing all things!"

It might be so; but it was quite clear that of the two things in question, la Maligne preferred walking to trotting.

Monsieur Jerome having, as he supposed, sufficiently established the reputation of his borrowed beast, now changed the subject.

"Apparently, from his desire to get to Boulogne, monsieur is English? And madame?"

"English also."

"And yet monsieur and madame both speak French as I do. That is singular! for although I have been many times to Boulogne, I do not at all speak English."

This fact was less surprising to me than it appeared to Monsieur Jerome; but, without commenting on his presumed incapacity to acquire a language, of which, in all likelihood, he had never heard more than half a dozen words, I asked him if his occupation as a voiturier often took him to Boulogne.

Yes; it happened now and then. Twice or three times, perhaps, within the year. But he had once stayed there some time. Ah! an event happened there which he should never forget! Monsieur probably knew the large barrack in the lower town, not far from the port? Well; once he was laid up there, in the military hospital, with wounds, for three months.

"You have seen service, then?" I remarked.

"Dam'! Yes. In Algeria, with General Bugeaud. Hi! La Maligne! Keep straight on! But those wounds were not inflicted by the Arabs. They were obtained in a different sort of warfare—yes, 'faith!"

If Monsieur Jerome desired to excite our curiosity, he succeeded. He saw that he had done so; and, taking for granted that we wished to know all about it, he began his story, which I shall repeat without the occasional interruptions that took place while he told it.

"In the first place," he said, "I possess one great fault. I have too much courage. It very often gets me into trouble. When the blood mounts to my eyes, I hesitate not to attack an army! A thousand enemies are to me—nothing! not the shake of that whip. Well, then. Six years ago I was quartered at Boulogne, in the Thirty-seventh of the Line—a regiment well enough known. I was, without flattering myself, the best swordsman in the garrison. Had I chosen to teach fencing, my pupils would have been without number On that account, and for my moral character, I was respected. The colonel, when he rebuked the men, would say, 'Take example by Jerome Premier' (there was another Jerome in the regiment, a person of no account), 'he is a pattern!' Consequently, I was a mark for envy. More than one would have liked a quarrel with me, had he dared to encourage the idea. Well! What a man has not the hardihood to imagine of his own accord, is, you see, sometimes forced upon him by circumstances—above all, when one has to do with the fair sex. If I was respected and feared by my comrades, those were not alone the sources of my pride. I had other successes: madame will permit me the expression! There was a charming young girl, her name was Georgette—such a figure! such a face! How she danced! with me, too, more than with any one else—no matter for the reason. More cause for envy. Monsieur has heard of the ducasses—the country fêtes—near Boulogne? It was at one of these, on the festival of the Assumption, out of which the affair I am going to speak of arose. Georgette and I had already danced together three times, and she had promised me her hand again. In the mean while, reposing from exertion, I offered her a bottle of Bière de Mars in an alcove. That was a simple politeness. Having poured out to her honour, I naturally proposed a toast, and while she sipped from her glass I smoked a cigar. In fine, we enjoyed a supreme happiness. It was not to last long. Apart from where we sat, stood a knot of men belonging to the Thirty-seventh. They threw at me glances of fury—I had robbed them in turn of Georgette. That was their grievance. Slowly they approached, in a body, towards the alcove; the foremost amongst them, a sergeant in the regiment, a man of gigantic stature. 'Will mam'sell' dance?' he said, addressing Georgette; 'I claim her hand for the next set.' Before she could reply I observed, 'You are too soon, sergeant, mam'sell' is engaged' 'And to whom, then?' he asked, frowning like a drum-major at the head of a battalion, 'I see none here better than myself.' 'To me, sergeant,' I replied, with an admirable calmness, 'I am the better man on this occasion' 'You!' exclaimed the sergeant—his name was Bousingot—'a pleasant fellow this!' I felt my blood heating, but yet appeared cool. 'Permit me to cause you to observe, Sergeant Bousingot,' I said, 'that you interrupt a conversation which you were not invited to join.' Still polite, you see, monsieur. 'I require no invitation,' he replied, rudely, 'Mam'sell' Georgette is my acquaintance no less than yours!' 'The laws of society, sergeant,' I remarked, 'are then unknown to you!' His face became redder than the beet-root you see in yonder field. He uttered an expression which I dare not repeat before madame. That provoked me. I reminded him that his manners were those of a cabaretier. His insolence then passed all bounds. He conceived to himself the idea of striking the cigar from my mouth, but I arrested his hand in time—he did not dishonour me before a lady. 'Enough, sergeant,' I said, 'this has become a question for Mam'sell' Jacqueline.' You understand, monsieur; that is our term for a sabre. 'When I have had the honour to dance once more with Mam'sell' Georgette,' I continued, in an under tone, 'I am at your disposition.' He withdrew, scowling, to join his companions, with each of whom I foresaw an affair. I conducted Mam'sell' Georgette from the alcove, the beer being now finished, and we returned to the dance. I never danced better. 'You will not quarrel on my account?' said Georgette, ready to cry. 'Do not dream of it,' I answered. This I was obliged to say. One does not speak the truth in such matters to women. Pardon, madame! Monsieur will readily conceive what followed. In half-an-hour from that, time I was engaged in single combat with Sergeant Bousingot. We fought on the

sea-shore. That affair was speedily decided. He fell, pierced through the sword-arm, while I remain untouched. My next antagonist was Corporal Bossonville, an old African. This second combat was long and bloody: severe wounds were given on both sides; at last I was the victor. Heedless of my injuries I then engaged a third—this was Crugy, a voltigeur, like myself. Our weapons were both broken: we each lay for dead on the sands, falling at the same moment. I refrain from shocking madame with the particulars. When I regained my senses, I found myself lying on a bed in the military hospital, where also were my three foes. Now, however, we were all friends again, for blood washes away enmity. At the end of three months, not before, as I had the honour to observe, I cast aside my crutches and took my place on the right of my company. That day was a holiday in the regiment."

"And Mam'sell' Georgette?" I asked. "I suppose she is now the present Madame Jerome!"

"Ah, ah! La Maligne, keep up there!" shouted Monsieur Jerome, giving the mare a sharp cut over the withers.

I repeated my question.

"No," replied Monsieur Jerome, looking a little confused. "Mam'sell' Georgette died of a fever, brought on by anxiety on my account, while I was in the hospital. That catastrophe decided me to renounce a military life: moreover, my period of service had expired. Hi! hi! La Maligne, forward!"

He jumped down at these words and walked in the road beside his mare, leaving us to discuss the narrative which we had just heard.

"What dreadful people these Frenchmen are for fighting!" said my wife.

"Very dreadful!" I answered.

She noticed the tone in which I spoke.

"You don't believe him?" she asked.

"Not a bit," I replied. "From what his wife said this morning, their daughter must be thirteen at least, and this wonderful cutting and slashing occurred, according to his account, only six years ago, before he was married. It is not, however, a bad story to tell: it helps one over the ground."

"Not very much, I imagine; for we seem to me to get on very slowly. How shocking it is that people should be such story-tellers! I have taken quite a dislike to that man. I hope to gracious he won't upset us."

"That is my least fear, for as you say, we don't travel over fast. Halloa! Jerome! Get up again, and drive on. We shall be all night on the road!"

"Ah, pardon," was his reply. "We are now within sight of Nouvion. We have already accomplished thirteen kilos, and I do not yet intend to bait my horse. At Bernay, seven kilos further, she must have something, and then there remain only twenty-three kilos to Montreuil, where monsieur intends, I suppose, to dine?"

"And when do you think we shall reach Montreuil?"

"O, before six, without doubt, unless anything happens."

"How much is a kilo?" asked my wife. I told her about three-fifths of a mile. She then began to count on her fingers, first three, then five, but it was plain she could make nothing of it, for she shut up her hand in despair. "Whatever they are," she exclaimed, "I am sure we shall never get there!"

Monsieur Jerome did not understand her words, but appeared to catch her meaning.

"Be tranquil, madame," he said, "we shall arrive very soon."

We entered Nouvion, a hamlet of six or seven houses,—one of them a cabaret, with the withered branch of a fir-tree, rusty red, over an inscription which told of the travellers' repose. Monsieur Jerome looked wistfully at the branch, but resisted the temptation; that is to say, he drove past; but his resolution lasted only ten seconds. A few yards further, he pulled up, reminding himself aloud that he had a message to deliver to the proprietor of that cabaret. It must have been almost as long as a president's message, for it was a good quarter of an hour before he came back. He then made a show of great bustle, cracked his whip, shouted at La Maligne, and expended much breath, impregnated with brandy of not the very best quality. As soon as he got on his seat, he began to talk again, with the intention, apparently, of relating some more adventures, but he roared so loud (some Frenchmen do roar tremendously) that my wife begged me to desire him to be quiet, for his voice "went through her head." Monsieur Jerome interpreted this request as an interdiction on speech only, and forthwith broke out into song, indulging us with the somewhat monotonous history of Cadet Rousselle and his three ruined houses in which the swallows built their nests. That song, with a few intermissions, during which la Maligne was the object of Monsieur Jerome's attention, lasted until we got to Bernay. I looked at my watch and found that it was nearly five o'clock. Twelve miles in four hours, and only a quarter of the distance done! Small chance, thought I, of our getting to Boulogne to-night! And I called myself a fool for supposing such a thing possible. I, however, kept my own counsel for the present, assisted my wife to descend from the coucou, walked with her into the stable-yard, and listened to a long account of the performances of the numerous pigeons which, at that time, used to bring the Stock Exchange expresses from London, on their way to Paris; then we strolled to a slight eminence near the high road, in the hope of getting a distant view of the field of Crecy. Some twenty minutes or so were spent in these occupations, and if we had consumed twenty more, Monsieur Jerome would

still have been as far from ready to proceed as when we returned we found him.

La Maligne, he said, could not eat her provender anywhere but in the stable, and had been taken out of the shafts for that purpose. It was a work of time to restore her to that position, and truss her up for farther exertion.

There were cravings of appetite, also, on the part of Monsieur Jerome, which could not be disregarded. In short, a whole hour was frittered away before we resumed our journey.

It was now six o'clock. We might as well have dined, but neither of us was in the humour to do so, though it would have been better to have accepted the landlady's obliging invitation.

"We shall get on famously now!" was Monsieur Jerome's encouraging exclamation, as he drove out of Bernay. And so we did,—for nearly half a kilo. Then came a hill,—a mountain I should say,—up which it was impossible, as Monsieur Jerome said, for the stoutest horse to trot. La Maligne never tried; but zigzagged leisurely till she gained the summit, where she thought it prudent to rest, before she exerted herself further. At the season of the year when this journey was undertaken, day and night were nearly of an equal length, and half an hour after we left Bernay it got dark. Monsieur Jerome's desire for conversation had returned, but whether he remembered my wife's objection to the loudness of his voice, or subdued it on account of a change of feeling within himself, I cannot exactly say. Certain it is, that his tone was pitched several notes lower; indeed he might be said to be at a much lower pitch altogether, for scarcely a subject arose about which he did not betray some apprehension. If I could have supposed such a thing of the man who had too much courage, I should have said that Monsieur Jerome was afraid of being in the dark. He excused La Maligne for not going at her best pace—whatever that was—on account of the ruts, the stones, the general condition of the road. He invited me, from time to time, to look out, and see if anything was following or approaching,—on the ground that, possibly, my eyes were better than his. When I informed him that I was extremely short-sighted, and could hardly see beyond his horse's ears, he gave way to open lamentation.

The malle-poste, he said, or some other furiously driven carriage, might come tearing along and be down upon us before we knew where we were; in fact, there was no saying what might not happen, and really, unless monsieur was particularly anxious to get on, he thought it would be better for us to turn back at once, and put up for the night at Bernay. He would undertake to say that no time should be lost by this arrangement.

Overlooking for the moment the cool impudence of the proposition, I simply desired him to get on as fast he could, and if he had any doubts as to the safety of the road, to keep them to himself; for, although they did not affect me, they might make the lady uncomfortable. Finding me inflexible on the subject of retracing our steps, he made a virtue of necessity, insulted La Maligne by heaping upon her as many terms of opprobrium as he could think of, and accompanied those insults by a practical application of his whip in a manner that must have been anything but pleasant to the unhappy animal. This mode of proceeding had the effect of keeping up his spirits until we reached Nampont, nine kilos further. Luckily there was no possible excuse for stopping at this village, immortalised, as we all remember, by Sterne's Dead Ass, so we pushed on for Montreuil, evidently our resting-place for the night. To ourselves it was the most hopeful part of the journey, as every moment brought us nearer to our long-delayed dinner, but that was not the case with Monsieur Jerome. He had become the prey of far worse apprehensions than the chance of being run down in the dark, and did not hesitate to communicate them to me when, having wrapped up my wife in a large cloak, and disposed her for a nap in the recesses of the coucou, I took a seat in front by his side. I believe I provoked the disclosure of his thoughts, by asking him casually if there were many wolves in that part of the country. He replied that in winter they abounded, particularly in a certain large wood called the Bois Jean, which we should shortly come to; but that he did not care for wolves, as they only showed themselves in the depths of winter, and luckily that season was gone by, though he admitted, and, as it seemed to me, in no very assured tone, that "those beasts were very fond of horse-flesh, and might be tempted by it at any time." He made a pause after this dark allusion to the possible fate of La Maligne, but presently added:

"After all, one might keep them off, perhaps, with one's whip, or frighten them away by shouting; but there are other customers on this part of the road, sometimes, not so easily got rid of."

I asked him what kind of customers he meant? Not robbers, surely?

In a voice scarcely above a whisper, he begged me to speak lower. That, in effect, was it. There had been terrible doings in that neighbourhood. At Verton, about half a league off the high road on the left hand side—we could see the place easily in the day-time; he wished he saw it now—the château had been broken into, the year before, by a ferocious band, who, it was known, or suspected, still haunted thereabouts. He had heard that a garde champêtre had once been murdered in the hollow there at l'Epine, which, thank God! we had just passed. He should not care a straw for a dozen robbers at a time, if he could only see them; but when they came upon you unawares——

"Good night!" cried a voice close to Monsieur Jerome's ear, before he could conclude the sentence. He dropped both reins and whip, and nearly fell backward into the coupé. It was a mounted gendarme on his way towards Bernay, whose approach had been concealed by the darkness. I returned the man's salutation—fear had completely taken away all power of speech from Monsieur Jerome—and he rode on. La Maligne had taken advantage of the loose rein to stop. I told Monsieur Jerome to get down and pick up his whip, but he did not offer to stir. At last he whispered, "One of those fellows!"

I explained who it was, having been quite near enough to see.

"Ah, why did not monsieur tell him that before? So it was one of the lapins ferrés" (a popular name for the gendarmes). "Yes, he would soon pick up his whip. What a pity the fellow was going the other way! He would, after all, have been some company. Besides, they were always armed."

Monsieur Jerome speedily recovered his property, and again we moved on. I could perceive through the indistinctness of the night that we were skirting a wood, doubtless, the terrible Bois Jean, for not a word did our valiant driver utter—not a single malediction did he bestow on La Maligne. On a sudden, a gleam of light shot up in the distance, and as speedily disappeared. Monsieur Jerome observed it, and exclaimed that it was the malle-poste coming.

Yes, it was the time he expected it to appear. It did not carry many passengers—only two besides the conducteur—but then there was the postilion, he made four, and four people could make a good stand against anybody who attacked them. The malle-poste would soon be very near, but before it came up we should, he hoped, have left the accursed wood behind us, and then the road was open all the way to Montreuil. Hi, hi! la Maligne. En avant!

I could perceive that Monsieur Jerome was straining his eyes to get another glimpse of the malle-poste lamps, and presently another gleam appeared. He was greatly rejoiced, and gave vent to his exultation so noisily that my wife woke up and looked about her. She asked what was the matter? I told her what Monsieur Jerome expected. In about a minute the light showed itself again. "There!" said I.

"That is not a carriage lamp," returned my wife, whose eyesight was remarkable; "that is lightning. I have seen several flashes."

As she spoke in French, Monsieur Jerome understood her. He would wager anything it was not lightning. It must be the malle-poste; it could not be anything else. At last there came a terrific peal of thunder, and, sorely against his will, he became convinced that a storm was approaching, and not the malle-poste. I think he would have pulled up at once if he had dared, but the dreaded contents of the Bois Jean impelled him onward, and, as I knew he had no choice, I left him to be pelted on by the rain, while I went back to the interior of the coupé. It was but a slight punishment for his cowardice—nothing, indeed, to a fellow accustomed to all weathers, if it had not been accompanied at every step by the direst misgivings as to being waylaid and murdered.

I need not say that no such tragical event occurred. We jolted along, too slowly for our impatient hunger—far too slowly for the fears of Monsieur Jerome. But everything comes to an end at last, even a journey in a French coucou, and, within a quarter of an hour of midnight, other coruscations than those of the elements were visible. They proved to be the lights of Montreuil, and, amidst such an amount of whip-cracking and shouting as had not been heard in that town for many a day, we drove across the drawbridge, passed through the fortifications, traversed the square, and closed our pilgrimage at the door of the Hotel de la Cour de France.

The wonderful pie on which we supped, the excellent Bordeaux in which we drank each other's healths, the admirable bed we slept in, the capital breakfast with which we fortified ourselves next morning, need not be recorded. Neither is it necessary to describe any further particulars of our journey, but it may be as well to mention, lest a notion to the contrary should prevail, that—with returning daylight and nothing to fear—Monsieur Jerome once more showed himself to be a man of courage.

ELEANOR CLARE'S JOURNAL FOR TEN YEARS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

SEPTEMBER *the first*.—This morning I had an answer to my letter from Sir Edward Singleton, and some few details concerning Alice. He says she was not neglected in her illness and death, for though Mrs. Hardfast left her, there was an Englishwoman, resident in Brussels (a teacher, he believes, named Mervin), who was with her to the last, and who followed her coffin to the grave. She is buried at Brussels, and there is a cross put up as on the other tombs, and a slab with her name and the date of her death. There is then no tribute of love or gratitude that I can pay her—strangers have done all! I do not remember ever feeling so saddened, so depressed by any event as by this. To think I have been breathing my reproaches to a dead heart, hungering for a sight of one who has been dust these two years. Did she remember me when she died, I wonder? O, Alice, and so hard as I was to you once!

September the twelfth.—Emily Clay and Hugh Cameron were married the day before

yesterday at Stockbridge old church—the last marriage that will take place there previous to its being pulled down. I am told that it was a very gay and very pretty wedding, but I did not see it. At first I thought I would go and sit in one of the galleries as a looker-on, but when the time came I changed my mind, and stayed away. They sent me cards, and, besides, there was a little letter written by Emily after they came from church, and before they set off on their tour. The good, kind heart her's is! She said she looked round as she came out in the hope of seeing my face, and was disappointed not to do so.

Since I wrote to Sir Edward Singleton about Alice he has been over here again on the old subject, but I told him it was of no avail: I respect the kindness there is in him, but love him I never could!

September the twenty-ninth.—Grannie and I are going to become travellers; it is remarkable to see the old lady's spirit, and how she enters into all my plots and plans! We are to go by way of Belgium, stop at Brussels, that I may see Alice's grave, and then proceed to Paris, and spend the winter there. Ferndell, meanwhile, is to be shut up, for it is impossible to tell how long we may remain away. Uncle Henry insists on my returning for my coming of age next year, but we shall consider of that when the time arrives.

I had one of those great surprises yesterday, which, perhaps, fall to the lot of all women of fortune. Colonel Vernon made me an offer. He is a man whom I admire and respect, but love him, no! Indeed, let all around me speculate as they will, urge as they will, plead as they will, single I remain unless my whole heart can go with my hand, and that it can never, never do. I never can love any one again as I loved Herbert Clay. I have never had a moment's freak of liking for any one else, and never shall. It was a strange oversight of us when we broke our engagement in that abrupt and silly way, not to exchange letters, and those pledge rings we gave each other. I do not wear mine, but I keep it very safely—and his letters too—perhaps he has burnt mine. Miss Thoroton knew nothing about his marriage with any Miss Hargrave; she thought it must be his cousin, Mr. Frank Clay at Grassleap—it may be. I have asked several people about her, and they all agree as to her amiability and accomplishments,—her beauty I saw for myself.

I have just been glancing over some former entries, and I see that I once made a vow to myself never more to write his name in my book. I have broken it without thinking, but my vow shall be renewed again here. To all maundering regrets, to all lingering follies, a long farewell; a final farewell! I will leave thee at Ferndell, my old book, and not drag my records of past pain into future scenes. Some day, perhaps, when I come home again, a little stronger, or a little colder in heart, I will inquire of thee what I used to be, and tell thee truly what I am become.

Ferndell, *March the first, eighteen hundred and fifty-four.*—It is six years since I wrote the last word on the opposite page. Six years! There it stands in yellow-brown characters, the written promise pledged to my old book, that I will tell it what I have become! There is that voluminous note-book that I kept when I was abroad; five years and a-half of travellers' experiences. What shall I write? I think I will bring up events to this date: more matter will arise out of that, perchance.

Grannie, there, is as flourishing as ever. Cousin Jane has a houseful of children; Mrs. Cameron has three; the widowed Lady Deering has become Lady Singleton; poor Betsy Lawson is dead; Miss Thoroton has retired from the Stockbridge school, and Miss Smallwood, who has succeeded her does not make things answer; Mr. Clay, of Meadowlands is dead, and his son Herbert is the liberal member for Stockbridge.

Ferndell is looking wild and desolate, and this great house is dreary, dreary as the Moated Grange where Mariana dwelt and pined. And I, my faithful confidant, I am Eleanor Clare still. and likely so to remain—wait till to-morrow, and I will tell thee something more.

March the second.—I fear I am passing into a frame of promise and non-performance, my dear book. I promised yesterday more intelligence of myself—yet, what news have I? Yes; there is one bit of vital interest which shall not escape the chronicle. This morning, Mary Burton discovered my first gray hair, and maliciously twitched it out! I forbade her sternly, ever, at her peril, to repeat the offence! Then I may communicate that my schools are going on well, and that I often lack employment. I wish I had to work for my bread a month or two, just to try what it feels like.

March the third.—Last night I was dining at the Crawfords, and met Mr. Herbert Clay. Philip Crawford brought him up, and introduced us as strangers, and the first thing I saw was my signet-ring with the bloodstone, on his little finger; what right has he to wear it, I should wish to know? Possibly he never gave it up. He sat down on the couch near me, but he did not talk at all, and scarcely looked at me; at dinner it was the same. I inquired after his mother, and he said she was gone to live at Ashby, to be near Emily, and that he was alone at Meadowlands now. The Cousin Frank and his wife (she was the Miss Hargrave whom I thought Mr. Herbert Clay was to marry) were there; she is handsomer than ever. I was glad to see in what respect Herbert is held, young

as he still is, but I felt surprised at his extreme reserve. It may not be his ordinary manner, however, for I overheard Mrs. Crawford ask him if he were ill, and he confessed to being tired.

April the first.—My visit at Burnshead is over, and on Saturday I go to Ashby-on-the-hill. Emily tells me she has set her heart on it; so, with one or two qualms, I have consented to please her: but it will be a great pleasure to me, too. I drove into Stockbridge a day or two since, and made a call upon Miss Thoroton. She begins to be quite decrepit, and her hand shakes almost as if she were stricken with the palsy. Her memory is failing her too, because she spoke of Miss Alice as "a poor dear girl,"—"a clever, high-spirited creature, whom I educated, my dear, and who died abroad," and then she repeated the story of her death and burial very minutely—but as if Alice had been a favourite, instead of the butt of all her persecutions. I thought it was as well to keep her in that frame of mind, and I told her in how desolate and neglected a condition I had found her grave. "Ah! did you put her a wreath of everlastings on it! There are everlastings on graves—graves—what were we talking about?" she began to maunder in a pitiable helpless way, at last, she cried with energy! "I would have asked her forgiveness if she had lived: I did not like her, and I believe I did wrong by her. I know I said what was not true, and it has been on my conscience a long while. So she is buried at Brussels; very strange—Brussels! I was once in that cemetery. I should wish to go—" and then she became quite indistinct and babbling again. Miss Smallwood came in while I was there, and made a pitiable statement of her affairs. She said the old school was all gone to pieces; she had but three pupils; and one of them had never paid anything for two years. She looked very gaunt and shabby, but I did not see that I could do her any good; certainly, I cannot recommend her school; I do not think her fitted to have the sole charge of children, she is so extremely harsh and unpleasant in her manner. When she was going away she signed to me to speak to her outside the room, and then asked me to lend her five pounds. I was very glad to give it to her to soothe my conscience for thinking so ill of her.

April the fifth, Ashby-on-the-Hill.—I have been here with the Camerons three days, and shall leave on Thursday. They are very happy, and have two of the dearest little children—a boy, Herbert, and a girl, Eleanor. Herbert is a very fine fellow—said to be more like his great grandfather Clay than any branch of the family that has appeared since him. Emily has a sensible, nice way with her children. They are both rather wilful and headstrong; but she can be so quietly firm, and yet withal so kind, that there is never the sound of a dispute in the house. Hugh Cameron has found a great treasure in her, and they are both extremely liked at Ashby. Mr. Herbert Clay is absent in London on his parliamentary duties; and will not be down again until the Easter recess. I have met old Mrs. Clay several times, but her manner is just as lacking in cordiality to me as it always was. She cannot hide her bitter dislike.

April the sixth.—A terrible event occurred to-day! Emily was at the school, and Hugh rode over the hill to Deanswalk, when Mrs. Clay arrived at the rectory. I thought she looked very wild and bewildered when she came into the drawing-room where I was sitting, and her face was quite suffused, but at first I imagined she had over-heated herself by walking fast. She rested on the sofa, and loosed her bonnet. I had only turned away a moment to pick up something belonging to my work, when I heard a gurgling, struggling noise, and on looking hastily up, I saw that she was in a fit. I rang the bell and the servant came in, and laid her on the couch, and the gardener ran for the doctor. Mrs. Clay had not altogether lost consciousness, and she had taken a convulsive grip of my hand which I could not extricate. She rolled her eyes fearfully, and muttered detached sentences, in which her son's name was often repeated, but I could not make out any sense. The doctor presently arrived, and Hugh and Emily came home, and she was carried to a bed; but she never revived, and to-night, about seven o'clock, she died. A death so sudden and painful has been a terrible shock to Emily. Hugh entreats me not to leave her at present, and if I can be either use or comfort to her I shall be glad to stay. Herbert has been written to to come down immediately, but we cannot expect him before to-morrow evening.

April the seventh.—Herbert Clay arrived late last night, and is much affected by the manner of his mother's death. He is anxious and miserable that she should have had no warning, as he calls it,—no time for preparation. Hugh Cameron looks serious, and bids him leave her cause in God's hands, now we can help her nothing. Emily weeps pitiably. What a strange, strange thing this death in a house is! We go stealthily by the closed door where the dust lies, as if our natural step could disturb it. We speak in whispers, as if our natural tone would wake it. With what awe we look on the vacant mask of clay, whose animating spirit has already stood face to face with God, and learnt the great mystery and secret of death! The mystery and secret we shall learn ourselves, anon. I paused on the mat outside the door, to-night, on my way to bed, and listened. I think there is no hush like the hush that pervades the air where a corpse lies. I had my hand on the handle to go in, but at the remembrance of how she

hated me, I refrained. I wish she had died. at peace with me.

April the fourteenth.—I came home to Ferndell the day after Mrs. Clay's funeral. I was reluctant to stay for several reasons. Herbert was not at his ease with me, and then the will—such a will! Mrs. Frank Clay said she considered it infamous. It is difficult to understand how a dislike to me could have carried her the lengths it has done. Mr. Clay left his wife sole guardian and executrix when he died, with unlimited power over every farthing of his invested property, over Meadowlands, and even over the mill and capital embarked in it. Neither Herbert nor Emily possessed a single shilling independently of her. She had taken advantage of the confidence reposed in her by her husband to devise the property in the following way. Herbert and Emily to share equally in the invested property, Herbert to have Meadowlands and the business; but—(and this is put in the strongest and clearest terms), but should Herbert Clay marry Eleanor Clare, he is instantly to forfeit every interest of every nature in the estate, and his share to be equally divided betwixt Herbert and Eleanor Cameron, whose rights are to be vested in trustees, duly named and appointed. Thus, if Herbert Clay desired to return to me he would have to do it as a penniless man. His mother knew her son's pride well when she dictated this clause of her will!

I was glad, then—O! very glad—to escape from Ashby where he was; but I cannot—no, I cannot yet forgive that miserable dead woman for pursuing me with her malignity, even beyond her grave! Herbert and I love each other still—never shall we—never shall I, at least, let any other affection usurp the place of the first! Now, if I had been the portionless girl at Burnbank, I might have been a happy woman—wife and mother—as other women are, but as heiress of Ferndell, there is a great gulf fixed between my love and me. I should not write this. I would not even confess it to myself, but that in those few mournful days at Ashby, though we were both so silent—both so constrained, I knew—I felt—all the time that Herbert was thinking only of me as I thought of him. Nobody named the will to me but Mrs. Frank, and she could not restrain her anger. Mrs. Clay ruled her children despotically enough, while she was alive. Surely the yoke should have been broken from off their necks at her death! It is too much!—too much! To feel that Herbert loves me as fondly as ever he did; that now we had met—and his position rises to what the most fastidious and worldly could have desired for me—this frightful bar must be put up between us. I wish I could know that he regrets it as bitterly as I do! I have told Grannie, and she said, "My dear love! if it is to be, it will be!" but that does not console me.

April the twenty-fourth.—I have had Mrs. Frank Clay over to see me. She says that Herbert is bent on giving up all at Stockbridge, taking the few hundreds he has laid by since a seventh share of the business has been in his hands (and which he may truly consider his own as he would have done, had his father been alive), and going to New Zealand.

She says he declared, in the homely, west-country phrase: "If Eleanor Clare would come to me in her smock, then I would take her and be the most contented, poor man in the three kingdoms; but marry the rich heiress of Ferndell—myself almost destitute—never will; so help me God!"

Why does he not come and tell me that to my face? Does he think I love Ferndell as I love him? Does he think I should be happier in this great, dreary house, fading into old maidenhood alone, pining and unsatisfied, than I should be with him in that little rustic cottage he used to fancy when we were scarcely more than boy and girl—the dear wife of his heart, the mother of his children. He ought to have the courage to come and speak to me honestly, as I would speak to him were I Herbert Clay and he Eleanor Clare. O! he knows—he must know—I love him; and if he understands at all what a true woman is, he must know, too, that she will set no wealth, no rank, in competition with her love. Why does he not dare to speak to me? Can he have conceived some false idea of me since we have been so long apart? Can he think I would scorn him? I would honour him if he could make the vast sacrifice which his mother has attached as the penalty of our marriage. It would be noble—it would be grand! Then would I know how much he loved me; and I would give up Ferndell to Jane's and Henry's children. It should be sold, and they should all share in it alike. O, what an infatuated fool I am, feeding my heart on dreams, as if this could ever be!

May the sixth.—I have not been out of Ferndell since I returned from Ashby; I think I am losing heart, losing health! I know I shall never live if I am to be miserable like this. Emily Cameron writes me almost daily about her brother. What can I do? Is it for me to beseech him to stay? I cannot, I will not do it! If he love me let him come and tell me so, and I will forgive him all the rest—all his doubts, all the pain I have had to suffer for him—and keep him here. If he is proud, I am proud, too; but it is easier for him to bend than for me. He can come to me, and say, "Eleanor, we two love each other; thus much must I sacrifice to obtain you, but I count it nothing in comparison with my love—" I do not think men's hearts are like ours. I begin to fear that the time has come when Herbert has ceased to care for me. That is a miserable

thought! O, why did we meet again after I came from abroad? I had not forgotten him, not ceased to prefer him, but I had become quite still and resigned to being alone; now it seems to me as if there were neither hope nor joy in life apart from him.

May the ninth.—This is a bitter struggle; I sicken over it; if it last much longer scarcely shall I survive it. Yesterday Emily Cameron came over here and brought her boy. It was torture to me. There the little fellow sat drumming, with the toy he had brought in the carriage, and innocently prattling, while I longed to hear of Herbert. It was not until she was leaving that I could ask if he still persisted in going to New Zealand, and she replied, "Yes, she believed his preparations were very forward;" then asked me if I did not think it a wild scheme. I did think it wild.

"Then bid him stay, Eleanor," replied she, looking at me meaningly. I felt faint and ill, but I did not open my lips, and she drove away.

This morning's post brought me a letter from her. She says my haggard face haunts her—what does it mean? Let her guess what it means. She has known heart-sickness herself!

May the twelfth.—Peace at last! I was straying this afternoon down into the beech wood alone, so solitary, so utterly desolate, when I came suddenly on Herbert Clay. He said he had seen me from the road: he had left his horse at the lodge, and had come up to meet me.

"And what have you to say to me, Herbert Clay?" I asked as proudly as I could, but my throat swelled, and I know my face was pitiful. We were in amongst the trees, no one could see us, and he just took me in his arms and kissed me as if I were his wife. "Eleanor, I would lose the world for you!" said he, passionately; and I told him I would come to him as poor as himself.

Then all that blank of years seemed to fall away out of being and out of memory—to say that I was happy is not enough. I was too contented, too joyful for words to express! And it is all, all true; no dream, no frenzy has bewildered me. I shall be Herbert's own faithful, loving wife!

"And shall we go out of England?" I asked him.

"It should be just as I desired," he said.

"Then we will live amongst our own people here at Stockbridge," I answered, "in that cottage by Brookend, where there are the roses and the earwigs—your old fancy, Herbert, shall we?"

He said, "If I liked it, we should."

I can scarcely have patience to sit still and write and remember how completely the old spirit came into us both after that; there was no more doubt, no more anxiety. I believe we shall go hand in hand through our chosen poverty up to our present estate again before we are old—not that I care to be rich—all my sorrows have risen out of that; but I should like Herbert restored to his place—I should like him to be to others what he is to me—the best and highest-hearted of men!

After we had walked in the beechwood till I was tired, we went in to Grannie—of course, she understood it all the moment we appeared, and she clasped her hands in great agitation. "You will not surely be so silly!" was her remark.

We could neither of us help smiling, but Herbert said, we were bent on marrying each other, and we should begin life together afresh at Brookend Cottage.

"At Brookend Cottage! and what is to become of Ferndell?" asked she, dismayed.

"It is going to be transferred to Henry's and Jane's children," said I, "leaving you as life tenant."

"Nothing of the kind. I shall go back to Burnbank; I always liked it better than this wilderness place." And Grannie knitted very fast and carelessly.

I put my face down and looked at her; "Tell me, Grannie, that you are glad to see me happy?" said I.

There were tears in her dear old eyes; "My love, did I not tell you if it was to be, it would be?" replied she. "Well, I am happy; I would not have liked to see Eleanor Clare wither into an old maid."

Now, then, to strengthen myself for the battle that I foresee betwixt the Scropes and cousin Henry and myself! I shall fully expect to be called insane for what I am going to do, and Herbert will not escape either; but what matters it? We shall have each other, and shall be happy. I believe we are two Solomons, myself.

May the seventeenth.—Cousin Henry and Mr. Scrope are just gone, in the impression that I am the most obstinate unreasonable, foolish woman on the face of the earth. I am not certain that they really think so, but they said so, and said the world would say so, too. What care I for the world? It has done nothing for me, and I do not choose to sacrifice my life to it. Why should I? My little circle of it will talk, and wonder, and premise, and settle for nine days, and then they will be quiet, unless they choose to profit by the moral lesson, that there exist in the world one man and one woman who love each other sufficiently to give up wealth for poverty. Herbert is up here every day, nearly, and we are making our own arrangements quietly. He has bought that Brookend Cottage for two hundred and seventy pounds, and it is now undergoing thorough repairs. I went over it, and found it contained a pretty little bay window drawing-room opening upon the lawn, a dining-room, and four bedrooms—quite enough for us. The owner told him it was quite a fancy article, and so it is: one of those pretty, picturesque, flowery cottages, to which disappointed heroines in novels retire to spin out

the rest of their days. Its situation is very secluded—about two miles out of Stockbridge, in the Meadowlands direction. I proposed to take into it some of the furniture out of my "sulky here," but Herbert said "No;" and I am obedient. He, however, gives me a dispensation in favour of my own books, and of all the pretty trifles we brought from my room at Burnbank; and Grannie will take back thither the plenishing of the garden apartment that we have in daily use, and which she furnished herself, as all the Burnbank things were sold when we left. She says it will feel like going home again; she has never considered herself more than a visitor at Ferndell. There was only one thing grieving me, and that was her pony carriage; but Uncle Henry says, of course she shall keep it; and the present suggestion is, that Clara Favell, his eldest girl, should go and live with her as I used to do. Clara is a nice, merry body, and Grannie likes cheerfulness.

There is some speculation afloat as to how, when, and where I am to be married to Herbert. We have arranged it ourselves. Burnbank will be ready to receive us in a month from this time. Grannie and I go thither by ourselves. The papers are to be prepared for transferring Ferndell to the Scrope and Favell children. Herbert is to get a lease as tenant of the mill; and in September we are to be married. A brief space it seems since his mother's death; but her wicked will has so unsettled him, that it cannot be wrong or disrespectful to make it as speedily as possible lose its evil influence; and as he, as it were, begins life afresh, the sooner he begins it the better. He resigns his seat in parliament. He is much commiserated by some, much blamed by others; but never, I pray God, shall either of us live to regret the step we are about to take.

June the twenty-ninth.—Cousin Henry has been over to see how we have settled at Burnbank. "Perfectly," I tell him; "we are quite at home again." Grannie looks remarkably cheerful and contented; and, when Henry talks about my wildness in giving up Ferndell to please Herbert Clay, she cuts him short with: "Well, Henry, it will only come to those who ought to have had it from the beginning." And when he persists that I lose my share, being one of the three heirs, she just bids him hold his tongue.

When we left Ferndell, Burton thought he could not come down to the "small doings" at Burnbank again; so he went up to town to get a better situation; and we have hired that beautiful Anty Craggs as our "odd man." His face is fatter and more freckled, and his hair is redder than ever; but he is a civil servant, and very careful in driving Grannie up and down the hills, which is the chief thing he has to do. Herbert comes down on Saturday evening, and stays with us over Sunday.

August the fifteenth.—Dr. Rayson has laid claim to his paramount right to marry—having baptised me; but as both Mr. Scrope and Hugh Cameron think they have, at least, an equal right, they are each to assist the other, and all be satisfied. They tell us it is only once in a life-time they can expect to perform the service for so romantic a pair, and they will not lose the opportunity. Herbert is very passive in the matter, for his hands are full of business. I want to get the papers signed that make over Ferndell to my cousins' children; but both Mr. Scrope and Cousin Henry insist that I shall not put pen to paper until the very morning of my marriage, just before we go to church, when it will be still time to change my mind, if I feel so disposed. Grannie and I have been to Stockbridge, to see my future home, now it is finished. I think it a gem of elegant simplicity. O, I shall be happy there! The day fixed for our marriage is the sixth of September. It is to be very quiet: only the Camerons, Scropes, Cousin Henry and his wife, and Clare, old Mrs. Lake, and Dr. Rayson are to be invited. This is Herbert's wish, and mine too. The school children at Ashby, Ferndell, Burnshead, and this place, are to have a tea-drinking on the occasion; that is all the lively rejoicing we intend. Lady Deering and Lady Singleton express the profoundest wonderment at Herbert Clay and myself; and Lady Mary Vernon vows she shall take us for the hero and heroine of her next book, for she is sure ours is a sweetly pretty story, and a very good plot.

My wedding-day. Come and almost gone! Ferndell belongs to the Scropes and Favells, and I belong to my own love, that is, true Herbert. I have nothing to write but that I am happy, happy, too happy for many words! I see before me the years of a life that will suffice my heart better, a thousand-fold better, than all the rank and money in the world. Herbert, who is watching me impatiently while I write, says it shall lack nothing he can give to make it blest; and I believe it. With him it can lack nothing; without him it lacks all. Now, let me sign myself by his name, and leave the rest of the page blank.

Eleanor Clay.

THE FIRST SACK OF DELHI.

In a wretched little tent, which was pitched near the fortress of Kelat, in the Persian province of Khorassan, a poor woman gave birth to a son who was named Nadir Kooli, or the slave of the Almighty, in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. The child's father earned his livelihood by making sheep-skin coats for the peasants, and Nadir was brought up as a shepherd until the age of thirteen, when his father died.

An ass and a camel were his only patrimony, and he kept his mother by gathering sticks in the woods and carrying them to market.

In seventeen hundred and four, a maraud-

ing band of Toorkmans carried himself and his mother away into slavery. The latter died, but young Nadir escaped after four years of servitude, and, having stolen a flock of sheep, fled into the mountains of Khorassau, and adopted the life of a robber. His reputation for daring and bravery soon spread abroad over the country. In seventeen hundred and fourteen, he received the command of a large force from the governor of his native province, with which he repulsed an invasion of the Toorkmans.

At this time Persia was groaning under the yoke of the conquering Affghans, and the rightful Shah was a fugitive in the mountains which border on the southern coast of the Caspian Sea.

The intrepid robber chief, then forty, offered his services to his unfortunate sovereign, and received the command of his armies. He now displayed most extraordinary ability, and, in two years, had conquered the Affghans in several hard fought battles, thus completely ridding Persia from foreign invasion. Shah Thamasp was restored to the throne, with the powerful Nadir as general of his armies. But the ambition of the robber could never rest satisfied with the position of a subject. In seventeen hundred and thirty-two he dethroned the Shah, and in seventeen hundred and thirty six he was proclaimed sovereign of Persia by a vast assemblage of chiefs on the plains of Mogan, near the shores of the Caspian.

This extraordinary man was rude and illiterate, but possessed a magical influence over the soldiers, and an intuitive instinct which seemed to point out to him the exact moment for action. He was six feet high, with round shoulders, and large expressive eyes fixed under a broad expanse of forehead. His voice was thundering, and a terrible battle axe was his favourite weapon.

Having defeated the Turks, and put down every attempt at revolt amongst the restless tribes of the mountains of Persia, Nadir Shah turned an eye of longing cupidity on the rich but now almost powerless Indian empire of the Great Mogul.

The empire of the Moguls in India which had been founded by the brave and learned Baber, most charming of autobiographers, had risen to the height of its splendour during the reign of Aurungzebe, who died in seventeen hundred and seven, and at the time of Nadir's rise was sunk to the lowest ebb of degradation. Mohammed Shah, the reigning Great Mogul, passed his time in sensual pleasures in the palace of Delhi, while the Mahratta tribes plundered his southern frontier, and the Sikhs and Rohillas assumed virtual independence in the north and west. One of the great omras, or lords, who enjoyed the title of Nizam ool Moolk (regulator of the state), governed the important province of the Deccan, while Devran Khan, the chief adviser of the Mogul, exposed his pusillanimous weakness by bribing the Mahrattas with large sums to desist from their incursions.

The rich and splendid city of Delhi, the centre of all this pitiable weakness, was founded by the Mogul Shah Jehan, in sixteen hundred and thirty one, on the west side of the river Jumna, in the midst of a fertile plain. The palace, surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, of reddish stone, is built along the banks of the river, with gardens planted with orange groves and apricot trees surrounding it. The Dewan i Khass, or hall of audience, was the chief pride of the palace, and an inscription proclaimed, "If there be an elysium on earth, it is this—this is it!" In its palmy days it contained the famous throne which stood on six legs of massy gold set with rubies, emeralds, and diamonds, while golden peacocks covered with precious stones and pearls formed its canopy. The ceiling of this superb hall consisted of satin canopies and the walls were hung with silken tapestries embroidered with gold. Here the Great Mogul, surrounded by omras in gorgeous dresses, gave audiences to governors and ambassadors. On these state occasions he was attired in white satin covered with gold embroidery, a turban of cloth of gold surmounted by the figure of a heron whose feet were covered with large diamonds, and a collar of enormous pearls.

The other chambers of the palace were no less magnificent, and the vaults were filled with countless treasure. The houses of the rich and luxurious omras beautified the two principal streets of the city, but the houses of the poorer classes were mean, and thatched with straw.

It can be no matter for wonder that these vast treasures were coveted by the victorious Nadir, and that the Great Mogul and his effeminate Court should have been suddenly startled, in the midst of their pleasures, by the news that a Persian army was on the frontier.

The detention of an ambassador gave a pretext for invasion. Having captured Candahar, Nadir invested the city of Cabul, which was bravely defended by a chief named Shereza Khan. But his applications for aid were neglected by the Court of Delhi, and, after a month's siege, Cabul was taken by storm, in June, seventeen hundred and thirty-eight. The Persian army then advanced through the narrow mountainous passes between Cabul and Peshawur, and Nadir succeeded in bribing the warlike Affghan tribes to remain neutral. He thus conducted his forces in safety through those dangerous defiles, and captured Peshawur. Having surmounted this difficulty, the invader led his army across the Indus at Attock, by means of two iron chains, to which inflated skins were made fast, and covered with planks, thus forming a bridge of boats.

The Court of the Mogul was at length

thoroughly alarmed. A vast army of two hundred thousand men, under the joint command of Devran Khan and Nizam-ool-Moolk (who hated each other most cordially), was collected outside the walls of the capital; and, having been joined by Mohammed Shah in person, with a splendid court, they advanced to the plain of Kurnaul, about sixty miles north of Delhi.

Having crossed the Indus, Nadir Shah rested his army for a few days at Lahore, and then advanced towards the plain of Kurnaul. In twenty-eight months he had marched eighteen hundred and fifty miles, and more.

At the same time the Mogul was reinforced by Saadit Khan, a powerful omra, with twenty thousand men · but the vast assemblage of Indians, without discipline, valour, or unanimity, had little chance against the veterans of Nadir.

The engagement commenced by a party of six thousand Kurds, who began to pillage the baggage of Saadit Khan's division, on the extreme right of the Indian army. Devran Khan led his men up to strengthen Saadit, and Nadir advancing at the same time with a thousand chosen horse, the action became warm; but the Indians, by the judicious arrangement of the Persian, were also attacked in flank, their brigade of elephants was routed by the clever contrivance of placing stages full of blazing tow on the backs of camels, and a panic seized their army. In the thick of the fight, Devran Khan was mortally wounded, and fell back senseless on his elephant.

Night put an end to the strife, but only a small portion of the Indian right wing had been engaged, and the Great Mogul was desirous of renewing the battle on the following day. But the cowardly or treacherous counsel of Nizam-ool-Moolk prevailed, and the Emperor of India submitted to the terms of the rude conqueror.

Mohammed Shah, the following day, was conducted to Nadir's tent by the Persian vizier Tahmasp Khan; where he was received with courtesy, but upbraided for having given the conqueror the trouble to march so far to chastise him. The Mogul listened with silence and shame, and the next day the melancholy march to Delhi commenced.

The Great Mogul was attended by twelve thousand Persians, followed by Nadir with the bulk of his army, and in six days the disgraced monarch found himself a prisoner in his own capital. On the following morning, Nadir Shah made his entry into the city, where every house was closed, and proceeded straight to the palace. Here the Indian lords, with true oriental servility, vied with each other in obsequious flattery of their new master. Saadit Khan, alone, preferred a dose of poison.

Next day, Tahmasp sent some Persian cavalry to open the granaries, which caused the assemblage of a mob, and several Persians were killed. Nadir issued out of the palace to suppress the tumult, but moderation only increased the insolence of the cowardly Indians; and at length the fierce warrior's wrath was kindled. He ordered the whole city to be given up to pillage and massacre, and, drawing his sword, stationed himself on the roof of a mosque with three gilded domes, near the centre of the city, whence he overlooked the work of destruction in grim and sullen silence. He had ordered that in any street where the dead body of a Persian was found, no soul should remain alive. Neither age nor sex was spared, rivers of blood flowed through the streets, and every house, from the palace to the hovel, was filled with mourning.

At length the wretched emperor threw himself at Nadir's feet and implored him to spare his people. The cruel conqueror answered that the Mogul's prayer was granted. He sheathed his sword, and the massacre ceased. It had lasted from eight a.m. to three p.m., and not less than one hundred and twenty thousand souls, or, according to another account, two hundred thousand, had perished; while many women had suffered most infamous treatment before they were relieved by death.

Next day—under threat of punishment—all persons were ordered to pursue their usual employments, and a festival celebrated the betrothal of Nadir's second son to a niece of the Great Mogul.

The etiquette of the Imperial Court required that the bridegroom should prove seven generations of noble ancestry. "Tell them," said Nadir, "that he is the son of Nadir, the son of the sword, the grandson of the sword, and so on for seventy—instead of seven—generations, if they like." The fallen monarch was satisfied with the nobility of this terrible pedigree.

Tahmasp Khan, the Persian vizier, was commissioned to inspect the collection of the treasure to be extorted from the court and people of Delhi. The contributions were exacted from high and low, with the utmost rigour; no cruelties were left unpractised; and at length an enormous sum was amassed. The jewels taken from the Mogul himself and his nobles, amounted to forty-two million five hundred thousand pounds; the famous peacock throne being alone valued at eleven million two hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Gold and silver plate, melted into large ingots, came to thirty-seven million five hundred thousand pounds; and other spoils, consisting of rich furniture, cannon, and warlike stores, brought the amount of the spoils up to the gigantic sum of eighty-seven million five hundred thousand pounds. Another account gives it at seventy million pounds; and the lowest estimate is considerably above thirty millions.

This wholesale spoliation gives some idea

of the splendour of the Court of Delhi, previous to the ruinous invasion of the Persians.

Before leaving Delhi, Nadir Shah replaced the crown on the head of the Great Mogul with his own hand, and gave him a long lecture on the government of India, concluding with these alarming words. "If necessary, I can be with you, myself, in forty days from Candahar. Never reckon me far off."

On the fourth of May, seventeen hundred and thirty-nine, the conqueror mustered his army in the gardens of Shalimar, on the north side of Delhi, with a vast train of camels, horses, and elephants laden with the spoils, and the following day he commenced his march towards Persia.

It is estimated that, besides the treasure taken away, the Indians lost thirty million pounds by damage done to houses burnt and fields laid waste. At least two hundred thousand human beings perished in this terrible visitation; forty thousand between Peshawur and Kurnaul, one hundred and ten thousand in the massacre, and fifty thousand by a famine caused by the ravages of the invaders.

It would have been well, for the fame of the once mighty family of Timour, if Mohammed Shah had fallen, sword in hand, at Kurnaul, instead of lingering on a disgraced existence in his ruined capital. His pitiable descendants sank lower and lower, first in the power of Affghans and Mahrattas, then as pensioners of the British government; and now the representative of the mighty Timour, the accomplished Shah Rokh, the brave and learned Baber, and the magnificent Aurungzebe, has become the miserable puppet of that gang of inhuman miscreants who await their doom in the city of Delhi.

Nadir Shah returned to Persia with his vast treasure, and deposited it in the castle of Kelat, close to the place of his birth, and Meshed, the capital of his native province of Khorassan, became his capital. But the robbery of the riches of Delhi proved a curse to him. From the time of his return, he became avaricious, and so unjust and cruel that his tyranny at length became intolerable.

In the year seventeen hundred and forty-seven, he encamped his army on the plains of Sultan Meydan, about a day's journey north-west of Meshed; where he meditated, with the assistance of his Unbeg and Toorkman forces, the massacre of all the Persians whose fidelity he suspected.

But the plot was overheard, and recoiled upon himself. At dead of night an officer named Saleh Beg passed the guard, and having discovered Nadir's tent, cut him with a sabre while asleep. The tyrant sprang up; but, in retiring from the tent, he tripped over the cords, and Saleh gave him a mortal wound.

"Spare me," he cried, "and I will forgive you all!"

The assassin answered:

"You have not shown any mercy, and therefore merit none."

His head was sent to his nephew Ali Kooli; but the courier lost it on the road, and, to screen his negligence, substituted that of some other man. The body was buried at Meshed, under a small tomb with a garden planted round it; but the founder of the present reigning dynasty of Persia, whose family had been persecuted by the mighty conqueror, desecrated his tomb, destroyed the garden, dug up his body, and placed his bones under the steps of the throne at Teheran, that all who passed might trample on them. Over his grave at Meshed some industrious peasant has planted a crop of turnips.

THE DEBTOR'S BEST FRIEND.

The philanthropist whom I have ventured to distinguish by this title, flourished at the beginning of the last century, and enrolled himself among the ranks of English authors by writing a book, which I purpose to examine briefly, with a view to the reader's edification on the subject of imprisonment for debt, as it was practised more than a century ago. The work is called "An Accurate Description of Newgate, with the rights, privileges, allowances, fees, dues, and customs thereof; together with a parallel between the Master Debtors' side of the said prison, and the several Sponging-houses in the County of Middlesex. Wherein are set forth the cheapness of living, civility, sobriety, tranquillity, liberty of conversation, and diversions of the former, and the expensive living, incivility, extortions, close confinement, and abuses of the latter. Together with a faithful account of the impositions of Bailiffs and their vile usage of all such unfortunate persons as fall into their hands. Written for the public good, by B. L., of Twickenham."

Under these mysterious initials does the Debtor's Best Friend, with the modesty of true merit, hide himself from discovery by a grateful public. In the first pages of his work he apologises for the lively sympathy with insolvent humanity which induced him to turn author, in these terms:—"I am not insensible that many persons who perfectly know me will be not a little surprised to see my first public appearance in a treatise of this kind, which is so infinitely foreign from those eminent parts of Mathematics and Philosophy in which, for many years past, I have been familiarly conversant." Here, then, is a profound mathematician and philosopher, perfectly acquainted (as we shall soon see) with the insides of sponging houses and the habits of bailiffs; resident (when at large) in the delightful seclusion of Twickenham, at the commencement of the last century; and publicly willing to acknowledge that his initials are B. L. A more interesting subject of literary investigation than an inquiry after

the name of this illustrious and anonymous man, it is hardly possible to conceive. When learned and eminent antiquarians have settled the question whether Shakspeare's Plays were written by Shakspeare, and when they have also found out, for positively the last time, who Junius actually was, will they be so obliging as to grapple with the mystery of B. L.? The writer of these lines abandons the new voyage of literary discovery to their superior spirit of enterprise; and, abstaining from any further digression about the anonymous author of Twickenham, returns to the work which B. L. has left behind him, and to that special part of it which is devoted to the parallel between the Sponging-houses of Middlesex, and the Debtors' side of Newgate Prison, in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-four.

Will the reader—the gentle and solvent reader—be so good as to imagine that he was alive a century and a quarter ago, and that he was arrested for debt? Perhaps the favour is too great to ask; perhaps the suggestion may give offence. It will be fitter and better if the writer places himself, purely for the sake of illustrating the parallel of B. L., in a position of supposititious insolvency, and breaks down under pressure of his tradesman's bills, in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-four. Very good. I wear, let us say, a long wig and a short sword; broad coat-skirts spread out with buckram; little breeches, hidden at the top by the ends of my waistcoat, and at the bottom by my long stockings, pulled up over my knees. I have had, 'fore Gad, sir! a wild night of it,—have got drunk, bullied citizens, frightened their wives, beaten the watch, and reeled home to bed with my sword broken and half my embroidery scratched off my coat-cuffs. After a heavy sleep, I am just cooling my fevered tongue with a morning draught of small beer, when, plague take it! who should come in on the heels of my little black page bearing my Indian dressing-gown, but the bailiff with my arrest-warrant. Resistance is hopeless. I use the necessary imprecations. The bailiff gives me the necessary tap on the shoulder, and asks where I will go—to Newgate or to the sponging-house? The treatise of B. L. has unhappily not attracted my attention. I am unacquainted with the important truth, divulged for my benefit by the Debtor's Best Friend, that Newgate offers me, with the one trifling exception of liberty, all the charms of home on the most moderate terms. The very name of the famous prison terrifies me. I weakly imagine that the sponging-house is more genteel, more luxurious, more fit, in every way, for a man of my condition; and to the sponging-house I declare that I will go.

On the way to our destination, the bailiff (B. L. calls him a Crocodile, among other hard names) insists on stopping at a tavern, under pretence of waiting to see if I can procure bail. Here, the Crocodile and his followers (called Swine by B. L.) "plentifully swig and carouse" (vide Treatise) at my expense. When I have paid the whole reckoning, no matter whether I have taken any drink myself or not, I am politely carried on to the sponging-house, and am told, all the way, what a horrible place Newgate is, and how grateful I ought to be to my kind Crocodiles and Swine for saving me from incarceration in the county gaol. Arrived at the sponging-house, I am received with the greatest civility; and my dear friend, the bailiff (without troubling me with any previous consultation on the subject) orders, at my expense, a bottle of wine and half-a-dozen roast fowls. This banquet prepared, he and all his crocodile family, together with the whole herd of unconscionable swine in attendance on them, sit down to table, leaving me the lowest and worst place, cutting, carving, raking, tearing the fowls in the most unmannerly way, helping everybody before me, absorbing wings, breasts, merrythoughts and thighs, and leaving nothing to my share but the drumsticks and the bones. When the wine is all drunk, and the fowls are all eaten, the head of the crocodiles winks at the head of the swine, and each declares that he has got the colic. The families on either side catch the infection of that distressing malady immediately, and brandy is called for (medicinally), and again at my expense. After the sharp pangs of colic have been sufficiently assuaged, the table is cleared. Pipes, tobacco, and a bowl of punch (price half-a-guinea in the sponging-house; price three and sixpence out of doors) are ordered by the company for themselves, in my name. While my free guests are drinking, I, their prisoner-host, am called on to amuse them by telling the story of my misfortunes. When the bowl is empty, I am carried off to my own room, and am visited there, shortly after, on private business, by the head crocodile, with his pipe in his mouth. His present object is to inform me that my paying the bill for the wine, fowls, brandy, pipes, tobacco, and punch, has not by any means freed me from my obligations to his kindness, and that I must positively go to Newgate at once, unless I settle forthwith what I am going to pay him in the way of Civility-money. My doctor has a fee for giving me physic; why should my bailiff not have a fee for treating me kindly? He declines to mention any precise amount, but he laughs in my face if I offer less than a guinea, and I may consider myself very lucky if he does not take from me three times that sum. If I submit to this extortion, and if I am sufficiently liberal afterwards in the matter of brandy, I am treated with a certain consideration. If I object to be swindled, I am locked up in one small filthy room; am left without attendance, whenever I happen to knock or call, by the hour together; am denied every necessary of

life; am "scoffed and snapped at, and used, in short, with a great deal of ill manners."

My Civility-money being paid, I am charged two shillings for my first night's lodging. (The reader will be good enough to remember, whenever money is spoken of, that the value of a shilling, a century and a quarter ago, was a very different thing from the value of a shilling at the present day.) For every night's lodging afterwards I am charged one shilling, and for my firing one shilling also per diem. This is about six times the real value of the latter article of convenience; and yet, forgetful of the large profit he gets out of me, my excellent friend, the bailiff (B. L., after calling him a Crocodile for five pages, varies the epithet at the sixth, and speaks of him as a Cannibal), comes in at eight o'clock every night and puts out my fire and extinguishes my candle, whether I am ready to go to bed at that early hour or not. Finally, when I retire for the night, it is more than probable that I shall find I have to share my bed with one—sometimes, even, with two—of my fellow-debtors; the cannibal's only object being to prey, to the utmost possible extent, upon his prisoners' purses, and to give them as little comfort and convenience in return as he possibly can.

At breakfast, the next morning, I pay four times as much as I ought for my tea, coffee, or chocolate. I am charged a shilling for bread, cheese, or butter. The regular contract price for my dinner is two shillings, or three shillings, or as much more as will include the expense of the cannibal-bailiff's meal along with mine. If he has a wife and daughters I pay more, because the tea and sugar for the ladies becomes, in that case, a necessary part of my bill. If I complain, dreadful threats of calling a coach and taking me to Newgate forthwith, silence me in a moment. I must object to nothing—not even to the quality of the liquors of which I consume such large quantities by deputy. Though the brandy is "a composition of diverse spirituous liquids," though "the Geneva is fourpence per quartern, and short in measure," though "the wine is horrid base," I must still pay hugely for all, and be particularly careful, on every occasion, to hold my tongue. If I want to vent my repressed feelings in a letter to a friend, I must first beg and pray for liberty to compose that document, and must then pay double price to the messenger who takes it to its address. If I only give him a penny to put it into the post-office, he indignantly puts it into the fire instead. Even when I fee him liberally he, or some other among the swine, crocodiles, and cannibals of the establishment, opens my letter and reads it, and declines to deliver it if there is anything that he happens to dislike, or to consider as personally offensive in the contents. He takes a precisely similar liberty with any letters which my friends send to me, unless they are wise enough to have them delivered straight into my own hands. Last and sorest aggravation of all, I am charged half-a-crown a day for the luxury of having a bailiff's follower to lock me up in my room, with a shilling a day extra for the victuals which the monster eats.

Against this exposure of the cruelty and extortion of a sponging-house, the Debtor's Best Friend sets the companion-picture of the hospitality, the economy, and the happiness of Newgate; earnestly and affectionately entreating all his embarrassed fellow-creatures to flock to that delightful prison for the future, whenever they are arrested by their unfeeling creditors. How different are the events, how varied is the scene on the new stage! I am arrested, we will say, again—or, no, let the reader take his turn now, for the writer has surely suffered enough in the sponging-house to justify him in resuming, at this point of the narrative, his natural character of a solvent man. With your kind permission, therefore, you, reader, are arrested, this time. You have read the inestimable Treatise of B. L. Thanks to the warning of that philanthropic man, you are too sharp to be deceived as I have been; and when the bailiff taps you on the shoulder, and asks you where you will go, you answer with a promptness that confounds the fellow: "Crocodile! to Newgate. Cannibal! to my happy home in my county gaol." You are taken to the Lodge at Newgate, informing the inferior swine all the way that not one of them will get half-a-crown a day for keeping you. The Turnkey advances to meet you, with friendly sympathy beaming in every line of his respectable and attractive face. You pay him six shillings and sixpence, which is all the Civility-money *he* expects from you. You pass on to your Ward, and pay ten and sixpence more to the Steward—generally selected from among the ranks of the most charming and accomplished men of the age in which he lives. Out of this sum he distributes two shillings among the Prisoners of your Ward—who love you as their brother in return. The remaining eight and sixpence goes into the pocket of the steward, and for that small sum he supplies you with good fires, candles, salt, and brooms, during the whole time of your imprisonment, no matter how long it may be. Compare this with the sponging-house, where I paid a shilling a day for my fire and candle, and was left in the dark every evening at eight o'clock!

As for your meals in Newgate, it is a luxury only to think of them. You mess sociably with the prisoners of your Ward who have had your two shillings divided among them, and who love you like a brother in return. You have an excellent dinner of roast or boiled; you pay fourpence or, at most, sixpence for it; and you order what you like to drink and are not required to pay for a drop more than

you have actually consumed. When your free and solvent friends from outside come to pay you a visit, they are allowed access to you from eight in the morning till nine at night, you are at perfect liberty to talk to them as long as you please, and need have no fear that any prison authority will be mean enough to listen outside your door. When I was in the sponging-house, and when my friends came to see me, a crocodile with his ear at the key-hole was part of the necessary furniture of the establishment. Oh, the happiness of being in Newgate! you remember how my letters were treated by the swine of the sponging-house! Your letters are carried for you with the swiftest despatch by the safest of special messengers for any small gratuity you please to offer. Oh, the privilege of inhabiting one's county gaol! Can words describe your life of comfort and economy as contrasted with my wretched existence of squalor and expense? No, words cannot describe it; but the superior eloquence of figures may compass the achievement. Let us, to complete the parallel, examine and compare (under the authority of B. L.) the respective daily bills that you and I have to pay—I for staying four and twenty hours in a sponging-house; you, for staying four and twenty hours in the Debtors' side of Newgate prison.

This is the Bill paid by the insolvent author to the Cannibal of a Sponging-House in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-four, for one night's lodging and one day's expense:

	£	s.	d.
For my night's lodging	0	2	0
For my breakfast	0	1	0
For one quart of drink at my breakfast, of which I did not swallow one drop	0	0	4
For half-a-pint of brandy, which likewise never approached my lips	0	1	1
For my dinner	0	2	0
For my drink at dinner: one glass to me, and all the rest to the bailiff	0	2	0
Brandy after dinner, half-a-pint: entirely used in assuaging the bailiff's colic	0	1	4
Tobacco and pipes: to quiet the bailiff's nerves after he had recovered from the colic	0	1	0
My keeper's dinner (and a much better one than mine)	0	1	0
My keeper's day's attendance on me	0	2	6
My supper	0	1	0
My drink at supper	0	0	8
Brandy at supper: for the keeper's colic	0	1	4
My total	0	17	6

This is the Bill paid by the insolvent reader to the paternal authorities of Newgate, in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-four, for one night's lodging and one day's expense:

	£	s.	d.
For your night's lodging	0	0	3½
For your breakfast	0	0	3½
For your dinner	0	0	6
For your supper	0	0	4
For your drink, all day, allowing you three quarts of beer, and remembering that none of your keepers are officially attacked with colic	0	0	9
Your total	0	2	3

From this comparison of bills it appears that you save (in the year seventeen hundred and twenty-four) fifteen shillings and three-pence a day by going straight to Newgate instead of going into a sponging-house. Having carried his parallel safely forward to this striking and unanswerable result, B. L. wisely leaves his facts and figures to speak for themselves, and closes that part of his Treatise which has established his claim to the honorable title of The Debtor's Best Friend. It would be a curious subject for investigation to ascertain how far the parallel instituted by B. L. might hold good in the present day. The author can only excuse himself for not making the inquiry, by confessing, to his shame, that he has not public spirit enough to qualify himself for properly collecting the necessary facts, by becoming a debtor, and entering a sponging-house. He is as anxious, in his way, as the anonymous "B. L., of Twickenham" to promote "the public good," but his patriotism has its limits, and he finds that bailiffs and turnkeys stand at some distance on the outer side of his mental boundary-line. Having confessed his weakness in these plain terms, he will ask permission to abandon the topic of imprisonment for debt, content with having given the reader some idea of the abuses of sponging-houses and the merits of county gaols in the last century, and perfectly willing to resign the honour of discussing the subject in its modern bearings, to any other gentleman who can speak from that superior position of practical experience to which he most devoutly hopes that he himself may never attain.

THOR AND THE GIANTS.

A PORTION of the Edda, or chief religious book of the Pagan Scandinavians, is engrossed by the adventures on earth of the God Thor, the Thunderer, who seems to combine some of the attributes of the Greek Jupiter and Hercules. Like the former, he was the mightiest of the Gods, at least in the estimation of some of the northern nations, though others regarded Odin as the chief,—like the latter, he went about from land to land performing extraordinary feats of valour and clearing the world of evil things. There was something of a celestial prize-fighter character about him, as there was about the per-

former of the Twelve Labours; but he was revered by the old Scandinavians as a divine embodiment of strength and courage working towards noble ends. Worshipped, ages ago, as a heavenly being veritably existing in some far-off Paradise, he has now passed into the region of phantoms and dead faiths; but he has left his mark on Europe. We call a day of the week after him to this moment, and scholars write books to explain his worship and his attributes.

One of the most striking stories related of him in the Edda, is that which refers to his adventures in the Land of the Giants. It appears to have been the origin of all the northern fairy-tales in which portentously big men are introduced; and one of its incidents manifestly suggested a trick played by our old friend Jack the Giant-Killer on his treacherous host, the Welsh monster—a trick which, in the days of long ago, used to excite in us a mingled feeling of apprehension and merriment. Giants are very common in Scandinavian fable and mythology. The first inhabitants of the world, according to the Edda, were giants, the chief of whom —Ymir—was slain by Odin and the other sons of Bör, who converted his body into the earth, his blood into the sea, his bones into mountains, his teeth into rocks, his hair into trees, his skull into the heavens, and his brains into clouds. At the same time, all the other giants were destroyed, excepting one, from whom we may imagine proceeded those Titanic anomalies which, in subsequent ages, lurked in caverns and lonely places until exterminated by the knights errant and other heroes of mediæval romance.

Our present purpose, however, is not to discourse about these matters, but to recite the story of Thor and the giants.

It happened, in the early ages of the world, that the God Thor and his two male companions, Thialfi and Loki, and his female companion, Raska, were wandering about from place to place in search of adventures. One day, after they had been walking many miles, they found themselves, about night-fall, in a great open country which seemed all waste, and silent, and solitary. However, after much wandering, they lit upon a vast empty house, and entering the gate (which was of so prodigious a size that it occupied one whole side of the building), slept there soundly for a time. But, in the middle of the night, there came upon them a sound of roaring, as when the sea-waves wrestle with the winds on the wild northern shores. And the walls of the house were violently shaken therewith, and the earth quaked beneath them, and the caverns in some mountains nigh at hand gave back the sound in a very strange and ghostly fashion. So Thor's three companions crept into a side chamber for safety; but Thor caught up his heavy mallet (wherewith he had slain many great giants and wild beasts, and other strange creatures), and stood at the entry until the noise ceased, and the echoes sickened and died among the mountains. After this the four companions slept quietly until morning.

Now, when the light began to dawn, Thor walked out, and lo! he saw, coming towards him, a giant very grim and terrible, whose height and breadth were marvellous to behold. And Thor said to this giant (whose snoring during the night was what they had heard), "What is thy name?" The giant told him his name was Skrymir. "But," he added, "I need not ask thy name, for I know thou art the God Thor." He then asked Thor if he had seen his glove lying about. Thor said he had not; but, anon, the giant stretched forth his hand, and took up the house wherein they had been sleeping, as any ordinary man might a bird-cage; and then Thor perceived that that was the giant's glove, and not a mansion, as he had supposed; and that the side chamber in which his companions had taken refuge was the thumb. But, presently, agreeing that they would all join company, Thor threw his wallet over his shoulder, and they set out. They passed through many strange countries, and over great rugged mountains, and across valleys, and through black forests of oak and pine trees, where the wild creatures leapt up from their lairs and secret dwellings, and fled before them like gusts of wind. But every place was solitary and deserted, as far as human creatures were concerned; and the land appeared as if it slept under enchantment, and the silence that drooped heavily over all things seemed to sing and whisper in their ears.

And so they marched all day till night came round again, and they found themselves in a deep forest: wherefore, and because of the darkness, they laid them down beneath the trees, and rested. Presently, Thor essayed to undo his wallet, but could not; and, being enraged at the giant (whom he accused in his mind of having tampered with the knots), he seized his mallet, and launched it at Skrymir's head. But Skrymir only turned in his sleep, and asked, "What leaf has fallen on me?" Then Thor, answering nothing, went beneath an oak tree, and tried to sleep; and his three companions also retired under the shelter of overhanging branches, and fell straightway into deep repose. But sleep came not to the weary eyelids of Thor; for the snoring of the giant, as on the previous night, made such gusty clamours up and down the dark avenues of the wood, that it was as if a tempest had hurtled round the place. And Thor lay listening to the horrible riot, and the no less horrible echoes, that leapt up barking from the black distances, as if the hell-wolf Fenrir were there with a thousand throats; and anon his heart swelled within him with the greatness of his wrath, and he wished that Skrymir were in the

lowest pit of Niflheim (abode of anguish). And in the midst of his wrath he rose, and, high blind with passion, dashed his mallet into the giant's skull, insomuch that it sank up to the handle. But Skrymir only turned as before, and cried, "What grain of dust has fallen on my head?" Whereupon, Thor, being utterly astounded, went back beneath the oak, and, watching the giant till he was asleep again, essayed once more to crush his skull to dust. Grasping his mallet with both hands till the knuckles became white,* he launched the weapon at Skrymir's head, as if it had been a thunderbolt out of Valhalla; but the giant only rose to his feet, and called out, "The feather of some small bird has dropt upon my cheek." Then, perceiving it was day, he forbore to lie down again, and, telling Thor and his three companions that they were not far from the city of Utgard, he gave them a few words of advice. "If you think of going thither," he said, "I would recommend you not to be too forward or self-confident, for the followers of Utgard Loki are all giants like myself, and will not brook the insolence of little fellows like you. Your way to the city lies eastward; for myself, my road is to the north, beyond those rocks in the far distance." And, bidding them farewell, he vanished away into the thickest part of the wood.

Now, as soon as he was gone, the four companions went their way, and came at last, about noon, to a wide plain, in the middle whereof they beheld the city of which the giant had spoken, with many fair towers and palaces, and all shut in with a wall and a great gate. And, when they came to the gate, they crept between the bars (which were very wide apart), and, entering the city, beheld dwellings that were like the cliffs of the Northern Sea for height and massiveness, and men whose heads were exalted like the roofs of temples, and children that were bigger than the men of other lands. Then Thor and his followers went into the king's palace, and saluted the king, who regarded them with a scornful smile, and said to his courtiers, "That stripling there must be Thor." Turning to the god, he asked, "What feats can you and your male friends perform? for we allow no one to stay here who cannot surpass all men in prowess." Then Loki said he could eat faster than any one, and Thialfi said he could vanquish the whole world in running. But, upon being put to the trial, they were both defeated; for the adversary of Loki, who was called Logi, consumed not merely the flesh that was set before them, but the bones too, which Loki could in no wise compass; and Thialfi could not at all keep pace with a young man named Hugi, against whom he was matched.

Then the king commanded Thor to give him some proof of those great powers for which he was renowned among all the nations of the earth. So Thor replied that he would drink with any man in that company. Whereupon, the cupbearer, filling a large horn to the brim, gave it to Thor; and the king commanded him to empty it at a draught. Then Thor raised it to his mouth, and drank long and mightily, even such a draught as the sons of Bor might have taken after the great labour of fashioning the heavens and the earth from the body of Ymir; but, when he had done, he seemed scarcely to have drunken a single drop. At this, the king taunted him, and bade him try again, and do better; and he drank till his breath failed him and his ribs ached. Yet still the liquor was scarcely diminished, and wonder and wrath strove within him for the mastery, and his face was a battle-field of passions.

"Why, how now, Thor?" cried the king, his visage wrinkling with laughter as he spoke. "Thou mayst be a mighty man among the gods; but thou art a small man here. Yet try once more ere thou quite despairest." And Thor clutched again at the cup, and drank till his sides collapsed with the vehement in drawing of his breath; but, as the liquor still seemed near the top, he resolved to give up the attempt. So all the courtiers declared that he was worsted.

"You shall next try to lift my cat from the ground," said the king; and, as he spoke, a great black cat came leaping into the hall. Then Thor advanced scornfully towards the cat, thinking to lift her with a single hand; but, though he strained all his sinews, he could only raise one paw. So he was again declared to be vanquished; and his choler was roused mightily, and his face grew white with rage. But, seeing all the people laughing at him, he spoke out, and said, "Let me see who will wrestle with me in my wrath." And the king answered, "Thou art so poor a hand in all feats of strength and skill that none of my men would condescend to wrestle with thee; but let some one bring hither my nurse, Hela. The old crone will do well enough to encounter the god Thor." And there entered into the hall a haggard old woman, and she was as thin as any leaf in autumn tide, and her head was a skull, very ghastly and amazing to look at. Thor wrestled with her valiantly and long; but at last the old woman brought him upon one knee. So Thor was once more branded with defeat; and he gnawed his lips with vexation.

However, they all supped richly together, and next day the king took his guests beyond the gates, and said to Thor, "You are indeed a mighty one; for, ever since you met with me, you have been under enchantment. But I must now make all things plain unto you. Know, then, first of all, that I am the giant Skrymir whom you met in the desert, where, by the secret power of my spells, I fastened your wallet with a magic chain, so that the knot thereof was impossible to be untied. Secondly, when, in the forest, you thought

* This fine and truly vital image occurs in the Edda.

you [illegible] me with your mallet, you did in truth [illegible] smite a great rock which lieth thereabout, but which you could not perceive, because of the enchantment I had put upon you; and, when you pass that way again, you will behold three narrow valleys in the rock, which were caused by the blows of your mallet. So with your companions in their trials of skill in my palace. It was no wonder that Loki could not vanquish Logi, or that Thialfi should have been beaten by Hugi; for both the victors were spirits. Logi was a Devouring Flame, Hugi was Thought. As for yourself, the horn which you essayed to empty reached at one end even to the great main of waters itself; and, when you next go by the sea-side, you will see that the ocean is marvellously diminished. The cat whose paw you lifted from the ground was no cat, but the great Midgard Serpent, which encompasseth all this earth.* Strong was our terror when we saw you drag that old snake so high towards heaven that scarcely could he maintain his coils about the world. Lastly, it was truly amazing that the haggard woman could only bring you upon one knee; for know, O son of the gods! it was Death you wrestled with."†

Then Thor marvelled greatly, and wrath was strong within him, and he poised his mallet with a view to launching it at the head of the king, but the giant and the city had vanished, and nothing was about but a great solitude, and the grass grew rank and wild all round.

And so the four companies went silently on their way, thinking of many things.

WASTDALE HEAD.

Wet-footed, weary, and with a mountain appetite, we, a Reading party of four, arrived at Wastdale from the sea-coast, after midnight, and were directed to the little farmhouse by its whiteness, and not by candle gleam. The good folks are not fashionable in those parts, and had all gone to bed.

"Wow, wow, wow, wow!" cried the sheep-dog very shrilly, and adding something to himself against us in his throat, which we could not quite catch. "Wow, wow, wow, wow!" bayed the deep-mouthed hound, who is fox-hunter, hare-hunter, and vermin-killer, all in one, amongst the Cumberland fells. But neither of these woke their master. When we knocked at the door, however, a female servant opened one of those hinged panes which still do duty in the lake country for window sashes, and inquired what was our "Wull?"

"Beds," demanded the Reading party, with one voice. "Beds, and a supper; we hope the house isn't full."

"There is but one bed, sirs," replied the maiden, pityingly.

"We hope it's a Bed of Ware!" ejaculated the party, piously.

"I dinna ken," rejoined she; "'tis a mattrass bed, and holds, may be, two; but I'll wake the mistress."

Good William Ritson of Wastdale Head and his wife are the last two persons in the world to make difficulties or to be put out of temper. They both got up immediately, and, by their help and the maiden's, a fire was kindled and bacon and eggs were on the table in the pleasant eating-room beside the kitchen in an inconceivably short time. As for beer and spirits, such accommodation we well knew could not be there supplied, and we had alleviated that misfortune by bringing some with us from the inn at the foot of Wastwater, besides which the milk was divine. Then, for sleeping, there were two beds after all; and university men who will pedestrianise in out-of-the-way valleys after midnight must be content with indifferent lodging. Some visitors were to leave in the morning; so, for the next night, the temptation of a bed apiece was offered to us. If acres of down, however, had been spread upon this occasion for our especial use, none of us could possibly have slept sounder, nor—some of us—longer.

I declare I was down-stairs the first, and had the first view of what is, without question, the finest valley in England. The highest mountains which we boast of are all clustered about its head, which forms the centre knot of the great mesh-work of the northern fells. Scawfell Pike, three thousand one hundred and sixty feet, is of course the loftiest; but its giant companions, Yewbarrow, Kirkfell, and the Pillar, are very little short of it; while all of them are invested with a certain savage grandeur denied to most English hills from their descending sheer, almost perpendicularly, into the valley, and being composed entirely of crags without any turf. Great Gable, however, is an exception to this; one side of its huge pyramid being an enormous steep of grass-land, looking very tempting and even easy to the climber—until he begins to climb. The lake is dark and terrible enough, and its far-famed rainbow-coloured screes are very bad, although not impossible walking; but the view is flat in that direction, and very inferior to that up Wastdale Head. This valley has the appearance of a complete cul-de-sac from the enormous height of its passes; and, in truth, we were so happy in it, that we should have scarcely cared had there been no way out of it. The pass to Ennerdale—not that of Black Sail, which is Piccadilly compared to it, but the Dalesmen's Pass—looks just like two or three thousand feet of wall. After the trout was eaten—which is caught

* This serpent, according to the ancient Scandinavian belief, is to remain clasped round the world until the last day, when Thor is to bruise his head.

† In a translation of the Edda now before the writer, the crone is called Elli, or Old Age; but in another version of the story she is described as Hela, or Death. This is the more striking idea, and is therefore here adopted.

in greater numbers here, perhaps, than anywhere in the north country—and the eggs and bacon (again), and the oat-cake, and the excellent honey, we started to spend our day in Wastdale.

The hamlet, consisting of five houses, is six miles from the little village of Strands, and about three times that distance, even across the fells, from anything like a town; but it is not behindhand in civilisation. There is a church—less, surely, than any church save those upon mantel-pieces, with a slit in the roof for missionary coppers—and a school-house smaller still. William Ritson, who has much natural cleverness, and a simple honesty such as no education can bestow, laments that he is no "scholard" himself, allowing that he should not get on very well without his gude wife's larning; but the next generation is erudite enough. Upon seeing an apparition afar off, of a person in a black coat—a rare bird in such a place, and like unto a black swan—we asked of a native what it might mean. "Yon's priest!" was the reply; that old designation still clinging to the clergy in these out-of-the-way fell parishes.

It was not the first visit of two of our party to Wastdale, so we took our way towards Pease Gill, under Scawfell Pike, without any hesitation. The guide-books of the lake district place the highest waterfall upon Buttermere, and call it one hundred and sixty feet; but it is plain that their authors never saw Greta Forces; they fall down from those roofless, rocky grandeurs yonder, which bold Professor Wilson calls "the devil's suite of show apartments in Scawfell," that really (now he has mentioned it) have very much an appearance of that kind, and there were six gentlemen ushers of his—ravens—in his outer chambers during the whole of our visit.

"Now, don't—don't be a fool!" cried the rest of us, while Hotspur would come down the shelving tongue which separates these two roaring ghylls that take their dreadful leaps upon either hand. I, for my part, could not look at him; he never could get over that neck of land where it narrows between the abysms, I felt sure, slippery as it was with recent rains, and affording only one huge stone for a certain footing. He was nearing it, I knew, from my friends' silence. Presently a sharp cry arose, and the sound of a heavy body falling, striking as it fell against the rocks, and so into the torrent. My knees were loosened, my brain whirled round and round, and I felt positively sick with horror.

"Jim-a-long-a-Josey!" hollaed Hotspur, from a place of safety, and by way of encouragement to the bounding stone. He had but just touched this reliable-looking monster with his foot when it served him that trick, and he had had to creep down backwards upon hands and knees over the difficult spot. However, this incident suggested to us one of the most glorious pleasures which [illegible] experienced; an enjoyment which [illegible] the metropolis of the world could have afforded us, and, indeed, few places in England so well as Wastdale Head. Passing on to Pease Gill, close by where the ravine is [illegible] hundred feet sheer, and the torrent fills up the gully under a huge natural archway, we took up our station a long distance up the steep side leading to the chasm, and using indiscriminately our sticks and legs for screws, loosened the mightiest stones from their moist beds, and set them rolling. It was hard work enough with the very large ones, it is true; but what a rich repayment! The huge mass set on end first revolves slowly, then faster, then faster, then bounds, then leaps like a very antelope, leaps higher and broader, setting this and that boulder, almost as large as itself, in motion likewise, leading a great army of boulders, bounding and splitting, to the very edge of the precipice, then springing right out into space—and hark!—perhaps crashing on some unseen projection, and rending the very fibres of the rock, or falling, after a long silence, plomb into the centre of the abysm—into the depths of the mountain-stream.

At first we were too drunk with the new wine to proceed scientifically; it was grand enough to deafen ourselves with the sullen echoes which we forced out of grey Scawfell, to listen to that solemnest of sounds, the "noise of rocks thrown down" a steep place into the void; but presently we went about the matter more designedly; we began to calculate to a tolerable nicety what road these terrible fellows would travel, what track they would lay bare and ruinous upon their pitiless way, and the sight of the destruction which they wrought at random set us upon more ravage and better planned; upon the verge of the precipices were many trees of various hardy kinds, but chiefly mountain ashes, growing out, some quite horizontally, some at an inclination with their tops, and part of their trunks exposed to us; we directed our natural artillery for the especial destruction of these beautiful gifts of nature, the only peaceful features of the rugged scene; of one at a time of course, and I am ashamed to say that we killed two of them upon the spot, and left a third in an almost hopeless condition. It took a very long time, however, to accomplish this; the missiles sometimes missed their mark altogether, or sheared a branch or two off, as though they had been cut with a knife, or leapt right over the very tree-top with too high a range; or, using up all our shot and shell in that particular battery, we had often to bring our material from a distance, and with the greatest labour; but we enjoyed ourselves at it most thoroughly, nor can I imagine a more poetical and fitting means of defending one's native land than these similar weapons which the Tyrolese provided for their Austrian invaders.

"[illegible] there were a few Austrians in [illegible] to-day," cried one of us.

"I should rather prefer Russians," said another.

"If I could be sure of the right men," quoth Hotspur, setting, with his foot, half a hill in motion as he spoke, "I should like it to be choke full of Delhi Sepoys."

But, for my part, I thought killing the mountain ashes was bad enough. It gave us a tremendous appetite for the trout and fowls, and broiled ham and eggs (again), when we got home (home is just the word for that clean and pleasant farmhouse, with all its handsome inmates anxious to do their best to please); and after dinner, before the sports began, which take place in Wastdale upon most evenings, I felt inclined to sit a little with a cigar and read.

The things most wanted here, however, where it sometimes rains, are books, nor did I chance to find one, with the exception of a Shepherd's Guide. This is a large, pictorial work, and promises very well upon first appearance, but from every wood-cut having the same subject—a sheep—and all the letter-press treating solely of the different marks by which the ownership of stray wanderers may be discovered, the volume is on the whole monotonous. To an unpastoral student, indeed, its information is even unintelligible. "Twinters are generally redded," says the Guide, but how am I to know that this means that two-year-olds have a red mark across them, or how should I recognise these nice distinctions if I met with a stray mutton in my field, "cropped near ear, upper key bitted far, a pop on the head, and another at the tail head, ritted, and with two red strokes down both shoulders" Putting this work aside I, therefore, asked for the Visitors' Book, which is, of course, kept everywhere in the Lake District I wanted it chiefly for its poetry, having recently committed to memory a pleasing stanza (forming the whole poem), written at the Swan Inn at Grasmere, and hoping to find something similar by the same author; the lines ran thus:

"Where lake and mountain lay in sweet unite,
And Terra yields to many a spreading tear,
Where fleecy clouds adorn each swelling height,
And form the neighbourhood we call Grasmere."

Besides this particular expectation, I confess I like dipping into a Visitors' Book. One reads in it the name, perhaps, of some dear friend, and the knowledge that he too has enjoyed the scenes in which we are delighting is very pleasant: or our own name, perhaps, occurs in it written years and years ago under different circumstances, when we were younger, but not blyther either, which is a consoling reflection, and even if our condition is changed for the worse, the memory of the days that are no more, though sad, is always sweet.

There is not a great deal of poetry in the Wasdale volume, not even of those huge extracts from the Excursion, which embellish most of these books in Lakeland, and of the original verses I am afraid these are the best:

"The vehicles here are rather scarce,
There is not even a one-horse hearse;
But Willy Ritson's a merry old chap,
And knows all the country without a map."

One does not at first see how the want of conveyances can be made up in any way by the goodnature of our good landlord, but upon looking further into the book, the couplets seem to have some connection too.

"James S., John S., and Miss J. were conveyed over Sty Head Pass by an experienced guide," they write; a statement which certainly speaks very highly for the robust character of the north country dalesmen. Some other persons give us to understand that they are "upon a pedestrian tour, and have become a little tired." Upon which a critic appends this note—"We advise these people to read Walkings Dictionary." One peculiarity of all writers in Visitors' Books is, that they tell us where they were yesterday, and where they are going to-morrow, with the most elaborate distinctness, as though they were playing some game of Follow-my-Leader with the universal tourist. It is extremely rare to find so undetailed a statement of a gentleman's movements as the following:

"Mr. R, upon his return after a protracted tour to the Hampshire Lowlands." Whereupon the censor who always haunts works of this kind inquires pertinently, "where are the Hampshire Highlands?" This gentleman has all the severity, if not the acuteness, of a Croker. At the conclusion of some lines beginning—

"Oh, happy day that fix'd our choice
To come and see this beautiful place,"

he writes, "Extract from Shakspeare, Milton, or some other swell, we suppose." Where a learned tourist has chosen to sign his name in Hebrew or in Arabic, he notes, "This man is a snob for his pains;" and thereupon a second critic, more satirical still, rejoins, "Don't be jealous, you snob." Here again, where W. and N inform us that they "walked over from Keswick, cum equus, were much pleased with the scenery and the lamb chops; and washed in the stream behind the house." Number One remarks, "Bad Latin," as information to the illiterate; but upon the whole he prefers to confine himself to writing the words "Shut up!" wherever he considers a visitor's remarks have exceeded their proper limit.

Almost everybody laments the want of beer at Westdale Head. Poor William Ritson is very particular in denying us this luxury since an infamous exciseman, pretending to faint, in order to get a drop of malt liquor out of him, informed against his

host, and got him fined twenty pounds; one person even bewails the lack of beer in immortal verse, or verses.

> "There was a farm house at Wastdale,
> Where the one thing they wanted was ale,
> You could have milk and water,
> But not ale and porter,
> At that snug little house at Wastdale."

But there are weak brethren, too, upon the other side of the question, who, in soberest prose, "are glad to find a village without a public house in it, yet affording such good entertainment for man and horse."

The best of all the remarks, perhaps, and the most to the purpose is that of Joseph W., Liverpool, who informs us that "Parties at a loss for a bell in the parlour, will find the attendant tractable when whistled on!" With which the Visitors' Book concludes.

Towards evening the whole population—about thirty souls—repaired to a small green field in the centre of the vast mountain amphitheatre, to take part in, or be spectators of the games. There was a great deal of good practice wrestling, and we ourselves were very good-naturedly initiated by the Wastdale youth in the seven scientific ways of being thrown. Young John Ritson took us all—one down another come on—and felled us all very satisfactorily. He is a rising athlete in those parts, and exhibited to us several belts he had gained at various neighbouring meetings, of which his father seemed to be fully as proud as he. Jumping, too, we had, of a rare kind, the performers starting with a couple of huge stones which they cast from them just as they made their spring, in order to give them an extra impetus; and we also had jumping on all fours,—an importation into Wastdale of our own, and one which very much delighted the aborigines.

Not till the giant shadows of the Western Fells had started across the little field, and presently filled all the vale with gloom did we leave that merry scene, which was undisfigured by drunkenness or quarrel; then, gladly vacating our stately parlour, we joined the good folks in the kitchen for the remainder of the evening, with their pipes and—tea. Very pleasant hearing were the tales William Ritson told us of beck and fell, new and interesting of themselves, and not the less attractive because now and then we were obliged to ask the meaning of a term or two—better Saxon than we Southerners knew how to speak. He told us many a story of old Scawfell Top yonder, whereon the sappers built their nests at survey time, which once were blown about their ears at midnight, so suddenly that the whole sixteen men came stumbling, how they could, through storm and darkness, down to Wastdale Head, transformed to Highlanders—without their nether garments. After this, they built their stations on the Pikes, one upon each side, so that they might change their quarters with the wind; but in later times, the soldiers lived below, and only climbed up to their eyrie in the day-time, one of whom, by long custom, was wont to ascend those three steep cragset miles in sixty minutes, and to descend in forty. Years ago, a sergeant, who had been employed here upon survey, and had marked how solitary a spot the hamlet was, deserting from his regiment afterwards, came to this lone valley with wife and child, and dwelt there for a great space of time, after which he leisurely crossed the seas.

Then we had descriptions—such as I have some time read in old books of pastimes—of fox and hare hunting among the fells, and in particular of hunting the sweetmart, which is a sort of polecat without the unpleasant smell. Best of all, perhaps, were the incidents of mountain travel in the winter times. How statesmen—that is, small farmers, such as Ritson himself—and shepherds had alike to explore the perilous icy falls for sheep, cragfast or injured; and still more how, when one of their small society was missing or behind his expected time, the whole dale would sally out with lights, and searching for him diligently over these inhospitable hills, nor often fail to find him.

"Surely," said we, "if a man fell down Perse Gill, or any such place, it would be useless enough to go to look for him."

"Nay, but," said William, "one of our folk did fall there, when I was a young chap, and I helped to fetch him home."

The poor fellow had set off to look after his sheep upon Scawfell, and did not return at evening; therefore four men, his neighbours in the scriptural sense, turned out into the snow and night with lanterns, and tracked his footmarks up the very beckside we had gone that morning, and along the shelving bank bordering the chasm, at the brink of which the footmarks ceased. Then they knew he had fallen over, and must needs be a dead man; but still, retracing their steps a little, they struggled up the icy beck until they found spots of blood upon it, and blood upon the snow, and soon the man himself, insensible, and with fractured skull, but not without breath; his iron boot heel had caught in a cleft as he descended, and, though torn right off from the sole, had greatly broken his fall. The four men got a ladder, carried him home, as if upon a bier, and sent some sixteen miles or so for the nearest doctor. The life of the man was saved, so that he lived ten years afterwards, although such had been the shock that he was never rightly "hissell" any more.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No 392] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

MRS. BADGERY.

Is there any law in England which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

I am a bachelor, and Mrs. Badgery is a widow. Let nobody rashly imagine that I am about to relate a common place grievance, because I have suffered that which is not new to escape my pen. My objection to Mrs. Badgery is, not that she is too fond of me but that she is too fond of the memory of her late husband. She has not attempted to marry me; she would not think of marrying me, even if I asked her. Underst and therefore, if you please, at the outset, that my grievance in relation to this widow lady is a grievance of an entirely new kind.

Let me begin again. I am a bachelor of a certain age. I have also a circle of acquaintance; but I solemnly declare that the late Mr. Badgery was never numbered on the list of my friends. I never heard of him in my life; I never knew that he had left a relict; I never set eyes on Mrs. Badgery until one fatal morning, when I went to see if the fixtures were all right in my new house.

My new house is in the suburbs of London. I looked at it, liked it, took it. Three times I visited it before I sent my furniture in. Once with a friend, once with a surveyor; once by myself, to throw a sharp eye, as I have already intimated, over the fixtures. The third visit marked the fatal occasion on which I first saw Mrs. Badgery. A deep interest attaches to this event, and I shall go into details in describing it.

I rang at the bell of the garden door. The old woman appointed to keep the house answered it. I directly saw something strange and confused in her face and manner. Some men would have pondered a little and questioned her. I am by nature impetuous, and a rusher at conclusions. "Drunk," I said to myself, and walked on into the house perfectly satisfied.

I looked into the front parlour. Grate all right, curtain-pole all right, gas chandelier all right. I looked into the back parlour—ditto, ditto, ditto, as we men of business say. I mounted the stairs. Blind on back window right? Yes, blind on back window right. I opened the door of the front drawing room—and there, sitting in the middle of the bare floor, was a large woman on a little camp-stool! She was dressed in the deepest mourning, her face was hidden by the thickest crape veil I ever saw, and she was groaning softly to herself in the desolate solitude of my new unfurnished house.

What did I do? Did I bounced back on to the landing as if I had been shot, uttering the national exclamation of terror and astonishment: "Hullo!" (And here I particularly beg in parenthesis that the printer will follow my spelling of the word, and not put Hallo, or Halloa, in the place, both of which are base compromises which represent no sound that ever yet issued from any Englishman's lips.) I said "Hullo!" and then I turned round fiercely upon the old woman who kept the house, and said "Hullo!" again.

She understood the irresistible appeal that I had made to her feelings, and curtseyed, and looked towards the drawing-room, and humbly hoped that I was not startled or put out. I asked who the crape-covered woman on the camp-stool was, and what she wanted there. Before the old woman could answer, the soft groaning in the drawing-room ceased, and a muffled voice, speaking from behind the crape veil, addressed me reproachfully, and said:

"I am the widow of the late Mr. Badgery."

What did I say in answer? Exactly the words which, I flatter myself, any other sensible man in my situation would have said. And what words were they? These two:

"Oh, indeed!"

"Mr. Badgery and myself were the last tenants who inhabited this house," continued the muffled voice. "Mr. Badgery died here." The voice ceased, and the soft groans began again.

It was perhaps not necessary to answer this, but I did answer it. How? In one word:

"Ha!"

"Our house has been long empty," resumed the voice, choked by sobs. "Our establishment has been broken up. Being left in reduced circumstances, I now live in a cottage near; but it is not home to me. This is home. However long I live, wherever

I go, whatever changes may happen to this beloved house, nothing can ever prevent me from looking on it as *my* home. I came here, sir, with Mr. Badgery after our honeymoon. All the brief happiness of my life was once contained within these four walls. Every dear [illegible] membrance [illegible] I fondly cherish [illegible] shut up in these [illegible] room."

A[illegible] the voice ceased, [illegible] echoed round my empty walls [illegible] oozed out past me down my [illegible] staircase.

I reflected Mrs. Badgery's brief happiness and dear remembrance [illegible] cluded in the [illegible]. Why [illegible] she not take [illegible] with her? Why should she leave [illegible] about in the way of my [illegible]? I was just thinking how I could put [illegible] view of the [illegible] to Mr. Badgery [illegible] suddenly [illegible] groaning [illegible] once more.

"While this house has been empty," [illegible] said, "I have been in the habit of looking in from time to time and [illegible] my tender associations with the place. I [illegible] lived as it were, in the sacred memories of Mr. Badgery [illegible] past, which the [illegible] priceless rooms call up, dismantled [illegible] as they are at the present moment. It has been my practice to give a remuneration [illegible] the attendant for any [illegible] trouble that I might occasion——"

"Only sixpence, sir," whispered the old woman [illegible] my ear.

"And to ask nothing in return," continued Mrs. Badgery, "but the permission to bring my campstool with me, and to meditate on Mr. Badgery in the empty rooms with every one of which some happy thought or [illegible] word, or tender action of his is so sweetly associated. I came here on my [illegible] today. I am discovered, I presume, by the new proprietor of the house [illegible] I am quite ready to admit, [illegible] am willing to go, if you wish it [illegible] my explanation. My heart is full, and I am quite incapable of contending with you. You would hardly think it, but I am sitting on the spot once occupied by our ottoman. I am looking towards the window in which my flower [illegible] once stood. In this very [illegible] Mr. Badgery first sat down and clasped me to his heart, when we came back from our honeymoon trip. 'Matilda,' he said, 'your drawing-room has been expensively [illegible], carpeted, and furnished for a month, but it has only been adorned, love, since you entered it.' If you have no sympathy, sir, for such remembrances as these, if you see nothing pitiable in my position, taken in connection with my presence here, if you cannot enter into my feelings, and thoroughly understand that this is not a house, but a Shrine—you have only to say so, and I am quite willing to go."

She spoke with the air of a martyr—a martyr to my insensibility. If she had been the proprietor and I had been the intruder, she could not have been more mournfully magnanimous. All this time, too, she never raised her veil—she never has raised it, in my presence, from that time to this. I have no idea whether she is young or old, dark or fair, handsome or ugly: my impression is, that she is in every respect a finished and perfect [illegible], but I have no basis of fact on which I can support that dismal idea. A moving mass of crape, and a muffled voice—that, if you drive me to it, is all I know, in a personal point of view, of Mrs. Badgery.

"Ever since my irreparable loss, this has been the [illegible] of my pilgrimage, and the [illegible] of my worship," proceeded the voice. "One man may call him [illegible] lord, and say that he will let it; another man may call himself [illegible] tenant, and say that he will take it. I don't blame either of those two men; I don't wish to intrude on either of those two men; I only tell them that this is my home; that my heart is still in possession; and that no [illegible] laws, landlords, or tenants can ever turn it out. If you don't understand this, [illegible] that [illegible] have no [illegible] sense [illegible], pray do not scruple to say so; pray tell me to go."

"I don't wish to do anything uncivil, ma'am," said I. "I am a single man, [illegible] I am not sentimental." (Mrs. Badgery [illegible].) "Nobody told me I was coming [illegible] when I took this house; nobody warned me, when I first went over it, that there was a Heart in possession. I regret [illegible] have disturbed your meditations, and I am sorry to hear that Mr. Badgery is dead. That is all I have to say about it; and, now, with your kind permission, I will do myself the honour of wishing you good morning, and will go upstairs to look after the fixtures on the second floor."

Could I have given a gentler hint than this? Could I have spoken more compassionately to a woman whom I sincerely believe to be old and ugly? Where is the man to be found who can lay his hand on his heart and honestly say that he ever really pitied the sorrows of a Gorgon? Search through the whole surface of the globe; and you will discover human phenomena of all sorts, but you will not find that man.

To resume. I made her a bow, and left her on the campstool, in the middle of the drawing-room floor, exactly as I had found her. I ascended to the second floor, walked into the back room first, and inspected the grate. It appeared to be a little out of repair, so I stooped down to look at it closer. While I was kneeling over the bars, I was violently startled by the fall of one large drop of warm water, from a great height, exactly in the middle of a bald place, which has been widening a great deal of late years on the top of my head. I turned on my knees, and looked round. Heaven and earth!

the crape-covered woman had followed me up stairs—the source from which the drop of warm water had fallen was no other than Mrs. Badgery's eye.

"I wish you could contrive not to cry over the top of my head, ma'am," said I. My patience was becoming exhausted and I spoke with considerable [illegible]. The curly headed youth of the present [illegible] may not be able to sympathise with my feelings on this occasion, but my bald brethren know, as well as I do, that the most unpardonable of all liberties is a liberty taken with the unguarded top of the human head.

Mrs. Badgery did not seem to hear me. When she had dropped the [illegible] [illegible] standing exactly [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] I had [illegible]. "Don't cry over my h[ead], ma'am," [illegible]

"This was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I was [illegible] particular about [illegible] water [illegible] always [illegible] tin pot, [illegible] [illegible] might [illegible] placed in this [illegible] again [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible]

If I [illegible] [illegible] had been a man [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] own [illegible] appeal [illegible] [illegible] press my [illegible] [illegible] produced not the [illegible] would [illegible] Who can [illegible] a woman with any [illegible] [illegible]?

I retreated [illegible] the [illegible] room, and [illegible] [illegible] The next moment I heard [illegible] [illegible] crape [illegible] outside [illegible] of Mrs. Badgery poured lamentably through the keyhole.

"Do you mean to make that your bedroom?" asked the voice on the other side of the door. "Oh don't, don't make that your bedroom! I am going away directly—but, oh pray, pray let that one room be sacred! Don't sleep there! If you can possibly help it, don't sleep there!"

I opened the window, and looked up and down the road. If I had seen a policeman within hail I should certainly have called him in. No such person was visible. I shut the window again, and warned Mrs. Badgery, through the door, in my sternest tones, not to interfere with my domestic arrangements. "I mean to have my bedstead put up here," I said. "And what is more, I mean to sleep here. And, what is more, I mean to snore here!" Severe, I think, that last sentence? It completely crushed Mrs. Badgery for the moment. I heard the crape garments rustling away from the door; I heard the muffled groans going slowly and solemnly down the stairs again.

In due course of time, I also descended to the ground floor. Had Mrs. Badgery really left the premises? I looked into the front parlour—empty. Back parlour—empty. Any other room on the ground floor? Yes, a long room at the end of the passage. The door was closed. I opened it cautiously, and peeped in. A faint scream, and a smack of two [illegible] [illegible] saluted my appearance. There she was again on the camp stool, again sitting exactly in the middle of the floor.

"Don't, don't look in in that way!" cried Mrs. Badgery, wringing her hands. [illegible] I could [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] it [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Morning [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Oh [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] you [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] his [illegible] [illegible] Oh how droll [illegible] —how very, very droll in this [illegible] [illegible]!

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] got [illegible] [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] long [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] spot!" [illegible] the steps [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]

"I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] to the woman who [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] trembled [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] very [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Badgery.

[illegible] I sent in the [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] of this [illegible] [illegible] going [illegible] [illegible] open, [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] so long [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of "moving in" [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] disposition [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] the top of the house to the bottom. How the [illegible] [illegible] how the surprise was effected, I know not; but it is certainly the fact, that when my furniture went in, the inevitable Mrs. Badgery went in along with it.

I have some very choice engravings, after the old masters, and I was first awakened to a consciousness of Mrs. Badgery's presence in the house while I was hanging up my proof impression of Titian's Venus over the front parlour fire-place. "Not there!" cried the muffled voice imploringly. "*His* portrait used to hang there. Oh, what a print—what a dreadful, dreadful print to put where *his* dear portrait used to be!" I turned round

in a fury. There she was, still muffled up in crape, still carrying her abominable camp-stool. Before I could say a word in remonstrance, six men in green baize aprons staggered in with my sideboard, and Mrs. Badgery suddenly disappeared. Had they trampled her under foot, or crushed her in the doorway? Though not an inhuman man by nature, I asked myself those questions quite composedly. No very long time elapsed before they were practically answered in the negative by the reappearance of Mrs. Badgery herself, in a perfectly unruffled condition of chronic grief. In the course of the day I had my toes trodden on, I was knocked about by my own furniture, the six men in baize aprons dropped all sorts of small articles over me in going up and down stairs; but Mrs. Badgery escaped unscathed. Every time I thought she had been turned out of the house she proved, on the contrary, to be groaning close behind me. She wept over Mr. Badgery's memory in every room, perfectly undisturbed to the last, by the chaotic confusion of moving in. I am not sure, but I think she brought a tin box of sandwiches with her, and celebrated a tearful picnic of her own in the groves of my front garden. I say I am not sure of this; but I am positively certain that I never entirely got rid of her all day; and I know to my cost that she insisted on making me as well acquainted with Mr. Badgery's favourite notions and habits as I am with my own. It may interest the reader if I report that my taste in carpets is not equal to Mr. Badgery's, that my ideas on the subject of servants' wages are not so generous as Mr. Badgery's; and that I ignorantly persisted in placing a sofa in the position which Mr. Badgery, in his time, considered to be particularly fitted for an arm chair. I could go nowhere, look nowhere, do nothing, say nothing, all that day, without bringing the widowed incubus in the crape garments down upon me immediately. I tried civil remonstrances, I tried rude speeches, I tried sulky silence—nothing had the least effect on her. The memory of Mr. Badgery was the shield of proof with which she warded off my fiercest attacks. Not till the last article of furniture had been moved in, did I lose sight of her; and even then she had not really left the house. One of my six men in green baize aprons routed her out of the back-garden area, where she was telling my servants, with floods of tears, of Mr. Badgery's virtuous strictness with his housemaid in the matter of followers. My admirable man in green baize courageously saw her out, and shut the garden-door after her. I gave him half-a-crown on the spot; and if anything happens to him, I am ready to make the future prosperity of his fatherless family my own peculiar care.

The next day was Sunday. I attended morning service at my new parish church. A popular preacher had been announced, and the building was crowded. I advanced a little way up the nave, and looked to my right, and saw no room. Before I could look to my left, I felt a hand laid persuasively on my arm. I turned round—and there was Mrs. Badgery, with her pew-door open, solemnly beckoning me in. The crowd had closed up behind me; the eyes of a dozen members of the congregation, at least, were fixed on me. I had no choice but to save appearances, and accept the dreadful invitation. There was a vacant place next to the door of the pew. I tried to drop into it, but Mrs. Badgery stopped me. "*His* seat," she whispered, and signed to me to place myself on the other side of her. It is unnecessary to say that I had to climb over a hassock, and that I knocked down all Mrs. Badgery's devotional books before I succeeded in passing between her and the front of the pew. She cried uninterruptedly through the service; composed herself when it was over; and began to tell me what Mr. Badgery's opinions had been on points of abstract theology. Fortunately there was great confusion and crowding at the door of the church; and I escaped, at the hazard of my life, by running round the back of the carriages. I passed the interval between the services alone in the fields, being deterred from going home by the fear that Mrs. Badgery might have got there before me.

Monday came. I positively ordered my servants to let no lady in deep mourning pass inside the garden-door, without first consulting me. After that, feeling tolerably secure, I occupied myself in arranging my books and prints. I had not pursued this employment much more than an hour, when one of the servants burst excitably into the room, and informed me that a lady in deep mourning had been taken faint, just outside my door, and had requested leave to come in and sit down for a few moments. I ran down the garden-path to bolt the door, and arrived just in time to see it violently pushed open by an officious and sympathising crowd. They drew away on either side as they saw me. There she was, leaning on the grocer's shoulder, with the butcher's boy in attendance, carrying her camp-stool! Leaving my servants to do what they liked with her, I ran back and locked myself up in my bedroom. When she evacuated the premises, some hours afterwards, I received a message of apology, informing me that this particular Monday was the sad anniversary of her wedding-day, and that she had been taken faint, in consequence, at the sight of her lost husband's house.

Tuesday forenoon passed away happily, without any new invasion. After lunch, I thought I would go out and take a walk. My garden-door has a sort of peep-hole in it, covered with a wire grating. As I got close to this grating, I thought I saw something mysteriously dark on the outer side of it. I

bent my head down to look through, and instantly found myself face to face with the crape veil. "Sweet, sweet spot!" said the muffled voice, speaking straight into my eyes through the grating. The usual groans followed, and the name of Mr. Badgery was plaintively pronounced before I could recover myself sufficiently to retreat to the house.

Wednesday is the day on which I am writing this narrative. It is not twelve o'clock yet, and there is every probability that some new form of sentimental persecution is in store for me before the evening. Thus far, these lines contain a perfectly true statement of Mrs. Badgery's conduct towards me since I entered on the possession of my house and her shrine. What am I to do?—that is the point I wish to insist on—what am I to do? How am I to get away from the memory of Mr. Badgery, and the unappeasable grief of his disconsolate widow? Any other species of invasion it is possible to resist; but how is a man placed in my unhappy and unparalleled circumstances to defend himself? I can't keep a dog ready to fly at Mrs. Badgery. I can't charge her at a police-court with being oppressively fond of the house in which her husband died. I can't set man-traps for a woman, or prosecute a weeping widow as a trespasser and a nuisance. I am helplessly involved in the unrelaxing folds of Mrs. Badgery's crape veil. Surely there was no exaggeration in my language when I said that I was a sufferer under a perfectly new grievance! Can anybody advise me? Has anybody had even the faintest and remotest experience of the peculiar form of persecution under which I am now suffering? If nobody has, is there any legal gentleman in the united kingdom who can answer the all-important question which appears at the head of this narrative? I began by asking that question because it was uppermost in my mind. It is uppermost in my mind still, and I therefore beg leave to conclude appropriately by asking it again:

Is there any law in England which will protect me from Mrs. Badgery?

A VERY BLACK ACT.

I AM an Editor—an Indian Editor—that is to say, the editor of a Mofussilite or provincial paper in British India. It does not much signify, I fancy, what my weekly is called, nor where published, though I may mention by the way that it is in one of the disturbed districts where murder, pillage, and burnings are just now the principal items of intelligence.

The duties of an editor in the Mofussil are generally multifarious and onerous enough, comprising as they do the financial, the printing, the correspondence, the gossiping work of the establishment, in addition to the ordinary labours pertaining to the editorial chair. At present, as for some time past, I have tacked to my functions the duties of armed volunteer, policeman, special messenger, and anything else required by the state at this critical juncture. To use the Irishman's metaphor, I may be said to write my editorials with a pistol in one hand and a sword in the other; my workpeople are all armed to the teeth, and my weekly issues are actually delivered at the point of the sword.

Many an editorial effusion is interrupted by an armed sortie against some of our villainous Budmashes, who make their tooting forays at all hours of the day or night. Last week I had to fling down my pen, mount my nag, and gallop off to escort, with other of my townsmen, a goodly parcel of government treasure, there being no European troops at our station. My last issue was delayed eighteen hours by my absence on special military duty; and, unless matters mend considerably, I may shortly be compelled to publish my little "weekly" as a "monthly."

Seeing what I have seen enacting about me, and hearing from my correspondents in the north-west of the horrible atrocities perpetrated there by the scoundrels of Sepoys and the Mohammedans of the country, and meeting on many sides with glaring proofs of the incompetency of our officials and the general unfitness of John Company, to govern aright this vast country, I naturally enough jot down my floating ideas on those matters, and imagine that in so doing I am rendering the state some service by pen and ink, as I also do with pistol and sword. I had some faint hope of emulating in a humble sphere and in a limited manner, the usefulness of William Russell, of the Times. The wavering irresolution of our Governor-General, the timid counsels pervading the Indian Cabinet, the weak truckling to incipient mutineers, the false condonement of treason, the pampering of doubtful Sepoys, the cruel neglect of our own British soldiery; these and many other topics have been and would still have formed the subject-matter of my editorial comments.

But my career in this work of duty has been suddenly cut short by what I cannot designate by any other name than a very black act. We have before been favoured with what was termed a Black Act—an enactment for levelling the white European to the depths of the black Asiatic—in our criminal courts, criminal in more senses that one; but this new legislative production leaves the former far behind, in the deep intensity of its blackness. The newspaper press of India has been gagged, bound down, and delivered over to the tender mercies of a governmental censorship—the censorship of Cannon Row and Leadenhall Street.

Be it known to all whom it may concern, that in the city of Calcutta there have been printed and published, for some time past, sundry newspapers in the Bengalee and

Persian languages, of a low and scurrilous character. Unheeded by the authorities they have lately indulged in the dainty article of treason; one of them going so far as to put forth a proclamation emanating from the rebel king of Delhi, offering premiums to deserters from our army, &c.

Our government could find no other remedy for this evil than a general gagging of the press, British and native. We English editors are accordingly [illegible]. The [illegible] of the subject is [illegible] by dealing out the self-same treatment to the loyal British editor and the Mohammedan traitor. From the Punjab to Cape Comorin, from Scinde to Singapore, [illegible] gag placed on the [illegible] and expression of the press of British India. [illegible] we must hold no [illegible] on matters political, or military [illegible] directly favourable to the Government of India. It is not [illegible] the acts of the [illegible] executive that must be protected by this extreme measure. The Governor-General has [illegible] to hold from editorial comment the conduct of the Imperial Government. We are prohibited by this very Black Act from [illegible] the motives or designs of the [illegible] Government, either in England or India; and this prohibition extends equally to [illegible] matter and to matter copied from other publications.

From this time, [illegible] leading article in the [illegible] in any way impugning the acts of the [illegible] Government [illegible] of any opposition member [illegible] my [illegible] most eminent [illegible] men not Her Majesty's advisers.

Fortunately for myself I am not tied to my editorial chair. I have [illegible] quite as profitable if not so [illegible] to them. I shall now [illegible] all my enemies. I will not take [illegible] other [illegible] spirits. I shall [illegible] my types, and my office [illegible] in the volunteer corps and [illegible], and, [illegible] the [illegible] of old [illegible] camp for the field—resuming my pen and pistol for the [illegible].

FOREBODINGS OF THOMAS RAIKES, ESQUIRE.

DIARISTS may be the most slovenly—but they are also at the same time, without doubt—the most [illegible] of autobiographers. We may picture them as sitting down to the entry of their daily jottings with that excruciatingly starched [illegible] called Conventional Reserve, thrown aside (with what a sigh of relief!), and the old [illegible] straight waistcoat of Social Formality just for once in the twenty-four hours, luxuriously unbuckled.

One fancies the mere journal-scribbler writing invariably as Oliver Goldsmith loved to write—in his dressing-gown and slippers. Certainly never preparing himself for his task after the fastidious fashion of the musician Haydn, who is related to have occasionally arrayed himself in full Court costume—his peruke sprinkled with a fresh bloom of powder, his wrists clouded with delicate ruffles of Mechlin lace, his fingers radiant with diamond, amethyst, and carbuncle—simply for the purpose of composing choruses and sonatas in the privacy of his own apartment; creaking on his red-heeled shoes alternately, to and fro between his desk and his harpsichord. The Muse of the Diarist, if he have one, [illegible] always assuredly to be pourtrayed [illegible]. As [illegible] as the manuscript volumes, penned by him in such careless [illegible] characters, lay bare at a glance to the inspection of every one who lists not merely the writer's individual temperament, but with it also that intimate [illegible] which we have all of us learned to call [illegible] each one's own peculiar [illegible].

The journal of the Diarist is in reality, of his own [illegible], the most vivid and [illegible] promising revelation. It is the very window [illegible] a man's breast, which was [illegible] many ages ago by the old [illegible]. It is that window, moreover, with the shutters flung wide open, and the blinds [illegible]. We can see through it [illegible]—the medium being very [illegible]. We are privileged, each [illegible], to pry at our own free will and [illegible] into the every crevice and involution of the [illegible] in hearts of [illegible] dead and buried Diarists. While the [illegible]—the spirits of these near [illegible] to reveal most clearly and distinctly through that same [illegible] loophole, their own natural features, stamped with their own real and [illegible] expression. Some looking out upon us laughingly—like the best-jocund portrait of Will [illegible] the King's jester, peeping, with a merry twinkle in his eye, through the lattice in the picture-gallery at Hampton Court. Others appearing before us dolefully—like the beautifully shrouded face of St. Anne the nun, [illegible] gazing between the [illegible] in the famous French [illegible]. The former category implying, what may be termed, the purely anecdotal Diarist, such as might be instanced through the journals of Thomas Moore—journals kept apparently, somewhat as the squirrel keeps his teeth for cracking nuts, chiefly for the pleasure of cracking jokes flavoured with the wine of wit, and the salt of good-fellowship. The second category referring, on the other hand, to such outpourings of effervescent lamentation as those in the midst of which Madame D'Arblay has unwittingly sprinkled, not as she fancied, the rose-water of compliment, but the nitric acid of satire,

upon the memory of old straight-laced Queen Charlotte.

Besides these, however, there are others of the most motley kind, Diarists the most widely contrasting and the most picturesquely diversified. There are those numberless and nameless multitudes, for example, who might be accurately described according to Iago's phrase, as doing little else with their journals than "chronicle small beer"—scoring off their days in ponderous books about as monotonous in their general effect, and not by any means one half as interesting as the far-famed sticks Robinson Crusoe used to notch for a calendar. There are, however, on the contrary, those extremely rare and inestimable exceptions, Diarists who come conscientiously, night by night, to their self-imposed duty; come with their periodical gatherings of revelations, telling their secrets right out, and making a clean breast of it; Diarists whose writings are like the whisperings of devotees at the confessional. The value of the treasures picked up from time to time by these wayfarers, depending entirely, of course, upon the nature of the ground they happen to have traversed. Sometimes they almost seem, from the contents of their wallet, to have been wandering at large over the fabulous possessions of that redoubtable millionaire of the nursery, Mr. Thomas Tiddler, originally, of course of Cathay and El Dorado, but latterly, no doubt, of the Australian gold diggings, or those of California. Occasionally, even a few appear to have descended, like our old friend, Sinbad the Sailor, into another wondrous valley of diamonds; and, like him, to have cunningly availed themselves of the very tempting opportunity. These, it should be observed, have not always emptied out before us, clumsily and pell-mell, the precious store of their gudies—pouring forth their accumulations confusedly in most admired disorder, just as they may have been first collected, haphazard. One, perchance, instead of this, has clustered them hastily together in a glittering mass as a pendant to the Life they may appear designed to illustrate. Precisely in this way, for example, it is that the history of Alexander Pope has been embellished by Spence's Anecdotes. Another, setting more ingeniously, and with a greater amount of elaboration, the gems of price he has carefully gathered up, and yet more carefully selected, transforms them from a mere heap of resplendent particles into a very aigrette or aureole—that radiant diadem of genius, a perfected biography. It was thus, for instance, with James Boswell's over-memorable masterpiece.

Incidentally, moreover, there has appeared upon occasion, some more amusing egotist, with a self-sufficiency resembling that of Æsop's fly upon the wheel: some personage of such supreme importance in his own estimation, that out of the loose memorabilia of his notebook, he has deliberately compiled the History of His Own Times—a title equivalent in His Own mind, probably, to the Georgian Era, or the Augustan Age, or the epoch, say of the Carlovingians. As a notable representation of these rather entertaining class of Diarists, may be particularised Sir William Wraxall—an observer of His Own contemporaries, chiefly remarkable now, as the individual who first suggested to the British Government the selection of the Island of Saint Helena as the fittest place of exile for the discrowned Emperor and King, Napoleon Bonaparte. Journal-writers of a much nobler, because of a much more modest description, however, have assumed to themselves like John Evelyn—the learned and accomplished Evelyn—the character as it may be termed of Gentlemen Ushers to History. And One, the most delightful Diarist of all—meaning, of course, Mr. Samuel Pepys, Secretary to the Admiralty—has he not achieved for himself a recognised pre-eminence in his craft, as a systematic collector of unconsidered trifles, solely by the evidence on his part, through his incomparable journals, of a supreme faculty for—what? Well, plainly and candidly, for—Blabbing!

It is, frankly be it spoken, as about the honestest blab in the world that Mr. Samuel Pepys has taken his place among Diarists, the Saul among that multitude—higher than the highest of them all, by a head and shoulders. Little, in truth, was it conjectured (not so very many years ago), when the manuscript diary of Mr. Pepys was first discovered down at Oxford, poked away, dusty and yellow, in a corner of an old ramshackle bookcase, what very strange secrets were lying hid there under the mask of that queer, and fantastic, and apparently inscrutable specimen of short-hand. Happily, the key being almost simultaneously brought to light, we have ever since then enjoyed the privilege of peeping, with a happier fate than that of Fatima, as often as we have felt disposed, into the forbidden chamber of this comical and perfectly harmless Bluebeard.

Fortunately for every individual, who, like ourselves—shame be it said—delights in the colloquial scandal and conversational tittle-tattle of old Sam Pepys, formerly of the Admiralty, and now for ever of the book-shelves, there has recently appeared a kind of kindred diary, a companion-picture, though one, of course, not by any means so highly coloured—a similarly social banquet, yet, it must be confessed, one not to any comparable extent so highly seasoned. Nevertheless, tamed down, cooled—even, it might be said, iced—in its general effect, by the refrigerating influence of the proprieties, the journal here particularly alluded to may honestly, we fancy, come

within the range of this really alluring and appetising description. A portion of the journal kept by the late Thomas Raikes, Esquire, the title page of these four garrulous volumes announces their contents to be Thomas Raikes, Esquire, proving to be himself—before we have penetrated very far into his lucubrations—what may be designated a most amiable, old Toryfied Prig, and an extremely self-contented and self-important Chatterbox. Consisting, as it does, of merely a portion of his journal—extending from eighteen hundred and thirty-one to eighteen hundred and forty seven — the work recently issued from the press, under this somewhat unattractive title, will be found to extend over four volumes of really interesting, social and political reminiscences. Entertaining they are, for a reason or two hereupon to be immediately specified. The production being altogether the counterpart presentment of the individual who penned it—to wit, Thomas Raikes, Esquire. The production itself never tiring by the way of reminding us that he was Esquire—T. Raikes, Esq, figuring away on every leaf—T. Raikes, Esq., being lettered in gold upon the back of the volume, and Thomas Raikes, Esquire, in full, being engraved with a flourish under the author's portrait, prefixed to volume one, by way of frontispiece. This wonderful portrait was taken, one might suppose, from one of Deighton's full-length profile miniatures. What a characteristic sketch of the man it manifestly is !—as characteristic as his own diary, and that surely is his alter ego, his other self, his ghostly adumbration. Looking at the portrait and at the journal, we know at once what sort of a man this was; we catch the notion of him perfectly. A Spence, maundering about continually, without a Pope. A Boswell never stumbling upon his Johnson, but ever and ever self-conscious, as though he stood always in the midst of a cluster of cheval-glasses, full of his own reflections ! An Evelyn, whose Sylva had (only semi-officially) something or other to do with the woods and forests. Briefly and more accurately—Mr. Pepys's shadow modernised.

Examining the man more carefully in his picture as well as in his journal, it is amusing to recognise what we may venture to style a kind of a Peel-Turveydrop in this comely double of the incarnation of Deportment. A gentleman, in fact, bearing such a strong family likeness to that particular prototype, that, looking at his well-strapped and well-buttoned figure, one might, here again, almost expect to see "creases in the whites of his eyes" when he bowed! It is easy enough even to imagine the gait of the man when he walked, to see him tumbling over the pavement of St. James's and Piccadilly, with a heavy-go-light kind of ambling pace, as though his corns were wadded. The very neckcloth lapped about his throat appears to have been put on as tenderly as if it were a poultice, and though evidently one who, in his younger days, must, without doubt, have been what was variously designated in those times a blood, a buck, or a dandy, subordinating coxcombry to comfort that, despite all that still tightly-fitting, fashionable raiment, he seems at last to have vindicated his title in a more literal sense to the modern appellation of the brotherhood, by an amplitude of girth decidedly more compatible than any wasp-like waist with the enjoyment of a fare, lusciously alternating between truffles and ortolans. Yet, after all, this personage was not, in truth, as one might have been disposed to imagine from his air of innate ton, any descendant of the Courtenays, any scion of a patrician house, tracing back his lineage to the Tudors or Plantagenets, one who, if Italian, might have claimed kindred with the Colonnas, if Spanish, with the Medina-Sidonias, or if French, with the Grammonts and the Montmorencies.

Excellent, honest Mr. Thomas Raikes, was in reality the eldest son of a wealthy and respected merchant of our good city of London, as the preface to his son's diary tells us, "a personal friend of Mr. Pitt and Mr. Wilberforce,' and descended from an ancient family of Yorkshire. Nevertheless, if Thomas Raikes, Esquire, were not himself of noble origin, one can only picture him (after reading this journal of his recollections) as one who had somehow contrived to soar into such social altitudes that he seems throughout the four volumes to be floating in the seventh heaven of fashion — wandering at large in the rarefied empyrean of what is emphatically termed society — hanging on by his eyelashes, as the saying is, to the skirts of the aristocracy. Running our glance over his pages, don't we find that the Duke of Wellington was his "very faithfully?" That he not only corresponded with the Duke of York, but that he was even familiarly the "Dear Raikes" of his royal highness? That the Royal Duchess (of York) signed herself his friend and servant very affectionately, "votre tres affectionnée amie et servante?" He was manifestly, in truth, a pleasant companion, a good listener, an agreeable retailer of an anecdote. He was obviously also a man whose mind was so intensely flavoured with the atmosphere of Pall Mall, that he might have been said to be of the clubs, clubby.

Mr Raikes was clearly one who dearly loved a gossip. He had a finger for every man's button-hole. He was intrinsically by nature, what the Parisians call a flâneur, a saunterer about the west-end causeways—in the height of the season—in the pick of the afternoon. As a conversationalist he did, by word of mouth, for love, what the newswriters of Queen Anne's time did by scrawls

of letters for money,—he helped to distribute, wherever he could, the chit-chat of the hour, social, political, and miscellaneous. He could swallow, upon occasion, without even a momentary qualm of suspicion, those delicate little gilded bon-bons of white-lies, called canards, on the opposite side of the channel. Yet, at the same time, he appears to have had an instant relish and a very keen appreciation of a pun or a witticism, or as he preferred to express it, a bon-mot or a calembourg. Particularly if, by good fortune, the happy saying chanced to be in French—a pasquinade from Le Cosaire, or a jest of Talleyrand's. His mother-tongue, indeed, he seems to have dropped, whenever he could contrive to do so, upon every possible and impossible opportunity. His fastidious taste—we doubt not the least in the world—would have been absolutely shocked by a vulgarised translation into plain English of such a frequent expression of his, let us say, as "un peu fort." How he would have shuddered—from his old-fashioned Bond Street beaver down to the soles of his Hoby's—if the familiar phrase had chanced, by some miracle, to resolve itself on falling from his lips into our own common vernacular, as coming it a little too strong! No; the Anglo-Saxon tongue was for him seemingly too coarse and unmannerly. He flavoured his style with a sprinkling of Gallic idioms, and to those exotic blossoms of speech we must attribute, of course, whatever that style has (Heaven knows it is little enough!) of piquancy. And so, for example, we find him everlastingly "going to see," in French, those perpetual nous verrons dropping from his pen portentously as the nods of Lord Burleigh. That he was undeniably—in spite of all his exquisite grace à la-mode—a Prig (as already intimated), may be rendered sufficiently apparent upon the instant, we conceive, by a mere casual reference to his sedate elaboration, preparatory to the retailing of some wretched little joke. As, for instance, where we read in this journal of his, under the heading, Joke of Holmes in the House of Commons, the following: "When Mr. Morrison, the member for Leicester, who, being a haberdasher, had made himself conspicuous by a speech on the foreign glove question, came up to him and asked him if he could get him a *pair* for the evening. [Italics sic in the original.] 'Of what?' said Holmes, 'gloves or stockings?'" Altogether, one of those appalling failures in the way of a jest, when only the perpetrator of the atrocity grins horribly a ghastly grin; while the miserable victims of it—meaning the mere listeners and lookers-on—are simply overwhelmed with a painful depression of spirits, as though they were being subjected to some dead-lock or dread-agony, such as a stuttering after-dinner speech. Yet Thomas Raikes, Esquire, not only retails the joke upon paper, in cold blood, to be posthumously printed some quarter of a century afterwards, but probably liked it! It is precisely in the same marvellously innocent way that we find him, five-and-twenty years ago talking politics. Talking them; be it at once observed, not the least that can be imagined like a politician, but simply like what is termed in English, a Busybody; in Latin, a Quidnunc; and in French, a Gobemouche. Besides this, he was the very embodiment—and a rather substantial one, it should be added—of the social phenomenon, popularly known as an alarmist. But then, certainly, it must be remembered, as some sort of extenuation, that from the period at which this fragment of the journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esquire, begins—namely, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, dates the veritable commencement of the decadence of Toryism. Thomas Raikes, Esquire, merchant's son though he is, being in truth a Tory, pur sang—through and through—to the backbone.

Naturally enough, everything looked inauspicious then, even to the most staunchly sanguine adherents of the grand, old, obdurate cause of Toryism; a cause which might perhaps have been not inaptly typified at the period by a grimly visaged idol, bearing an awful resemblance to Lord Eldon, squatting eternally upon an ungainly altar throne shaped like the woolsack! Panic the most dire was in the very midst of those upon whom the cloak of Lord Eldon had floated down, less, it seemed, as a robe of party, than as a winding-sheet. Trades' unions were "frighting the isle from its propriety," over the whole of the manufacturing districts. Toryism Proper had not yet given place to that colourless phantom of it subsequently known as Conservatism. The former was in the agonies of dissolution; the latter was to be born of it by a sort of Cæsarian operation, posthumously. Meanwhile the tide was running up so strongly all along the political coast-line, that poor Mrs. Partington's broom was—not less than the ruck on the Derby day—nowhere.

According to the sombre view taken of events by all the more orthodox believers in a certain heaven-born minister deceased, the national escutcheon had become so blotted by disgraceful demands on the part of the people, as well as by still more disgraceful concessions on the part of the government, that its entire field might be described as sable, with, looming out of it, a fearful heraldric apparition, never dreamed of before, even by the dreamers of all the hideous gryphons and other zoological hobgoblins peopling the imaginative brains of Rougedragon, or Clarencieux. A novel symbol—only dimly definable as Radicalism rampant—monopolising, it appeared to the distracted Tories, at that most alarming crisis in our history, the whole of the tarnished and

blackened shield of Britannia. Conspiracies dark and sinister were supposed to be lurking among the Whigs, somewhere in a little back-room at Boodle's. Simultaneously with which, by a sort of chronic fatality, everyone at White's looked (strange to tell) unmistakeably in the blues. Conspicuous among these—Thomas Raikes, Esquire: that ill starred gentleman, judging from the records of his Note-book, groaning continually under a species of waking nightmare of the most agonising presentiments. Several of his associates, moreover, seem to have administered, at this time, to his morbid fears, rather maliciously; some, probably participating in them to the uttermost themselves. "Charlton," he writes, "who dined with me to-day, said, aptly enough, without some reform we should have a rebellion in the country; but, with the present extravagant plan, we shall have a revolution." A member of the Cabinet having, shortly before, observed most rationally, "The Tories must concede, as we cannot retract; the people would not let us," our sagacious Diarist remarks immediately, with a manifest shrug of the shoulders, as much as to say, I told you so! "This speaks volumes as to the dilemma in which they have got not only themselves but the country." Everything betokens, under his austere and searching scrutiny, the folly of Earl Grey's Administration.

A sympathising correspondent, Count Matuscewitz, had written to Thomas Raikes, Esquire, a little while previously, in regard to the monstrous ministerial project of a wholesale emancipation of the negroes, reprehending it as a scheme "pregnant with danger and bloodshed;" but adding, with a Mawworm casting-up of the eyes, however, "I sincerely wish I may be deceived in these forebodings!"—when lo! at once the dejected recipient of the letter has caught from it the fever of the new alarm instantaneously. A fortnight afterwards, he is swallowing all imaginable and unimaginable kinds of sharp things, in the shape of the Latest News from Jamaica—another *Ramo Samee* bolting knife-blades and dagger-points. "A serious insurrection of the slaves," he scribbles down in his journal, "which had been repressed by the troops; but it is said that fifty estates have been destroyed." Fancy fifty estates destroyed. Nothing occurs but what chimes in with his dull monotony of depression. Even a hopeful spirit in the stronghold of Toryism fails to inspire him with the most evanescent sense of exhilaration. "The Tories at White's are in spirits," he records upon one occasion, "and begin to talk of throwing out the bill;" but to this, quoth he, lugubriously, "Spes vana!" Another while, he writes, "The Speaker told me this morning that Ellice had assured him the night before, that the Government never was so strong as at present;" and here it is that he claps on to the old wound which this untoward remark has opened afresh, one of his favourite little Gallic anodynes. "This," saith he, in his pet way, or, at any rate, in a pet, "is un peu fort." He was incredulous—the poor old-world and woe-begone Tory—utterly incredulous of the capacity of the Whig Reformers to do the mischief they intended; yet, at the same instant, he absolutely despaired of the discovery for the doomed nation itself, of any means of extrication from its difficulties. At one moment he writes, somewhat as one might suppose a reveller of Old Rome, fresh from a banquet of the patricians, might have mused when pausing in the Forum, and looking down into the abyss ultimately destined to be the grave of Curtius. In this temperament we find him observing:

"There is much alarm in some branches of the cabinet about the future: they begin to feel that they have raised a power which they can never put down,—a power that will only go with them as long as they follow its impulse. The political unions have spoken too loudly now ever to be silenced again, and they will eventually overturn, not only this government, but any other which may succeed."

Adding, almost immediately afterwards, as though he had made his mind up for the worst, and had fairly screwed his courage to the sticking-place:

"The die is cast; to go back is impossible: the tide of innovation has set in, and who shall say where it will carry us? From this day dates a new era for England. Placards are streaming about the streets with 'Glory and Honour to the People!'"

"And what?" asks Thomas Raikes, Esquire, son of the London merchant:

"What is the People? What has the people always been? The most capricious, the most cruel, the most ungrateful," &c. &c.

His own clay, of course, being moulded like the rarest porcelain of humanity, out of quite other materials—out of the holy dust from some remote and sacred region—out of the red earth of Mesopotamia! Evidently the poor ecstatic tufthunter had been living so long among the cream-of-the-cream—the Nobs of Nobland—that he had actually come at last to look upon himself as one of the same divine fraternity. Metamorphosed to that extent at least, as the caterpillar gets coloured with the hue of the leaf it feeds on. The People? Paugh! "Here's the smell of the blood still!—all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this!"

Mr. Raikes's terrors meantime, in the midst of his mock-patrician disgust, increase, apparently as the hour advances; the terrible Reform Bill, in proportion to its drawing nearer and yet nearer, enlarging its horrors to his affrighted imagination, like some odious head in a phantasmagoria:

"All parties now," he writes, "seem to agree that we are in a dreadful state, and even the government

people lower their tone, and hope that the common danger may ultimately unite Whigs and Tories to resist the common enemy. They have done the mischief, and feel too late their incapacity to remedy it."

Continuing thus, a little further on:

"Glad would the government now be, if they could dissolve the political unions; but of this there is little chance; on the contrary, success seems only to have raised their tone, and Lord Grey will find that he has used a dangerous auxiliary, who will only serve under him as long as he will lead them on to further conquest. They have got their reform; what will be their next war cry? The repeal of the Corn Bill, which will reduce the income from land one-half. Will that satisfy them? No! Then comes," &c. &c. "annual parliaments, ballot."

Observing in a similar strain, when the last faint Tory hopes that the bill might be quashed, or at any rate amended, have been finally dissipated:

"A new era may be dated from this day for England, and who can tell the changes that may ensue? The House of Peers as a deliberative body is trampled under foot; it never again can be a check to popular innovation, as the same threat of a fresh creation may be used by a reckless minister to carry any other point in opposition to their opinion and feeling."

But, ah! the secret peeps out at last, the secret of this intense political excitation in the mind of the exquisitely tasteful and consummately refined West End diner-out. It is in the middle of the Reform agitation, when Thomas Raikes, Esquire, enters in his diary this startling but wholly unintended revelation,—"I do not think," he says, "that in all my experience I ever remember such a season in London as this has been; so little gaiety, so few dinners, balls, and fêtes." The murder is out—à bas the Reform Bill, away with the Whigs, down with Radicalism! No wonder the sleek Sybarite abhorred a movement carrying such desolation and languor into the salons of Mayfair, and to the kitchens of Belgravia. No wonder he exclaimed, when commenting on Lord Grey with such bitterness, and originality: "He has sown the winds, and must reap the tempests." Or that, repeating himself in his sorrowful indignation, he should cry out with the guttural voice of a well-fed Cassandra, "From this day commences a new era for England"—This Day being the date of the dissolution of the last unreformed parliament. He very considerately obliges us upon the opposite page to the one containing the last-mentioned most touching ejaculation, with his own axiomatic definition of the Great End of all Good Government, namely,—To combine the maximum of liberty with the minimum of democracy. (Something tantamount to, The Wide Ocean, with as little water as possible!) It is a philosophical and statesmanlike epitome of his political creed, worthy of so extremely well-preserved a frequenter of White's and the Carlton.

It is positively affecting to note that the first shock of the consequences produced by this miserable Reform Bill, upon the nerves of Thomas Raikes, Esquire, he himself indicates with a spasm of loathing, when he observes that, "the bone-grubber, W. Cobbett, is returned for Oldham," and, a little lower down the same page, that "the famous pugilist and better at Newmarket, Gully, has been returned for Pontefract." A month later, and this revolting parliament has actually assembled at Westminster. What is the earliest anguish of it to our afflicted Diarist? "The first object which presented itself, was Mr. Cobbett seated on the Treasury Bench with the ministers; from which he refused to move, as he said he knew of no distinction of seats in that house." The wretchedness of all this being to Thomas Raikes, Esquire not so much its revolutionary aspect, as its abominable vulgarity. In testimony of which he makes the following illustrative remarks afterwards upon (as will be seen) high authority:

"Sir Robert Peel said to me that he was very much struck with the appearance of this new parliament, the tone and character of which seemed quite different from any other he had ever seen; there was an asperity, a rudeness, a vulgar assumption of independence, combined with a fawning deference to the people out of doors, expressed by many new members, which was highly disgusting. My friend R——, who has been a thick-and-thin reformer, and voted with the government throughout, owned to me this evening that he began to be frightened."

So atrociously vulgar, in point of fact, is the whole transaction from first to last, that he ultimately arrives at the deliberate conclusion that, "none can deny that a great revolution in the state is advancing." Explaining the character and tendency of that revolution thus: "The aristocracy are hourly going down in the scale; royalty is become a mere cipher." Finally, he expresses himself explicitly in these appalling words:

"The revolution so long predicted seems to be approaching. No real government can henceforward exist in this country."

In reality, he appears to have thought pretty much as Pozzo di Borgo thought in eighteen hundred and thirty-four: to wit, that, "the British constitution of king, lords, and commons, which had for ages been the admiration of the world, had been destroyed by a stroke of the pen:" that, "the only government which remained for England was the reformed House of Commons, or, in other words, a democracy." Nevertheless, Thomas Raikes, Esquire, survived until the third of July, eighteen hundred and forty-eight, when he peacefully expired in the seventieth year of his age at Brighton, leaving his fatherland still out of the clutches of an untameable

democracy, still presided over by a sovereign, still with Lords and Commons, still with a hale constitution.

MY SISTER.

Up many flights of crazy stairs,
Where oft one's head knocks unawares;
With a rickety table, and without chairs,
And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
Dwells my sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door;
One might reckon her miseries by the score,
But who feels interest in one so poor?
Yet she is my sister.

She was blooming, and fresh, and young, and fair,
With bright blue eyes, and auburn hair;
But the rose is eaten with canker there,
And her visage is marked with a grim despair.
Such is my sister!

When at early morning, to rest her head,
She throws herself on her weary bed,
Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead,
Yet fearing, for in all her life she had misled,
Pity my sister!

But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
And on mine and hers, and on thine and thee,
Whatever our lot in life may be,
Whether of high or low degree,
Still, she's our sister:
Weep for our sister,
Pray for our sister,
Succour our sister.

BOURBON PARIS, PHOTOGRAPHED.

There is a certain unscrupulosity abroad as regards the rights of generations departed this life, and unable to help themselves. There is a species of crazy affection for knowing the little ways and habits of those who have gone on before. The public roads of literature have grown to be infested with bands of Free Lances, ranging the whole country for such booty as the defunct may have left behind them. That an Englishman's house is his castle appears to be sound and accepted doctrine so long only as the castellan is in the flesh and able to make good his right. Let the Englishman, or generation of Englishmen—for they have their keeps and castles too—have slept but a decent interval under ground, and these lawless condottieri have set forth on their unholy errand, and have drawn a cordon round the stronghold, and, before long, have made their way in. Then may be seen streaming up the broad staircase floods of antiquarian spoilers, who forthwith disperse about, prying curiously into choice cabinets and secret drawers, and fingering greedily all relics of the departed. Not even the blue chamber, or famed skeleton closet, is held sacred; no, nor defunct's private escritoire and papers and folded writings. For such are the very spolia opima of the raid, to be rifled feloniously, borne away, and deciphered, and imprinted, and brought forth into the light of day. It is very certain that facts exhumed in this questionable fashion—facts that concern the innermost life of a deceased Respectability—have always been desiderated exceedingly. Such, when wrought into book shape, may be looked for, not in the dusty banishment of the library, but in the snug retirement of the study, on the table by the fire, to be taken up at choice moments. Where, too, with eternal patent of precedence, shall repose the famous Boswellian chronicle, in company with sundry of the Anas, and some few others, wherein men's minds have been most exactly photographed. And very natural it is, that men should turn from bare, angular traditions—the dry bones, as it were, of history—to such waifs and strays and chips of great men's talk, still breathing life and vitality, giving to us the very shape and complexion of their garments, what they delighted to have about them, with a hundred other strokes that raise them up again before us, even as they were in the flesh. It was some such feeling, no doubt, that made the caustic satirist of our day yearn to have been born some centuries back, that he might have looked on the face of Shakespeare, and run his errands for him, and been his shoeblack.

But there is a pleasant people separated from us but by a strip of sea, whose "vie intime," as it may be called, of some seventy or eighty years back, we would gladly know more of. There is a gorgeousness and abundance of detail belonging to that time; a crowd of figures, in costly raiment, ever crossing and re-crossing; galaxies of beauty; strange shows and pageantries, sparkling mots, wit, and wealth, which render that tiny little season a tempting oasis for all explorers of treasures of past history. Though such matters would seem to have been treated copiously in the memoires of the time, still it is mostly the little schemes and intrigues, the incomings and outgoings that are set forth in their pages, while the minute touches before spoken of, which lend true vitality to the picture, are passed by. Thus, reading over that entry in Mr. Filby's ledger concerning Dr. Goldsmith's bloom-coloured suit, and tracing out the history of those vestments; how they were ordered to do honour to a bright festive occasion long looked for; how he hoped with their aid to render his queer ungainly little person more acceptable to the cherished Jessamy Bride: this simple entry in Mr. Filby's ledger seems to bring him back before us, with all his gentle foibles, more effectually than a whole diary of his life and actions. Were points like these, relative to that French generation, preserved to us in some Boswellian note-book, how near a prospect would it help us to of that gay and garish period of French life. Even so has the great Whig chronicler, from ballads,

broadsides, and caricatures, set forth his famous picture of English ways and manners two hundred years ago; so, too, has Thomas Carlyle drunk inspiration for his vivid chronicle from the flood of wild pamphlets abroad in that age: it is like looking at Napoleon's St. Helena hat, or at Marie Antoinette's slipper, or at the faded characters of an old letter. Very gladly would we learn in what guise this fifteenth Louis went forth to hunt of a morning, how he whiled away an evening at the Trianon, what were his books, his jokes at the little suppers? We would have those glittering Versailles receptions brought up again before us; we would know how the stately company found amusement, how they sat, and played, and flirted; how Richelieu sneered, and Dubarry flaunted; how the queer medley of courtiers, soldiers, queans, dwarfs, and players moved onward through the gay and gilded Versailles galleries, toward the Revolution. Such prospect is not altogether unattainable.

It is natural enough that the world should be curious to know in what guise this Paris beau-monde, male and female, went forth upon those neatly sanded boulevard promenades, and showed themselves at spectacle, ball, or opera; in what rich material the Richelieus and D'Aiguillons came flocking to Versailles assembly; what the latest device in style and cut introduced by Monsieur le Duc—king's own tailor—from the Quai de l'Ecole, or by Lemaître, of the Rue des Fossés; what were the fashionable charges of those artistes; what was the "castor" most à la mode, with a few little secrets concerning the lace and jewellery then most worn, would all have their place in a surface-sketch, or coloured photograph, of sunshiny Paris some seventy or eighty years ago.

Monsieur le Duc, then—tailleur de sa Majesté—reigned on the Quai de l'École, and his salons were dailed peopled with lions and exquisites of the very first water: herr Schellington, who had the true German talent for fashioning garments, came in for his share of high patronage—being, perhaps, taken up by the officers of the Royal Allemand and other German regiments.

For sitting in of a morning, when under the coiffeur's or valet's hands, Monsieur le Duc could furnish a handsome robe de chambre, of rich cloth of gold fabric, with flower pattern interwoven, at very reasonable cost—say, from one to six guineas per French yard. How many yards such loose flowing robes absorb is not to be determined here; but, if a rough guess may be hazarded, twenty-five to thirty guineas must have been the figure. Truly luxurious is this notion of being shaved and coiffed in cloth of gold and rich flower pattern. In the winter season he could send forth Monsieur le Marquis upon town, arrayed in cloth, plain black Pagnon or bright scarlet Gobelins, or else in velvets covered over with embroidery, and set off gorgeously by a waistcoat of cloth of gold and silver profusely flowered. These famous waistcoats were meant to be perfect cynosures—all other portions of the dress being sacrificed to their splendours. Monsieur le Duc had such things by him, at from six to twelve guineas a-piece. But for light summer wear, for that promenade en carosse in the Boulevards, camlets and flowered silks were mostly worn. But any special embroidering of Monsieur's suit was a very costly business—not to be attempted handsomely under twenty-five guineas. Monsieur le Duc—being tailleur de sa Majesté—was, of course, well skilled in the nice complexities of court mourning. He must have known how to apportion the shade and tint according to the precise affinity. He could prescribe the moment when passionate grief was to glide from sombre woollens into silks and black ornaments, and from these again subside gently into little grief and diamonds. Such decoration was, of course, for the ladies—the gentlemen appearing in silver swords and buckles. Perhaps he could not so readily have furnished a reason why madame was expected to mourn monsieur a year and six weeks, while monsieur's sorrow for madame was supposed to heal in six months.

For ladies' dresses, the materials most in fashion were the native Lyons silks, and rich Indian stuffs brought over by the great French company—such as Pekins and Armosins—not to mention taffetas, mostly of British make—evidence of the Anglomania shortly to set in. There was also a British moire, sold by the dress at from four to sixteen guineas. Lace, too, in the shape of superb manchettes, was much affected by the haughty Parisian belles, who thought little of giving twenty or even fifty guineas for a single pair. On those fair arms might be seen the famed point d'Argentan—better known as Alençon lace—or the no less costly point d'Angleterre—familiar to us as Brussels point—and Valenciennes, even then noted for its ochre tint. No doubt the magasins in the Rue de l'Ecu and Place Dauphine, where such dainty articles abounded, were well frequented by those fair but lavish customers. But it was at the gorgeous Versailles assemblies that the marvels of female dress were displayed in all their splendour. On such occasions, the rich modistes of the Rue St. Honoré, the Rue de Roule, and Palais Marchand, furnished forth their choicest stores. They could supply the new fashionable caps or turbans, known as bonnets au cabriolet and bonnets à la comète. There might be some grounds for likening a head-dress to the vast hood of a vehicle then common enough in Parisian streets, but the significance of the comète cap is not quite so apparent. Such gear, too, as blondes de Soye, ajustemens de blondes, fichus, scrupuleuses (whatever they might be), mantelets, gazes, entoilages, gazes d'Italie, might be all had in abundance, and at reason-

able cost. A handsome pelisse was attainable at about three guineas—a mantelet at so low as thirty shillings. At the same time, these prices were susceptible of startling expansion —a pelisse of rich satin, or kind known as Vraye Martre, running up to ten and twenty guineas. That must have been a day of storm and trouble when Madame's bill came in to Monsieur le Baron—when Monsieur le Baron requested a few moments' conversation in Madame's private chamber.

Who shall say whether these same St. Honoré modistes ever came by their money? Or whether this, with many more accounts, was wiped off and extinguished for ever in the great crash then just at hand? At these great Versailles gatherings, very striking to the provincial's eyes was the blaze of diamonds and precious stones; stars, sword-hilts, shoe-buckles, ear-rings—all reflected back the snowy light of the royal lustres. On a few millionnaire fingers were to be seen rings of inestimable value; and in the ears of some fermier-général's wife glittered ear-rings one thousand guineas in price. On the Quais de l'Horloge and des Orfevres, and in Place Dauphine, and in the gay show-rooms of Bœhmer and Bossange (Parisian Hunt and Roskell), whence was to come forth hereafter the fatal queen's necklace, all such glittering treasures abounded plentifully. But in this scene of dazzling splendours disturbing doubts suggest themselves. For we are told that the tiny buckles on beauties' shoes, scintillating like brilliants, were commonly, alack! of paste—at best of strass! False, too, were the bracelets round the snowy wrists! False, too, the brooch with all its sprays and pendants! Provincial will admire lovingly the cunningly wrought chain attaching Madame's watch to her side; how shall he learn that this is but another delusion, being nothing save plain familiar pinchbeck, costing at most twelve francs. Monsieur —curiously enough—fancies a steel chain which stood him no more than three francs! Here are strange anomalies, significant in their little way, of the utter rottenness of those days of impending doom; "beautiful," as has been nobly written of this same time, "beautiful, if seen from afar, resplendent like a sun—seen near at hand, a mere sun's atmosphere, hiding darkness, a confused ferment of ruin!" With which false japannery may be matched the mode of conveyance to these same royal parties—for such, at least, as are so poor as to be utterly coachless. From the Quai d'Orsay, on the evenings of such festivities set forth coaches holding four passengers each, who, for the charge of three francs and a-half, are set down at Versailles gate. True omnibus mode this of going to court.

A not unusual toy for ladies' fingers, to be brought forth and played with in pauses of conversation or the dance, was the snuff box, of a different make and price from those of gentlemen. In the Rue St. Méry was a temple known as the Hôtel de Tabac, consecrated exclusively to the sale of these delicate trifles. Here were they to be found in bewildering variety, and of all materials—of tortoiseshell, gold, silver, mother-of-pearl, and, strange to say, of a substance known as cuir d'Irelande, or Irish leather. Ladies' gold snuff-boxes ran from fifteen to forty guineas; but a cheaper article, a gilt substitute at thirty shillings, was found to answer amazingly well, and had all the look of the genuine ware. Wonderful, too, were the shapes and devices of bijouterie to be had on another story of this same Hôtel de Tabac. Lacquered almanacs, mounted in gold, golden garters, screen-canes, canes with golden apple tops, golden dice, secret cases for carrying portraits—(is there not a certain significance in this item, too?)—with a host of costly trinkets and clinquillerie, the use and meaning whereof it would be hard to divine. It is not written whether it was here were kept on sale these famous sachets, the mere wearing of which was supposed to keep away the stroke of apoplexy.

Nor was evidence of growing Anglomania wanting, even in such small matters as these. There were to be had portfolios à l'Angloise, and in the Rue Notre Dame, a certain Monsieur Tranchant, traiteur à l'Angloise, prepared marvels of rosbif and bifteak. One Materflint, then lodging with a cart-maker in the Rue du Tour St. Germain, gave lessons in the English tongue. So, too, did O'Reillii, who was to be heard of—and truly Celtic was his choice of abode—at a wine-shop at the Café Bertheau. But there was a rival in the field—a compatriot wearing the name of Reilli—who professed to instruct in English pronunciation only. How strangely does this recall one other Irishman—father of the great Brinsley Sheridan—who went northward to Edinburgh town with richest of brogues, and schooled Wedderburn and others in all the niceties of English pronunciation!

It was perhaps interesting to citizens of the great republic to know that Jefferson, as he is written down with stern simplicity, was to be seen every day at his residence, Rue Neuve de Berri, near the Grille de Chaillot. Those, too, who had commissions for the delicate pencils of Greuze and Boucher might seek those artists in the Louvre galleries. There, too, were to be seen Carl Vanloo and Vernet the marine painter; but Oudry—Oudry of the graceful brush—was best met with at his own residence, Hôtel de Grammont, Rue de Clichi, where many a pretty paysage and graceful face waited the finishing touch upon his easel. But it is time to have done, else we might run on for many pages to come with more of these Purple Tints.

Though it was once said that history in certain hands was little better than an old almanac—thereby depreciating calendars in

general—still most of the matters given above have been gleaned from sundry little almanacs purchased on the parapet book-shelves of the Pont Neuf.

OUR FAMILY PICTURE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

OTHER heir-looms have come down to me—the large family Bible, my father's heavy old-fashioned watch, a set of china that belonged to my mother—but, much as I value those dear relics, none of them are so dear to me as our family picture.

It has hung above my chimney-piece these many years, shedding a benignant influence over a hearth long solitary and deserted. I know not why my thoughts should dwell on it to-night more than they usually do, nor why my memory should at this time, more than any other, take to itself wings, and live again, for a brief while, in the pleasant days of my youth; except that this is the anniversary of an event too sorrowful even to be forgotten by me, which the picture serves to bring more vividly before my mind.

It cannot boast of a very superb frame, this dear old picture; and many people would pronounce it to be little better than a daub; for although the faces are beautifully and carefully finished, each being a striking individual likeness, yet the drapery of the figures, and the accessories, have rather a blotchy and slovenly appearance on close inspection. It was painted, half a century ago, by a wandering artist—a man of talent, certainly, but a drunkard, as I have been told—who disappeared from the town before he had quite finished it, having persuaded my father to pay him in advance. Time has imparted to it a rich mellow tint, turning the white into light yellow, and deepening the shadows.

It represents my father and mother, their five children, and my cousin, Philip Delmer. The first thing about it that attracts the attention of strangers is the quaint attire of the figures. It makes one smile to see how the children of those days were dressed; the elder boys in nankeen vests, and trowsers of the same, short enough to display their ankles; short-waisted, high-collared, swallow-tailed blue coats with bright buttons; high black stocks, frilled shirt bosoms, white socks and pumps; the younger lads in jacket suits of blue. But the girls are the oddest figures. My sister Ruth, who may be taken as a pattern of the rest, is represented as a tall, thin girl, with her waist two inches below her armpits; clad in a low-bosomed, short-sleeved, white robe, rather scanty in length, with none of that voluminous width of skirt in which the young ladies of the present day delight—leaving visible two pretty feet covered with red morocco shoes. The hair, both of girls and boys, is cut short, and combed straight down over the forehead without either parting or curl, giving them a strangely quiet, puritanical look. The principal figure in the picture is my father, seated, as I well remember him, in his chair of black oak, with a volume of Tacitus on his knees, and his silver snuff-box in one hand. The artist has caught his expression admirably. There is a long, thin, scholar like face, on which the memory of a smile seems still to linger; the black hair, prematurely thin and grey about the temples; the very stoop is preserved. The dress is such as he usually wore—black coat, the collar reaching to his ears; black small-clothes, nankeen vest, silk stockings, and shoes with large silver buckles, with just a hint of the queue that hung straight down his shoulders behind. My mother comes next—portly and comfortable in person, cheerful and good-tempered in countenance, as the mother of such a family ought to be. She is painted in her wedding-dress, a silver-grey silk. A muslin kerchief, fastened with a gold pin, and surmounted by a thick crimped frill, covers her neck and bosom; on her head is a close-fitting cap, peaked up somewhat at the crown, which I am not skilful enough to describe, but only worn, as I remember, on Sundays and days of high state and ceremony. Six short glossy curls crown her forehead. Without these curls I should hardly recognise my mother, for they were as much a part of herself as her good temper or her pleasant smile. I never remember her without them; for, even in after life, when the rest of her hair had become thin and grey, the six short curls still shone, firm and glossy, above her silver-rimmed spectacles.

My father, Amos Redfern, was master of the only grammar school in the little town of Dingwell. It was a private foundation, the result of a bequest by one John Dalrymple, alderman and twice mayor of Dingwell; who, dying without issue in the year fifteen hundred and sixty-two, and having no relatives to whom to bequeath his fortune, left it for the endowment of a grammar school for the education of thirty poor boys of his native town. But the trustees of the charity, in the course of the next generation, wiser than simple John Dalrymple, and considering that poor boys are better without a knowledge of grammar, determined to send their own sons, and the sons of their wealthy friends, to partake of the mental loaves and fishes thus gratuitously provided; so for a long time before my father became master, it had been considered as the fashionable preparatory school of the district. My father often deplored his inability to remedy this abuse; although in the course of his long career he did contrive to smuggle into the school three or four poor boys whose abilities had attracted his attention, by interesting some of the more charitable of the trustees in their behalf, but not without risking the favour of many powerful friends.

There was one anecdote that my father was fond of relating, with that quiet humour which was the nearest approach to mirth he ever indulged in. He had succeeded, after much trouble and opposition, in filling up one of the vacancies in the school with a poor but quick-witted lad, the son of a journeyman shoemaker of the town. A day or two after the election, a certain rich Mrs. Savory, whose handsome son, Adolphus George, was at that time one of my father's scholars, paid him a visit of expostulation. She swept into the study, all satin and musk, as my father used to say, and seating herself, haughtily desired to have an explanation of my father's extraordinary conduct, and demanded the immediate expulsion of the shoemaker's son. My father heard her quietly to the end, and then unlocking his bureau, drew from its recesses a roll of yellow, timeworn parchment, and unfolding it before the great lady, pointed to certain passages therein, and read, in a low distinct voice, the whole of the clause relating to the thirty poor boys. Mrs. Savory rustled her satins and feathers, pressed her handkerchief to her nose, said that it was a most extraordinary circumstance, remarked that the weather was very fine for the season, and that she should be happy to see my father to dinner; and sailing slowly out of the room, was assisted into her carriage, and quietly disappeared. It was this same shoemaker's son who afterwards won so many honours at the university, and finally became one of the most celebrated preachers of the day.

Our house, which was a large, old-fashioned, inconvenient residence, was separated from the school by a considerable piece of ground, —half garden, half orchard. My father was no gardener; but my mother, with the aid of an old man one day in the week and the forcible impressment of any idle lads she could catch about the premises, contrived to keep it in a very tolerable state of cultivation; as we children grew up, half our leisure hours were spent in it, and in our youthful eyes it was ever a most wonderful place. There were fruits in abundance of nearly every kind that will grow in England in the open air, and as my mother considered herself a woman of some taste, flowers were not neglected, though they were mostly of an old-fashioned and stately kind, such as sunflowers, hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, sweet-williams, and gillyflowers. But the gooseberry and currant-trees were the pride of my mother's heart; and certainly I have never seen elsewhere fruit equal in size and flavour to that I was used to at home.

If my mother could be said to be possessed by a mania for anything, it was for making preserves, which, as we had always a superabundance of fruit, she was enabled to indulge to her heart's content. As the preserving season approached, we always noticed that my mother's temper grew slightly acrimonious, that she gave sharp answers to pacific questions, and that the kitchen was dangerous ground. Pickles, she would observe, might be a responsibility, and home-made wines a serious undertaking; but their weight on her mind was nothing in comparison to that imposed by preserves. She had a secret connected with the boiling of them, which her mother had bequeathed to her on her death-bed—a spell or incantation, we children thought it; though what it really was I never learnt, having no occasion to make use of such knowledge. But when the last jar was filled and covered, all the sugar of my mother's good-nature came back in a lump, and we might have lived on preserves for the next six months, if such a diet would have agreed with our constitutions. Then followed a short but busy season of packing-up, when immense jars had to be sent off to remote aunts and cousins—whose addresses we scarcely knew—and to a host of other people who claimed us as friends. The people of Dingwell came in for their share in the general distribution, not forgetting many poor families, and the old widows in the almshouse.

I speak of these things as I remember them when a lad; but it now becomes necessary to go back a little farther still. My poor father and mother had been married for ten years before they had any children; but, at the end of that time, two came together, as if to make up for the long delay—my brother Neville and my sister Ruth. As some years elapsed after this startling event, without any likelihood of a further increase to his family my father sketched in his mind a plan of education for these two, which he determined they should pursue together. It may appear singular that he should wish to give his daughter the same education as his son; but that was one of his minor crotchets, though based, indeed, upon his principal one.

My father being the head of a grammar-school was, as a matter of course, a good classical scholar, in fact, no one could have been better fitted for such a situation, for not only was he acquainted with all the extant literature of Greece and Rome, but he loved and admired the ancient authors to an extent that was almost fanatical. In all school labours that had no connection with the classics he was invariably kind and indulgent in the extreme; but when the ancients came in question, he at once became stern and inflexible, and woe to any wretched wight who stuttered over his conjugations, or stumbled in his declensions. Long crabbed tasks were in certain store for him, and the cane was not always spared. Yet the lads loved him for his simplicity and good-nature in everything else. He used to carry marbles in his pocket, which he would distribute to unfortunate gamesters who had lost their all; and he was always ready to mend any

broken toy or instrument of amusement far better than the lads themselves could do it. He was not very particular, either, on the subject of caricatures, of which several personal ones adorned the walls of the school. There was one which represented him as crushed to a pancake beneath a pyramid of ancient authors. In another he was represented as a conjuror, about to swallow the ancients bodily, in the form of a string of sausages; while a third depicted him, attired in a toga, flogging a youth, who was weeping very blotchy tears, up the side of an almost perpendicular hill—Parnassus, I presume.

But while my father was pluming himself with the idea of employing his future leisure hours in imparting to his two children a sound classical education, the tenor of his meditations was disturbed by the birth of another son—I, Caleb Redfern, to wit; and the catalogue was closed by the birth, at brief intervals, of my sisters, Helen and Kate.

My father took more snuff than ever—grew fonder of the society of the gentlemen of the toga, and did with one suit of clothes less a year. My mother no longer gave away her old gowns, and had a sharper eye after affairs in the kitchen.

I have mentioned my cousin, Philip Delmer, as forming one of the group in our family-picture. He was the only child of my father's only sister. Both his parents died at Jamaica, of yellow fever, when he was only two years old. A short time before he died, my uncle contrived to pen a few broken lines, bequeathing Philip to the care of his brother-in-law, in England, and the child arrived at our house some six months afterwards, having been brought over in charge of a captain's wife. My parents received the little stranger as though he were another child of their own; and he grew up among us, treated in every respect as one of ourselves.

Neville alone was disposed to regard him with a somewhat jealous eye, and to consider that he usurped the place which he himself should have held in his parents' affections; an opinion most unfounded. Phillip was nearly two years older than Neville, and his abilities were certainly superior to those of my brother; he got on better at school, and put Neville's humble acquirements into the shade; a fact which, probably, first induced Neville to regard him with jealousy and distrust. As a boy, Philip was grave and quiet beyond his years, with a manner cold and haughty towards all except those with whom he was very intimate, so that he was not generally liked; but we who lived in daily communion with him, felt and appreciated his really fine qualities. To my parents he was most dutiful and loving; no son could have been more so.

The first shadow that darkened our hitherto happy hearth was the death of my little sister Kate. I was six years old at that time. A short and painful illness, a calm death, and a solemn funeral, when the snow lay thick on the ground. How it affected us all! For long afterwards, through the dark frosty nights of that winter, in the more cheerful nights of spring, and even in the hot windless nights of summer, we children used to whisper to each other about the strange mystery of death, and wonder what the heaven was like where they told us little Katie now lived; and whether she ever watched the bright stars, as we did, when they glinted in through our bedroom window.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

When I go back in memory to the period of my childhood, it seems to me to be marked by certain epochs or points of time, which, owing to some circumstance or event that impressed me at the moment of its occurrence, still live vividly in my recollections, and raise themselves above the dull surface by which they are surrounded. Like scattered lamps, seen on a dark night, they shine, showing here and there a speck of brightness, while the wide spaces intervening are full of vague shadows and dim forms, that need the daylight to form them into familiar things. With such an epoch, which claims to itself a prominent place in my recollections, I have now to deal.

It was little Olive Graile's birthday. Olive, only child of Doctor Graile, oldest medical practitioner in Dingwell; and there was to be a children's party to celebrate the event. We were all invited, as a matter of course; for the doctor and my father were very intimate, and Olive was a frequent visitor at our house. We children were to go early in the afternoon, and our parents were to follow, so as to be in time for tea. It was a bleak day, towards the end of October—a windy day withal, as I remember, seeing that it required the united strength of Helen and myself to close the heavy front door after us as we went out. The sere leaves were blown thickly round our heads as we walked down the lane; and Philip and Neville went scouring off with merry shouts, chasing them as they fell from the trees. Helen seemed, from her eyes, as if she would like to join them, but restrained herself, clasping her hands tightly in her muff, and walking on in silence like a staid little princess.

Ruth took my hand in hers, and walked beside me all the way; for I was only just recovering from a severe cold, and still wore a piece of flannel round my neck, which I was pained to think I should be unable to hide from the strange children at Doctor Graile's. Perhaps they might laugh at me! What should I do in such a case? I felt myself blushing to the eyes with shame when I thought of it.

Doctor Graile received us in his merry, kindly way, at the door. He picked me out in a moment. "Well, young gentleman,"

said he, "how do you feel to-day? Better, eh? Almost too cold for you to venture out. You look sadly blue and pinched about the nose. The rest of you can bundle up stairs into the play-room, where you will find Olive and lots more friends; but Caleb, you must come with me into the parlour." He had felt my wrist, looked at my tongue, and chucked me under the chin by this time. I followed him with some trepidation. Would Mrs. Graile notice the piece of flannel round my neck? I hoped not.

In another moment I was in the presence of that imposing lady. She was one of the tallest women I have ever seen, but very spare and bony; to hide which defects as much as possible she used to dress in black velvet, with an amount of padding and an amplitude of skirt that scandalised the ladies of those days. Still, the sterile nature of the ground would show itself here and there—in the bony knuckles and joints of her fingers, for instance, which no black silk mits could quite conceal,—in the protruding shoulder-blades, in the prominent cheek-bones, and in the frosty aquiline nose, thrust up like a thin ridge of slate between the flinty depths of her eyes. She ruled over the little doctor most imperiously, a fact observable even to a child like me. What little individuality he had ever possessed had been absorbed long ago in her more powerful nature. But what could be expected from such a frail, shadowy little man—from such a flutteringly polite man, with his thin hair and whiskers of a weak straw colour, as though they had once been red, but were having the colour gradually washed out of them,—with his blue coat buttoned tightly round his spare person, the collar invariably sticking out several inches, as though an invisible hand were clutching him from behind,—from such a shrill-voiced piping little man, who, when he had nothing better to do, would sit by the hour, gently rubbing the palms of his hands together, as though he were making imaginary pills? Mrs. Graile's expectations were evidently of a limited character. She thought the best thing that could be done was to keep him under. Therefore, keep him under she did.

"This is little Caleb Redfern, my dear" pushing me gently by the shoulders before him, as a sort of breast-work, under cover of which he might approach the enemy in safety. Mrs. Graile was busily engaged on some elaborate piece of needlework. She glanced down severely as her husband spoke.

"Why bring him in here?" she asked, speaking from among the glaciers, where she seemed habitually to reside, so chilling was her voice, so cold and lofty her manner.

"He is not well, my love," said the doctor, deprecatingly. "I thought he had better sit by the fire for a few minutes, and warm himself before going up-stairs. Indeed, I think a glass of wine would do him good."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Graile, with severity. "I don't agree with people coddling up children in such a foolish manner. I hope you rubbed your feet, little boy, before coming into the room?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Try to speak up, next time you are asked a question. Well, sir?" to her husband, "why don't you find the child a seat? I understood that you were going to give him a glass of wine?"

"I thought, my dear——"

"You thought! You are always thinking instead of doing. Come here, little boy, and sit down on this hassock at my feet; and see you don't spill any of your wine on the carpet."

The doctor, after rolling a few imaginary pills, sidled out of the room, and I was left alone with the terrible lady. I drank my wine drop by drop, glancing timidly upward every minute or two, but not daring to go and set down my glass when it was empty. We sat in silence for some time; only now and then, to my great dismay, I could not keep back a little tickling cough, which would burst out in spite of all my endeavours. Every time I coughed I felt Mrs. Graile's severe glance rest on me for a moment, and I determined not to offend again. The fire was a large one, and I was soon thoroughly warmed through, but durst not move from my seat. Gradually, Mrs. Graile herself seemed to feel the soothing influence of the fire; for, after a while, her work dropped languidly on her knees; her eyes closed, opened, closed again; her head dropped forward, started back with a jerk, fell forward again; and Mrs. Graile was asleep. There could be no mistake about it, her breathing was too deep and regular to permit of any doubt on the point; nevertheless, I sat for a full quarter of an hour longer before I ventured to stir, and then on tiptoe only, with my handkerchief stuffed into my mouth to stifle the rising cough. Once out of the room, and the door gently closed, I bounded up-stairs, and burst into the play-room with all the eagerness of a prisoner set free.

The room was in an uproar when I entered. The central figure was my brother Neville, who was standing with one foot pressed on a gaily-dressed mannikin, which was bleeding saw-dust from several severe wounds; his hands clenched, his eyes flashing, defying the whole assembly. Near him stood the pretty little Olive, with pouting lips and tear-bedewed eyes; and my cousin Philip, looking on with grave displeasure in his young face. The rest of the company formed an outer circle that took care not to approach the bellicose Neville too closely.

"It is mine, I repeat!" said Neville, passionately, as I opened the door. "She gave it me, herself, not half an hour ago."

"I gave it you to keep; not to pull to pieces," pouted Olive.

"You gave it me to keep, so I could do

what I liked with it. I hate girls!" he said, turning to the company generally. "They are fit for nothing, but eating bread and butter. They've nothing manly about them. They're always changing their minds."

"For shame, Neville!" said Philip. "Remember where you are. Give the Punch back to Olive at once, or I shall tell papa as soon as he comes."

"Tell-tale!" hissed Neville, turning like lightning on Philip. "You dare not come and take it! None of you dare! You are all cowards! You can do nothing but carry tales! I hate girls! I hate you all! I don't care for——"

"Neville!" said a grave voice behind him—my father's. Poor Neville dropped down at once from the height of his passion—wavered, and turned pale. "Yes, sir," he muttered with downcast eyes.

"I am surprised that any son of mine should behave in such a manner. Take your hat, sir, and begone this moment. You and I will settle this matter between us, afterwards."

Neville took his hat without a word, flashed up one black look at his father, walked slowly down stairs, closed the door after him with a bang that echoed through the house, and was gone.

"I'm glad he's gone," said Olive; "aren't you, Philip? He is such a rude boy."

The excitement caused by this scene was quickly over, and the afternoon sped away in the midst of games and amusements of various kinds. Tea-time, much desired season, with its numerous good things, came and went: and we were just organising a game at blind-man's buff, in which both young and old were to join—always excepting Mrs. Graile, who looked with no favourable eyes on such amusements, but had been won over as a spectator by Olive's importunity—when a messenger, pale and breathless, rushed into the room, and beckoned my father on one side. To them were quickly joined my mother and Doctor Graile; and a whisper passed round the room that some terrible accident had happened to my brother Neville. My father and Doctor Graile were out of the house in a moment, and my mother quickly followed. The proposed game was given up, and we children crowded into a corner, whispering, and asking one another for particulars. Philip and Ruth were too impatient to stay any longer; so Helen and I got ready to accompany them home, and we departed together, after a frigid farewell from Mrs. Graile, who was still residing among the glaciers. It was quite dark by the time we reached home; but there were lights flashing up and down, from room to room, portending something unusual. We made our way at once into the kitchen, and crowding round old Betty, the housekeeper, besought her to tell us what had occurred.

"Hush, my honies!" said the old woman, with a shaking voice. "You mustn't make the least bit of noise, for Master Neville's lying up-stairs insensible, with his leg broken, and a great hole in his head."

"But how did it happen, Betty? That's what we want to know."

"I don't rightly know how it was," said the old woman. "But from what I've heard, Master Neville parted from his father in a bit of a passion, and went and climbed up some big tree or other to have a swing in the branches, as you know he often does when he's put out; and either climbing too high, or trusting to a rotten branch, he fell down, and cut his head open, and broke his leg, and was found without sense or feeling; and so you're all to go to bed, my dears, for he's very bad, and Doctor Graile says the house must be kept quiet."

We went up-stairs quietly and sadly without another word. Philip and I lay awake for a long time, talking the matter over in our boyish way; and when Doctor Graile quitted the room, we were lying in wait for him on the landing, and quite startled the little man by appearing suddenly before him in our night-dresses.

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the doctor. "What are you young rascals doing out of bed at this time of the night? Neville? Why he's very poorly, indeed, at present; but I hope that with care we shall soon set him on his legs again. But you must keep quiet, very quiet, all of you, and be careful not to disturb him. Here's a ginger lozenge a piece to warm your mouths with: and now be off to bed with you, or I shall have to warm you with my cane." And laughing softly, and nodding a pleasant good-night, the little doctor disappeared down stairs; the invisible hand clutching at his collar behind, as he went.

Many weary weeks elapsed before Neville could be pronounced convalescent, or even out of danger. I am afraid to think that at that time my father sometimes reproached himself with having been too severe with Neville; and deemed himself, in some measure, the cause of the accident: I judged so, at least, from his sad, drooping manner, and from certain words which he let fall on one or two occasions. If such were the case, how must his bitterness have been increased when, as Neville grew slowly better in body, his mind became gradually weaker; till at last my brother emerged from his sickness, as strong and handsome, in his boyish way, as before, but with a vacant eye, a wandering reason, and a powerless memory. Gradually he became the prey of a dull, brooding melancholy: looking on all who were nearest and dearest to him with distrustful but indifferent eyes, and falling into the most fearful fits of passion, if, by accident, any of his little whims were slighted. I think Doctor

Graile was puzzled how to deal with such a case. He shook his head, and prescribed, and said we must trust to time, rather than to medicine, to work a cure. But when my father coming suddenly upon Neville one day, found him with his handkerchief knotted round his neck, and knew that had he come three minutes later, he would have found him dead, all the doctor could do was to recommend change of air—the sea-side, if possible—and constant supervision.

So Neville went at once to the sea-side, to a quiet little village on the east coast, in charge of my mother and Philip; my father being unable to leave home on account of his duties. The letters we received were cheerless enough at first; and, indeed, it must have been a trying period both to my mother and Philip. But, gradually, a vein of silver hope ran through my mother's letters, which slowly broadened week by week, till at last came the golden assurance that Neville's health was almost restored, and that they would return home in about a month. It was an anxious time for my father. He used to look for the postman's visits more eagerly than a girl expecting to hear from her lover; and as the accounts he received became gradually more favourable, his old, cheerful, sunny manner came back to him in a way that was pleasant to see.

We all stood crowding round the gate on the day that was to restore Neville to us; and when the coach stopped, and my brother swung himself quickly down, and when my father met his bright affectionate smile, and the full, proud glance of his fearless eyes, he took the lad's hands in his, and kissed him on both cheeks, and bursting into happy tears, turned back into the house, and retired for a little space to his study.

OLD HAWTREY.

As I walked out in June, to take a rural stroll on the country side of Windsor, and not far from the remarkable and most fantastic group of trees, the Burnham beeches, I foregathered, as they used to say in Scotland, with an old man, who was seated on the step of a stile, and breathing the odours of some new-mown hay mingled with the fragrance of hawthorn and a variety of wild flowers scattered along the hedgerow, and peeping through, or hiding themselves under the tufty grass. It was evening, and the scene was delicious. The sun had swollen into a mighty globe of ruddy hue, so rich in the line of beauty that you could fancy you saw round it to the other side; and you wondered who, what, or whence, there might be any intelligent beings gazing on that other aspect of the glorious orb. The old man was admiring it; cheered by the gentle warmth and tempered light, whilst, in the lustre of its parting rays, his dim eyes shone as if with the fire of youth.

After a kindly salute, I entered into conversation with him, and having disposed of the crops and the weather, soon lapsed into the natural theme of old age, self! I found my ancient friend garrulous and communicative; and, as I encouraged him in his favourite topic, speedily learnt his history,—which, though told by fits, like Othello's, I shall endeavour, as it interested me, to comprise in a connected narrative.

I have seen fourscore and four years, he said, and am stiffer than I were, but not thorough (a smile) so strong. I can walk the matter of two miles or more, with my staff, without being overtired, provided the weather ben't too hot, or too wet, or too windy. My hearing is not zactly what it used to be, but I can hear what them do say that I am 'customed to, and they speak loud enough—not too loud. As for my sight, that is but very so so. I cannot see to read, indeed, I never could, over well (another smile); nor things far off; but a little bit round about me I can manage deftly, so as not to run my head agen a wall, or tumble over a truck or a wheelbarrow in the way.

My memory, be sure, is about the worst; it fails me sadly. I forget the names of everybody, and what was done yesterday and last week, and the week before. And I cannot make the stories join fitly when I try to tell about aught strange that happened thirty, or forty, aye, or fifty years agone. But bless ye, how I do remember when I was younger. I remember once seeing George the Third, whose birthday we used to keep on this very day. Lord, what firing o' guns and pistols, and drinking his health, and the boys letting off squibs and crackers, and the gentry, after toasting his Majesty, breaking the glasses, never to be drunk out of agen; and—— let me see,—oh, I remember it was once seeing the king, not over a mile or so from this very spot, nearer the palace at Windsor like, go out a-hunting on a fine horse; and a jolly good farmer looking sportsman he were, only to be known for King, by the star glittering on his breast. His scarlet coat, and his yellow leather smalls, not so small either (a ghost of a laugh) and his shiny top-boots, and his black velvet cap, and his rosy face was all very seemly; and all the lords about, a leetle beside and behind, as it were, as grandly dressed as himsel', only not with stars on their breasts; and the huntsmen, and the whippers in, and the dogs, beautiful hounds, altogether made a splenderous show; when somebody shouted out, and pointed to the stag, which had just been turned out o' the cart, two or three fields off, and was staring about with his great eyes in his great horned head, as if bewildered like on seeing the King of England. And then there was such a hallooing, and barking, and howling (the gift of tongues, I think they called it), and scampering off, the king first and foremost in

the rush: and the deer took to his heels like mad, as if he warn't, after all, thinking on't like one of us, very wishful to see his Majesty. It was wonderful grand. I hallooed and shouted till I was as red in the face as the king himsel', and my throat like to burst! I shall never forget the royal hunt.

I was little more than a hobbledehoy in them days; but a stout stirring chap, that could take his own part and hold his own anyways. I could plough, or wrastle, or thrash, or —or, let me see, do anything in work or play with any other lad of my age in the sheere; and I—excuse me bragging—am bold to say that I was not an ill-looking shaver besides.

And so it came to pass—where was I? Oh, the royal hunt. I'm certified I cannot tell whether they took the deer or not. I think I heard say that they did; but at any rate it was not long after, that, young as I were, I fell into company with a nice sort o' lass, my poor Marget, and I had a deer of my own (as they joked) to chase (another smile recalled from the abyss of last century), and was as happy as a king! Master and the parson both said we were not old enough to have charge of a family, and advised us to bide a while; but we were lithesome and healthy, and thought we could manage well enough, even if, by good luck or bad, we might chance to have any childer. And so we got married. I was over one-and-twenty, and Marget was over nineteen. Bless ye, I remember it as if it was yesterday now, though it is a long time agone, sure-ly. Let me see, it was the year seventeen hundred and —something—ninety. Ninety! It could not be ninety years since I was married to Marget?

Well, well, never mind, we had a parcel of bairns, and the small-pox thinned off the poor little things. They tell me there is no small-pox now, but it was a sore destroyer then; only measles and hooping-cough, which, however, are bad enough, and should also be got rid on. Of all ours, John, and Reuben, and Cicely grew up. John, our first-born, was the last left. Poor child, he was scarce over sixty-two when he died; it is for him I wear this black band on my hat. It reminds me of him, though it was only the other day that they buried him. He was long sickly and unfit for work—old Daddy John, as they used to call him, my sturdy boy!

So you see I am all alone now—all alone. Reuben is dead, and Cicely is dead, and Marget is dead long ago, and everybody is dead but me. And it is God's mercy to spare me; but I do not know that I am of any use in the world, only a trouble. And the rheumatize is so painful, and the cramps so bad, that I get little rest o' nights. I am thankful my appetite is very good. I seldom want; for the folks about are very kind to me, and I enjoy my bite of bread famously, and 'specially when there is a cut of bacon or butchers' meat with it. If so be there be a drop of beer—that's really a treat (a chuckle).

Eh? did I tell you about the bells ringing, cannons firing, and grand illuminations for the Peace with Bonnyparty? I should remember that, for it was the first time I see Lunnun. It was a long journey, to be sure; but master had bought a lot of wood at a felling, nearly ten miles on the road; and as we got leave, John Carter gave us a lift far on to beyond Egham. We walked the rest. There was me, and Job Aston, and Turley, and Peter, I forget his name. He had been there afore, and was our leader, like.

Well, we started at peep o' day. I got to Lunnun before dark. And when night fell, what a blaze, and noise, and confusion there was, surely! We held firm together; but, in spite of it, were all but crushed and torn to pieces by the mob. We see the public offices and Monsieur Otter's (that was the French ambassador) illuminations, and was a'most drowned by the awful thunderstorm that brake out. We gave our money to Peter to pay for us all as we goed on; but lo and behold! it was most misfortunate; for just as we stood gaping at Monsieur Otter's transparents in some great square, the Lunnun thieves picked Peter's pocket, and did not leave us a groat to pay for lodgings or to carry us home. So we had a weary and a hungry trudge of it. Troth I cannot forget the Peace of Amens!

Marget, I warrant ye, had a good laugh. She was nursing Cissy then, I think, but am not sure—it might be one of the others, that died young. I'm told there has been more fighting since, in spite of the Peace and the 'Luminations; and I do remember the rejoicings for the Jubily; but that were not for peace, but because the old king had reigned for fifty years. There were grand doings at Windsor, and an ox roasted whole in Bachelor's Acre; but it was awful dirty cooked, and I remember I could not eat a bit on't; but took a rawish dollop home to please my wife, who threw it to Towzer. Eh! them be things to remember, yet it be a long way to look; and, for years and years after them, I forgot a'most everything but little bits here and there, along the road like. Lord! to think what noble creatures were the king's children at the Jubily. There were the gallant Prince o' Wales and the Duke of York, and I cannot tell how many other brothers and sisters, dukes and princes and princesses, and they were so civil and kindly spoken; and the Princess Elizabeth and the Queen, and all the courtiers so handsome and proud, with ribbons and stars, and glittering gold-lace, and feathers, and . . . . . . lack-a-day, they are all gone now,—all gone; and me, a poor, useless old man, am left—left alone—for all my children are gone, too, though I cannot quite clearly say how and when,—before the royal family or after? It does not matter so much, now. Only them were our troubles and our sorrows, to Marget and me, and sometimes we were badly off,

and sometimes met misfortunate accidents, as when Reuben broke his arm, and the little one was tossed by Farmer Reycroft's bull. To be sure he bellowed louder than the bull, and gin us a terrible fright, but were not so desperate lamed after all. Warrant ye, after he came down to the ground, he never tried to pull the bull's nose by the ring in it, again. But it's all the same now, sir, Jubily and all; and it must be some yeals, they say, before the people can enjoy another Jubily; and so all over again, and over again. Well, well! I don't fancy I shall have a shive off that ox! (A short laugh.)

Oh, aye, aye, though I cannot see, I can feel by the air and the hush, that the golden sun is gone down, too. I dare say there is a dark cloud; may-be a storm a brewing, just where the sky was all so bright and beautiful. And I must toddle. We living men want to go down to rest, like the sun, when the wearysome day and the ploughing, and the labour is over. It is quite different from the morning and nuncheon time. We are brisk as the bees, and buz and fancy we shall never be tired, and we do our work cheerfully, and come to be fed and refreshed. And we hope our lot will be mended, and we return to the work, and we work on alway looking forward for easier times, and more wages and holidays. And so we wear on till—— but it is drawing late, and I must not go on talking. I must get home. I have but a very short way to go,—only 'cross that wee bit of scrub-common, and close agen the church. Umph, umph, I am stiff with sitting. Thank you, sir! You be going the same road? Your help is very kind, to a poor, weakly old man, four score and four.

[Pausing at the fence.] Thank you, thank you! Good night, sir! Oh, yes, I shall have my bit of bread and cheese, and drop of beer for my supper; and then say my prayers and go to sleep. Indeed and indeed, it is a sweetening of life for an old man to say, "Our Father which art in Heaven." It is not like the young who repeat the words without much thinking about the meaning; but as if you were close to your Father, neighbourly, could find him directly, and were a'most speaking to him face to face, so that He'd be sure to hear you. The older men grow,—it is the nearer to Heaven. The old man then whispered the prayer to himself; but gave out "Amen!" aloud.

The summer passed away. The new-mown hay of June had long been stacked: the corn had ripened and was yielding to the sickle: the hedge-row flowers had all withered away and been succeeded by another odorous bloom, the glorious sun was setting in the west upon the first Sunday in August, when I happened to turn my steps again towards the spot where my ancient friend had soliloquised and prayed. I thought I would call and inquire about his health: perhaps indulge in another senile colloquy. The door of the adjacent church was open. I hurried up to the paling within which his dwelling lay, and where I had listened to his tremulous and solemn Amen. Four bearers issued from the door, and walked slowly past me towards the church-yard, with a humble deal coffin, on which, however, I read, rudely inscribed:

Thomas Hawtrey,
Aged 84 Years.

HER GRACE OF THE HOBNAILS.

We believe that, out of England, the name commonly assigned to a young English lady, or to an English racer, is Miss Fanny. In the case of the fast young lady who travelled last year with her mamma, all by herself through some of the rough paths of Norway, as we have to speak of her, and do not know how she is called, we will assume for her the title of Miss Fanny—but, no! "titles are a weak point with all Swedes, and for fear of going below the mark (in Gottenburg) they dubbed us duchesses at once, with the style and title of Your Grace." We will not be behind the Swedes in courtesy, and since we do not know the lady's title, let us take for granted that she is one of our English duchesses—the Duchess Fan. She is a lady certainly of independent means, for, she tells us, she will maintain that "ladies alone get on in travelling much better than with gentlemen: they set about things in a quieter manner, and always have their own way; while men are sure to go into passions and make rows, if things are not right immediately . . . . The only use of a gentleman in travelling is to look after the luggage, and we take care to have no luggage." This fact is, however, modified by the statement that each lady took her bag, into which she packed one change of everything. The Duchess thus describes her travelling attire: A solid plaid shirt, a polka coat, a light waterproof cloak, woollen stockings, and hob-nail shoes. In the course of the journey we learn that she bought herself some scarlet flannel out of which she made herself, or caused to be made for herself, a pair of fascinating trousers. "They can be of any colour or fancy, only red looks pretty among the trees, charms the peasants, and frightens the wolves: mine were quite a success, so I can recommend them."

"Now," she cries, presently, with enthusiasm, "now the non-talk-aboutables proved their usefulness, bagging all my clothes in their ample folds, I at once mounted à la Zouave, and can assure every one for a long journey this attitude has double comforts: while mamma sat twisted sideways on a saddle which would not keep its balance, I was easy and independent, with a foot in each stirrup; besides the scarlet having the most beautiful effect through the green trees." But to go back to the first equipment of her

grace, she took with her, it appears, her bag in one hand, and in the other hand an umbrella, driving-whip, and fishing-rod. The driving-whip is generally represented only by a switch at the Norwegian posting-houses, and it is the "greatest resource in the world" to have the fishing-rod "to throw into the nearest stream without fear of a loud holloa! if kept waiting for, or in want of a meal." Her Grace regretted afterwards that she had not also carried a gun. "The wild fowl," she tells us, "were flying about in the most provoking manner, and could be had for the shooting, and I vowed I never would set foot in Norway again without a gun, nor should any lady do so, unless she has some one to shoot for her."

A general rule given by her grace to those of her sex who follow her: "Ladies, I must impress upon you, you must wear short petticoats in Norway, and see your high boots rubbed with cream every morning." Duchess Fan of the Hobnails adds a few more touches to the picture of herself. She carried slung over her shoulders, on one side, a box of colours, on the other side a sketching-board. She became very hungry in the northern air, and "five meals hardly satisfied her appetite." Having made tea in a mountain hut we learn incidentally that "after six wooden bowls' full, I felt quite equal to sketching this new phase of habitation." She has beautiful long hair, and she is comely to look upon. She expressly tells us that she is not skinny. "What would one think," she asks triumphantly, "of two French ladies, or two of any other nation, penetrating into the wildest recesses of Norway, and finding out new roads for the natives? Who but English could do it? Madame Ida Pfeiffer has been rather active, but then she confesses to being skinny and wiry, and was able to wriggle about, unmolested; the English or Americans are rarely of that make, and so generally blooming and attractive, that it must be a certain inborn right of conquest that makes them nearly always the first to penetrate into the arcana of countries triumphantly." We learn that while supping at a station, the circle of spectators, "looked on in the most innocent manner at the English ladies, occasionally whispering pynt, megget pynt; which expression, fair reader, should you be at all good looking (and if British or American you must be so, the proportion of ugliness to either being one in a million), you will hear every five minutes in Norway." Every five minutes, therefore, her grace heard the Norwegians in admiration of her beauty. In another chapter we find that she opens her eyes in the morning on a party of Norwegians who admire her in her sleep, and whisper "English, fairy, no! take care, hush! . . . . At length, a hand was stretched forth to touch a lock of my streaming hair."

The English fairy thinks "it would not be a bad plan to drive one's own horse in Norway two stations at a time, and fish for one's dinner while he is resting." She likes the Norwegians much, but considers that "the women are certainly rather too domestic, and look upon their husbands with awe, as if they were another sort of creature." And of the Lutheran custom which allows marriage between an uncle and a niece, she observes, "how superior the old Norwegian way was of piratically taking off some stranger bride, as King Haco did the Greek princess Ida."

The Duchess Fan is in fact, according to her book, an extraordinarily fast person, and she writes, in character, in a brisk and lively way, with no more than a fast person's regard for grammar:—"So, gentlemen, unless you like pommelling with the trunk of a tree, do not go 'trying it on' in Norway." "They kept such a mysterious distance off at the same time, and looked so awe-struck, that, knowing their superstitions, we thought they might take us for water-spirits, arriving at so unearthly an hour; and, to dispel the illusion, which was inconvenient, being hungry, seized a spade and dug up a good dish of potatoes, which the kone (goodwife) then at once consented to allow the spirits to breakfast off, nicely boiled, and served with her best fresh butter. It was the first crop, and they were quite new; but no one knows the flavour there is in a potato unless they have dug it up themselves in the fresh morning air. Being rather convinced now we were, alas! only poor mortals; and, even if angels in disguise, had been obliged to take off our wings and leave them behind, so could not fly, they ordered a horse and little reise kjewe, in which, the road being tolerable, we went off to the house of a good Norwegian couple we had become acquainted with at Ierkin, on their journey from Trondhjem, and who gave us a warm invitation to their dwelling, which lay in the direct route of our outlandish expedition. He was the priest of the district," &c.

We have allowed her Grace to sketch herself, and now, as friendly critics, may say what kind things we please about the picture. That two ladies could get on famously, as travellers, without escort, over the Dovrefjeld and the Sognefjeld, over the roughest ground, among the most unkempt of the Norwegians, is a fact creditable not only to Norway, but to human nature.

We call attention to the book as one more illustration of a doctrine we have often preached, that men and women are good fellows in the main. Our friend, the duchess, has, we are quite sure, a frank, good-tempered face, and, whatever she may make of scarlet flannel, she knows how to become friends with those whom chance makes neighbours to her. By expecting good of them she gets it. At the stations, in the cottages, with guides on the road, in the

country parsonages, the duchess and her mother get the honour and trust that they give.

But the remarkable success of her grace as an independent tourist, we would humbly observe, is not due to her being "the same sort of a creature" as a man: it is not due to the natural self-dependence, but to the helplessness of her sex. This she took with her, and displayed everywhere as a passport. Instead of one travelling protector, who would, in dealing with his own sex, "make rows," she committed herself to the care of a long chain of stationary protectors, who were bound in gallantry to take care that she had her way. At each station the women would make common cause with her against every male traveller; the men would owe her everything that was chivalrous. In the very worst place they stopped at on the road, our "Unprotected Females in Norway" (so they are called by the title ot the book) record that the people "showed that they had some refinement about them, by politely charging us much less than the gentlemen; and what was our surprise and their disgust at finding that such had been the case at all the stations where we had stopped; and they had worse accommodation into the bargain! Fancy gallantry being carried to such a point—almost to chivalry, which it actually attained at some places, where we were charged nothing." If the two ladies arriving at some place found that gentlemen had already bespoken the best beds, they took those beds by the connivance of the landlady, and turned the gentlemen into worse quarters.* Whenever horses were waited for at a station; whatever gentlemen might be in a hurry, the ladies were always despatched in advance; and, says the duchess, "we saw quite a row at one of the stations through the postmaster insisting upon giving us, without our suggestion, a horse which arrived the first."

Here is a scene, showing how wise it is for ladies, when they travel, to depend upon their helplessness:—"The fat of the land was spread before us: fish, melted butter, potatoes, coffee, and sweet and brown bread, which we thought a delicious finish; when, as dessert, what should come in but a joint of cold meat! We felt jolly—actually jolly—over a Norske meal; and when at length we left off, and went into the kitchen to congratulate the inestimable kone, our dismay was great at finding her in tears. The daughter maliciously told us we ought to console her, being the cause of them; for the kind soul had not only marched the gentlemen out of the pretty little parlour, that we might eat in quiet, but carried her feminine tenderness so far as to help us first, while they were taken up with smoking and grumbling; and when they saw even the coffee carried out, disregarding her prejudices about ladies first, one jumped up with such menacing gestures, that, though she could not understand a word he said, she sat down and wept, taking a bitter lesson in civilised politeness." This may mean the politeness of the gentleman, or the politeness of the duchess; we are not quite sure which is the more admirable. To be unwilling that gentlemen should, for their greater enjoyment of quiet, be "marched out of the pretty little parlour," and that other people should be baulked of their dinners until they had themselves done, feeling "jolly—actually jolly," was not in the nature of the Unprotected Females. There were the gentlemen making rows, as usual; there were the ladies perfectly content. Here we have, from the pen of the duchess herself, the whole theory of Unprotectedness, which consists, at bottom, in a constant demand on the general protection, and on something more than that, upon unlimited service and indulgence. "It is astonishing," says her grace, in the very first chapter of her story, "it is astonishing, if ladies look perfectly helpless and innocent, how people fall into the trap, and exert to save them. Unprotecteds cannot do better than keep firm to the old combination of the qualities of the serpent and the dove."

We doubt very much whether even the Norwegian peasantry would allow male travellers, on entering their houses, to put on their clothes, open and shut their drawers and cupboards at discretion, and make themselves wholly at home on the premises, after the manner allowed to the unprotected sex, when taking its own way about the land. "Except at one or two places," her grace tells us, "you must help yourself to everything, and ought never to arrive late and fatigued. It is no light matter hunting for things in a strange house, pulling out all the drawers, and making excursions to half-a-dozen different buildings, where things are indiscriminately kept, while it is still more fatiguing bawling to the people to do it for you. But if you can manage to arrive in tolerable time, and enter into the spirit of it, becoming completely a peasant for the occasion, it is quite a part of Norwegian travel, and can fairly rank as fun, the people always good-naturedly resigning the premises entirely into your hands. When we had done, we put out our cups and teapot, hearing awful groans proceeding from the opposite room, occasioned, perhaps, by the gentlemen having to compress themselves into an excruciatingly small space."

Had these two possessors of the "only tolerable bedroom" and the teapot, been of the unprivileged—not of the unprotected—sex, it is possible that a more even division of the space might have been necessary, and that their brethren in the other room would not have been content humbly to wait until it was convenient for them to "put out the teapot."

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 393.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1857. {PRICE 2*d.* STAMPED 3*d.*}

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

In the autumn month of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, wherein these presents bear date, two idle apprentices, exhausted by the long hot summer and the long hot work it had brought with it, ran away from their employer. They were bound to a highly meritorious lady (named Literature), of fair credit and repute, though, it must be acknowledged, not quite so highly esteemed in the City as she might be. This is the more remarkable, as there is nothing against the respectable lady in that quarter, but quite the contrary; her family having rendered eminent service to many famous citizens of London. It may be sufficient to name Sir William Walworth, Lord Mayor under King Richard the Second, at the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection, and Sir Richard Whittington: which latter distinguished man and magistrate was doubtless indebted to the lady's family for the gift of his celebrated cat. There is also strong reason to suppose that they rang the Highgate bells for him with their own hands.

The misguided young men who thus shirked their duty to the mistress from whom they had received many favors, were actuated by the low idea of making a perfectly idle trip, in any direction. They had no intention of going anywhere, in particular; they wanted to see nothing, they wanted to know nothing, they wanted to learn nothing, they wanted to do nothing. They wanted only to be idle. They took to themselves (after HOGARTH), the names of Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild; but, there was not a moral pin to choose between them, and they were both idle in the last degree.

Between Francis and Thomas, however, there was this difference of character: Goodchild was laboriously idle, and would take upon himself any amount of pains and labour to assure himself that he was idle; in short, had no better idea of idleness than that it was useless industry. Thomas Idle, on the other hand, was an idler of the unmixed Irish or Neapolitan type; a passive idler, a born-and-bred idler, a consistent idler, who practised what he would have preached if he had not been too idle to preach; a one entire and perfect chrysolite of idleness.

The two idle apprentices found themselves, within a few hours of their escape, walking down into the North of England. That is to say, Thomas was lying in a meadow, looking at the railway trains as they passed over a distant viaduct—which was *his* idea of walking down into the North; while Francis was walking a mile due South against time—which was *his* idea of walking down into the North. In the meantime the day waned, and the milestones remained unconquered.

"Tom," said Goodchild, "The sun is getting low. Up, and let us go forward!"

"Nay," quoth Thomas Idle, "I have not done with Annie Laurie yet." And he proceeded with that idle but popular ballad, to the effect that for the bonnie young person of that name he would "lay him doon and dee,"—equivalent, in prose, to lay him down and die.

"What an ass that fellow was!" cried Goodchild, with the bitter emphasis of contempt.

"Which fellow?" asked Thomas Idle.

"The fellow in your song. Lay him doon and dee! Finely he'd show off before the girl by doing *that*. A Sniveller! Why couldn't he get up, and punch somebody's head!"

"Whose?" asked Thomas Idle.

"Anybody's. Everybody's would be better than nobody's! If I fell into that state of mind about a girl, do you think I'd lay me doon and dee? No, sir," proceeded Goodchild, with a disparaging assumption of the Scottish accent, "I'd get me oop and petch into somebody. Wouldn't you?"

"I wouldn't have anything to do with her," yawned Thomas Idle. "Why should I take the trouble?"

"It's no trouble, Tom, to fall in love," said Goodchild, shaking his head.

"It's trouble enough to fall out of it, once you're in it," retorted Tom. "So I keep out of it altogether. It would be better for you, if you did the same."

Mr. Goodchild, who is always in love with somebody, and not unfrequently with several objects at once, made no reply. He heaved a sigh of the kind which is termed by the lower orders "a bellowser," and then, heaving Mr. Idle on his feet (who was not half so heavy as the sigh), urged him northward.

These two had sent their personal baggage on by train: only retaining, each his knapsack. Idle now applied himself to constantly regretting the train, to tracking it through the intricacies of Bradshaw's Guide, and finding out where it was now—and where now—and where now—and to asking what was the use of walking, when you could ride at such a pace as that. Was it to see the country? If that was the object, look at it out of carriage-windows. There was a great deal more of it to be seen there, than here. Besides, who wanted to see the country? Nobody. And, again, who ever did walk? Nobody. Fellows set off to walk, but they never did it. They came back and said they did, but they didn't. Then why should he walk? He wouldn't walk. He swore it by this milestone!

It was the fifth from London, so far had they penetrated into the North. Submitting to the powerful chain of argument, Goodchild proposed a return to the Metropolis, and a falling back upon Euston Square Terminus. Thomas assented with alacrity, and so they walked down into the North by the next morning's express, and carried their knapsacks in the luggage van.

It was like all other expresses, as every express is and must be. It bore through the harvested country, a smell like a large washing-day, and a sharp issue of steam as from a huge brazen tea-urn. The greatest power in nature and art combined, it yet glided over dangerous heights in the sight of people looking up from fields and roads, as smoothly and unreally as a light miniature plaything. Now, the engine shrieked in hysterics of such intensity, that it seemed desirable that the men who had her in charge should hold her feet, slap her hands, and bring her to; now, burrowed into tunnels with a stubborn and undemonstrative energy so confusing that the train seemed to be flying back into leagues of darkness. Here, were station after station, swallowed up by the express without stopping; here, stations where it fired itself in like a volley of cannon-balls, swooped away four country-people with nosegays and three men of business with portmanteaus, and fired itself off again, bang, bang, bang! At long intervals were uncomfortable refreshment rooms, made more uncomfortable by the scorn of Beauty towards Beast, the public (but to whom she never relented, as Beauty did in the story, towards the other Beast), and where sensitive stomachs were fed, with a contemptuous sharpness occasioning indigestion. Here, again, were stations with nothing going but a bell, and wonderful wooden razors set aloft on great posts, shaving the air. In these fields, the horses, sheep, and cattle were well used to the thundering meteor, and didn't mind; in those, they were all set scampering together, and a herd of pigs scoured after them. The pastoral country darkened, became coaly, became smoky, became infernal, got better, got worse, improved again, grew rugged, turned romantic; was a wood, a stream, a chain of hills, a gorge, a moor, a cathedral town, a fortified place, a waste. Now, miserable black dwellings, a black canal, and sick black towers of chimneys; now, a trim garden, where the flowers were bright and fair; now, a wilderness of hideous altars all a-blaze; now, the water meadows with their fairy rings; now, the mangy patch of unlet building ground outside the stagnant town, with the larger ring where the Circus was last week. The temperature changed, the dialect changed, the people changed, faces got sharper, manner got shorter, eyes got shrewder and harder; yet all so quickly, that the spruce guard in the London uniform and silver lace, had not yet rumpled his shirt-collar, delivered half the dispatches in his shining little pouch, or read his newspaper.

Carlisle! Idle and Goodchild had got to Carlisle. It looked congenially and delightfully idle. Something in the way of public amusement had happened last month, and something else was going to happen before Christmas; and, in the meantime there was a lecture on India for those who liked it—which Idle and Goodchild did not. Likewise, by those who liked them, there were impressions to be bought of all the vapid prints, going and gone, and of nearly all the vapid books. For those who wanted to put anything in missionary boxes, here were the boxes. For those who wanted the Reverend Mr. Podgers (artist's proofs, thirty shillings), here was Mr. Podgers to any amount. Not less gracious and abundant, Mr. Codgers, also of the vineyard, but opposed to Mr. Podgers, brotherly tooth and nail. Here, were guide-books to the neighbouring antiquities, and eke the Lake country, in several dry and husky sorts; here, many physically and morally impossible heads of both sexes, for young ladies to copy, in the exercise of the art of drawing; here, further, a large impression of Mr. SPURGEON, solid as to the flesh, not to say even something gross. The working young men of Carlisle were drawn up, with their hands in their pockets, across the pavements, four and six abreast, and appeared (much to the satisfaction of Mr. Idle) to have nothing else to do. The working and growing young women of Carlisle, from the age of twelve upwards, promenaded the streets in the cool of the evening, and rallied the said young men. Sometimes the young men rallied the young women, as in the case of a group gathered round an accordion-player, from among whom a young man advanced behind a young woman for whom he appeared to have a tenderness, and hinted to her that he was there and playful, by giving her (he wore clogs) a kick.

On market morning, Carlisle woke up amazingly, and became (to the two Idle

Apprentices) disagreeably and reproachfully busy. There were its cattle market, its sheep market, and its pig market down by the river, with raw-boned and shock-headed Rob Roys hiding their Lowland dresses beneath heavy plaids, prowling in and out among the animals, and flavouring the air with fumes of whiskey. There was its corn market down the main street, with hum of chaffering over open sacks. There was its general market in the street too, with heather brooms on which the purple flower still flourished, and heather baskets primitive and fresh to behold. With women trying on clogs and caps at open stalls, and "Bible stalls" adjoining. With "Doctor Mantle's Dispensary for the cure of all Human Maladies and no charge, for advice," and with Doctor Mantle's "Laboratory of Medical, Chemical, and Botanical Science"—both healing institutions established on one pair of trestles, one board, and one sun-blind. With the renowned phrenologist from London, begging to be favoured (at sixpence each) with the company of clients of both sexes, to whom, on examination of their heads, he would make revelations "enabling him or her to know themselves." Through all these bargains and blessings, the recruiting-serjeant watchfully elbowed his way, a thread of War in the peaceful skein. Likewise on the walls were printed hints that the Oxford Blues might not be indisposed to hear of a few fine active young men; and that whereas the standard of that distinguished corps is full six feet, "growing lads of five feet eleven" need not absolutely despair of being accepted.

Scenting the morning air more pleasantly than the buried majesty of Denmark did, Messrs. Idle and Goodchild rode away from Carlisle at eight o'clock one forenoon, bound for the village of Heske, Newmarket, some fourteen miles distant. Goodchild (who had already begun to doubt whether he was idle: as his way always is when he has nothing to do), had read of a certain black old Cumberland hill or mountain, called Carrock, or Carrock Fell; and had arrived at the conclusion that it would be the culminating triumph of Idleness to ascend the same. Thomas Idle, dwelling on the pains inseparable from that achievement, had expressed the strongest doubts of the expediency, and even of the sanity, of the enterprise; but Goodchild had carried his point, and they rode away.

Up hill and down hill, and twisting to the right, and twisting to the left, and with old Skiddaw (who has vaunted himself a great deal more than his merits deserve; but that is rather the way of the Lake country), dodging the apprentices in a picturesque and pleasant manner. Good, weather-proof, warm, peasant houses, well white-limed, scantily dotting the road. Clean children coming out to look, carrying other clean children as big as themselves. Harvest still lying out and much rained upon; here and there, harvest still unreaped. Well cultivated gardens attached to the cottages, with plenty of produce forced out of their hard soil. Lonely nooks, and wild; but people can be born, and married, and buried in such nooks, and can live and love, and be loved, there as elsewhere, thank God! (Mr. Goodchild's remark.) By-and-by, the village. Black, coarse-stoned, rough-windowed houses; some with outer staircases, like Swiss houses; a sinuous and stony gutter winding up hill and round the corner, by way of street. All the children running out directly. Women pausing in washing, to peep from doorways and very little windows. Such were the observations of Messrs. Idle and Goodchild, as their conveyance stopped at the village shoemaker's. Old Carrock gloomed down upon it all in a very ill-tempered state; and rain was beginning.

The village shoemaker declined to have anything to do with Carrock. No visitors went up Carrock. No visitors came there at all. Aa' the world ganged awa' yon. The driver appealed to the Innkeeper. The Innkeeper had two men working in the fields, and one of them should be called in, to go up Carrock as guide. Messrs. Idle and Goodchild, highly approving, entered the Innkeeper's house, to drink whiskey and eat oakcake.

The Innkeeper was not idle enough—was not idle at all, which was a great fault in him—but was a fine specimen of a north-country man, or any kind of man. He had a ruddy cheek, a bright eye, a well-knit frame, an immense hand, a cheery outspeaking voice, and a straight, bright, broad look. He had a drawing room, too, up-stairs, which was worth a visit to the Cumberland Fells. (This was Mr. Francis Goodchild's opinion, in which Mr. Thomas Idle did not concur.)

The ceiling of this drawing-room was so crossed and re crossed by beams of unequal lengths, radiating from a centre in a corner, that it looked like a broken star-fish. The room was comfortably and solidly furnished with good mahogany and horsehair. It had a snug fire-side, and a couple of well-curtained windows, looking out upon the wild country behind the house. What it most developed was, an unexpected taste for little ornaments and nick-nacks, of which it contained a most surprising number. They were not very various, consisting in great part of waxen babies with their limbs more or less mutilated, appealing on one leg to the parental affections from under little cupping-glasses; but, Uncle Tom was there, in crockery, receiving theological instructions from Miss Eva, who grew out of his side like a wen, in an exceedingly rough state of profile propagandism. Engravings of Mr. Hunt's country-boy, before and after his pie, were on the wall, divided by a highly-coloured nautical piece, the subject of which had all her colors (and more) flying, and was making

great way through a sea of a regular pattern, like a lady's collar. A benevolent elderly gentleman of the last century, with a powdered head, kept guard, in oil and varnish, over a most perplexing piece of furniture on a table; in appearance between a driving seat and an angular knife-box, but, when opened, a musical instrument of tinkling wires, exactly like David's harp packed for travelling. Everything became a nick-nack in this curious room. The copper tea-kettle, burnished up to the highest point of glory, took his station on a stand of his own at the greatest possible distance from the fire-place, and said, "By your leave, not a kittle, but a bijou." The Staffordshire-ware butter-dish with the cover on, got upon a little round occasional table in a window, with a worked top, and announced itself to the two chairs accidentally placed there, as an aid to polite conversation, a graceful trifle in china to be chatted over by callers, as they airily trifled away the visiting moments of a butterfly existence, in that rugged old village on the Cumberland Fells. The very footstool could not keep the floor, but got upon the sofa, and therefrom proclaimed itself, in high relief of white and liver-colored wool, a favourite spaniel coiled up for repose. Though, truly, in spite of its bright glass eyes, the spaniel was the least successful assumption in the collection: being perfectly flat, and dismally suggestive of a recent mistake in sitting down, on the part of some corpulent member of the family.

There were books, too, in this room; books on the table, books on the chimney-piece, books in an open press in the corner. Fielding was there, and Smollett was there, and Steele and Addison were there, in dispersed volumes; and there were tales of those who go down to the sea in ships, for windy nights; and there was really a choice of good books for rainy days or fine. It was so very pleasant to see these things in such a lonesome by-place—so very agreeable to find these evidences of a taste, however homely, that went beyond the beautiful cleanliness and trimness of the house—so fanciful to imagine what a wonder the room must be to the little children born in the gloomy village—what grand impressions of it those of them who became wanderers over the earth would carry away; and how, at distant ends of the world, some old voyagers would die, cherishing the belief that the finest apartment known to men was once in the Hesket-Newmarket Inn, in rare old Cumberland—it was such a charmingly lazy pursuit to entertain these rambling thoughts over the choice oat-cake and the genial whiskey, that Mr. Idle and Mr. Goodchild never asked themselves how it came to pass that the men in the fields were never heard of more, how the stalwart landlord replaced them without explanation, how his dog-cart came to be waiting at the door, and how everything was arranged without the least arrangement, for climbing to old Carrock's shoulders, and standing on his head.

Without a word of inquiry, therefore, The Two Idle Apprentices drifted out resignedly into a fine, soft, close, drowsy, penetrating rain; got into the landlord's light dog-cart, and rattled off, through the village, for the foot of Carrock. The journey at the outset was not remarkable. The Cumberland road went up and down like other roads; the Cumberland curs burst out from backs of cottages and barked like other curs, and the Cumberland peasantry stared after the dog-cart amazedly, as long as it was in sight, like the rest of their race. The approach to the foot of the mountain resembled the approaches to the feet of most other mountains all over the world. The cultivation gradually ceased; the trees grew gradually rare, the road became gradually rougher, and the sides of the mountain looked gradually more and more lofty, and more and more difficult to get up. The dog-cart was left at a lonely farm-house. The landlord borrowed a large umbrella, and, assuming in an instant the character of the most cheerful and adventurous of guides, led the way to the ascent. Mr. Goodchild looked eagerly at the top of the mountain, and, feeling apparently that he was now going to be very lazy indeed, shone all over wonderfully to the eye, under the influence of the contentment within and the moisture without. Only in the bosom of Mr. Thomas Idle did Despondency now hold her gloomy state. He kept it a secret; but he would have given a very handsome sum, when the ascent began, to have been back again at the inn. The sides of Carrock looked fearfully steep, and the top of Carrock was hidden in mist. The rain was falling faster and faster. The knees of Mr. Idle—always weak on walking excursions—shivered and shook with fear and damp. The wet was already penetrating through the young man's outer coat to a bran new shooting-jacket, for which he had reluctantly paid the large sum of two guineas on leaving town; he had no stimulating refreshment about him but a small packet of clammy gingerbread nuts; he had nobody to give him an arm, nobody to push him gently behind, nobody to pull him up tenderly in front, nobody to speak to who really felt the difficulties of the ascent, the dampness of the rain, the denseness of the mist, and the unutterable folly of climbing, undriven, up any steep place in the world, when there is level ground within reach to walk on instead. Was it for this that Thomas had left London? London, where there are nice short walks in level public gardens, with benches of repose set up at convenient distances for weary travellers — London, where rugged stone is humanely pounded into little lumps for the road, and intelligently shaped into smooth slabs for the pavement! No! it was not for the laborious ascent of the crags of

Carrock that Idle had left his native city and travelled to Cumberland. Never did he feel more disastrously convinced that he had committed a very grave error in judgment than when he found himself standing in the rain at the bottom of a steep mountain, and knew that the responsibility rested on his weak shoulders of actually getting to the top of it.

The honest landlord went first, the beaming Goodchild followed, the mournful Idle brought up the rear. From time to time, the two foremost members of the expedition changed places in the order of march; but the rearguard never altered his position. Up the mountain or down the mountain, in the water or out of it, over the rocks, through the bogs, skirting the heather, Mr. Thomas Idle was always the last, and was always the man who had to be looked after and waited for. At first the ascent was delusively easy: the sides of the mountain sloped gradually, and the material of which they were composed was a soft spongy turf, very tender and pleasant to walk upon. After a hundred yards or so, however, the verdant scene and the easy slope disappeared, and the rocks began. Not noble, massive rocks, standing upright, keeping a certain regularity in their positions, and possessing, now and then, flat tops to sit upon, but little, irritating, comfortless rocks, littered about anyhow by Nature; treacherous, disheartening rocks of all sorts of small shapes and small sizes, bruisers of tender toes and trippers-up of wavering feet. When these impediments were passed, heather and slough followed. Here the steepness of the ascent was slightly mitigated; and here the exploring party of three turned round to look at the view below them. The scene of the moorland and the fields was like a feeble water-colour drawing half sponged out. The mist was darkening, the rain was thickening, the trees were dotted about like spots of faint shadow, the division-lines which mapped out the fields were all getting blurred together, and the lonely farm-house where the dog-cart had been left, loomed spectral in the grey light like the last human dwelling at the end of the habitable world. Was this a sight worth climbing to see? Surely—surely not!

Up again—for the top of Carrock is not reached yet. The landlord, just as good-tempered and obliging as he was at the bottom of the mountain. Mr. Goodchild brighter in the eyes and rosier in the face than ever; full of cheerful remarks and apt quotations; and walking with a springiness of step wonderful to behold. Mr. Idle, farther and farther in the rear, with the water squeaking in the toes of his boots, with his two-guinea shooting-jacket clinging damply to his aching sides, with his over-coat so full of rain, and standing out so pyramidically stiff, in consequence, from his shoulders downwards, that he felt as if he was walking in a gigantic extinguisher—the despairing spirit within him representing but too aptly the candle that had just been put out. Up and up and up again, till a ridge is reached, and the outer edge of the mist on the summit of Carrock is darkly and drizzlingly near. Is this the top? No, nothing like the top. It is an aggravating peculiarity of all mountains, that, although they have only one top when they are seen (as they ought always to be seen) from below, they turn out to have a perfect erruption of false tops whenever the traveller is sufficiently ill-advised to go out of his way for the purpose of ascending them. Carrock is but a trumpery little mountain of fifteen hundred feet, and it presumes to have false tops, and even precipices, as if it was Mont Blanc. No matter; Goodchild enjoys it, and will go on; and Idle, who is afraid of being left behind by himself, must follow. On entering the edge of the mist, the landlord stops, and says he hopes that it will not get any thicker. It is twenty years since he last ascended Carrock, and it is barely possible, if the mist increases, that the party may be lost on the mountain. Goodchild hears this dreadful intimation, and is not in the least impressed by it. He marches for the top that is never to be found, as if he was the Wandering Jew, bound to go on for ever, in defiance of everything. The landlord faithfully accompanies him. The two, to the dim eye of Idle, far below, look in the exaggerative mist, like a pair of friendly giants, mounting the steps of some invisible castle together. Up and up, and then down a little, and then up, and then along a strip of level ground, and then up again. The wind, a wind unknown in the happy valley, blows keen and strong; the rain-mist gets impenetrable; a dreary little cairn of stones appears. The landlord adds one to the heap, first walking all round the cairn as if he were about to perform an incantation, then dropping the stone on to the top of the heap with the gesture of a magician adding an ingredient to a cauldron in full bubble. Goodchild sits down by the cairn as if it was his study-table at home; Idle, drenched and panting, stands up with his back to the wind, ascertains distinctly that this is the top at last, looks round with all the little curiosity that is left in him, and gets, in return, a magnificent view of—Nothing!

The effect of this sublime spectacle on the minds of the exploring party is a little injured by the nature of the direct conclusion to which the sight of it points—the said conclusion being that the mountain mist has actually gathered round them, as the landlord feared it would. It now becomes imperatively necessary to settle the exact situation of the farm-house in the valley at which the dog-cart has been left, before the travellers attempt to descend. While the landlord is endeavouring to make this discovery in his own way, Mr. Goodchild plunges his hand under his wet coat, draws out a little red morocco-case, opens it, and displays to the

view of his companions a neat pocket-compass. The north is found, the point at which the farm-house is situated is settled, and the descent begins. After a little downward walking, Idle (behind as usual) sees his fellow-travellers turn aside sharply—tries to follow them—loses them in the mist—is shouted after, waited for, recovered—and then finds that a halt has been ordered, partly on his account, partly for the purpose of again consulting the compass.

The point in debate is settled as before between Goodchild and the landlord, and the expedition moves on, not down the mountain, but marching straight forward round the slope of it. The difficulty of following this new route is acutely felt by Thomas Idle. He finds the hardship of walking at all, greatly increased by the fatigue of moving his feet straight forward along the side of a slope, when their natural tendency, at every step, is to turn off at a right angle, and go straight down the declivity. Let the reader imagine himself to be walking along the roof of a barn, instead of up or down it, and he will have an exact idea of the pedestrian difficulty in which the travellers had now involved themselves. In ten minutes more Idle was lost in the distance again, was shouted for, waited for, recovered as before; found Goodchild repeating his observation of the compass, and remonstrated warmly against the sideway route that his companions persisted in following. It appeared to the uninstructed mind of Thomas that when three men want to get to the bottom of a mountain, their business is to walk down it; and he put this view of the case, not only with emphasis, but even with some irritability. He was answered from the scientific eminence of the compass on which his companions were mounted, that there was a frightful chasm somewhere near the foot of Carrock, called The Black Arches, into which the travellers were sure to march in the mist, if they risked continuing the descent from the place where they had now halted. Idle received this answer with the silent respect which was due to the commanders of the expedition, and followed along the roof of the barn, or rather the side of the mountain, reflecting upon the assurance which he received on starting again, that the object of the party was only to gain "a certain point," and, this haven attained, to continue the descent afterwards until the foot of Carrock was reached. Though quite unexceptionable as an abstract form of expression, the phrase "a certain point" has the disadvantage of sounding rather vaguely when it is pronounced on unknown ground, under a canopy of mist much thicker than a London fog. Nevertheless, after the compass, this phrase was all the clue the party had to hold by, and Idle clung to the extreme end of it as hopefully as he could.

More sideway walking, thicker and thicker mist, all sorts of points reached except the "certain point;" third loss of Idle, third shouts for him, third recovery of him, third consultation of compass. Mr. Goodchild draws it tenderly from his pocket, and prepares to adjust it on a stone. Something falls on the turf—it is the glass. Something else drops immediately after—it is the needle. The compass is broken, and the exploring party is lost!

It is the practice of the English portion of the human race to receive all great disasters in dead silence. Mr. Goodchild restored the useless compass to his pocket without saying a word, Mr. Idle looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at Mr. Idle. There was nothing for it now but to go on blindfold, and trust to the chapter of chances. Accordingly, the lost travellers moved forward, still walking round the slope of the mountain, still desperately resolved to avoid the Black Arches, and to succeed in reaching the "certain point."

A quarter of an hour brought them to the brink of a ravine, at the bottom of which there flowed a muddy little stream. Here another halt was called, and another consultation took place. The landlord, still clinging pertinaciously to the idea of reaching the "point," voted for crossing the ravine and going on round the slope of the mountain. Mr. Goodchild, to the great relief of his fellow-traveller, took another view of the case, and backed Mr. Idle's proposal to descend Carrock at once, at any hazard—the rather as the running stream was a sure guide to follow from the mountain to the valley. Accordingly, the party descended to the rugged and stony banks of the stream; and here again Thomas lost ground sadly, and fell far behind his travelling companions. Not much more than six weeks had elapsed since he had sprained one of his ancles, and he began to feel this same ancle getting rather weak when he found himself among the stones that were strewn about the running water. Goodchild and the landlord were getting farther and farther ahead of him. He saw them cross the stream and disappear round a projection on its banks. He heard them shout the moment after as a signal that they had halted and were waiting for him. Answering the shout, he mended his pace, crossed the stream where they had crossed it, and was within one step of the opposite bank, when his foot slipped on a wet stone, his weak ankle gave a twist outwards, a hot, rending, tearing pain ran through it at the same moment, and down fell the idlest of the Two Idle Apprentices, crippled in an instant.

The situation was now, in plain terms, one of absolute danger. There lay Mr. Idle writhing with pain, there was the mist as thick as ever, there was the landlord as completely lost as the strangers whom he was conducting, and there was the compass

broken in Goodchild's pocket. To leave the wretched Thomas on unknown ground was plainly impossible; and to get him to walk with a badly sprained ankle seemed equally out of the question. However, Goodchild (brought back by his cry for help) bandaged the ankle with a pocket-handkerchief, and assisted by the landlord, raised the crippled Apprentice to his legs, offered him a shoulder to lean on, and exhorted him for the sake of the whole party to try if he could walk. Thomas, assisted by the shoulder on one side, and a stick on the other, did try, with what pain and difficulty those only can imagine who have sprained an ankle and have had to tread on it afterwards. At a pace adapted to the feeble hobbling of a newly-lamed man, the lost party moved on, perfectly ignorant whether they were on the right side of the mountain or the wrong, and equally uncertain how long Idle would be able to contend with the pain in his ancle, before he gave in altogether and fell down again, unable to stir another step.

Slowly and more slowly, as the clog of crippled Thomas weighed heavily and more heavily on the march of the expedition, the lost travellers followed the windings of the stream, till they came to a faintly-marked cart-track, branching off nearly at right angles, to the left. After a little consultation it was resolved to follow this dim vestige of a road in the hope that it might lead to some farm or cottage, at which Idle could be left in safety. It was now getting on towards the afternoon, and it was fast becoming more than doubtful whether the party, delayed in their progress as they now were, might not be overtaken by the darkness before the right route was found, and be condemned to pass the night on the mountain, without bit or drop to comfort them, in their wet clothes.

The cart-track grew fainter and fainter, until it was washed out altogether by another little stream, dark, turbulent, and rapid. The landlord suggested, judging by the colour of the water, that it must be flowing from one of the lead mines in the neighbourhood of Carrock; and the travellers accordingly kept by the stream for a little while, in the hope of possibly wandering towards help in that way. After walking forward about two hundred yards, they came upon a mine indeed, but a mine, exhausted and abandoned; a dismal, ruinous place, with nothing but the wreck of its works and buildings left to speak for it. Here, there were a few sheep feeding. The landlord looked at them earnestly, thought he recognised the marks on them—then thought he did not—finally gave up the sheep in despair—and walked on, just as ignorant of the whereabouts of the party as ever.

The march in the dark, literally as well as metaphorically in the dark, had now been continued for three-quarters of an hour from the time when the crippled Apprentice had met with his accident. Mr. Idle, with all the will to conquer the pain in his ankle, and to hobble on, found the power rapidly failing him, and felt that another ten minutes at most would find him at the end of his last physical resources. He had just made up his mind on this point, and was about to communicate the dismal result of his reflections to his companions, when the mist suddenly brightened, and began to lift straight ahead. In another minute, the landlord, who was in advance, proclaimed that he saw a tree. Before long, other trees appeared—then a cottage—then a house beyond the cottage, and a familiar line of road rising behind it. Last of all, Carrock itself loomed darkly into view, far away to the right hand. The party had not only got down the mountain without knowing how, but had wandered away from it in the mist, without knowing why—away, far down on the very moor by which they had approached the base of Carrock that morning.

The happy lifting of the mist, and the still happier discovery that the travellers had groped their way, though by a very round-about direction, to within a mile or so of the part of the valley in which the farm-house was situated, restored Mr. Idle's sinking spirits and reanimated his failing strength. While the landlord ran off to get the dog-cart, Thomas was assisted by Goodchild to the cottage which had been the first building seen when the darkness brightened, and was propped up against the garden-wall, like an artist's lay-figure waiting to be forwarded, until the dog-cart should arrive from the farm-house below. In due time—and a very long time it seemed to Mr. Idle—the rattle of wheels was heard, and the crippled Apprentice was lifted into his seat. As the dog-cart was driven back to the inn, the landlord related an anecdote which he had just heard at the farm-house, of an unhappy man who had been lost, like his two guests and himself, on Carrock; who had passed the night there alone; who had been found the next morning, "scared and starved;" and who never went out afterwards, except on his way to the grave. Mr. Idle heard this sad story, and derived at least one useful impression from it. Bad as the pain in his ankle was, he contrived to bear it patiently, for he felt grateful that a worse accident had not befallen him in the wilds of Carrock.

INDIAN RECRUITS AND INDIAN ENGLISH.

In Europe, the task of recruiting-sergeant is anything but a sinecure. In fact, scarcely any nation relies on any other than forced conscription to replenish its armies. England alone seems able to furnish an adequate number of volunteers, and even in England, the demand is often much beyond the supply.

In India, on the other hand, the usual difficulties vanish, and new ones take their place. There, the supply—drawn as it is from

a swarming population of almost two hundred millions—appears illimitable. The recruiting agent has but to pick and choose among innumerable applicants. On his decision rest interests of vast importance to the security and well-being of the empire. The most natural candidates for preferment in any capacity, are, of course, the classes that happen to be dominant. The comely, well-grown Brahmin, and the fiery-tempered Mahometan presented themselves as applicants for military service, nor can we blame the government which accepted them.

When the Bengal army was first organised, nothing was known respecting the strange aboriginal races that crouched in the jungles or ranged the hills. Their numbers, their dispositions, were matters about which Leadenhall Street knew nothing. No European could speak their uncouth languages or had ever cared to explore the haunts of Gonds, and Bheels, and Jats; nations as unlike the Hindoos as the Highlanders of a hundred years back were unlike the inhabitants of Kent and Surrey. The only races with whom the British conquerors of India had any intercourse were the Hindoos and Mussulmans. The only language in which they attained to any proficiency was that curious conventional tongue, the Hindustani. Even Hindustani has not been half as much studied as policy and good sense would have prescribed. Twenty years ago, it was a wonder to find one officer in a Company's regiment who could write and converse fluently in good Oordoo.

The barbarous jargon called Moors, a tongue made up of English, and various Asiatic languages, and wonderfully fertile in abusive epithet, was in general use. Even of Moors, many young officers knew but just enough to curse a bearer, or order lunch. Since that time a great change has taken place. Oriental literature has been made a study; all sorts of quaint dialects have been mastered; and there are many military officers at present, not only able to hold their own with the glibbest Moonshee, but competent, if need be, to "drink with every tinker in his own language" throughout India. But these accomplished linguists are, unluckily for the service, snapped up for all sorts of staff employments, and extra duties; whole regiments being left to be governed by half-a-dozen superiors, not two of whom, perhaps, can speak Hindustani without blundering and stammering. The result has been a lesson written in fire and blood.

Now that the Bengal army only exists as a horde of blood-thirsty enemies, it might surely be reconstructed on more rational principles. The high caste Hindoo and the Mahomedan have been trusted too long, and it seems the most wilful folly to trust them again. Yet every proposal to raise a native army among the low caste, or no caste, people of the hills and forests seems to be resisted on the ground that a race long enslaved, must have had all merit crushed out of it. Certainly, to have recruited among the Helots for an army to keep in their old masters of Sparta, would have been hopeless enough. The redeeming feature is, that the Helots of India are no household slaves, no servile race, mixed up with their rulers, and dwelling under their yoke.

The real truth is, that the high caste natives have always given the cold shoulder to their unclean neighbours. The Hindoo has kept the rich paddy-fields and corn-plains, the stately cities and the villages nestling among groves and gardens, while the Bheel and the Coolie were driven to the tangled mountain and the swampy jungle. There, in untrodden forests, reside a hundred hardy tribes whose existence we have as yet almost ignored, but to whom England may, if she pleases, appear in the character of a deliverer, Among the Neilgherry Mountains, in a climate where the thermometer seldom reaches seventy degrees, even in summer, dwell a tribe of highlanders—the Todahs—who are almost as robust and courageous as Europeans. These people, who are rich in cattle, and to whom Government pays an annual subsidy for the occupation of Ootacamund, look with contempt on the Hindoos of the hot country, and would make first-rate grenadiers.

The Coolies of Northern India are not only a strong and enduring race, but have intellectual qualities that seldom fail to develop themselves when a chance is afforded them. In the West Indies, Cooly immigrants not only make industrious labourers, but when employed, as servants, by officers of regiments quartered there, have proved intelligent and trustworthy. Yet the Coolie in India is looked on merely as a two-legged beast of burden, fit to carry loads for unheard-of distances, or to run for days with the poles of a heavy dooly on his shoulders; but unfit for any higher duty than that of a pack-horse.

Coolies, Bheels, Gonds, and the like, are very inferior in personal showiness and elegance of deportment, to the proud Rajpoots and glossy-skinned Brahmins, redolent of ghee and sanctity. Very likely, if regiments of these were raised, their officers would at first be apt to draw very unfavourable comparisons between their uncouth habits and swarthy ugliness, and the sleek suppleness of the Bengal Sepoy. But any aspersion on the courage of an oppressed race is based on false principles, and the contempt of the Brahmins for the low caste tribes has been unjust from the beginning. Men of the most despised septs have fought valiantly under our standards, and won the applause of the most famous Indian commanders. Hillmen, accustomed from youth to the chase, to pursue large game, to struggle with wild beasts, and to cut through jungles which would make a twice-born Hindoo shudder, is

surely better trained for soldiership than the lazy ryot of Bengal.

Most hill-men and junglewallahs are excellent shots with bow and matchlock. The hardiest Shikarees that ever tracked a buffalo or a tiger, belong to these neglected clans, and every Indian sportsman is glad to procure such guides on a hunting expedition. It is no slight recommendation, also, that these people are in no way particular as to food or work. Mangs, Meeturs, and Palankeen bearers, are never so happy as when some English master rewards them with a sheep, and are, in fact, almost omnivorous.

No task degrades them, no toil is too much for them, and their constitutions are seasoned to the effects of a poisonous jungle climate that would be the death of a common Sepoy. It is worth sacrificing a few inches in the standard of height to get rid of caste with all its dangers and troubles. Of this we have ample proof even now. The stumpy Sipahis of the Bombay and Madras armies remain faithful while Hindostan is in a blaze; the Ghoorkas and the Sikhs, too, whom the Bengalees deem almost as unclean as ourselves, are kept steady for want of high caste sympathies, and the mere sympathy of colour goes for little. How, indeed, should it? The Brahmins are the lightest complexioned of the Hindoo race, and while the olive-skinned man is the bitterest foe of the white, the latter finds an ally in the poor despised black fellow, whose interests he has for years been sacrificing to the high caste grandee. An extraordinary belief seems to have gained ground in England to the effect that the Sikhs are heterodox Mahommedans. Their tenets and their Grunth are little known; but that they are Hindoo heretics, and not Moslems at all, is certain enough. The founder of their sect mixed with his doctrines just enough of Islam to turn his followers away from Brahminism, and there seems little chance that Sikh and Hindoo will ever be reconciled. The Goorkhas, an Indo-Chinese race, have behaved capitally; and, no doubt, from Nepaul and Thibet might be drawn numbers of sturdy recruits whose Buddhist faith will for ever render them aliens from the Hindoo sympathies. It is a pity for our purposes that Brahminism has been able thoroughly to conquer Buddhism in India. The former faith must ever be hostile, actively or passively, to our rule and the progress of European ideas, while Buddhism has no caste to guard, and is emphatically a religion of proselytes. But in the morose exclusiveness of the Brahmin religion is one of our greatest safeguards. If a Bombay or Madras regiment were to mutiny to-morrow, and by mutinying give over India for ever to native rule, the successful rebels could never be accepted among the haughty Rajpoot and Brahmin aristocracy. No one can become a Brahmin, no one can become a pure Hindoo. Brahminism wishes for no converts, and can receive none, or it would cease to be Brahminism. Whatever services may be rendered to this strange religion, there is no place for a neophyte in its system. The clean may be defiled, but all Ganges cannot purify the unclean. Therefore, while four-fifths of Asia may be reckoned Buddhist, Hindooism remains in its old limits. But as for the Bheels, Gonds, Todahs, and hill-men in general, I am sure that in six months a hundred regiments of excellent light infantry might be raised among them, who might be relied on, for why should they prefer their old contemptuous oppressors, the high caste Hindoos, to a race equally vile in Hindoo sight, but placed in the van of civilisation, and masters of all the arts of Europe. Any longer to defer to the insane prejudices of caste, any longer to hesitate about enfranchising and employing the hundred tribes from whom an inexhaustible supply of recruits can be drawn, would be worse than foolish—it would be a crime and a blunder. With an irregular cavalry mostly raised north of the Sutlege, with plenty of battalions, composed not only of Sikhs and Ghoorkas but of the disinherited races of India, we may afford to laugh at the prospect of another Bengal mutiny.

INDIAN ENGLISH.

It is curious, and must be sorely perplexing to that "intelligent foreigner" who goes about observing everything, and is always appealed to, in and out of Parliament, whenever any question of national manners arises, to see, or rather to hear, with what avidity John Bull displays any scraps of a foreign tongue that he may have picked up in his travels. Probably the consciousness of our national deficiency as linguists has something to do with this display of knowledge on the part of those who consider themselves more learned than their neighbours. I do not now allude to our well-known partiality for Gallicisms. I do not pretend to argue that the French papers never tell us that "Hier soir S. A. J. le Prince Jerome donnait un 'jolly shine,'" or that "Demain aura lieu le 'hop' de Madame de Rondpoint," or that "Il est question d'un 'match' entre M. de Morny et une 'heiress' Russe." Nor do I insist that none but the fastest section of Young France make "des bet sur le stipleshase," or go down to that amusement "dans mon doguecar avec un jocki." I really must protest against the bi-monthly irruption of barbaric words from dialects spoken by those hundred and eighty millions who eat rice and worship idols between the Himalayas and Cape Comorin. The evil, we all know, on a small scale, is not a new one. Everybody has met old Indians who were always bringing strange words neck and crop into their conversation; but, then, it did not so much matter, because

one did not always care to understand what they were talking about, and if one did, there was a chance of asking at once. But, now, that Indian news eclipses every other sort of intelligence, it is a decided nuisance to be pulled up in the middle of the most interesting narrative by some unintelligible word. Am I to sit down to my Times with a Tamil lexicon on one side and a Teloogoo on the other? Am I to waste my substance on Sanscrit and Persian vocabularies before I can sympathise with the sufferings of my countrymen? Or must I go on, as at present, stumbling blindly from one guess to another? Why do the mutineers never rob, or steal, or thieve, or plunder? Why do they always loot? The practice, at least, is old, and why should the word be new? Again, why do they cut off the dâks, and why is there a circumflex accent over the a? What is a dâk? Is it alive? Or is it a road, or a river, or a water course, or something perfectly dissimilar to anything in England? And is a dacoit anything connected with it? I pass by Sepoys and Peons, as we know all about them, and Griffs, I understand, are greenhorns, as yet uninitiated into the mysteries of India. But it would be satisfactory to know whether Baboos are of the same genus, and whether a comparison is meant to be instituted between the ape tribe and the newly caught cadets. Paddy fields, I presume, are fields of potatoes; but the name must be annoying to those gallant sons of Erin who happen to hold the company's commission; and at the appearance of such words as deen and paigah, conjecture stands aghast, and despair throws down the newspaper.

Now and then, however, there is an advantage in the air of mystery thrown over a communication by these enigmatical phrases, and a massacre committed with swords and bayonets hardly seems so bad as one perpetrated with tulwars—a doubly diabolical weapon. But when the English in a station escape to the cutcherry, it would surely be desirable to know what sort of a place that may be, and whether our apprehensions ought to be increased or allayed by the fact of the said cutcherry being pukka.

Here comes my dear friend Jones, whose daughter has been in India scarcely a year, complaining that he cannot make out her letters. He knew, of course, that his little grandson would have an ayah, and so forth; but he is informed that baby has an almah, and wants to know if it is a cradle, or a bottle, or a perambulator, or a hare-lip, or a strawberry mark. And will not the child's legs suffer, if, being only six months old, it is already put into a bandy? I own I am inclined to advise Jones to be unpaternal enough to retaliate in a similar strain, and to tell Mrs. Hukkab that he is going to the polyphloisboio thalasses, or, in the slang which another class of verbal contrabandists are trying to smuggle into our newspapers, to say that her last letter was rather nethographic, and ask if she would like to have a cruphaberna sent out, or whether her cook uses an anhydrohepseterion.

HERRICK'S JULIA.

Everyone who chances to know anything about either the poet or the painter must be tolerably familiar, we presume, with Hogarth's famous imaginary portrait of Churchill, the satirist. It represents Bruin, a rather formidable specimen of the great grizzly bear, hugging (as if he loved it) an enormous gnarled bludgeon with a brand of infamy labelled on every knot—such as, Lie Twelve, Lie Fifteen, Fallacy, and so forth throughout. About his throat a clerical band—torn, awry, and crumpled. At his muzzle a foaming measure of porter, over which he is slobbering in a sort of ursine rapture very ludicrous to see. Altogether a monstrous distortion, and yet—tradition saith—somehow as like to the original as two peas, in spite of all its fantastic exaggeration and extravagance.

A companion picture, sketched after a similar fashion, though conceived in a very different mood, might, we fancy, be readily enough drawn in pen and ink—presenting to view a sort of a Minasi-portraiture of another demi-semi-reverend. As characteristic a likeness it might be rendered in its way as even that terrible one entitled, The Bruiser, Charles Churchill, in the character of a Russian Hercules regaling himself after having kill d the Monster Caricatura. Not certain y, as in that instance, savagely etched in with the deadly needle of a Hogarth's scorn, or bit into copper with the aquafortis of his marvellous genius for ridicule; but lightly touched off, on the contrary, with the fluent carelessness of some genial and unpretending goosequill. The portraiture we mean of a no less unreverend reverend than jovial Robert Herrick, vicar for some thirty-four years of the pleasant little village of Dean Prior, down in Devonshire. Not a jot of a bruiser, but a glorious boon companion. No more appalling club at his elbow than that furnished, may be, by a shepherd's crook twined about with ivy, and turned into a kind of impromptu thyrsus—a rustic mockery, in fact, of the old classic wand of your true epicurean. No pewter pot of XXX frothed up before him; but a flagon of ripe canary and a bowl of aromatic hippocras. Yet with his clerical band, too, not only torn, awry, and crumpled, but, beyond that, fragrantly and rosily wine-stained! Roystering old Robin Herrick! there he sits eternally at table, with his doublet unbuttoned, his cheek flushed, and his hair disordered; just as he sat two centuries ago in the merry days—and nights—of King Charles the Second; just as any one may still see him drinking and singing over his cups to this

moment—any one who cares to turn over tenderly, the leaves of that garden of sweets, his song-book, called the Hesperides. Appropriately so called, indeed, collectively—for, among them, are there not golden apples of beauty enough and to spare? Yet, guarding every access to this green pleasaunce, lying in ambush at every turn, lurk the foul dragons of licentiousness! Insomuch that here, we should almost feel disposed to welcome for once, with a sense of satisfaction, that general object of our abhorrence a revised or excerpted edition—what Southey aptly designated, when speaking of some of these very ditties, a few "beautiful pearls raked from the dunghill"—a project Dr. Nott once actually attempted; though very inadequately. It would be tantamount to a dash of soda-water to a winebibber far gone in his potations. It would be literally setting delightful old Master Herrick on his feet again in the world's estimation, enabling him to loiter down his page without reeling, and to sing without a hiccup. What a delicious way he has—this charming old world song writer—whenever he moves with a seemly gait and talks to us coherently!

Although apparently but the offspring of a well-to-do goldsmith and banker of Cheapside, Robert Herrick was in reality directly descended from an ancient and honourable family in Leicestershire. His genealogy has been minutely traced back to the middle of the fifteenth century, by the learned and laborious annalist of that county, Mr. John Nichol. Nevertheless, it was at the paternal home over the goldsmith's shop in Cheapside, that Robert Herrick was born on the twentieth of August, fifteen hundred and ninety-one, being baptised four days later in the parish church of St. Nicholas Vedast, Foster Lane. A little more than a twelvemonth afterwards, namely on Lord Mayor's Day in the year following, Nicholas Herrick, his father, expired prematurely: not only prematurely, but under rather suspicious circumstances. For dying, as it is stated, in consequence of injuries received from tumbling from an upper window of his house upon the great public thoroughfare, it has been conjectured—from the significant circumstance of his having made his will but just forty-eight hours previously—that the event was not, in reality, entirely accidental. However caused, his demise, at any rate, occurred thus unexpectedly: leaving abruptly widowed with some half-a-dozen orphan children (one of them even then unborn) the young wife to whom he had been married only eleven years before—Julia, daughter of William Stone, of Seghenoe, in Bedfordshire. The goldsmith's property, estimated by himself at nearly three thousand pounds, realised as many as five thousand sterling. This was the sole provision left to his family: yet it proved sufficient to establish his eldest son, Thomas, as a farmer, and his second, Nicholas, as a Levant merchant; Robert, the third or fourth son, being left, almost exclusively, to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir William Heyrick, of Beaumanor. It has been supposed—from certain allusions to its "beloved" sports and pastimes scattered here and there through the Hesperides—that the poet's education in childhood was conducted in the old classic seminary at Westminster. It is, however, undoubted that in sixteen hundred and fifteen he was entered a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. It is equally certain that, some three years later, he was removed to Trinity, where he took his degree in arts. As ultimately in his choice of a profession, so previously in his change of colleges, Robert Herrick appears to have been capricious. Aspiring first of all to distinction in the law, he finally entered holy orders: although it has never been discovered when, or by whose hands, this right clerkly bacchanalian was ordained. Ultimately, through the patronage of the Earl of Exeter—though not, it should be observed, until he was thirty-eight years of age—Robert Herrick was presented by King Charles the First to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. His predecessor, Dr. Burnaby Potter, had, but just then, been promoted to the see of Carlisle. The nest into which our poor middle-aged bird of song fluttered for repose and shelter must have seemed to him provokingly warm from the translation from it of that phœnix of the episcopacy. From this period the germs of Herrick's ambition appear only to have blossomed in disappointment. He was as entirely out of his element as Sidney Smith proved to be a couple of hundred years afterwards, when banished to the lonely curacy on Salisbury plain.

Herrick chafed under his exile for nineteen years, uninterruptedly. So bitterly and so regretfully, that we find him actually exulting over his ejection from his living, in sixteen hundred and forty-eight, when the Puritans were purging the church of even a suspicion of royalism; when Zeal-of-the-land-busy, and Praise-God-bare-bones with their congenial associates were, as one might say, distributing the fat pluralities of the Crown among the lean singularities of the Commonwealth.

Trundled out of his snug home—the comforts of which during the actual time of their enjoyment he appears scarcely to have appreciated—our jovial ex-vicar, bound London-ward, muttered to himself, we are told, almost exultingly, even in the midst of the loving regrets of his parishioners, as he crossed the little river on the outskirts of the village:

> "Dean-bourn, farewell; I never look to see
> Dean, or thy warty incivility."

Twelve years afterwards, however, he again visited the old home and the old haunts,

never more to leave them. Returning to the familiar vicarage in sixteen hundred and sixteen, when he was reinstated in it by King Charles the Second, immediately after the Restoration. Puritan John Sym, or Sim, who had held the post pretty tightly during the interval, being thereupon, of course, very summarily translated from Sim into Eram, from a no doubt extremely agreeable present tense, into one decidedly and most unpleasantly imperfect. There, in his accustomed bed-chamber in the homely, vicarial tenement at Dean Prior, Robert Herrick breathed his last, eventually in sixteen hundred and seventy-four, having attained no less than three summers beyond the ripe old age of an octogenarian! A memorandum in the old parish-register still informing us that "Robert Herrick, Vicker," was buried in that year, on the fifteenth of October.

It was during the period of his first sojourn for nearly twenty years at the rural vicarage near Totness, that Robert Herrick penned those fourteen hundred little melodious poems, through the medium of which his name is still held in remembrance—his Noble Numbers and his Hesperides. It was during his twelve years' residence in London under the commonwealth that he published those poems collectively under the title of his Works, both Human and Divine, in humorous comment upon which title Campbell remarks as quaintly, as truly and sententiously, "What is divine has much of poetry, that which is human has the frailty of flesh." Immediately, indeed, upon the Reverend Robert Herrick's arrival in the capital, after the abrupt dismissal from his vicarage, it should be observed that he dropped both the clerical gown and the clerical appellation, resuming the lay habit and reverting to the title (such as it is) of Esquire. He dropped something more, however, than his vicar's gown, when he went to live first of all upon his Fifths and afterwards (when cruelly deprived of that small proportion of the church revenues usually conceded to the royalist clergy upon their ejectment) upon his Wits, somewhere down in the back slums of St. Anne's parish, in the city of Westminster. Alas! be it said, then also he let fall with his clerical bands and frock his whole sense of decency. Driven by necessity to eke out a subsistence, as he best could, upon the proceeds of his poetical writings—to the end that he might tickle the palates of those he hoped would feed upon them—he purposely interlarded a wholesome banquet of sweets with the hottest and the most highly spiced of all imaginable literary condiments. Designing to provide some intellectual meat for appetites the most notoriously depraved, he literally—to employ an expressive idiom—made no bones at all about it; or, if he did, he certainly had them very thoroughly devilled.

By turns of the pen the most villainously adroit conceivable, he deliberately, and with malice aforethought, transformed what was almost prudish into what was absolutely prurient,—not only giving the reins to his own skittish fancy upon every possible opportunity, but even applying the most superfluous goad to the unbridled imagination of a licentious age. It is something strangely lamentable to think of this wanton sullying of his raiment, both as a priest and as a poet, trailing it wilfully, as he did, in the mire of the squalid kennel by the way-side! Particularly lamentable, remembering how accurately it has been said of him by Southey, in the Quarterly, that "whenever he wrote to please himself, he wrote from the heart to the heart;" recollecting also that he has been described no less gracefully than truthfully by another reviewer in the Retrospective, as being "fresh as the spring, blithe as the summer, and ripe as the autumn"—this gay celebrant of everything in nature most fair and beautiful! Nevertheless, when we have scattered aside, as so much dross, all that is foul in this poet's wreath of the Hesperides—precisely as one might shake out of some luxuriant orange-bough may-bug, and larvæ, and blight, and caterpillar—what a gloss and verdure remain upon the leaves, what a ruddy gold upon the fruit, what a silvery bloom and fragrance in the flowers!

Herrick we love to think of alternately under two very different phases of character. Now, as a comfortable rustic parson, domesticated in his secluded vicarage in Devonshire. Now, again, as a spurious lay-gentleman, a gay gallant of sixty—never (we may be sure of that!) at his wit's end, though very often, doubtless, sadly out at elbow—rollicking with other Wild Wits of the town at the merry taverns in London, or in the boisterous, suburban bowling-greens and quoit-grounds of Westminster. A glorious company they must have made, those famous friends of Herrick, gathering about him fitfully in his strange city-life—associates, including among them, twenty years earlier, Rare Ben Jonson, poet, orator, and bricklayer; Cotton, translator of Montaigne; Denham, author of Cooper's Hill; Selden, most sociable of antiquaries. To the prince amongst them all, has not our writer sung in the clear, ringing voice of love—love for the mere remembrance of their renowned wit-combats and drinking-bouts at the Mermaid and elsewhere—

"Ah, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts,
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

Most of all, however, do we delight to picture Herrick to ourselves, as he must have looked habitually when he lived, and loved, and laughed, for nearly forty years down at the old Dean Prior Vicarage. A reverend parson of the days of the merry Monarch, no longer disguised in the puritanical doublet and hose of coarse cloth, turned up with velvet of a dull drab or mouse-colour—but flaunting it on gala-days among his parishioners, with a sly shoulder-knot, or a new-fangled shoe-buckle! Yonder he sits in his porch, under the honey-suckle, not the least bit in the world like a clergyman. Precisely as Marshall's uncompromising graver has depicted him in the original edition of the Hesperides—with a wonderful Roman-nosed Brutus-shaped profile; a moustache like an eyebrow, and no forehead at all to speak of! His eyes still lustrous (though their sight, he says, begins to fail him) under the shadow of his close curling hair; hair grizzled like that of the royal ghost in Hamlet, "a sable silvered!" His whole form and features "fat and smooth," according to his own accurate description of them, and his voice fat too, and weak—in spite of his broad bull-throat. At his feet, curled up into a ball asleep, his little spaniel Tracie. In the trim privet hedgerow bordering the lawn hard by—preening itself, with an occasional flutter—the tiny tame sparrow, Phil; whose death the vicar will have to sing of tenderly hereafter. From the house-room within, however, glides out into the sunshine with his afternoon potation, the one faithful and favourite domestic, pretty Mistress Prudence Baldwin, his housekeeper, simply Prue in the Hesperides. As he takes the cup from her, you perceive at a glance, that it is not without reason the author of that Book of the Golden Apple Garden has there bewailed, in verse, the "losse" of one of his fingers; those remaining to him, however, on that plump hand of his, yet enabling him to hold a tankard as firmly and as lovingly as the grasp of a Bardolph, or a Silenus. But, see where comes grunting to him to drink the dregs out of that tankard, the pet pig to whom the merry parson has taught that same fantastic accomplishment. It is a quaint scene enough altogether, and one that betrays at once in its every odd particular the queer old bachelor, who, but for the simplicity of his habits, and the tendency of his creed, would most assuredly have degenerated into the mere sensual voluptuary. As it is, quoth he himself, right honestly,

"I could never walk alone,
Put a shirt of sackcloth on," &c.

Trust him for that! Rather than sackcloth, a robe of eider-down, with the pile inwards! Candidly, too, he sings of himself like a new Epicurus:

"I fear no earthly powers;
But care for crowns of flowers;
And love to have my beard
With wine and oil besmeared."

Protesting frankly, in his Hymn to Venus, despite those draggled and canary-stained bands of cambric on his bosom:

"Goddess, I do love a girl
Ruby-lipped, and toothed with pearl!"

And she? Why, mark! where she passes by upon the instant, tripping daintily along the brown and grassy pathway of the village road. You catch delightful glimpses of her through the lattice-work paling of the vicar's garden, and in among the green light of the fragrant and dancing branches. It is Julia—his muse, his inspiration. What, he asks himself, shall he sing of her briefly? And thus answers:

"Black and rolling is her eye,
Double-chinned, and forehead high,
Lips she has all ruby red,
Cheeks like cream enclaretted."

Her blush he likens to a rose when "blowing." Her kiss, he says, is a miraculous anodyne. The very warmth of her complexion he compares to oil of lilies and to spikenard. Her voice—has he not sung of it?

"So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee walking in thy chamber
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

Her mere shadow, saith he, breathes of pomander. If he bids her make a bridecake he tells her she has but to knead the dough, and 'twill be turned to almond-paste; to kiss it, and 'twill be spiced. He sees the babies in her eyes as vividly as Camoens saw them in the eyes of his Katarina, as so many another poet has done (before and since) in those of his ladyelove. He describes, as bewitchingly as did Sir John Suckling, in the famous stanzas,—her little feet playing at bo-peep under the hem of her petticoat. That silken petticoat itself he sings; and sings, too, the very manner of its wearer's walking movement. Describing thus the perfect walking of a perfect lady, where, speaking of what he calls "that liquefaction of her clothes," he exclaims:

"Next when I cast my eyes, and see
That brave vibration each way free,
O how that glittering taketh me!"

Everything about her, indeed, furnished him with themes for poetical eulogium, as almost everything around himself appeared to abound more or less with sources to him of rapturous delight and admiration. Silvered though his own locks were by the winters of considerably more than half a century, he could, nevertheless, in one of the most fairy-like of his little, pastoral ditties, dandle a cowslip-ball as gleefully as any

golden-pated urchin of the village-green. His verses throughout are fragrant with the daffodil and the jessamine, with the sweet-briar, and the eglantine, and the almond-bud, and the clove-blossom! Verses in which he sings to us at delicious intervals how roses first came red, and violets blue, and lilies white, and primroses green, and marygolds yellow—another Ovid carolling the wonders of the Floral Metamorphoses. He pours the blossoms out upon us in a flowery cascade, or sprinkles them before him in delicate handfulls, while his fancies dance on gaily down his page in motley procession. But, if he crops a pansy, or a tulip from the parterre, if he culls a trail of woodbine from the coppice, or plucks a ladysmock from the verdant lap of the meadow—it is never idly done. it is always either as a love offering, or as a wooing compliment. Emblematic tokens of affection they always are—the very largess of his love—flung with an overflowing bounty to the right hand and to the left, not to One but to a Hundred. For he perpetually moves in an imaginary harem, this blithe old poet bachelor! Surrounded by nymphs like Electra, and Perilla, and Dianeme—even when there is only little Phil twittering on the gravel, or Tracie yelping over the pick of his carnations in chase of a butterfly. Several, howbeit, among these fair demoiselles were really no mere empty imaginings, but blooming and blushing verities. Such, for example, were those he so often celebrated under the euphonious names of Althæa and Corinna. Above all—she who first snared him, he says, by "a ringlet of her hair"—she of whom, in truth, we possess no other records than those incidentally scattered through the Hesperides — the queenliest among the radiant concourse of his real and ideal mistresses:

"Stately Julia, prime of all!"

according to his own notable apostrophe. An exquisite name—and nothing more—in the History of Poetic Literature, she at least among all these nymphs of Herrick, we may rest assured, is no mere "airy nothing" to whom he has endearingly awarded, in these same poems of his, both that perennial name and that everlasting local habitation. A true woman she is throughout—with natural pulses throbbing warmly under all that frostwork of delectable artifice:-in spite of slashed sleeves and jewelled stomacher, of all the cunning witcheries she used so deftly—the mysteries of gorget and wimple, of lawn and musks, of jessamy-butter and rose-powder. It was in celebration of those charms of Julia (whether artful or natural it matters not), that Robert Herrick sang the sweetest of his dulcet love-lays, those musical songs of the Hesperides which have not inaptly been likened to the Carmina of Catullus. Beautiful, no doubt, are many of these elfin verses in no way relating to her, such, for example, as the Mad Maid's Song, or Corinna going a-Maying. But "best beautiful" among them after all are those assuredly referring to Julia herself directly or indirectly. Wonderfully popular many of them proved during Herrick's lifetime, when set to music by the master composers of his age, by Henry Lawes and by Laniere, by Wilson and by Ramsay—the Arnes and Purcells of that generation. A few, indeed, still preserve to this present moment a reflex of that far-off halo of popularity. It will doubtless be yet remembered by many a reader how charmingly Madame Vestris used to warble "Cherry Ripe," it seems but yesterday! And where lovelier words than those written two hundred years ago by Robert Herrick, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." as the theme of a still favourite madrigal? Better, doubtless, the Poems than the Discourses of this mad wag of an ecclesiastic. In corroboration of which very reasonable conjecture, is there not that ludicrous tradition picked up in eighteen hundred and ten by Dr. Southey down at Dean Prior from the recollections of old Dorothy King, the village crone whose age was but a few months short of an entire century? A marvellous anecdote relating how once upon a time, Vicar Herrick—with a curse for their inattention—flung his sermon at the congregation! An incident, no doubt, horribly indecorous, but at the same time laughably characteristic. A sudden flashing up in the rural pulpit, of the frolic, and the passion, and the horse-play of the roysterer in the taverns of Eastcheap. One would like to have caught a glimpse of lovely Mistress Julia in her pew, and to have scanned the startled faces of the rustic parishioners.

OUR FAMILY PICTURE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In pursuance of his crotchet that girls ought to receive precisely the same education as boys, my father inducted Philip, Neville, and Ruth into the mysteries of the Latin grammar at the same time, and taught them together, and as if they were one person, till they were about fourteen years old; at which time, owing to her retentive memory, I doubt whether Ruth were not the best scholar of the three, but am certain that there was no one in the school, of the same age as herself, who could equal her in classical attainments. My father was intensely proud of his achievement, and pointed it out as a triumphant example of what might be accomplished in the way of female education. It must have been about this period that he published his pamphlet advocating the enactment of a law to permit young ladies to graduate at the universities, take degrees, and use honorary initials after their names.

Having succeeded so well with his elder daughter, he determined that the younger

should follow in the same path; but his success in this instance was as limited, as in the former it had been complete. Helen could not learn the Latin grammar. It was not for want of capacity, for she was quick enough in other things; nor for want of industry, for she studied it, and pored over it morning, noon, and night. Each day's task was correctly repeated; but the very fact of knowing that one so well, confused and nullified the previous day's lesson, and left it floating in her memory, a wild chaos of incomplete sentences and disconnected words. My father at length gave up the attempt in despair; and, with a groan of discontent, ordered that Helen should be sent to Miss Thimbleton's seminary; though he must say he was afraid she would prove to be an incorrigible dunce. Miss Thimbleton, however, made no complaint, but turned my sister out at the end of five years, tolerably well versed in all the learning and accomplishments which are usually taught in seminaries for young ladies. My father soon got over his disappointment, and loved Helen not a whit the less by reason of it. I have always been inclined to think she was my father's favourite child, as Neville was my mother's favourite—if, where all were loved so well, any could claim a degree more than another; indeed, the gradation in excess was so fine that I am sure both my father and mother were unaware of it. It was only natural that Helen should be my father's favourite. She was a girl, and the youngest; besides being the fairest of the flock. He called her his wild rose, his summer child, the prop of his old age; and it was ever her dearest study to please him. Whenever my father was ill, or in trouble, Helen was the one to comfort him most effectually. The correspondence between their natures was so fine and subtle, that she could read him, and understand him, better than my mother. Her insight was clearer, her power of observation finer, his half-expressed thoughts found an echo in her heart; and she could walk with charmed feet on that ground where no one else might tread, sacred to the best and holiest feelings of his nature. She was a famous little housekeeper, too, and my mother's assistant in all domestic matters; and I have reason to believe that the great secret connected with the manufacture of preserves was communicated to her at the early age of sixteen—a fact unexampled in our domestic history.

It was precisely in this latter qualification of housekeeper that Ruth was most deficient. The robust education imparted to her by my father, in addition, perhaps, to her natural bias for study, disinclined her from meddling in household matters. My mother fretted and fumed considerably at finding her elder daughter of so little use to her; and was hardly consoled by perceiving in Helen all those domestic qualifications which she missed in Ruth. As the bent of her mind was so decidedly evinced, my father determined to send Ruth from home to finish her education, and acquire those accomplishments which he was unable to teach her, with a view to her becoming eventually either a governess, or a teacher in some large school. So she left home by coach, one bitter January morning. This was the first break in our little household since Katie's death, many years before, and it made us all very sad for some time. My mother was full of presentiments and forebodings for several weeks; and beheld, in every trivial circumstance that disturbed her equanimity, an omen of evil to come. My father regretted that he could not teach Ruth music and singing, and thus keep her at home a while longer; and he said he felt, at times, half inclined to send for her back. But Ruth's letters, full of energy and hope, and liking for her new life without forgetting the old, soon dissipated these affectionate fears.

The year following Ruth's departure saw that of Philip. He had decided to become a doctor, and was to go to London for the purpose of studying. I fancy that his frequent visits to Doctor Graile's had some influence on his decision. The little man used to talk to him on medical subjects, and show him his specimens, imbuing him with the idea that the art of healing was one of the noblest in the world.

Neville still remained at home, and what profession he should adopt was becoming a serious question with my father. The lad at length settled it himself, by deciding that he would go to sea. My father at first interposed a peremptory refusal; and my mother assisted on the same side, by many tearful requests to Neville to chose another profession, as she had a presentiment that he would be drowned, and that his first voyage would also be his last. But Neville had a will of his own, impervious alike to threats and tears, when any great occasion was to be served; and to sea he averred that he would go, in spite of everybody. It was, perhaps, the fittest place for him, and his choice was not an unwise one; but neither my father nor mother could bear the idea of such a separation. That strange malady to which he had been a victim in his childhood seemed to have left its traces in his disposition, which was marked by an occasional wildness, both of speech and action, breaking out at times in some strange freak that alarmed everyone about him. Even my father had very little command over him when he was in these wild moods. He cared but little for books or study, and would steal away, whenever he could, for a wild scamper across the country, with some young scapegrace like himself, rifling birds'-nests, robbing orchards, and snaring rabbits, as opportunity served. Often, in summer, he would remain out all night on the hills, and return in the morning pale, languid, and weary, as though he were overcome with fatigue. Still his heart was

in the right place, as we country people say, and no one could be near him long without learning to love him.

A quiet war went on for some time between my father and him. Neither of them would yield; but Neville at length settled the question by running away, and entering himself as cabin boy on board a ship sailing from Liverpool for Antigua. We received a letter from him, dated the day the vessel was to sail, informing us of what he had done. I think my father now regretted that he had not yielded in time, and obtained for Neville a more creditable position to start from.

There were only Helen and I now left at home; she assisting my mother in domestic matters, and I, as I grew up, gradually assuming the position of assistant to my father in the school.

And so some years glided quietly away. Philip and Ruth came over every Christmas and midsummer, and Neville also, for a few weeks, at the conclusion of each voyage. The latter expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the career he had chosen; and said that in a few years he should be made captain, and that his ambition would then be satisfied.

The friendship between Doctor Graile's household and ours seemed only to ripen with time. It is true that Mrs. Graile was too cold and reserved to win anything warmer than distant regard from the most impulsive of individuals; but what was deficient in her was amply atoned for by the doctor. My father and he seemed necessary to each other's happiness. In winter they played at chess together; in summer they opposed each other on the bowling-green; and few evenings in the year were passed by them apart. And there was fair Olive, who was the golden link between the two houses,—a wayward little beauty, with long, flaxen ringlets, and the merriest laugh in the world. Very accomplished, too, she was generally considered to be; for she had passed some years at an eminent boarding-school. And then her taste in dress was so good! A flower, a ribbon, a bit of lace that no one else would care about, became, in her plastic fingers, a thing of beauty, and added another charm where none seemed wanting before. I believe everybody loved her and admired her, she was so fresh and fair—except, perhaps, ancient Miss Grooby, who lived near the toll-bar, and who was heard to declare, on one occasion, that Miss Olive's beauty was all outside, and that she was nothing more than a little cold-hearted, empty-headed flirt.

"A spiteful old thing!" said Olive, when they told her. "Everybody knows that she never had any beauty, either of heart or face."

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

It was a proud day for all of us when Philip obtained his diploma. My father left his breakfast half-finished, the morning he received the news; and hurried off to Doctor Graile's to communicate the joyful intelligence, carrying the open letter in his hand. A friend of my father, an eminent London surgeon, offered to take Philip as an assistant, till an eligible opening could be found for him to commence practice on his own account; so my cousin came down to spend a few weeks with us, before going to his new home. It was some time since we had seen him last, and he seemed to have grown suddenly into a man. We were all proud of him, my mother especially so; and on Sunday when we went to church, she quitted my father's side, and walked down the aisle leaning on Philip's arm, her dear face beaming with love and pride; but when the minister prayed for those who travel by land and by water, there came a moisture into her eyes, and we knew that she was thinking of Neville.

It was during this visit of Philip that I first suspected that the intimacy between him and Olive Graile was becoming one of a tenderer nature than mere friendship would warrant. It was not anything which Philip said that led me to think so, for he was not a person to talk about such things, even to those most intimate with him; but being about this time possessed by a mania for spinning verses, and seeking my inspiration in solitude, I, several times during my evening rambles, met Philip and Olive walking arm in arm through the meadows by the river side. Besides which, the rogue spent half his time at Doctor Graile's, under pretence of keeping up his knowledge, and obtaining information which would be useful to him in his profession. I dare say my father took it all for granted, and never suspected anything beyond what was implied by Philip's words; but whether or no my mother and Helen knew of his growing attachment, I cannot say. If they were aware of it, they never mentioned it; and as Philip did not speak of it, I kept my counsel, and was silent like the rest. Once or twice I was on the point of questioning Philip, for I had all a boy's curiosity on the subject; but then you see he was not a person to be questioned with impunity. He had a quiet, haughty way of putting down the slightest impertinence—a word and a look merely, but far more effective than the noisiest demonstrations of others. Then again, he was a man, while I was still a mere boy, imbued with such a boyish admiration of him, that I determined, when I should become a man, to imitate my cousin as much as possible; and, indeed, I made a beginning at once by training my hair, with much painful labour, to follow the fashion of his, and by tying my cravat in the same way that his was tied. Whenever I thought about Philip's love affairs, which, after his departure, was not often, for I was busy about that time writing an epic poem in

twenty cantos, I remember it was with a vague feeling that Olive was not the sort of person calculated, as a wife, to make him happy. She was so light and volatile, so changeful and full of whims, so different from Philip in disposition and temper, that for all her beauty and pretty, saucy ways, it was a mystery to me how an attachment could ever have sprung up between them. But, then, Philip was not the first man of sense that has been entangled by a pretty face with nothing behind it.

Philip came over frequently for a day or two at a time; and though half of each visit was spent at Doctor Graile's, there was nothing either in his words or looks which betrayed that anything more than professional tastes induced him to go there so frequently.

We had not seen Neville for nearly two years; but he came at last—a tall, sunburnt sailor, full of fire and energy—and there was much joy at home when he arrived. My father gave the scholars a half-holiday, in honour of the event; and my mother at once issued invitations to our friends for a party to celebrate my brother's return. It was to be merely a quiet country tea-party, with a dance afterwards for us young folk, and sixpenny whist for our elders. Philip wrote to say that he could not come, having a very critical case in hand, which required his undivided attention. Olive came, as a matter of course; and very pretty she looked. Neville started with surprise when she entered the room; she had grown so tall, and was so much improved since he had seen her last, that he scarcely knew her. He seemed rather bashful and timid at first, but she soon put him at his ease. He hardly ever took his flashing black eyes off her during the evening; and after all the company were gone, I saw him sitting in a corner smoothing out a little white kid glove between his great palms; neither do I think it difficult to guess to whom it had belonged. He was off next morning, immediately after breakfast, to Doctor Graile's, to inquire how the family were; and I believe he never afterwards during his visit passed a day without going in the same direction. As, during the previous summer, I had met Philip and Olive walking together in the meadows, so it was now Neville and Olive whom I met arm in arm, taking the same walks. Was the little beauty merely flirting with Neville; or had she given up Phillip for the sake of the handsome sailor; or was there on her part no attachment for either of them? I knew not what to think: and as it was certainly no business of mine, I considered it best to keep silent on the matter. Neville was evidently over head and ears in love; his warm impulsive nature could not conceal the fact; he betrayed it daily in his words and actions. As a proof of his infatuation, I may mention that he professed to like Mrs. Graile extremely; and he did, indeed, contrive to thaw that icy lady, and to win his way into her chill favour in an unexampled manner.

One morning, some weeks before he expected it, came a peremptory summons to join his ship without delay. It would not do to disobey orders; so he prepared, ruefully enough, for immediate departure. On one point I am certain—that Olive and he had a long interview the evening before he left us; and when he joined me in the garden after parting from her, there was such a happy loving look on his face, as I had never seen there before. He asked me, after we got up-stairs, to assist him in cording his large trunk; and as he stooped to fasten the knob, a piece of paper fell from his pocket, which opening when it reached the ground, displayed a lock of hair vastly like Olive's in colour, tied with blue ribbon in a true-lover's-knot. He coloured to the forehead, stammered out some words about a West Indian damsel (as if the ladies of that part of the world had flaxen locks), and replaced it carefully in his pocket.

Neville was never fond of letter-writing; and if, during his voyages, we received a few lines from him once in six months, we thought ourselves fortunate. After his departure this time, whenever he wrote he sent "affectionate regards to Doctor and Mrs. Graile," but never said a word about Olive; an omission on his part which gave me the idea that he corresponded with her, direct.

Some two or three years elapsed after Neville's departure without the occurrence of any event in our quiet family circle necessary to linger over here. Philip came at intervals to see us, and Ruth always spent her vacations at home. My sister Helen was engaged to be married to Peter Sykes, the shoemaker's son, whom I mentioned before as having been smuggled by my father into the school, and who had just taken his degree, with high honours, at the university. I also was enacting my own little romance about this time—I and pretty Rose Allan, whom I hoped to marry after a while, but never did. As for Ruth, so plain of person, so neat of dress, so prim, so quiet, so methodical, she was always set down, laughingly, in our family conclaves, as an old maid. She accepted the lot we assigned to her with undisturbed serenity. Sometimes she would reply, with a quiet smile, that women were foolish to encumber themselves with husbands, when they might live happy and independent without them.

We were seated round the fire one chill October evening, Helen, my father, and myself, when we heard a knock at the front door. Helen sprung to open it, thinking it was my mother returned from shopping. We heard a sudden exclamation in the passage, and then Helen rushed back into the room. "Father, here's Neville!" she cried, clapping

her hands for joy, and turning round to embrace her brother again. He followed her closely into the room, and then stood staring blankly around, and shading his eyes with one hand, as though the light were too strong for him; but with never a smile of greeting on his face. Could this pale, hollow-cheeked figure, dusty and unshaven, with close-cropped hair, be our Neville, our gay, young sailor? Alas! there could be no doubt about it. "Neville, my boy, welcome home," said my father, starting up and grasping his hand. "But you look pale! You are ill! Is it not so? Helen, some refreshment, immediately!" No, he was not ill, he replied, but in such a dry, husky voice, as made me shiver to hear. My father gazed earnestly into his eyes, put away a tear that dimmed his own, and, pulling him forward, pressed him down, with gentle violence, into the arm-chair in the corner.

"Why did you not write, my boy? You look pale, and thin, and far from well. Now, tell me truly, are you really well?"

"Quite well, father, thank you. But where's my mother? I want to see my mother!"

"Here I am, Neville! Here I am, dear!" exclaimed my mother, who had entered at the moment without being perceived.

He sprang to her heart in a moment, as he had done when a child; and mother and son stood locked in a loving embrace. Then my mother, taking him gently by the shoulders, and holding him at arm's length, scanned his pale face with anxious eyes. "O my darling! what is it?" she asked, in such tender tones as an angel might have used. Her motherly eye saw that his ailing was not mere bodily illness. She sat down without leaving hold of his hand, and he sank down at her knees, and laid his weary head in her lap. Softly stroking his hair with one hand, and bending over him, she spoke again: "Tell me, what it is that ails you?" A sob broke from his heart. "O mother!" he cried, with a low, despairing wail, "O mother, they flogged me!"

My father directed a look towards Helen and me. We rose and left the room. My father followed us the next minute, closing the door gently behind him, and left mother and son to the sacred solitude of their grief.

I retired to my own room up-stairs, and sat there, sadly enough, for some time. About ten o'clock there came a tap to my door, and Neville entered. "I want to talk to you a bit, Caleb," he said; "but put that light out, please; it dazzles my eyes; and we can talk as well without it." So I blew out the candle, and drew up the blind, and let the mild star-light stream into the room. I noticed, before putting out the light, that he did not look so despairing as on his arrival, and that his eyes shone with a calmer lustre.

"Caleb," he began, "you know why I have returned home, a disgraced and ruined man; but you don't know what led me up to the point which made such a thing possible; that is what I want now to tell you. I sailed the last time under a fresh captain. He was a brute, and treated his crew as if they were the same. I was first mate; and, as a matter of course, we did not long agree. You know that my temper is a somewhat passionate one; that it always has been so; and that I never would calmly accept the slightest injustice or insult. Well; our voyage out was nothing but a series of quarrels and hollow truces. When we had got about half-way on the voyage home, we had a more violent quarrel than ever. He gave me the lie, and I knocked him down. When he rose he ordered the crew to put me in irons. I lay all night handcuffed and in chains; early the following morning they forced me on deck, stripped me to the waist, lashed me to the mast, and flogged me—flogged me, Caleb, till the blood fell from my back in clotted masses on the deck—flogged me till I fell down insensible, and had to be carried like a log of wood to my hammock. I had but few intervals of consciousness after that for several weeks—intervals full of horrible agony; for I lapsed into a violent fever, and was raging mad for I know not how long. It is enough to state that when I came back to consciousness and comparative ease, I found myself in the hospital at Liverpool, where I lay as weak and lifeless as a child for several weeks longer. And now, you see me here."

"Dear Neville! what you must have suffered!"

"I lingered all day, Caleb, in the fields round about. For the first time in my life, I was ashamed to venture here. I durst not come till dark. O, brother! those burning stripes have eaten into my soul! To think that I stand here unavenged, with those marks on my back! But the day will come! Caleb, it is dark, and you cannot see my face. Lend me your hand—here—so—under my waistcoat. Do you feel them?

He guided my fingers with his hand, and I felt the great wales on his back, scored across from side to side, thick as the lines on a music sheet. I recoiled, sick at heart, and almost fainting.

"Good night, Caleb," he said, with tremulous voice. "Would that the last Good Night were said, for I am weary of my life!"

"Good night, dear Neville," I replied, squeezing his hand. My heart was full, and I could not say another word.

When he came down next morning, the daylight revealed to us still more plain the great change that had taken place in his appearance. Worn and ghastly, haggard and despairing, his looks told us, clearer than any words, through what depths of suffering he must have struggled. He sat silently among us, heedless of all around, with the dreamy

vacancy in his eyes, of a man whose thoughts are far away. My mother's eyes were red with weeping; but in his presence she showed the love and hid the sorrow, knowing that to display the latter would only distress him still more. All that day, and for several days afterwards, he went wandering up and down the house and garden, never going outside the gate; moody, unobservant, and rarely speaking to any one; never sitting down from daylight to dark for more than a minute or two at a time. My heart misgave me; and in these signs I thought I discerned the sad forerunners of his old malady. I watched him closely, without seeming to do so.

We all tried to engage him in cheerful conversation, and to win him back to some of the interests of everyday life. He repulsed our proffered sympathy, gently but firmly; replied in monosyllables, and retreated into solitude as quickly as possible. It was a continual heart-ache to us to see one whom we loved so well thus build up of his own free will a barrier between us. He would stay out till late at night, pacing to and fro on the garden terrace, musing, and muttering sadly to himself. My bedroom window looked on this terrace. On going to bed one night I found the window open, and approaching to shut it, heard Neville walking backwards and forwards beneath it. I looked out, and could just distinguish his tall gaunt figure. He was muttering to himself, and tossing his arms wildly as he walked.

"Disgraced! disgraced!" he exclaimed despairingly as he approached. "Can I see her thus? Can I ask her to love me, to comfort me, to be my wife? Ah, me! I see no light, no way out of this dreary valley. But I will go to-morrow! This torture is killing me! I will see her, and know the truth—I will tell her——"

Here his voice died to a whisper in the distance. I closed my window gently, and prayed heaven to comfort this unhappy soul. The words I had overheard struck cold to my heart. Scant comfort would he find where he looked for it most: that I knew. What was the fascination that drew two strong men to the side of this girl? And how would such rivalry end? Vain questions which Time, the great solver of riddles, alone could answer.

He dressed himself more carefully than usual the following morning; and, at an early hour in the forenoon, left home for Doctor Graile's. He did not return till after dark, and going directly up-stairs, without seeing any one, locked himself in his own room. We all retired at the usual time. I sat down in my bedroom, waiting for I knew not what. The clock struck twelve. The sound had scarcely died away before I heard Neville's door opened, and then stealthy footsteps descending the stairs. I followed after as close as I durst go. Opening the back door, Neville stepped out into the garden. I did the same, and then cowered down behind some bushes, waiting to see what he would do next. Instead of going out of the garden, as I had half expected, he began to walk up and down on the terrace. I could not leave my concealment without certain discovery. Again his wild words fell upon my ears.

"Engaged to another!" he muttered. "Well, well, it's only the way of the world—to deceive, and to be deceived. Fool that I was to believe anything she told me! Never cared for me, she says. Her promises, open and implied, were lies all. O, heaven! to think of that fair face, and all so black within! She tore my heart out of me, and now she flings it back smilingly in my face. But let her beware! let them both beware! The fiend and I are good friends now," and he laughed loudly, a wild hollow laugh. "We have joined hands on't, and nobody knows our secret. And now to bed, for we shall want all our wits to-morrow. O, sweetheart! the reckoning shall be a bitter one."

He took one more turn along the terrace, and then went in, bolting the door behind him. Thus shut out, I slunk round to the scullery window, and finding it unfastened, crept through, and so up-stairs to bed. Neville was sleeping heavily already.

Never since his return home had Neville been so gay, so talkative, so full of spirits as he was on the following morning. But with his words of last night ringing in my ears, I liked his present mirth less than his previous depression. My mother was charmed to see him so much better; and my father forgot the time, and stayed talking till half-past nine—a thing he had never been guilty of before, and which astonished the scholars as much as it did himself. I mentioned my suspicions to my father as we walked towards the school. He could not see any foundation for them until I told him what I had overheard on the previous night. He looked grave at this.

"I think," said he, "it is hardly necessary to take the opinion of Doctor Graile in the matter, as Philip is sure to be here either to-night or in the morning; and as he has devoted much of his time to the study of mental derangements, it will be as well to take his advice first. But, Caleb, stay you at home to-day, and keep a watchful eye on my poor boy. I hope truly that it will not be necessary to employ coercive measures. Good-bye! The boys will think I am either dead or ill."

So I returned home; and all forenoon and all afternoon, I kept by Neville's side. He was boisterously gay the whole time. He did not seem to have any suspicion why I kept so near him; but once or twice he fixed a glittering eye on me, and asked me sharply

why I was not at the school. The chill afternoon was waning, and twilight was drawing on apace, when, as we were sitting together in the parlour, Neville rose up suddenly.

"Caleb," he said, in a gentle voice, fumbling about his waistcoat, "I have left my watch up-stairs on the dressing-table. Will you be kind enough to fetch it me?"

I went, in a moment, without thinking. I found the watch as he had stated, and returned with it in my hand; but Neville was no longer in the parlour. I sought him through the house and through the garden, calling his name; but he was not to be found. The thought then flashed across me that he had sent me for his watch that he might rid himself of my company, and get away unobserved. Seizing my hat, I sallied forth; but I had not got a hundred yards before I discovered how futile any attempt at pursuit would be. Darkness was closing in fast; Neville had been gone a quarter of an hour, and he might have gone in any one of a dozen different directions. And what if I found him? It was evident that he did not want my company just then, and to anger him in such a mood would be unwise. Philip would be here in the morning, and then something decisive might be done. Reasoning thus, I returned home.

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The evening crept on. We were all assembled, as usual, in the sitting room. Now and then my father looked at his watch. At last he said:

"Philip will hardly come to-night. It is past coach-time, now."

I did not mention to him how Neville had left me, not seeing that it would do any good to disturb his equanimity. My mother sat knitting, and humming an old ballad-tune to herself. Helen was writing to her betrothed. At once there came the sound of hurrying feet along the passage; the door was thrown open, and Olive Graile burst into the room, pale, horror-struck, with wide-staring eyes.

"O Mr. Redfern!" she shrieked, wringing her hands wildly. "Philip! He lies dead! murdered in the meadows!"

She gasped for breath, stared wildly round, and fell insensible to the floor.

Leaving Helen and my mother to attend to her, my father and I rushed out of the house at once and ran, as for our lives, towards the fields by the river-side. There was a young moon shining dimly over head, and in the vague light, houses and trees, fields and river, all looked ghastly as we sped along; but, far more ghastly than all, the dead Philip, when we found him, lying directly in our path, close to a thick clump of willows. I, being somewhat in advance, was the first to discover him; and when my father saw me stoop down by the dark object, his limbs trembled like a child's, and the foundations of life were shaken within him. The body was rigid already; and we saw at a glance, but would not acknowledge, that it was beyond all earthly aid.

There was no wound perceptible as he lay there on the grass. The fatal bullet had pierced through the coat and vest to his heart. He lay with one arm across his chest, and the other outstretched with clenched fingers. A dark frown had settled on his pale features, as though, even in death, he defied his murderer.

Looking round to see if there were any traces of the murderer, my father saw something glittering in the moonlight. He took it up. It was a pistol. He approached me without a word, and held the weapon close to my face. I knew it—we both knew it — Neville's pistol. There was his name engraven on a small silver plate let into the stock, and I had seen it in his hands the previous morning. I shall never forget the terrible expression of anguish that passed like a ripple over my father's face when he saw that I recognised it.

"Caleb," he said, looking me steadily in the face, and speaking in a low voice that thrilled through me; "no one must know of this. It must be a secret between you and me. It is enough that I have this night lost one dear to me as my own son. Repentance — not sacrifice — is now needed."

So speaking, he placed the pistol in the breast-pocket of his coat, and carefully buttoned it up. We then took up our dear dead, tenderly and reverentially, having first laid a handkerchief over the still features, and so carried him home between us. The first person we met we sent off to Doctor Graile's, requesting his immediate presence. We saw my mother standing at the door, as we advanced up the garden.

She had not the courage to come any further, and yet could not remain in the house. She read the dread news in our faces, and waited for no more.

"Dead! dead!" she cried aloud. "O my poor heart; what shall I do!—what shall I do!"

We carried the body up-stairs, and laid it on the best bed. It would have added to my mother's misery if we had laid it on any other. Doctor Graile arrived at this moment, and with him came two policemen; for the news had spread by this time from end to end of the little town.

"The bullet has gone direct to his heart," said the doctor, after a brief examination. "Death must have been instantaneous."

"If you please, sir," said one of the officers, "we should like to have a few words with the young lady who, we understand, was with him when the affair took place. She might be able to throw some light on it, and give us a clue to the murderer."

So we went down stairs, all except my father.

"I dare not go, Caleb," he whispered;

"come and tell me the result when it is over."

We found Olive lying on the sofa, moaning, and shivering like one stricken with fever.

"My dear," said the doctor addressing her, "we want you to give us, as concisely and clearly as possible, a full account of all that passed between the late Mr. Philip Delmer and yourself, from the time you met him this evening till the moment he was so barbarously murdered."

"O papa!" she exclaimed, sobbing out afresh. "I cannot bear to speak of it. I can only think about it at present. Do please spare me!"

"It is necessary for several important reasons," said the doctor very gravely, "that you should do as I ask you. So summon all your firmness to your aid for a few minutes, and relate to us, as closely as you can remember, everything that passed between you."

Thus adjured, Olive was obliged to comply, and with many sobs and tears she began as follows:

"Philip wrote me a short note yesterday, asking me to meet him this evening on the other side of the bridge, as he wished to see me before going home, having something of importance to relate to me. I met him as he had requested, and it was nearly dark. We went walking gently up and down the meadows for about two hours, talking cheerfully to each other. I never saw him in better spirits."

"What was the matter of importance he had to relate to you?"

"He told me that he should be obliged to return to London the following evening, and that he had written to me to meet him before he went home, because it was his intention to ask the consent of Mr. Redfern and yourself—to-morrow morning—to our marriage; and he wanted to tell me beforehand."

"What was he saying and doing at the moment you heard the pistol fired? Had you hold of his arm at the time?"

"O papa, spare me!" she exclaimed, hiding her head in the pillows of the sofa.

"My child, there are none but friends here, and it is of the greatest importance that you should be explicit. Speak the truth without shame or fear."

"I had hold of his arm," she went on. "He had just said, 'Olive, this day six months we shall be man and wife,' and stooped down to kiss me as he said it. As he was raising his head again, there came a sudden flash and explosion. He flung up his arms exclaiming, 'O my God!' and then fell to the earth. He only spoke once more, saying, 'Olive, tell my aunt——' but could not finish. Then a great shiver ran through his body, and I knew that he was dead."

"Did you see any one near or at a distance, while you were in the meadows, either before or after the shot was fired?"

"I did not see any one."

"There are a clump of willows close to where the murder took place. Could any one be concealed there, and you not see him, when you went past it?"

"Certainly; especially after nightfall."

"Did you see any one step out of the willows at the moment the shot was fired?"

"I seemed to see a great black shadow start up with outstretched arm; but the flash blinded my eyes, so that I could be certain of nothing."

"Are you acquainted with any one who, in your judgment, had any cause or reason to commit such a deed?"

To this question, after some hesitation, she answered, "I am not."

My father only sighed when I told him; then beckoning me to follow him, he led the way into his study, and going up to his bureau—an old and massive piece of furniture—touched a secret spring, which opening a pigeon-hole, revealed to me the place where he had concealed the pistol.

"Only you and I, Caleb, know of this. It may be wanted some day after I am gone. If so, you know where to find it."

LORD W. TYLER.

Once upon a time—on a day in the remote past, when there were inhabitants in London, and a parliament was sitting, and the shrimps had Margate to themselves, and the Pharaohs were alive, and the Chaldeans were looking out of their telescopes upon the plains of Waterloo to watch the rising of Arcturus over a world inhabited only by plesiosauruses—there was a member of the British House of Commons who informed a despotic British Minister that he had better not attempt to play Wat Tyler with the British nation. Old as I am, I can remember little of what happened at so remote an age in the world's history, but the fact dwells in my memory, as I sit here with Canute by the seashore, saying to my shrimpwoman, who over-rates the market value of those centipedes, thus far will I go and no farther. As Judith hit the nail upon the head of the tyrant Holothuria, who hung Jupiter Ammon high upon a gibbet after invading—Judas-like—the castle of his house, so the member for Finsbury, helped by the member for the Tower Hamlets and some other revered metropolitans, drove the nail home into the bill of that Strafford of the ninetieth century, her Majesty's Prime Minister, Lord W. Tyler.

Some persons are easily confused by that which is confusing. Thus it happens that to me when I think of Mr. Cox, M.P. for the borough of Finsbury, in connexion with the History of England, all history becomes a chaos, trains of ideas come into collision or slip off the line, old associations come to loggerheads in all their sections, black is white, and white is crooked. There is nothing

straight. Let me endeavour so far to put matters straight as to make clearly known, if I can, the cause of this disorder. There have been in operation during the last four or five years certain scraps of law which provide for the decent ordering of common lodging-houses in all towns of England. The provision thus made for the decent ordering of those lodgings which are let to the poor tramper at the cheapest rate has proved a blessing not only to the lodgers whom the law in this manner protected, but to the community of which they form a part. But the operation of the Common Lodging-houses Act was very limited. It applied only to a small class of lodgers, and left unprotected the poor families to whom a money-making landlord lets in single rooms a house unfit for decent occupation. To ensure to such families possession of the right that had been won already for people a step lower in the social scale, and to fill up one or two notable omissions in the former acts of legislation on this subject, was a duty that had been pressed earnestly upon the government, and that the government accepted. During the last session of parliament a bill to prevent overcrowding in a dwelling let off room by room to many families went through the House of Lords and was, in the last week of the session, under care of government passing its last stage in the House of Commons, warmly supported by Lord Palmerston, who defined its subject as "a question between speculating builders, who wished to overcrowd the houses they erected, and the poor who were the victims of their cupidity." But in that its last stage, the bill was opposed violently by certain members of the House of Commons, chiefly representatives of London boroughs. One gentleman asked for a new name to the bill, another thought that "at that period of the session it should be abandoned," and another thought its object "hardly urgent enough to induce the House to pass it at that period of the session," and another thought it "not of sufficient importance to keep the House sitting at one o'clock in the morning," and another protested that it interfered "as to the mode in which every man chose to live in his own house," whereas "every Englishman's house was his castle," and another said that it was "unintelligible," and another said by such measures "the same system of gradual encroachment which had enslaved the nations of the continent would be insidiously extended to this country," and the opposition was wound up by Mr. Cox, who said to Lord Palmerston "Had the noble lord ever read the History of England? If he meant to play Wat Tyler with the people of England they would be able to play the tyrant against him." This opposition being put, when time pressed, into an obstructive form, the bill had to be withdrawn.

Chaos is come again! Lord Tyler had risen in a despotic way on behalf of the homes of the people. He had in his mind what had been done for the worst of them by W. Rufus's Common Lodging Houses Act, 14 & 15 Vict., c. 28, and 16 & 17 Vict., c. 41. He pasted that act round his hat after the manner of a catch-'em-alive-O! and getting upon London Stone, thus addressed Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London, and the humpbacked Richard the First, senior alderman, before he felled him with his mace, and rode up to the rioters, exclaiming, Take away that bauble.

O yes, O yes, O yes, people of London and England, common people, hear what has been done in common lodging-houses, and how they have become more decent than your common homes, because a wicked government secures the tramp against the griping of a landlord, and yet will not stir a finger to secure decency and health for the hard-working artisan who makes out of a little room the heaven of an independent home.

Rise and bestir yourselves! Take up your lime-pails and your whiting-brushes! Shout help, ho! Soap for England! To the rescue, water and fresh air!

Comrades, you see this Act. I take this Act, and lay this Act upon the floor of yonder common lodging-house. Behold a room ten feet square, with no partitions between beds that it makes the flesh creep to look at, and the stomach turns to smell. Seven men, nine women, and a child are crammed by the landlord of that common lodging-house upon those foul beds, in yonder foul room, ten feet square. I lay this Act down within yonder room. That landlord is fined four pounds, or goes to prison for six weeks. That house becomes a clean house. The Act causes it to be kept in a clean state. Poor, independent artisans! many of you cannot compass such a wholesome place of daily rest as tyranny has given to the scamp, and tramp, and outcast of society, who, in the common lodging-house, is taken in and done for. Rise, therefore, and bestir yourselves! Take up your lime-pails and your whiting-brushes! Shout, help, ho! Soap for England! To the rescue, water and fresh air!

Britons, I bid you follow me to war against all landlords who think to acquire wealth by denying you what they are bound to give in any rooms they let. A landlord is a retail dealer in homes. The fishmonger is forbidden by the law to sell you stinking fish; the butcher may not sell bad meat. The landlord shall not sell you poisonous and stinking homes, if Tyler can prevent it. Let the law in this matter also exercise an oversight in your behalf. It is needed. Take Lord Tyler's word for it; but he won't ask you to take it—not he—until he has proved it good. Hear, then, what has been done by the law in declaring itself to be on the side of the poor lodger, before you join in claiming that it shall extend also its care to the poor tenant.

Forty-five Lascars smoking opium together in a little house in Shadwell; twenty-nine Lascars and women huddled up together in another little house, with a dead Lascar under an old rug, and another, almost dead, put by to finish dying in a cupboard. Two hundred and fifty persons in a large house, having the requisites of decency supplied not quite in the measure necessary for a single family; that is the sort of evil now abated by the law. Keepers of such houses are bound to register their lodgings, taught in a considerate manner how to keep them wholesome, told how many persons can be safely housed in them, and then kept with a firm hand to the performance of their duty. In London alone fifteen thousand persons have been called upon to register the lodgings that they keep for the homeless and wandering population that remains not more than a week under one roof. Eight and twenty thousand of the poor class of Londoners, once littered in filth of nights, now are lodged in a becoming way; are better lodged, in truth, than their poor neighbours fixed in little homes. During the five years of the new system of oversight, the number of visits of inspectors, paid in London, have amounted to more than seven hundred thousand; they have been paid among people thought to be incorrigible, yet there never has been one instance of the assault of an officer in the performance of his duty. The inspection was at first very distasteful to the lodgers; now they look for it and prize it as a right. To the improved common lodging-houses in London we must add the model lodging-houses, the number of which slightly exceeds a hundred. They accommodate about a thousand families, and not quite a thousand single persons, all of a higher class than that of people who frequent the common-lodging. The removal of two or three thousand nuisances connected with the common lodging-houses has been secured by magistrates' order; and when it has been found that the owner of such a house has been compelled to abate a nuisance, neighbouring landlords have, in many instances, removed similar nuisances, in order that the use of their premises, as a lodging-house, may not bring them within arm's length of the law.

During the operation of the acts in question, nearly five hundred cases of contagious disease have, by the powers they give, been removed from the lodging-house to the infirmary or hospital. After the removal of a fever-case, the room is closed for fumigation and lime-washing before lodgers are again admitted. The bedclothes are disinfected or destroyed.

But this kind of law which has done so much for the protection both of life and morals, has an extremely narrow field of action. Not only are the pot-houses exempt from its jurisdiction, but even the most immoral lodging-house has an immunity from oversight, because it makes a special business of its immorality, and is an establishment which the law cannot be asked to license.

Then again, in the case of single rooms, the inspecting-officers finding them overcrowded by reckless subletting, are told that the tenants are all uncles and aunts, nephews and nieces, brothers-in-law and cousins to each other. The room claims to be a private castle, and the law, as it now stands, cannot compel the owner of the room to do his duty in the letting of it. Houses or rooms occupied by one family are exempt from the operation of the law. Now, there are certain regulations respecting ventilation, supply of water, &c., with which every owner or sub-owner of a house sub-let in rooms, should be bound to comply. The application of these rules to your case, poor and faithful citizens of England, crammed into crowded dwellings where you can't be healthy and you can't be clean, you ought, says Lord Tyler, to demand as your right from the government. Also, there should be somebody to see that persons do not be sick of contagious fevers in the midst of crowded rooms, and to secure their removal to a place where they themselves have infinitely more chance of recovery, while their friends and neighbours are saved from the imminent risk of contracting like disease. This cries Lord Tyler, is what I would contrive for you, O people, with what I call my Crowded Dwellings Prevention Bill; but there comes John Ball Cox with a leaden tail, who stops the run of my intentions.

What say your medical officers of health, who admire the great change made in the common lodging-houses and their tenants? "I am quite sure," says Mr. Gill of Islington, "could the same laws be brought to bear upon that class of the population tenanting single rooms, disease would be mitigated in its effects, the process of incubation very much destroyed, and, what is socially important too, public morals would be improved." "I have remarked lately," says Dr. Greggs of Westminster, "much less disease in the common lodging-houses than in the private dwellings of the poor." "It is highly necessary," says Mr. Cogan of Greenwich, "that this act should be extended to the class of lodging-houses inhabited by many families, but only one family in each room; these are the only houses now where we get the old types of fever that used to pervade the lodging-houses." "I sincerely wish," says Dr. Arthur of Deptford, "this act could be extended to those other lodging-houses which are let out to families in rooms. They are frequently crowded to excess, causing disease, morally as well as physically, amongst the inmates." "I am sure," says Mr. Sequeine of Whitechapel, "a great improvement would be effected in the dwellings of the poor, if the property let out in tenements were also under

the surveillance of the police inspectors, to compel landlords to allow in every sleeping apartment a certain amount of space for each individual, and thus prevent many diseases now arising from overcrowding." As to the common lodging-houses, Mr. Faulknér, Registrar of Births and Deaths for part of St. Giles's, says, "I perfectly well remember the dirty, filthy, overcrowded state they were formerly kept in; the odour of the rooms in many houses compelled me to relinquish my registration duties, from the feeling of faintness and sickness caused by the disgusting places I visited. Most of the walls were swarming with vermin, and decorated by endless numbers smashed on and around the heads of the bedsteads. . . . . Now the case is far different; there is an air of perfect cleanliness imparted to the whole by the whitewash so liberally used; the boards and staircases are paragons of cleanliness compared to what they were." Rise, then, poor tenants, comrades—rise, and bestir yourselves! Take up your lime-pails and your whiting-brushes! Shout, help, ho! Soap for England! To the rescue, water and fresh air! Hear what is said by Dr. Barnes of Shoreditch: "As fever cases are not at all uncommon in other houses in the immediate vicinity of registered houses, I cannot but attribute the immunity of these latter to the excellent provisions for cleanliness, the prevention of overcrowding and the ensuring a due supply and renewal of air enforced." Hear what is said by Mr. Rendle of St. George's, Southwark. He was "parish surgeon for seventeen years before he was appointed officer of health, and he can, therefore, personally speak to this fact. Then the worst cases of fever occurred in the common lodging-houses, and a very large proportion, and by far the worst part of the duty of the parish-surgeon was the visiting of the sick in these houses. Now very few cases of disease occur; and by cleanliness and prompt removal in case of attack, the spread of disease is prevented. It is almost impossible," he adds, "to over-rate the good that has resulted from the operation of these acts." Hear what is said by Mr. Lovett of the Strand: "The common lodging-houses in Newcastle Court are cleaner, better conducted, and, above all, there is a less amount of sickness in them than in the remaining houses in the court." In Pentonville, says Mr. Butler of such registered houses, "they are in every respect far cleaner and healthier than the rooms or houses occupied by those persons over whom the Common Lodging Houses' Act has no control." "The common lodging-houses of this town are clean," says Mr. Walker at Woolwich. "I wish I could say as much for those houses which are inhabited by the poor, and let out in tenements to single families; there I meet with disease, filth, overcrowding to a frightful extent." "I rarely," says Mr. Cleland of Limehouse, "meet with epidemic diseases in a common lodging-house." "A few months since," says Dr. Leete, "typhus fever broke out in a small house in my parish, occupied by two families, comprising eighteen individuals; every one suffered from the disease and several died; the poison was present in the most highly concentrated form; it was positively dangerous to pass the house. Much of this evil might have been prevented had the inspector authority to remove the first case that occurred." And so the doctors all might set their hands to the certificate of one of them, which I, Lord Tyler, call on each of you to repeat after me. And here Richard Whittington, Lord Mayor, called for silence, and Richard Cœur de Lion, his alderman, shrugging his hump-back, seconded his worship's call, and Lord Tyler, planting firmly one foot upon London Stone, raising the other foot into the air, gave the time with it to the people, as he and each one of them after him lifted up a voice that was like the lowing of a number of sheep pastured on the green slopes of Niagara, to this effect: "I certify that it is my firm conviction that the present system of common lodging-houses is working the desired end, and were it thoroughly developed and extended, the benefits to society would be enhanced."

Then up starts Mr. Cox, member for Finsbury, and says "Ha, ha!—Had the noble lord ever read the History of England? If he meant to play Wat Tyler with the people of England, they would be able to find persons to play the tyrant against him." And as the noble lord had (like the Wat Tyler that he was), been stirring up the people to defend their homes, and to assert their rights against the grasping of a landlord, Mr. Cox, playing the tyrant at once, kicked over the lime-wash pail, and helped by a few kindred bloods drove back the lower orders to the dens in which it is vouchsafed to them to live their dirty lives.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 394.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE dog-cart, with Mr. Thomas Idle and his ankle on the hanging seat behind, Mr. Francis Goodchild and the Innkeeper in front, and the rain in spouts and splashes everywhere, made the best of its way back to the little Inn; the broken moor country looking like miles upon miles of Pre-Adamite sop, or the ruins of some enormous jorum of antediluvian toast-and-water. The trees dripped; the eaves of the scattered cottages dripped; the barren stone-walls dividing the land, dripped; the yelping dogs dripped; carts and waggons under ill-roofed penthouses, dripped; melancholy cocks and hens perching on their shafts, or seeking shelter underneath them, dripped; Mr. Goodchild dripped; Francis Idle dripped; the Innkeeper dripped; the mare dripped; the vast curtains of mist and cloud that passed before the shadowy forms of the hills, streamed water as they were drawn across the landscape. Down such steep pitches that the mare seemed to be trotting on her head, and up such steep pitches that she seemed to have a supplementary leg in her tail, the dog-cart jolted and tilted back to the village. It was too wet for the women to look out, it was too wet even for the children to look out; all the doors and windows were closed, and the only sign of life or motion was in the rain-punctured puddles.

Whisky and oil to Thomas Idle's ankle, and whisky without oil to Francis Goodchild's stomach, produced an agreeable change in the systems of both: soothing Mr. Idle's pain, which was sharp before, and sweetening Mr. Goodchild's temper, which was sweet before. Portmanteaus being then opened and clothes changed, Mr. Goodchild, through having no change of outer garments but broadcloth and velvet, suddenly became a magnificent portent in the Innkeeper's house, a shining frontispiece to the Fashions for the month, and a frightful anomaly in the Cumberland village.

Greatly ashamed of his splendid appearance, the conscious Goodchild quenched it as much as possible in the shadow of Thomas Idle's ankle, and in a corner of the little covered carriage that started with them for Wigton—a most desirable carriage for any country, except for its having a flat roof and no sides; which caused the plumps of rain accumulating on the roof to play vigorous games of bagatelle into the interior all the way, and to score immensely. It was comfortable to see how the people coming back in open carts from Wigton market made no more of the rain than if it were sunshine; how the Wigton policeman taking a country walk of half-a dozen miles (apparently for pleasure), in resplendent uniform, accepted saturation as his normal state; how clerks and schoolmasters in black, loitered along the road without umbrellas, getting varnished at every step; how the Cumberland girls, coming out to look after the Cumberland cows, shook the rain from their eyelashes and laughed it away; and how the rain continued to fall upon all, as it only does fall in hill countries.

Wigton market was over, and its bare booths were smoking with rain all down the street. Mr. Thomas Idle, melo-dramatically carried to the Inn's first floor, and laid upon three chairs (he should have had the sofa, if there had been one), Mr. Goodchild went to the window to take an observation of Wigton, and report what he saw to his disabled companion.

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle. "What do you see from the turret?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "what I hope and believe to be one of the most dismal places ever seen by eyes. I see the houses with their roofs of dull black, their stained fronts, and their dark-rimmed windows, looking as if they were all in mourning. As every little puff of wind comes down the street, I see a perfect train of rain let off along the wooden stalls in the market-place and exploded against me. I see a very big gas-lamp in the centre which I know, by a secret instinct, will not be lighted to-night. I see a pump, with a trivet underneath its spout whereon to stand the vessels that are brought to be filled with water. I see a man come to pump, and he pumps very hard, but no water follows, and he strolls empty away."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see from

the turret, besides the man and the pump, and the trivet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "one, two, three, four, five, linen-drapers' shops in front of me. I see a linen-draper's shop next door to the right—and there are five more linen-drapers' shops down the corner to the left. Eleven homicidal linen-drapers' shops within a short stone's throw, each with its hands at the throats of all the rest! Over the small first-floor of one of these linen-drapers' shops appears the wonderful inscription, BANK."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see from the turret, besides the eleven homicidal linen-drapers' shops, and the wonderful inscription 'Bank' on the small first-floor, and the man and the pump and the trivet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see," said Brother Francis, "the depository for Christian Knowledge, and through the dark vapour I think I again make out Mr. Spurgeon looming heavily. Her Majesty the Queen, God bless her, printed in colours, I am sure I see. I see the Illustrated London News of several weeks ago, and I see a sweetmeat shop—which the proprietor calls a 'Salt Warehouse'—with one small female child in a cotton bonnet looking in on tip-toe, oblivious of rain. And I see a watchmaker's, with only three great pale watches of a dull metal hanging in his window, each in a separate pane."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what more do you see of Wigton, besides these objects, and the man and the pump and the trivet and the houses all in mourning and the rain?"

"I see nothing more," said Brother Francis, "and there is nothing more to see, except the curlpaper bill of the theatre, which was opened and shut last week (the manager's family played all the parts), and the short, square, chunky omnibus that goes to the railway, and leads too rattling a life over the stones to hold together long. O yes! Now, I see two men with their hands in their pockets and their backs towards me."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "what do you make out from the turret, of the expression of the two men with their hands in their pockets and their backs towards you?"

"They are mysterious men," said brother Francis, "with inscrutable backs. They keep their backs towards me with persistency. If one turns an inch in any direction, the other turns an inch in the same direction, and no more. They turn very stiffly, on a very little pivot, in the middle of the market-place. Their appearance is partly of a mining, partly of a ploughing, partly of a stable, character. They are looking at nothing—very hard. Their backs are slouched, and their legs are curved with much standing about. Their pockets are loose and dog's-eared, on account of their hands being always in them. They stand to be rained upon, without any movement of impatience or dissatisfaction, and they keep so close together that an elbow of each jostles an elbow of the other, but they never speak. They spit at times, but speak not. I see it growing darker and darker, and still I see them, sole visible population of the place, standing to be rained upon with their backs towards me, and looking at nothing very hard."

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "before you draw down the blind of the turret and come in to have your head scorched by the hot gas, see if you can, and impart to me, something of the expression of those two amazing men."

"The murky shadows," said Francis Goodchild, "are gathering fast; and the wings of evening, and the wings of coal, are folding over Wigton. Still, they look at nothing very hard, with their backs towards me. Ah! Now, they turn, and I see—"

"Brother Francis, brother Francis," cried Thomas Idle, "tell me quickly what you see of the two men of Wigton!"

"I see," said Francis Goodchild, "that they have no expression at all. And now the town goes to sleep, undazzled by the large unlighted lamp in the market-place; and let no man wake it."

At the close of the next day's journey, Thomas Idle's ankle became much swollen and inflamed. There are reasons which will presently explain themselves for not publicly indicating the exact direction in which that journey lay, or the place in which it ended. It was a long day's shaking of Thomas Idle over the rough roads, and a long day's getting out and going on before the horses, and fagging up hills, and scouring down hills, on the part of Mr. Goodchild, who in the fatigues of such labours congratulated himself on attaining a high point of idleness. It was at a little town, still in Cumberland, that they halted for the night,—a very little town, with the purple and brown moor close upon its one street; a curious little ancient market-cross set up in the midst of it; and the town itself looking, much as if it were a collection of great stones piled on end by the Druids long ago, which a few recluse people had since hollowed out for habitations.

"Is there a doctor here?" asked Mr. Goodchild, on his knee, of the motherly landlady of the little Inn: stopping in his examination of Mr. Idle's ankle, with the aid of a candle.

"Ey, my word!" said the landlady, glancing doubtfully at the ankle for herself; "there's Doctor Speddie."

"Is he a good Doctor?"

"Ey!" said the landlady, "I ca' him so. A' cooms efther nae doctor that I ken. Mair nor which, a's just THE doctor heer."

"Do you think he is at home?"

Her reply was, "Gang awa', Jock, and bring him."

Jock, a white-headed boy, who, under pretence of stirring up some bay salt in a basin of water for the laving of this unfortunate ankle, had greatly enjoyed himself for the last ten minutes in splashing the carpet, set off promptly. A very few minutes had elapsed when he showed the Doctor in, by tumbling against the door before him and bursting it open with his head.

"Gently, Jock, gently," said the doctor as he advanced with a quiet step. "Gentlemen, a good evening. I am sorry that my presence is required here. A slight accident, I hope? A slip and a fall? Yes, yes, yes. Carrock, indeed! Hah! Does that pain you, sir? No doubt, it does. It is the great connecting ligament here, you see, that has been badly strained. Time and rest, sir! They are often the recipe in greater cases," with a slight sigh, "and often the recipe in small. I can send a lotion to relieve you, but we must leave the cure to time and rest."

This he said, holding Idle's foot on his knee between his two hands, as he sat over against him. He had touched it tenderly and skilfully in explanation of what he said, and, when his careful examination was completed, softly returned it to its former horizontal position on a chair.

He spoke with a little irresolution whenever he began, but afterwards fluently. He was a tall, thin, large boned, old gentleman, with an appearance at first sight of being hard-featured; but, at a second glance, the mild expression of his face and some particular touches of sweetness and patience about his mouth, corrected this impression and assigned his long professional rides, by day and night, in the bleak hill-weather, as the true cause of that appearance. He stooped very little, though past seventy and very grey. His dress was more like that of a clergyman than a country doctor, being a plain black suit, and a plain white neck-kerchief tied behind like a band. His black was the worse for wear, and there were darns in his coat, and his linen was a little frayed at the hems and edges. He might have been poor—it was likely enough in that out-of-the-way spot—or he might have been a little self-forgetful and eccentric. Anyone could have seen directly, that he had neither wife nor child at home. He had a scholarly air with him, and that kind of considerate humanity towards others which claimed a gentle consideration for himself. Mr. Goodchild made this study of him while he was examining the limb, and as he laid it down. Mr. Goodchild wishes to add that he considers it a very good likeness.

It came out in the course of a little conversation, that Doctor Speddie was acquainted with some friends of Thomas Idle's, and had, when a young man, passed some years in Thomas Idle's birthplace on the other side of England. Certain idle labours, the fruit of Mr. Goodchild's apprenticeship, also happened to be well known to him. The lazy travellers were thus placed on a more intimate footing with the Doctor than the casual circumstances of the meeting would of themselves have established; and when Doctor Speddie rose to go home, remarking that he would send his assistant with the lotion, Francis Goodchild said that was unnecessary, for, by the Doctor's leave, he would accompany him, and bring it back. (Having done nothing to fatigue himself for a full quarter of an hour, Francis began to fear that he was not in a state of idleness.)

Doctor Speddie politely assented to the proposition of Francis Goodchild, "as it would give him the pleasure of enjoying a few more minutes of Mr. Goodchild's society than he could otherwise have hoped for," and they went out together into the village street. The rain had nearly ceased, the clouds had broken before a cool wind from the north-east, and stars were shining from the peaceful heights beyond them.

Doctor Speddie's house was the last house in the place. Beyond it, lay the moor, all dark and lonesome. The wind moaned in a low, dull, shivering manner round the little garden, like a houseless creature that knew the winter was coming. It was exceedingly wild and solitary. "Roses," said the Doctor, when Goodchild touched some wet leaves overhanging the stone porch; "but they get cut to pieces."

The Doctor opened the door with a key he carried, and led the way into a low but pretty ample hall with rooms on either side. The door of one of these stood open, and the Doctor entered it, with a word of welcome to his guest. It, too, was a low room, half surgery and half parlor, with shelves of books and bottles against the walls, which were of a very dark hue. There was a fire in the grate, the night being damp and chill. Leaning against the chimney-piece looking down into it, stood the Doctor's Assistant.

A man of a most remarkable appearance. Much older than Mr. Goodchild had expected, for he was at least two-and-fifty; but, that was nothing. What was startling in him was his remarkable paleness. His large black eyes, his sunken cheeks, his long and heavy iron grey hair, his wasted hands, and even the attenuation of his figure, were at first forgotten in his extraordinary pallor. There was no vestige of color in the man. When he turned his face, Francis Goodchild started as if a stone figure had looked round at him.

"Mr. Lorn," said the Doctor. "Mr. Goodchild."

The Assistant, in a distraught way—as if he had forgotten something—as if he had forgotten everything, even to his own name and himself—acknowledged the visitor's presence, and stepped further back into the shadow of the wall behind him. But, he was

so pale that his face stood out in relief against the dark wall, and really could not be hidden so.

"Mr. Goodchild's friend has met with an accident, Lorn," said Doctor Speddie. "We want the lotion for a bad sprain."

A pause.

"My dear fellow, you are more than usually absent to-night. The lotion for a bad sprain."

"Ah! yes! Directly."

He was evidently relieved to turn away, and to take his white face and his wild eyes to a table in a recess among the bottles. But, though he stood there, compounding the lotion with his back towards them, Goodchild could not, for many moments, withdraw his gaze from the man. When he at length did so, he found the Doctor observing him, with some trouble in his face. "He is absent," explained the Doctor, in a low voice. "Always absent. Very absent."

"Is he ill?"

"No, not ill."

"Unhappy?"

"I have my suspicions that he was," assented the Doctor, "once."

Francis Goodchild could not but observe that the Doctor accompanied these words with a benignant and protecting glance at their subject, in which there was much of the expression with which an attached father might have looked at a heavily afflicted son. Yet, that they were not father and son must have been plain to most eyes. The Assistant, on the other hand, turning presently to ask the Doctor some question, looked at him with a wan smile as if he were his whole reliance and sustainment in life.

It was in vain for the Doctor in his easy chair, to try to lead the mind of Mr. Goodchild in the opposite easy chair, away from what was before him. Let Mr. Goodchild do what he would to follow the Doctor, his eyes and thoughts reverted to the Assistant. The Doctor soon perceived it, and, after falling silent, and musing in a little perplexity, said:

"Lorn!"

"My dear Doctor."

"Would you go to the Inn, and apply that lotion? You will show the best way of applying it, far better than Mr. Goodchild can."

"With pleasure."

The Assistant took his hat, and passed like a shadow to the door.

"Lorn!" said the Doctor, calling after him.

He returned.

"Mr. Goodchild will keep me company till you come home. Don't hurry. Excuse my calling you back."

"It is not," said the Assistant, with his former smile, "the first time you have called me back, dear Doctor." With those words he went away.

"Mr. Goodchild," said Doctor Speddie, in a low voice, and with his former troubled expression of face, "I have seen that your attention has been concentrated on my friend."

"He fascinates me. I must apologise to you, but he has quite bewildered and mastered me."

"I find that a lonely existence and a long secret," said the Doctor, drawing his chair a little nearer to Mr. Goodchild's, "become in the course of time very heavy. I will tell you something. You may make what use you will of it, under fictitious names. I know I may trust you. I am the more inclined to confidence to-night, through having been unexpectedly led back, by the current of our conversation at the Inn, to scenes in my early life. Will you please to draw a little nearer?"

Mr. Goodchild drew a little nearer, and the Doctor went on thus: speaking, for the most part, in so cautious a voice, that the wind, though it was far from high, occasionally got the better of him.

When this present nineteenth century was younger by a good many years than it is now, a certain friend of mine, named Arthur Holliday, happened to arrive in the town of Doncaster, exactly in the middle of the race-week, or, in other words, in the middle of the month of September. He was one of those reckless, rattle-pated, open-hearted, and open-mouthed young gentlemen, who possess the gift of familiarity in its highest perfection, and who scramble carelessly along the journey of life making friends, as the phrase is, wherever they go. His father was a rich manufacturer, and had bought landed property enough in one of the midland counties to make all the born squires in his neighbourhood thoroughly envious of him. Arthur was his only son, possessor in prospect of the great estate and the great business after his father's death; well supplied with money, and not too rigidly looked after, during his father's lifetime. Report, or scandal, whichever you please, said that the old gentleman had been rather wild in his youthful days, and that, unlike most parents, he was not disposed to be violently indignant when he found that his son took after him. This may be true or not. I myself only knew the elder Mr. Holliday when he was getting on in years; and then he was as quiet and as respectable a gentleman as ever I met with.

Well, one September, as I told you, young Arthur comes to Doncaster, having decided all of a sudden, in his hare-brained way, that he would go to the races. He did not reach the town till towards the close of the evening, and he went at once to see about his dinner and bed at the principal hotel. Dinner they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it. In the race-week at Doncaster, it is no uncommon thing for visitors who have not bespoken

apartments, to pass the night in their carriages at the inn doors. As for the lower sort of strangers, I myself have often seen them, at that full time, sleeping out on the doorsteps for want of a covered place to creep under. Rich as he was, Arthur's chance of getting a night's lodging (seeing that he had not written beforehand to secure one) was more than doubtful. He tried the second hotel, and the third hotel, and two of the inferior inns after that; and was met everywhere by the same form of answer. No accommodation for the night of any sort was left. All the bright golden sovereigns in his pocket would not buy him a bed at Doncaster in the race-week.

To a young fellow of Arthur's temperament, the novelty of being turned away into the street, like a penniless vagabond, at every house where he asked for a lodging, presented itself in the light of a new and highly amusing piece of experience. He went on, with his carpet-bag in his hand, applying for a bed at every place of entertainment for travellers that he could find in Doncaster, until he wandered into the outskirts of the town. By this time, the last glimmer of twilight had faded out, the moon was rising dimly in a mist, the wind was getting cold, the clouds were gathering heavily, and there was every prospect that it was soon going to rain.

The look of the night had rather a lowering effect on young Holliday's good spirits. He began to contemplate the houseless situation in which he was placed, from the serious rather than the humorous point of view; and he looked about him, for another public-house to enquire at, with something very like downright anxiety in his mind on the subject of a lodging for the night. The suburban part of the town towards which he had now strayed was hardly lighted at all, and he could see nothing of the houses as he passed them, except that they got progressively smaller and dirtier, the farther he went. Down the winding road before him shone the dull gleam of an oil lamp, the one faint, lonely light that struggled ineffectually with the foggy darkness all round him. He resolved to go on as far as this lamp, and then, if it showed him nothing in the shape of an Inn, to return to the central part of the town and to try if he could not at least secure a chair to sit down on, through the night, at one of the principal Hotels.

As he got near the lamp, he heard voices; and, walking close under it, found that it lighted the entrance to a narrow court, on the wall of which was painted a long hand in faded flesh-colour, pointing, with a lean forefinger, to this inscription:—

THE TWO ROBINS.

Arthur turned into the court without hesitation, to see what The Two Robins could do for him. Four or five men were standing together round the door of the house which was at the bottom of the court, facing the entrance from the street. The men were all listening to one other man, better dressed than the rest, who was telling his audience something, in a low voice, in which they were apparently very much interested.

On entering the passage, Arthur was passed by a stranger with a knapsack in his hand, who was evidently leaving the house.

"No," said the traveller with the knapsack, turning round and addressing himself cheerfully to a fat, sly-looking, bald-headed man, with a dirty white apron on, who had followed him down the passage. "No, Mr. Landlord, I am not easily scared by trifles; but, I don't mind confessing that I can't quite stand *that*."

It occurred to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable or unwilling to pay it. The moment his back was turned, Arthur, comfortably conscious of his own well-filled pockets, addressed himself in a great hurry, for fear any other benighted traveller should slip in and forestall him, to the sly-looking landlord with the dirty apron and the bald head.

"If you have got a bed to let," he said, "and if that gentleman who has just gone out won't pay you your price for it, I will."

The sly landlord looked hard at Arthur.

"Will you, sir?" he asked, in a meditative, doubtful way.

"Name your price," said young Holliday, thinking that the landlord's hesitation sprang from some boorish distrust of him. "Name your price, and I'll give you the money at once, if you like?"

"Are you game for five shillings?" enquired the landlord, rubbing his stubbly double chin, and looking up thoughtfully at the ceiling above him.

Arthur nearly laughed in the man's face; but thinking it prudent to control himself, offered the five shillings as seriously as he could. The sly landlord held out his hand, then suddenly drew it back again.

"You're acting all fair and above-board by me," he said: "and, before I take your money, I'll do the same by you. Look here, this is how it stands. You can have a bed all to yourself for five shillings; but you can't have more than a half-share of the room it stands in. Do you see what I mean, young gentleman?"

"Of course I do," returned Arthur, a little irritably. "You mean that it is a double-bedded room, and that one of the beds is occupied?"

The landlord nodded his head, and rubbed his double chin harder than ever. Arthur hesitated, and mechanically moved back a step or two towards the door. The idea of

sleeping in the same room with a total stranger, did not present an attractive prospect to him. He felt more than half-inclined to drop his five shillings into his pocket, and to go out into the street once more.

"Is it yes, or no?" asked the landlord. "Settle it as quick as you can, because there's lots of people wanting a bed at Doncaster to-night, besides you."

Arthur looked towards the court, and heard the rain falling heavily in the street outside. He thought he would ask a question or two before he rashly decided on leaving the shelter of The Two Robins.

"What sort of a man is it who has got the other bed?" he inquired. "Is he a gentleman? I mean, is he a quiet, well-behaved person?"

"The quietest man I ever came across," said the landlord, rubbing his fat hands stealthily one over the other. "As sober as a judge, and as regular as clock-work in his habits. It hasn't struck nine, not ten minutes ago, and he's in his bed already. I don't know whether that comes up to your notion of a quiet man: it goes a long way ahead of mine, I can tell you."

"Is he asleep, do you think?" asked Arthur.

"I know he's asleep," returned the landlord. "And what's more, he's gone off so fast, that I'll warrant you don't wake him. This way, sir," said the landlord, speaking over young Holliday's shoulder, as if he was addressing some new guest who was approaching the house.

"Here you are," said Arthur, determined to be before-hand with the stranger, whoever he might be. "I'll take the bed." And he handed the five shillings to the landlord, who nodded, dropped the money carelessly into his waistcoat-pocket, and lighted a candle.

"Come up and see the room," said the host of The Two Robins, leading the way to the staircase quite briskly, considering how fat he was.

They mounted to the second-floor of the house. The landlord half opened a door, fronting the landing, then stopped, and turned round to Arthur.

"It's a fair bargain, mind, on my side as well as on yours," he said. "You give me five shillings, I give you in return a clean, comfortable bed; and I warrant, beforehand, that you won't be interfered with, or annoyed in any way, by the man who sleeps in the same room with you." Saying those words, he looked hard, for a moment, in young Holliday's face, and then led the way into the room.

It was larger and cleaner than Arthur had expected it would be. The two beds stood parallel with each other—a space of about six feet intervening between them. They were both of the same medium size, and both had the same plain white curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The occupied bed was the bed nearest the window. The curtains were all drawn round this, except the half curtain at the bottom, on the side of the bed farthest from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the scanty clothes into a sharp little eminence, as if he was lying flat on his back. He took the candle, and advanced softly to draw the curtain—stopped half way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

"He is a very quiet sleeper," said Arthur.

"Yes," said the landlord, "very quiet."

Young Holliday advanced with the candle, and looked in at the man cautiously.

"How pale he is!" said Arthur.

"Yes," returned the landlord, "pale enough, isn't he?"

Arthur looked closer at the man. The bed clothes were drawn up to his chin, and they lay perfectly still over the region of his chest. Surprised and vaguely startled, as he noticed this, Arthur stooped down closer over the stranger; looked at his ashy, parted lips; listened breathlessly for an instant; looked again at the strangely still face, and the motionless lips and chest; and turned round suddenly on the landlord, with his own cheeks as pale for the moment as the hollow cheeks of the man on the bed.

"Come here," he whispered, under his breath. "Come here, for God's sake! The man's not asleep—he is dead!"

"You have found that out sooner than I thought you would," said the landlord composedly. "Yes, he's dead, sure enough. He died at five o'clock to-day."

"How did he die? Who is he?" asked Arthur, staggered, for the moment, by the audacious coolness of the answer.

"As to who is he," rejoined the landlord, "I know no more about him than you do. There are his books and letters and things, all sealed up in that brown paper parcel, for the Coroner's inquest to open to-morrow or next day. He's been here a week, paying his way fairly enough, and stopping in-doors, for the most part, as if he was ailing. My girl brought him up his tea at five to-day; and as he was pouring of it out, he fell down in a faint, or a fit, or a compound of both, for anything I know. We could not bring him to—and I said he was dead. And the doctor couldn't bring him to—and the doctor said he was dead. And there he is. And the Coroner's inquest's coming as soon as it can. And that's as much as I know about it."

Arthur held the candle close to the man's lips. The flame still burnt straight up, as steadily as ever. There was a moment of silence; and the rain pattered drearily through it against the panes of the window.

"If you haven't got nothing more to say to me," continued the landlord, "I suppose I may go. You don't expect your five shillings

back, do you? There's the bed I promised you, clean and comfortable. There's the man I warranted not to disturb you, quiet in this world for ever. If you're frightened to stop alone with him, that's not my look out. I've kept my part of the bargain, and I mean to keep the money. I'm not Yorkshire, myself, young gentleman; but I've lived long enough in these parts to have my wits sharpened; and I shouldn't wonder if you found out the way to brighten up yours, next time you come among us." With these words, the landlord turned towards the door, and laughed to himself softly, in high satisfaction at his own sharpness.

Startled and shocked as he was, Arthur had by this time sufficiently recovered himself to feel indignant at the trick that had been played on him, and at the insolent manner in which the landlord exulted in it.

"Don't laugh," he said sharply, "till you are quite sure you have got the laugh against me. You shan't have the five shillings for nothing, my man. I'll keep the bed."

"Will you?" said the landlord. "Then I wish you a good night's rest." With that brief farewell, he went out, and shut the door after him.

A good night's rest! The words had hardly been spoken, the door had hardly been closed, before Arthur half-repented the hasty words that had just escaped him. Though not naturally over-sensitive, and not wanting in courage of the moral as well as the physical sort, the presence of the dead man had an instantaneously chilling effect on his mind when he found himself alone in the room—alone, and bound by his own rash words to stay there till the next morning. An older man would have thought nothing of those words, and would have acted, without reference to them, as his calmer sense suggested. But Arthur was too young to treat the ridicule, even of his inferiors, with contempt—too young not to fear the momentary humiliation of falsifying his own foolish boast, more than he feared the trial of watching out the long night in the same chamber with the dead.

"It is but a few hours," he thought to himself, "and I can get away the first thing in the morning."

He was looking towards the occupied bed as that idea passed through his mind, and the sharp angular eminence made in the clothes by the dead man's upturned feet again caught his eye. He advanced and drew the curtains, purposely abstaining, as he did so, from looking at the face of the corpse, lest he might unnerve himself at the outset by fastening some ghastly impression of it on his mind. He drew the curtain very gently, and sighed involuntarily as he closed it. "Poor fellow," he said, almost as sadly as if he had known the man. "Ah, poor fellow!"

He went next to the window. The night was black, and he could see nothing from it. The rain still pattered heavily against the glass. He inferred, from hearing it, that the window was at the back of the house; remembering that the front was sheltered from the weather by the court and the buildings over it.

While he was still standing at the window—for even the dreary rain was a relief, because of the sound it made; a relief, also, because it moved, and had some faint suggestion, in consequence, of life and companionship in it—while he was standing at the window, and looking vacantly into the black darkness outside, he heard a distant church-clock strike ten. Only ten! How was he to pass the time till the house was astir the next morning?

Under any other circumstances, he would have gone down to the public-house parlour, would have called for his grog, and would have laughed and talked with the company assembled as familiarly as if he had known them all his life. But the very thought of whiling away the time in this manner was now distasteful to him. The new situation in which he was placed seemed to have altered him to himself already. Thus far, his life had been the common, trifling, prosaic, surface-life of a prosperous young man, with no troubles to conquer, and no trials to face. He had lost no relation whom he loved, no friend whom he treasured. Till this night, what share he had of the immortal inheritance that is divided amongst us all, had lain dormant within him. Till this night, Death and he had not once met, even in thought.

He took a few turns up and down the room—then stopped. The noise made by his boots on the poorly carpeted floor, jarred on his ear. He hesitated a little, and ended by taking the boots off, and walking backwards and forwards noiselessly. All desire to sleep or to rest had left him. The bare thought of lying down on the unoccupied bed instantly drew the picture on his mind of a dreadful mimicry of the position of the dead man. Who was he? What was the story of his past life? Poor he must have been, or he would not have stopped at such a place as The Two Robins Inn—and weakened, probably, by long illness, or he could hardly have died in the manner which the landlord had described. Poor, ill, lonely,—dead in a strange place; dead, with nobody but a stranger to pity him. A sad story: truly, on the mere face of it, a very sad story.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, he had stopped insensibly at the window, close to which stood the foot of the bed with the closed curtains. At first he looked at it absently; then he became conscious that his eyes were fixed on it; and then, a perverse desire took possession of him to do the very thing which he had resolved

not to do, up to this time—to look at the dead man.

He stretched out his hand towards the curtains; but checked himself in the very act of undrawing them, turned his back sharply on the bed, and walked towards the chimney-piece, to see what things were placed on it, and to try if he could keep the dead man out of his mind in that way.

There was a pewter inkstand on the chimney-piece, with some mildewed remains of ink in the bottle. There were two coarse china ornaments of the commonest kind; and there was a square of embossed card, dirty and fly-blown, with a collection of wretched riddles printed on it, in all sorts of zig-zag directions, and in variously coloured inks. He took the card, and went away, to read it, to the table on which the candle was placed; sitting down, with his back resolutely turned to the curtained bed.

He read the first riddle, the second, the third, all in one corner of the card—then turned it round impatiently to look at another. Before he could begin reading the riddles printed here, the sound of the church-clock stopped him. Eleven. He had got through an hour of the time, in the room with the dead man.

Once more he looked at the card. It was not easy to make out the letters printed on it, in consequence of the dimness of the light which the landlord had left him—a common tallow candle, furnished with a pair of heavy old-fashioned steel snuffers. Up to this time, his mind had been too much occupied to think of the light. He had left the wick of the candle unsnuffed, till it had risen higher than the flame, and had burnt into an odd pent-house shape at the top, from which morsels of the charred cotton fell off, from time to time, in little flakes. He took up the snuffers now, and trimmed the wick. The light brightened directly, and the room became less dismal.

Again he turned to the riddles: reading them doggedly and resolutely, now in one corner of the card, now in another. All his efforts, however, could not fix his attention on them. He pursued his occupation mechanically, deriving no sort of impression from what he was reading. It was as if a shadow from the curtained bed had got between his mind and the gaily printed letters—a shadow that nothing could dispel. At last, he gave up the struggle, and threw the card from him impatiently, and took to walking softly up and down the room again.

The dead man, the dead man, the *hidden* dead man on the bed! There was the one persistent idea still haunting him. Hidden! Was it only the body being there, or was it the body being there, concealed, that was preying on his mind? He stopped at the window, with that doubt in him; once more listening to the pattering rain, once more looking out into the black darkness.

Still the dead man! The darkness forced his mind back upon itself, and set his memory at work, reviving, with a painfully-vivid distinctness the momentary impression it had received from his first sight of the corpse. Before long the face seemed to be hovering out in the middle of the darkness, confronting him through the window, with the paleness whiter, with the dreadful dull line of light between the imperfectly-closed eyelids broader than he had seen it—with the parted lips slowly dropping farther and farther away from each other—with the features growing larger and moving closer, till they seemed to fill the window and to silence the rain, and to shut out the night.

The sound of a voice, shouting below stairs, woke him suddenly from the dream of his own distempered fancy. He recognised it as the voice of the landlord. "Shut up at twelve, Ben," he heard it say. "I'm off to bed."

He wiped away the damp that had gathered on his forehead, reasoned with himself for a little while, and resolved to shake his mind free of the ghastly counterfeit which still clung to it, by forcing himself to confront, if it was only for a moment, the solemn reality. Without allowing himself an instant to hesitate, he parted the curtains at the foot of the bed, and looked through.

There was the sad, peaceful, white face, with the awful mystery of stillness on it, laid back upon the pillow. No stir, no change there! He only looked at it for a moment before he closed the curtains again—but that moment steadied him, calmed him, restored him—mind and body—to himself.

He returned to his old occupation of walking up and down the room; persevering in it, this time, till the clock struck again. Twelve.

As the sound of the clock-bell died away, it was succeeded by the confused noise, down stairs, of the drinkers in the tap-room leaving the house. The next sound, after an interval of silence, was caused by the barring of the door, and the closing of the shutters, at the back of the Inn. Then the silence followed again, and was disturbed no more.

He was alone now — absolutely, utterly, alone with the dead man, till the next morning.

The wick of the candle wanted trimming again. He took up the snuffers—but paused suddenly on the very point of using them, and looked attentively at the candle—then back, over his shoulder, at the curtained bed—then again at the candle. It had been lighted, for the first time, to show him the way up stairs, and three parts of it, at least, were already consumed. In another hour it would be burnt out. In another hour—unless he called at once to the man who had shut up the Inn, for a fresh candle—he would be left in the dark.

Strongly as his mind had been affected since he had entered the room, his unreasonable dread of encountering ridicule, and of exposing his courage to suspicion, had not altogether lost its influence over him, even yet. He lingered irresolutely by the table, waiting till he could prevail on himself to open the door, and call, from the landing, to the man who had shut up the Inn. In his present hesitating frame of mind, it was a kind of relief to gain a few moments only by engaging in the trifling occupation of snuffing the candle. His hand trembled a little, and the snuffers were heavy and awkward to use. When he closed them on the wick, he closed them a hair's breadth too low. In an instant the candle was out, and the room was plunged in pitch darkness.

The one impression which the absence of light immediately produced on his mind, was distrust of the curtained bed—distrust which shaped itself into no distinct idea, but which was powerful enough, in its very vagueness, to bind him down to his chair, to make his heart beat fast, and to set him listening intently. No sound stirred in the room but the familiar sound of the rain against the window, louder and sharper now than he had heard it yet.

Still the vague distrust, the inexpressible dread possessed him, and kept him in his chair. He had put his carpet-bag on the table, when he first entered the room; and he now took the key from his pocket, reached out his hand softly, opened the bag, and groped in it for his travelling writing-case, in which he knew that there was a small store of matches. When he had got one of the matches, he waited before he struck it on the coarse wooden table, and listened intently again, without knowing why. Still there was no sound in the room but the steady, ceaseless, rattling sound of the rain.

He lighted the candle again, without another moment of delay; and, on the instant of its burning up, the first object in the room that his eyes sought for was the curtained bed.

Just before the light had been put out, he had looked in that direction, and had seen no change, no disarrangement of any sort, in the folds of the closely-drawn curtains.

When he looked at the bed, now, he saw, hanging over the side of it, a long white hand.

It lay perfectly motionless, midway on the side of the bed, where the curtain at the head and the curtain at the foot met. Nothing more was visible. The clinging curtains hid everything but the long white hand.

He stood looking at it unable to stir, unable to call out; feeling nothing, knowing nothing; every faculty he possessed gathered up and lost in the one seeing faculty. How long that first panic held him he never could tell afterwards. It might have been only for a moment; it might have been for many minutes together. How he got to the bed—whether he ran to it headlong, or whether he approached it slowly—how he wrought himself up to unclose the curtains and look in, he never has remembered, and never will remember to his dying day. It is enough that he did go to the bed, and that he did look inside the curtains.

The man had moved. One of his arms was outside the clothes; his face was turned a little on the pillow; his eyelids were wide open. Changed as to position, and as to one of the features, the face was otherwise, fearfully and wonderfully unaltered. The dead paleness and the dead quiet were on it still.

One glance showed Arthur this—one glance, before he flew breathlessly to the door, and alarmed the house.

The man whom the landlord called "Ben," was the first to appear on the stairs. In three words, Arthur told him what had happened, and sent him for the nearest doctor.

I, who tell you this story, was then staying with a medical friend of mine, in practice at Doncaster, taking care of his patients for him, during his absence in London; and I, for the time being, was the nearest doctor. They had sent for me from the Inn, when the stranger was taken ill in the afternoon; but I was not at home, and medical assistance was sought for elsewhere. When the man from The Two Robins rang the night-bell, I was just thinking of going to bed. Naturally enough, I did not believe a word of his story about "a dead man who had come to life again." However, I put on my hat, armed myself with one or two bottles of restorative medicine, and ran to the Inn, expecting to find nothing more remarkable, when I got there, than a patient in a fit.

My surprise at finding that the man had spoken the literal truth was almost, if not quite, equalled by my astonishment at finding myself face to face with Arthur Holliday as soon as I entered the bedroom. It was no time then for giving or seeking explanations. We just shook hands amazedly; and then I ordered everybody but Arthur out of the room, and hurried to the man on the bed.

The kitchen fire had not been long out. There was plenty of hot water in the boiler, and plenty of flannel to be had. With these, with my medicines, and with such help as Arthur could render under my direction, I dragged the man, literally, out of the jaws of death. In less than an hour from the time when I had been called in, he was alive and talking in the bed on which he had been laid out to wait for the Coroner's inquest.

You will naturally ask me, what had been the matter with him; and I might treat you, in reply, to a long theory, plentifully sprinkled with, what the children call, hard words. I

prefer telling you that, in this case, cause and effect could not be satisfactorily joined together by any theory whatever. There are mysteries in life, and the conditions of it, which human science has not fathomed yet; and I candidly confess to you, that, in bringing that man back to existence, I was, morally speaking, groping hap-hazard in the dark. I know (from the testimony of the doctor who attended him in the afternoon) that the vital machinery, so far as its action is appreciable by our senses, had, in this case, unquestionably stopped; and I am equally certain (seeing that I recovered him) that the vital principle was not extinct. When I add, that he had suffered from a long and complicated illness, and that his whole nervous system was utterly deranged, I have told you all I really know of the physical condition of my dead-alive patient at the Two Robins Inn.

When he "came to," as the phrase goes, he was a startling object to look at, with his colourless face, his sunken cheeks, his wild black eyes, and his long black hair. The first question he asked me about himself, when he could speak, made me suspect that I had been called in to a man in my own profession. I mentioned to him my surmise; and he told me that I was right.

He said he had come last from Paris, where he had been attached to a hospital. That he had lately returned to England, on his way to Edinburgh, to continue his studies; that he had been taken ill on the journey; and that he had stopped to rest and recover himself at Doncaster. He did not add a word about his name, or who he was: and, of course, I did not question him on the subject. All I inquired, when he ceased speaking, was what branch of the profession he intended to follow.

"Any branch," he said bitterly, "which will put bread into the mouth of a poor man."

At this, Arthur, who had been hitherto watching him in silent curiosity, burst out impetuously in his usual good-humoured way:—

"My dear fellow!" (everybody was "my dear fellow" with Arthur) "now you have come to life again, don't begin by being down-hearted about your prospects. I'll answer for it, I can help you to some capital thing in the medical line—or, if I can't, I know my father can."

The medical student looked at him steadily.

"Thank you," he said coldly. Then added, "May I ask who your father is?"

"He's well enough known all about this part of the country," replied Arthur. "He is a great manufacturer, and his name is Holliday."

My hand was on the man's wrist during this brief conversation. The instant the name of Holliday was pronounced I felt the pulse under my fingers flutter, stop, go on suddenly with a bound, and beat afterwards, for a minute or two, at the fever rate.

"How did you come here?" asked the stranger, quickly, excitably, passionately almost.

Arthur related briefly what had happened from the time of his first taking the bed at the inn.

"I am indebted to Mr. Holliday's son then for the help that has saved my life," said the medical student, speaking to himself, with a singular sarcasm in his voice. "Come here!"

He held out, as he spoke, his long, white, bony right hand.

"With all my heart," said Arthur, taking the hand cordially. "I may confess it now," he continued, laughing, "Upon my honour, you almost frightened me out of my wits."

The stranger did not seem to listen. His wild black eyes were fixed with a look of eager interest on Arthur's face, and his long bony fingers kept tight hold of Arthur's hand. Young Holliday, on his side, returned the gaze, amazed and puzzled by the medical student's odd language and manners. The two faces were close together; I looked at them; and, to my amazement, I was suddenly impressed by the sense of a likeness between them—not in features, or complexion, but solely in expression. It must have been a strong likeness, or I should certainly not have found it out, for I am naturally slow at detecting resemblances between faces.

"You have saved my life," said the strange man, still looking hard in Arthur's face, still holding tightly by his hand. "If you had been my own brother, you could not have done more for me than that."

He laid a singularly strong emphasis on those three words "my own brother," and a change passed over his face as he pronounced them,—a change that no language of mine is competent to describe.

"I hope I have not done being of service to you yet," said Arthur. "I'll speak to my father, as soon as I get home."

"You seem to be fond and proud of your father," said the medical student. "I suppose, in return, he is fond and proud of you?"

"Of course, he is!" answered Arthur, laughing. "Is there anything wonderful in that? Isn't *your* father fond—"

The stranger suddenly dropped young Holliday's hand, and turned his face away.

"I beg your pardon," said Arthur. "I hope I have not unintentionally pained you. I hope you have not lost your father?"

"I can't well lose what I have never had," retorted the medical student, with a harsh, mocking laugh.

"What you have never had!"

The strange man suddenly caught Arthur's

hand again, suddenly looked once more hard in his face.

"Yes," he said, with a repetition of the bitter laugh. "You have brought a poor devil back into the world, who has no business there. Do I astonish you? Well! I have a fancy of my own for telling you what men in my situation generally keep a secret. I have no name and no father. The merciful law of Society tells me I am Nobody's Son! Ask your father if he will be my father too, and help me on in life with the family name."

Arthur looked at me, more puzzled than ever. I signed to him to say nothing, and then laid my fingers again on the man's wrist. No! In spite of the extraordinary speech that he had just made, he was not, as I had been disposed to suspect, beginning to get light-headed. His pulse, by this time, had fallen back to a quiet, slow beat, and his skin was moist and cool. Not a symptom of fever or agitation about him.

Finding that neither of us answered him, he turned to me, and began talking of the extraordinary nature of his case, and asking my advice about the future course of medical treatment to which he ought to subject himself. I said the matter required careful thinking over, and suggested that I should submit certain prescriptions to him the next morning. He told me to write them at once, as he would, most likely, be leaving Doncaster, in the morning, before I was up. It was quite useless to represent to him the folly and danger of such a proceeding as this. He heard me politely and patiently, but held to his resolution, without offering any reasons or any explanations, and repeated to me, that if I wished to give him a chance of seeing my prescription, I must write it at once. Hearing this, Arthur volunteered the loan of a travelling writing-case, which, he said, he had with him; and, bringing it to the bed, shook the notepaper out of the pocket of the case forthwith in his usual careless way. With the paper, there fell out on the counterpane of the bed a small packet of sticking-plaster, and a little water-colour drawing of a landscape.

The medical student took up the drawing and looked at it. His eye fell on some initials neatly written, in cypher, in one corner. He started, and trembled; his pale face grew whiter than ever; his wild black eyes turned on Arthur, and looked through and through him.

"A pretty drawing," he said, in a remarkably quiet tone of voice.

"Ah! and done by such a pretty girl," said Arthur. "Oh, such a pretty girl! I wish it was not a landscape—I wish it was a portrait of her!"

"You admire her very much?"

Arthur, half in jest, half in earnest, kissed his hand for answer.

"Love at first sight!" he said, putting the drawing away again. "But the course of it doesn't run smooth. It's the old story. She's monopolised as usual. Trammelled by a rash engagement to some poor man who is never likely to get money enough to marry her. It was lucky I heard of it in time, or I should certainly have risked a declaration when she gave me that drawing. Here, doctor! Here is pen, ink, and paper all ready for you."

"When she gave you that drawing? Gave it. Gave it." He repeated the words slowly to himself, and suddenly closed his eyes. A momentary distortion passed across his face, and I saw one of his hands clutch up the bedclothes and squeeze them hard. I thought he was going to be ill again, and begged that there might be no more talking. He opened his eyes when I spoke, fixed them once more searchingly on Arthur, and said, slowly and distinctly, "You like her, and she likes you. The poor man may die out of your way. Who can tell that she may not give you herself as well as her drawing, after all?"

Before young Holliday could answer, he turned to me, and said in a whisper, "Now for the prescription." From that time, though he spoke to Arthur again, he never looked at him more.

When I had written the prescription, he examined it, approved of it, and then astonished us both by abruptly wishing us good night. I offered to sit up with him, and he shook his head. Arthur offered to sit up with him, and he said, shortly, with his face turned away, "No." I insisted on having somebody left to watch him. He gave way when he found I was determined, and said he would accept the services of the waiter at the inn.

"Thank you, both," he said, as we rose to go. "I have one last favour to ask—not of you, doctor, for I leave you to exercise your professional discretion—but of Mr. Holliday." His eyes, while he spoke, still rested steadily on me, and never once turned towards Arthur. "I beg that Mr. Holliday will not mention to any one—least of all to his father—the events that have occurred, and the words that have passed, in this room. I entreat him to bury me in his memory, as, but for him, I might have been buried in my grave. I cannot give my reasons for making this strange request. I can only implore him to grant it."

His voice faltered for the first time, and he hid his face on the pillow. Arthur, completely bewildered, gave the required pledge. I took young Holliday away with me, immediately afterwards, to the house of my friend; determining to go back to the inn, and to see the medical student again before he had left in the morning.

I returned to the inn at eight o'clock, purposely abstaining from waking Arthur, who

was sleeping off the past night's excitement on one of my friend's sofas. A suspicion had occurred to me, as soon as I was alone in my bedroom, which made me resolve that Holliday and the stranger whose life he had saved should not meet again, if I could prevent it. I have already alluded to certain reports, or scandals, which I knew of, relating to the early life of Arthur's father. While I was thinking, in my bed, of what had passed at the Inn—of the change in the student's pulse when he heard the name of Holliday; of the resemblance of expression that I had discovered between his face and Arthur's; of the emphasis he had laid on those three words, "my own brother;" and of his incomprehensible acknowledgment of his own illegitimacy—while I was thinking of these things, the reports I have mentioned suddenly flew into my mind, and linked themselves fast to the chain of my previous reflections. Something within me whispered, "It is best that those two young men should not meet again." I felt it before I slept; I felt it when I woke; and I went, as I told you, alone to the Inn the next morning.

I had missed my only opportunity of seeing my nameless patient again. He had been gone nearly an hour when I inquired for him.

I have now told you everything that I know for certain, in relation to the man whom I brought back to life in the double-bedded room of the Inn at Doncaster. What I have next to add is matter for inference and surmise, and is not, strictly speaking, matter of fact.

I have to tell you, first, that the medical student turned out to be strangely and unaccountably right in assuming it as more than probable that Arthur Holliday would marry the young lady who had given him the water-colour drawing of the landscape. That marriage took place a little more than a year after the events occurred which I have just been relating. The young couple came to live in the neighbourhood in which I was then established in practice. I was present at the wedding, and was rather surprised to find that Arthur was singularly reserved with me, both before and after his marriage, on the subject of the young lady's prior engagement. He only referred to it once, when we were alone, merely telling me, on that occasion, that his wife had done all that honour and duty required of her in the matter, and that the engagement had been broken off with the full approval of her parents. I never heard more from him than this. For three years he and his wife lived together happily. At the expiration of that time, the symptoms of a serious illness first declared themselves in Mrs. Arthur Holliday. It turned out to be a long, lingering, hopeless malady. I attended her throughout. We had been great friends when she was well, and we became more attached to each other than ever when she was ill. I had many long and interesting conversations with her in the intervals when she suffered least. The result of one of those conversations I may briefly relate, leaving you to draw any inferences from it that you please.

The interview to which I refer, occurred shortly before her death. I called one evening, as usual, and found her alone, with a look in her eyes which told me that she had been crying. She only informed me at first, that she had been depressed in spirits; but, by little and little, she became more communicative, and confessed to me that she had been looking over some old letters, which had been addressed to her, before she had seen Arthur, by a man to whom she had been engaged to be married. I asked her how the engagement came to be broken off. She replied that it had not been broken off, but that it had died out in a very mysterious way. The person to whom she was engaged—her first love, she called him—was very poor, and there was no immediate prospect of their being married. He followed my profession, and went abroad to study. They had corresponded regularly, until the time when, as she believed, he had returned to England. From that period she heard no more of him. He was of a fretful, sensitive temperament; and she feared that she might have inadvertently done or said something that offended him. However that might be, he had never written to her again; and, after waiting a year, she had married Arthur. I asked when the first estrangement had begun, and found that the time at which she ceased to hear anything of her first lover exactly corresponded with the time at which I had been called in to my mysterious patient at The Two Robins Inn.

A fortnight after that conversation, she died. In course of time, Arthur married again. Of late years, he has lived principally in London, and I have seen little or nothing of him.

I have many years to pass over before I can approach to anything like a conclusion of this fragmentary narrative. And even when that later period is reached, the little that I have to say will not occupy your attention for more than a few minutes. Between six and seven years ago, the gentleman to whom I introduced you in this room, came to me, with good professional recommendations, to fill the position of my assistant. We met, not like strangers, but like friends—the only difference between us being, that I was very much surprised to see him, and that he did not appear to be at all surprised to see me. If he was my son, or my brother I believe he could not be fonder of me than he is; but he has never volunteered any confidences since he has been here, on the subject of his past life. I saw something that

was familiar to me in his face when we first met; and yet it was also something that suggested the idea of change. I had a notion once that my patient at the Inn might be a natural son of Mr. Holliday's; I had another idea that he might also have been the man who was engaged to Arthur's first wife; and I have a third idea, still clinging to me, that Mr. Lorn is the only man in England who could really enlighten me, if he chose, on both those doubtful points. His hair is not black, now, and his eyes are dimmer than the piercing eyes that I remember, but, for all that, he is very like the nameless medical student of my young days—very like him. And, sometimes, when I come home late at night, and find him asleep, and wake him, he looks, in coming to, wonderfully like the stranger at Doncaster, as he raised himself in the bed on that memorable night!

The doctor paused. Mr. Goodchild who had been following every word that fell from his lips, up to this time, leaned forward eagerly to ask a question. Before he could say a word, the latch of the door was raised, without any warning sound of footsteps in the passage outside. A long, white, bony hand appeared through the opening, gently pushing the door, which was prevented from working freely on its hinges by a fold in the carpet under it.

"That hand! Look at that hand, Doctor!" said Mr. Goodchild, touching him.

At the same moment, the doctor looked at Mr. Goodchild, and whispered to him, significantly:

"Hush! he has come back."

THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF ART.

No longer ago than when Hazlitt wrote, English connoisseurs were stigmatised as a selfish class, who chiefly valued their treasures because nobody else could derive pleasure from them. They played the Blue Beard with all the beauty they could get into their possession. They locked it up; would admit only a chosen few to a share of their enjoyment, and even those under stringent conditions and vigilant surveillance. Frequent exposure to the basilisk eyes of the vulgar world, would, they believed, strike it dead. They had a not unreasonable horror of the hands of the vulgar also; for, it was then alleged, that the uneducated would resent the rarity of such opportunities, by carving their names on statues and defacing pictures, the beauties of which they could have no cognisance of.

Times have changed. The Great Exhibitions that have come into vogue since eighteen hundred and fifty-one, have induced many of the wealthy cheerfully to commit their most cherished Art-objects to the risks of packing and rough handling in transit, for the very purpose of disseminating the enjoyment, which is, by strict but churlish right, solely their own. In their belief—contrary to that of their fathers—that the value of their Art-possessions is increased rather than diminished by wide appreciation, instead of confining, they feel a pride in extending, the bounds of sympathy with their own tastes—a sympathy which flatters the judgment that made the objects of it their property.

Limits, however, ought to be set to borrowing by the promoters of Great Exhibitions; otherwise, the generosity of lenders may be greatly abused by the application of an unwarrantable sort of pressure. Will you incur the odium of refusing your countenance, and your cherished valuables, to a glorious enterprise that is to awaken the million to a sense of the beautiful in Art? Will you refuse what Royalty itself has granted? Have you the courage to despise the noble example of His Grace of This, or of My Lord That? Queries of this kind have, we believe, forced valuable loans from unwilling but facile collectors, which their owners had strong and legitimate private reasons for wishing to keep at home,—reasons quite independent of a want of confidence in the million-fingered public; the old theories concerning whom, experience has thoroughly reversed. Despite the extravagant predictions of ruin and devastation that were vented when the national galleries and parks were unrestrictedly thrown open to the people, no grave abuse of the privilege has been detected: the maniacal destruction of the Portland vase in the British Museum alone excepted; an exception which proves the rule, for that crime might as readily have been committed in the old time. The reports of the Minister of Public Works show, that nearly every wilful act of wantonness in public places and in public galleries has been perpetrated, not by the uneducated, but by the so-called respectable: nor by the suspected poor, but by the vulgar rich.

The metropolitan lieges having come out of such ordeals with honour, a new and striking instance of the respect which large numbers of people show for works of Art has been furnished by the Exhibition of Art Treasures at Manchester. This well-fulfilled project has proved, that the provincial public do not, as their enemies asserted they would do, misbehave themselves while partaking of a tempting Art-banquet; and, although fewer of the poor class have partaken of it than were bidden to the feast (at, be it remembered, a shilling a head), yet it is no light additional contradiction of the old slander about the destructive propensities of the English mob that nearly one million individuals of all classes have passed through the Manchester building, without any perceptible damage having been done to any one of the ten thousand Art-objects of various descriptions that have been, for six months, placed within their reach.

Although the originators of the great Art Exhibition cannot have been disappointed at the general results of their scheme, it is notorious that the hope of its attracting the humbler classes in sufficient numbers to occasion a great impulse to their sluggish appreciation of the Fine Arts, has nearly failed. The working man has not come forward eagerly, neither with his shilling, nor with that glow of enthusiasm for the thing of beauty, which, it was promised him, would be a joy for ever. Even when he has been admitted gratis, the attractions of Knott-Mill Fair and Belle Vue Gardens have beaten the Art Treasures hollow. Many of the large manufacturers in the north—to their honour be it spoken—paid, not only the admission fees, but the railway fares, for their work-people and their families. One gentleman gave each man, in addition, a neat little manual of his own composition to guide him to the subjects to be selected for especial notice, from the gorgeous array of colour and canvas. Another gentleman—a Sheffield manufacturer—gave more material provender. Having franked fourteen hundred of his men and their relatives to the Manchester Exhibition, he calculated that the odd four hundred would, perhaps, after a hasty glance, wander away, and not present themselves at dinner time. He therefore prudently ordered dinner in the refreshment department of the building, for no more than the remaining thousand. But, when the hour of repast arrived, so far from there being a remaining thousand, only two hundred had stayed to dine. It was Whit Monday, and other more congenial diversions, had abstracted the great majority of his guests.

It is not difficult to perceive why the Manchester Exhibition has not proved such a powerful propaganda of Art as its promoters predicted. The plain fact is, that a collection of pictures of various "schools" excites no interest, and affords but little pleasure to the uninstructed eye. The ancient way of imitating nature at different epochs, or the manner of copying her in various countries, is, to the factory-worker or the farm-labourer, simply unintelligible. The only school he has the wit to recognise, is the school of Nature; and that era or that nation in which she is imitated with the greatest truth and fervour presents the only school which his unlearned taste can appreciate. The touch of the Italian painter or of the Flemish painter, of the German, French, or English painter, offers to him no subject for discrimination. It is the one touch of Nature which makes the whole world kin. And even that touch must be distinct: must appeal at once to his comprehension. If he could pick out from amidst a tangle of grotesque forms, in some of the examples of early Christian art, one of those faces which abound in them, expressing, with astonishing fidelity, suffering, or adoration, or intense piety, no doubt even his emotions would be excited. But he cannot. He sees groups of figures in hard and falsely-contrasted colours, with hands like gloves, arms growing angularly out of trunks like ill-grafted branches, and he looks no longer and no further. Not having the gift of connoisseurship, he would not forgive what he knows to be gross departures from real forms, in one part of a figure, for the sake of the exquisite pathos and vraisemblance which shines forth in another part of it; supposing he could discover them. Nor is he blessed with the power of finding sources of inspiration in distorted anatomy and distracting perspective. If he were, he would probably leave the plough and the loom and take to lecturing young painters to imitate the defects, as a means of emulating the genius, of the pre-Raphaelite masters.

Precisely the same case holds with modern pictures. The general public—especially the humbler sections of it—being totally uninformed on the subject of technicalities, take not the faintest interest in it. They concern themselves solely with results, and they refer those results to the test of those objects and scenes with which they are most familiar. That picture delights them most, which most vividly recalls familiar scenes or familiar faces to their imagination.

Small blame, therefore, to the Lancashire folk for not fulfilling the flattering predictions respecting their supposed desire to be made acquainted with Art. The gigantic Art Treasury at Manchester can only be enjoyed by persons who have habitually seen pictures, and who have acquired a knowledge of the painters and of the subjects. These are few in number, in every station of life. The experience of the regular frequenter of the Manchester galleries was, that the majority of the well-dressed crowd gossiped and grouped round the music, promenaded and looked at and admired each other,—did everything, in short, except examine the pictures. Those who did vary their amusements by glancing at the walls, were generally found studying the portraits. The experience of the true amateur was no less curious. Amongst the lounging many, he scarcely could distinguish the same face twice; but, after a few visits, he got to know, by sight, the picture-loving few, by meeting them frequently lingering, as he lingered, at the most notable masterpieces.

To such visitors, their trip to the Manchester Exhibition of Art-Treasures will hereafter be remembered as an era in their lives. It is scarcely possible that such an assemblage of all they most desire to see, can ever again be brought together. Certainly no such collection will ever be better arranged. The chronological, was the only plan, capable of evolving order out of chaos; and great clearness was attained in this object by Mr. Scharf the younger, who hung

the ancient works; and by Mr. Egg, who arranged the modern pictures. Mr. Peter Cunningham's mode of placing the portraits, affords, by the aid of his catalogue, a biographical History of England, much more striking and instructive than that by Granger and Noble. In truth, the whole Exhibition is, in itself, a history. The annals of Historical Art are distinctly written on its walls, that those who understand its palpable language may read.

At the same time, it is not difficult to define popular attractions of the show, apart from the paintings. They are numerous and captivating. Three long, well-proportioned galleries; cases filled with priceless Art-objects in the precious metals, in ivory and in wood, and with jewels, bijouterie, and rare carvings: trophies of warlike Art composed of arms and armour; an admirable orchestra discoursing most excellent music; and, lastly, the moving spectacle of well-dressed, ever-changing company, always delightfully sprinkled with Lancashire witchcraft, which spreads its incantations (and its ample drapery) broadcast over the scene.

Few who witness it dream possibly of the energy and perseverance, the administrative and executive skill, which, in no more time than palaces are built in story-books, converted a cricket-ground into this enormous and unsurpassed casket of gems. On the tenth of June eighteen hundred and fifty-six, the two elevens of a Manchester cricket club played a match in their own field at Old Trafford, a couple of miles west of Manchester. Before the first anniversary of that game was completed, the ground was not only occupied by an edifice that would have covered every one of the twenty-two at his post, including long-stop and field-scout; but it had been made the terminus of a railway communicating with every part of Great Britain, and by which it was already filled with works of Art. How, by the first of May in the present year, these were conveyed and unpacked without a scratch; how arranged in their proper places,—the tinyest miniature and the biggest historical picture, the smallest signet ring and the hugest suit of armour,—how registered, ticketed, catalogued and placed, the executive committee, and Mr. John Deane, the general commissioner, can only tell.

The modest assurance essential to solicit, from the least accessible people in this land, the loan of objects they cherish more tenderly and guarded more jealously than most of their material possessions; the thousand and one well-considered details necessary to be accurately carried out for the packing and conveyance of these priceless loans; the precautions necessary for their safe custody and preservation; the contrivances for admitting vast crowds of entrants, for feeding them when hungry, and seating them when tired, the arrangements for bringing them not only from Manchester and all Lancashire, but from every corner of this island, are seldom thought of, even by the most inquisitive visitor. He hardly suspects that he treads over an arterial system of water-supply, capable of quenching an outburst of fire in one moment in any part of the building, at any height, and no fire engine required. Although he dines in the refreshment-room, he little wots of the kitchen, and the cooks, and the bewildering apparatus capable of producing a dinner of any reasonable number of courses, for ten thousand guests at six hours' notice. He does not suspect the near neighbourhood of a police barrack, or imagine the acres of shed, and pyramids of packing-cases so arranged, that each case shall be promptly mated with its container, when the great day of restitution arrives. In short, he does not realise a tithe of the clever and untiring pre arrangement by which the great Art-Treasures' feat has been accomplished. Then the expense! In no other place, could seventy gentlemen be found to guarantee one thousand pounds each to carry out an undertaking promising no hope of profit, but every prospect of loss. Unhappily, that prospect will be fulfilled, and these gentlemen will be losers in money, in consequence of their miscalculation of support from the working classes; but they have conferred a distinction on their city which no money could buy. They have shown themselves to be true patrons of art. The methodical, business-like, energetic manner in which their money has been spent and their original intentions realised, affords a profitable lesson to the bungling incapability with which the simplest state transaction is mismanaged at head-quarters. The first idea of the Exhibition was conceived by Mr. Deane in conjunction with Mr. Peter Cunningham, and the general details of its management have been thoroughly superintended (under the direction of the executive committee headed by Mr. Thomas Fairbairn junior) by Mr. Deane; who presents a rare instance of the union, in one person, of a bold and comprehensive projector with an exact and able executant.

In five days from the date of the present number of Household Words this grand treasury of art will be closed. In due time its treasures will be dispersed; the building, like its predecessors in London and Dublin, removed, and the cricketers put in possession of their cricket-ground again as quietly as if they had awoke from a bright and sparkling dream after that excellent supper which usually follows a well-played game. The effects of the short-lived enterprise will, however, be permanent; for some of the seed it has sown will assuredly bear fruit. Setting aside the sight of so many beautiful objects enjoyed by a million pair of eyes, the mere talk and discussion about art which it occasions, will materially conduce to the

spread of a taste for and appreciation of art, among persons over whom it will exercise an especially good influence.

PHOTOGRAPHEES.

Through a variety of causes, over which, it seems to me, I have had no control, I have been rather unfortunate in life. I was expelled from Warton Grammar-school immediately after the great Rebellion (I mean, of course, the barring out there, and not the more generally known affair of sixteen hundred and forty-two), although I protest I was led into it by my seniors. I was plucked in honours at Cambridge through the malignancy of the examiners, who, because I did not graduate the Steel-yard, refused to graduate me; partly through a pecuniary embarrassment, partly through a misunderstanding of a mere legal subtlety, I was unable to obtain my attorney's certificate. Then, naturally, turning my attention to bill-discounting, I was unfortunate there; and, finally, upon the turf—last scene of all, wherein the Unsuccessful plays—my private Tart gave me false intelligence, and I laid the whole of my remaining store against the winning favourite, which I had most conscientiously believed to have been safely poisoned the night before. "When," as the bard has observed, "a man is like me, sans six sous, sans souci, bankrupt in purse, and in character worse, with a shocking bad hat and his credit at zero," what on earth can he now-a-days hope to become save a photographer? This profession, which requires little capital, but great assurance; no book learning, but considerable knowledge of character, was the very thing to suit me, and I may say that I have succeeded in it: when generations yet unborn shall speak with fervour of the leafy woodlands of Creswick, the breezy moorlands of Landseer, the peaceful kine of Cooper, and a great number of other things of a great number of other people, they will not, perhaps, be altogether silent concerning Jones the photographer; his judicious groupings will not, I venture to affirm, be then forgotten, whether they be his domestic—grandmother in centre with a baby on each arm, Paterfamilias, L. C., mother of the family, R. C, eldest son, left of male parent; eldest daughter, left of female parent; and miscellaneous offspring promiscuously disposed: or his classical—tallest girl in sheet and wreath, with bread-knife and salad-bowl, as Melpomene the Tragic Muse. Second ditto, in ditto, ditto, with backgammon-board under the left arm, as Clio, Muse of History. Small fat brother, upon one leg, in act of flying, with wreath and bow-and-arrow, complete, as God of Love; and Materfamilias in arm-chair with hired peacock, as Juno, Queen of Heaven. Or his romantic — only son with exposed throat, Ready Reckoner for small edition of Byron upon adjacent pillar, quill pen in the left, with back-ground of wood and water, with turret — in any case, I say, my groupings will challenge criticism, and their combined effects set competition at defiance. All amateur artists and many professionals forget that the situations are reversed in the photographic process, and the family ensign is but too often represented with his drawn sword in the wrong hand, and the domestic poet composing from right to left, after the manner of the literati of Japan.

Before a man can become a first-rate photographer I hold it necessary that he should have had some experience as a photographee. I made my living in the latter capacity for the first two years after my little Turf transaction, and laid by enough to purchase the instruments of my present profession as well. I was that hussar, whom you know so well in the stereoscopic pictures, who is making love to the young lady in ball costume in the conservatory; I was perpetually doing it for upwards of a fortnight, and then (as you also remember) I married her with considerable pomp, and that venerable divine who performed the ceremony is the very man whom I now employ in superintending my apparatus.

Many and many a time have I formed one of those delicious pic-nic parties, which look to you, my public, so pleasant and so real, with pasteboard tongue and fowls, artificial smiles, and a painted screen for New Forest scenery up two pair of stairs in the New Road.

I was the bishop who is baptising the child in presence of that magnificently apparelled company at two shillings an hour, and to provide their own costumes; and I was the groom who is biting the puppy's tail off with an expression of enjoyment (price six shillings and sixpence, and cheap at the price, besides the hire of the puppy), who is marked at the back of the stereoscopic slide—"A Study."

I learnt thereby how persons in every rank of life are to be most characteristically composed for pictorial representation, besides qualifying myself, better perhaps than most place-holders, to fill almost any position which the state has to offer. Is it a government office? Here is our newspaper and our official expression with the "I really don't know, sir," pleasantly balancing in it the "I really don't care," tape and pamphlets to any amount in the back-ground, and the government coals seen blazing between our departmental legs as we stand with our back to the fire, with our coat-tails under our arms. Or is it the colonies themselves? Here is the table of the house (dresser, sideboard, or other convenience, as occasion offers), upon which the fingers of our right hand are impressively doubled up; those of our left upon the despatch-box—missionary or other—with slit, the second finger just touching it, and the "I hold in my hand, sir, the refutation" order

of countenance after original on view every night at the exhibition just closed at St. Stephens', or is it a mere Queen's counselship? Here is our handkerchief, and our hand upon our heart, and the "upon my word and honour, gentlemen of the jury, I do believe my unhappy client innocent," written in every lineament of an expressive visage, so that you can almost hear our broken tones.

If, however, as is but too probable, none of these appointments should be conferred upon me, photography is still to me its own reward. There are but few professions which combine, as this does, pleasure and profit, enjoyment and a stroke of business. While I wander amongst the fairest scenes of nature, and transfer them without robbery to my cabinet, by aid of her clever little handmaid, Art, making for me a sort of illustrated autobiography which re-animates, whenever I set eyes upon any leaf of it, some by-gone scene with its associations, I do not feel much less joyous, because I am, at the same time, earning my bread. When I mirrored, indestructibly, that nook's green coolness by the river's side, or arrested in its decay, for years and years, yon blood-red ruin crumbling away in the deep stillness of its woods, my admiration, though perhaps weakened, was not annihilated by the reflection that trees were in demand and abbeys rising in the photographic market. I am, by nature, I believe, a man of sentiment, and though my past life has been of a sort to give the main chance a too prominent position, my present certainly tends to mitigate that experience. I have room, I hope, for tenderness and disinterested pity, yet. I felt for that kind lady and her family, yonder, in deepest mourning, whom I took but a month ago.

"I must have two pictures of each of these," she said, pointing to her children, "all that are left to me, so that in case of——"

She saw the poor, wandering artist had a heart, I think, for she made no effort to restrain her tears, and presently told him her sad story. Her son had lately fallen—been butchered—at an Indian station, and all she had of him now was a small portrait—lifelike, real, of a soldierly, fine lad, whom any mother well might have been proud of; and this she must needs part with to his widowed bride, left more forlorn even that she herself. When I assured her that I could give her a copy of this in a few moments, and presently succeeded in producing a most accurate one, I learnt, for the first time, how great a benefactress is this simple art of mine, and how gracious a giver, indeed, is the glorious sun.

Once, when I had been engaged one morning at a country house, taking likenesses of all its in-dwellers, I was ridden after, upon my road home, by one of the young gentlemen, who asked me if I would be so kind as to take him once again; when I said "Yes, certainly"—since I travel in a shut-up fly with yellow blinds (smelling, by-the-bye, very horribly of collodion), and so am always ready for a subject. He produced, from round the corner of the road, his pretty cousin Caroline, and, getting off their horses, they were there and then grouped together very prettily, with his arm turned round her "dainty dainty waist," and his eyes looking at her with an expression with a good deal more of "kind" than "kin" in it. Poor young fellow! He little knows that I have an excellent copy of this which has been much admired, and a very singular contrast it presents to that which I took of him at his uncle's house a few hours before, where he has a manuscript sermon (roll of music) in that left hand instead of Carry's fingers, and is supposed to be preaching his first discourse to his first congregation.

Again, shall I ever forget the young lady of thirty-five or so, who wished to know whether I would mind taking her by moonshine instead of vulgar daylight! Or that whole family of females who, being informed by their little nephew who had pressed under my black curtain, that they appeared upside down, refused to be taken at all! Another feminine circle once jumped up from their chairs and insisted upon seeing how they grouped in the camera before they were printed off, and very much surprised they were to find that when they were in my place there was no group to look at.

Gentlemen, I must confess however, have given me quite as much trouble as ladies; their portraits are quite as often pronounced by them to be "unnatural, inexpressive, unlike," as those of the other sex are held to have given them "too old an expression," or to have "very much exaggerated the feet." One Paterfamilias who won't be taken with a lot of babies, "to look like a scene in a pantomime," and the Paterfamilias who will, are both inexorable sitters, and very hard to please. "Why, you have actually made my hair grey!" cried one indignant parent of five-and-fifty; and "You have positively given dearest Edward John no nose at all!" complained another, as querulous about his little two-year-old as any grandmother.

Handsome old gentlemen, with one expression, are my best photographees; then, young men; then, old ladies; and worst of all, I am obliged to say (save babies) are young ladies. Their features are generally too rounded, and they have rarely any medium between trying to look intellectual and giggling. This is my usual monologue with the majority of them: "Not so much up at the sky, Miss Smith; look at me, if you please, and be so good as to part your lips; don't frown; your ankle is too exposed, it will be of a frightful size; thank you: don't purse your mouth up as though you were going to whistle, and oblige me likewise by not laughing, or you'll have such a mouth;

now, steady—there you are you see, my dear Miss Smith, squinting abominably; I told you how it would be, if you would wink your eyes."

Spoilt children are perhaps a trifle worse; some of them taking advantage of my absence under the curtain to throw stones at the camera, and others screaming with terror because they consider it to be a deadly weapon provided for their special destruction. which I have sometimes devoutly wished it was. But the most unwilling sitters whom I ever took were a couple of dozen gentlemen who were accepting, for various terms of years, the hospitalities of the governor of a certain north country gaol. More than one of them had recently shown a disposition to leave the place, and not to be burthensome to him any longer; but their host was determined not to hear of such a thing; he was even prepared, in case of their departure, to go the length of fetching them back again, and applied to me to assist him in such a case by enabling his servants to recognise them. The photographees did not like my interference one bit. The machine seemed to remind them exceedingly of a bull's-eye lantern, to which they had a very natural repugnance; their positions were far from graceful, their expressions such as had no parallel in all my photographic experience. I never saw folks so disinclined to look the sun in the face before. There was, however, one among them, a mere lad, expiating his first offence in the prison, who had one of the most honest countenances I ever beheld; he was the only one who did not tell me he was innocent, and the only one who appeared to me as being possibly not guilty; he took occasion to entreat of me not to put him amongst a portrait-gallery of felons for the remainder of his days, because, if his mother should come to hear of it, it would surely break her heart—it was almost broken now, he said. I thought of the poor lady in mourning then, and how much worse than to lose a son it must be to have a son in such a plight as this; and, whether there was something wrong about the collodion, or whether I handled this particular photograph rather clumsily, it is very certain that the young lad's face is smudged, and by no means to be recognised.

FALLING LEAVES.

NATURE'S gay day is now drawing rapidly to a close: she has already divested herself of many of her brighter and sweeter habiliments, and is now preparing to cast her robe of many-shaded green into the dust. Silent type of human glory, bright and fair to see in the sunshine of prosperity, mean and dejected as the sport of adverse wind. Paterfamilias of The Vegetable World, shalt thou lie inglorious, rotting, will no friendly, speculative hand grind thee into snuff, or twist thee into the exhilarating Pickwick?—there should be no preference amongst equals—surely were thy inorganic worth but known, guano and other factors of manure, would become competitors for thy metempsychosis.

Botanical theorists offer two explanations of the fall of the leaf; one, that it is consequent upon the rupture of that delicate spiral coil, or vessel, which sprang at the birth of the leaf from the very centre of the interior of the stem to form the leaf-stalk and veins, and return hence into the bark; the fracture taking place at the very moment when the fully uncoiled fibre refuses further accommodation to the rapidly fattening sides of its parent stem; the other, that it ensues on the obliteration of its cell-bulk from the gradual deposit therein of the various earthy matters of the sap, so freely submitted to the leaf, both for aeration and digestion, and its consequent inability longer to discharge its function. These causes combined may have the advantage of either in the explanation of the effect.

Functionally the leaf is both the lung and stomach of the plant: its cell-substance between the veins of the upper surface is close and compact, and into this is poured by the vessels from the centre of the stem, the rising sap, whence having undergone digestion it passes to the lower stratum of loose cellular tissue, to be submitted to the process of aëration, ere it is removed by the returning vessels into the bark where it receives its final elaboration. The upper surface of the leaf, therefore, represents the stomach, the lower, the lungs.

It is not, however, an active agent merely in the maturation of food obtained for it by the root, but exercises a wonderful energy in abstracting from the atmosphere the most essential article of its own diet; that which, being given out largely in man and animal's breathing could not be rebreathed by either without entailing their destruction; that which, as the result of combustion (both natural and artificial), would long since have put an end to animal life—carbonic acid gas; were it not that the ever active function of the leaf is and has been incessantly engaged in removing the poisoning carbon from the vapour, and restoring it as lung-nutriment, in the form of pure oxygen. By this means was the volcanic earth prepared for man's habitation; thus is the quiet globe still supported as his dwelling-place.

But, it may be demanded, if plants are purifiers of the atmosphere, how comes it that they are excluded from the bed-room on the supposition that they prejudicially affect the respiration of the sleeper? To this it may be replied, that their ill effects on the night-air are certainly much exaggerated; during the sleep of plants, however, when their leaves are drooping, their function is suspended, light being the grand stimulant to the exercise of the plant's vitality; the

consequence of this is, that some portion of the carbonic acid gas previously absorbed both by the leaves and other green portions of the plant, escapes through the tissue unchanged in its prejudicial character: the fact is, however, unquestionably physical rather than physiological; the old doctrine of plants entirely reversing their respiration by night is now known to be fallacy.

As we have previously applied the term Paterfamilias to the leaf, it is only right that we should explain the grounds on which we have given him the patriarchal character, for at first sight these may not be very obvious. In the first place then, at the base of every true leaf, that is to say, on the stem immediately above the leaf stalk or petiole, will be found a bud, consisting of a growing point or fixed embryo, covered over most delicately with a series of very small leaves for its protection. This is the leaf's posterity, nurtured from his loins, to become a scion when the parent's glory has passed away. It may seem stranger to speak of the leaf as father to the fruit; yet such is really the case most unpoetically, that is to say, most truthfully. The flower consists of four whorls, or circles of parts, each a little above the other, the lower circle being that of the green leaf-like bodies, the sepals, forming in the whole the calyx; the second consisting of the beautifully coloured petals, constituting the corolla; the third, long delicate stalks crowned with little boxes which eventually emit a coloured powder, the stamens; the fourth and central, a body or bodies somewhat similar to the former without the case, gibbous or swelled at the lower portion, the pistil. Now, it will be readily appreciated that the sepals are but leaves in a different position; their anatomy is that of the leaf, and their function precisely identical. We have not much more difficulty in imagining that the variegated petal may be nothing more than a delicately-formed leaf with different colouring matter in its tissue, and we are organically right in the supposition. How about the little columns, however, pinnacled with their small oval pounce-boxes, can these have any relation with the leaf? Unquestionably, a very close one. Guided still by anatomy to the decision, the stalk of the stamen is, to all intents and purposes, a leaf-stalk, its case above really and truly a leaf-blade infolded so that its edges meet. After this, may we not readily believe that the pistil is nothing more than a leaf-blade folded round to meet at the edges? Its origin is that of the leaf, it developes as the leaf would develope in the same situation, the mark of union of the edges, or ventral suture, is always apparent, and when it is transformed, as it eventually is, into the fruit, it frequently becomes very leaf-like in its appearance, as in the pod of the common pea. Moreover, it may be mentioned that causes sometimes operate to produce a retrogression of development, in which case each of these parts actually reverts to its original type, and becomes a leaf. If, then, the pistil be a leaf, the fruit or matured pistil can be nothing more. If this be the case in the pea, it must be equally so in the cocoa-nut, the plum, and the orange; for it is scarcely likely that nature would vary her laws for the fulfilment of the same purpose in different individuals.

To complete our present gossip about leaves, it must be explained, with reference to the fruit, that botanists divide it into simple and compound; the former, as in the plum, the pea, and the almond, is formed of one leaf only, and presents along the face of it the mark of the suture or junction of the edges of the leaf; the latter is made up of several leaves grown together, side by side, as in the orange, each division in which is a separate leaf or pistil. In the poppy, the margins of the leaves have never grown together, and the seeds are borne from the sides of the projecting walls, instead of from the line of junction of the leaf-margins, as would otherwise be the case. Fruit divided internally into several cells, is, for the most part, compound; whilst that which consists of but one cell should be simple. There are numerous deviations from this rule, however. The ripe cocoa-nut consists of but one cell, although it is a compound fruit; whilst the wild honey-pod, divided into many cells, is simple. The former, however, is really made up of three leaves, and originally contained three compartments, but, from some invariable peculiarity in its growth, one ovule or embryo seed grows so rapidly in advance of the other ovules in the neighbouring apartments, as entirely to destroy them, and by forcing down the walls, to perfectly obliterate their chambers. In the wild-honey pod the horizontal partitions are subsequent developments from the inner wall of the fruit-chamber.

OUR FAMILY PICTURE.

IN SIX CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

After the first great burst of grief was over, consequent on the bringing home of the body; and when Doctor Graile and Olive had departed; my father desired the rest of the household to retire to their rooms, and obtain what sleep they could.

"Caleb," he said, when we were left alone, "do you think it likely that Neville will come home to-night?"

"There is no accounting, sir, for what he may do while the present mood is on him."

"Then we must sit up for him. Take the candles into the front sitting-room, and leave the shutters unfastened, so that he may see we have not retired, in case he should come near the house. I will join you presently."

So my father and I sat up through the long October night, waiting for Neville, who never

came. About two o'clock my father left me, and going up-stairs in the dark, passed into the chamber of the dead. Presently a door opened, and my mother joined him. And so those two passed their vigil in tears and prayer till break of day. Then my father came down to me.

"Neville will not come now," he said. "Your mother is asking for him. Go and account to her for his absence."

So I went to my mother, and told her a plausible lie to account for Neville's absence, shrinking before her clear eyes while I did so. But she did not doubt me, and was satisfied. Oh, who could have been so cruel as to break her heart with the stern truth?

I have no call to linger over the events of the next few days. Even at this distance of time, I cannot recall them without pain. The coroner's inquest, with its verdict of Wilful Murder against some person or persons unknown; the police investigations ending in nothing; and even the last sad scene in the churchyard, when we bade farewell to our loved one; all these passed weakly over us, wounded too deeply at first, as we were, to feel very much any after-blow. Then came the painful wrenching back of our thoughts and attention from the solemn business of death to the ordinary duties of every-day life.

Doctor Graile thinking that his daughter's health was suffering from the shock of Philip's sudden death, and that change of scene might prove beneficial to her; sent her to stay with a relative near London. She had scarcely been there a month, when a wealthy tallow-merchant fell in love with her, and made her an offer of marriage. Mrs. Graile thought this too advantageous an opportunity to be refused, and as Olive knew no will beyond that of her mother, the tallow-merchant was accepted; and six months after Philip's death, Olive and he were married. The little doctor came himself to tell us of it. He was almost in tears about it, and seemed truly miserable; but we knew that he had had no hand in the matter. My mother took it rather to heart, and fretted about it a good deal.

"If there is one person more than another," she said, "who should have cherished the memory of my noble boy, it is Olive Graile. But she is not worthy of him!"

On their return from their wedding-tour, the newly-married couple took Dingwell by storm in a carriage-and-four. I happened to be passing through the town when they dashed into it. Olive's quick eyes caught me in a moment. Of course, the carriage must be stopped; and, of course, we must shake hands; and how was I in health? and how were papa and mamma, and all the family? And was it not charming weather? And then—

"Good bye!" We shall be happy to see you, Mr. Caleb, if you will honour us with a call whenever you come to town."

And so away, kissing her hand; she all silk, blonde, feathers, and rosy smiles; the fat man by her side, all frowns and surly jealousy at such unwarrantable familiarity on the part of his property.

Month after month sped away, and still no news of Neville. This long silence began to prey upon my mother's health. She had lost one son, for in such light she regarded Philip; and now another seemed to have deserted her—deserted her? perhaps, he, also, was dead,—drowned,—never to be seen more of loving eyes. And the moisture came into her own eyes, and dimmed her spectacles when she thought of such a fate; and then she had to stop knitting while I wiped the glasses for her; and waiting for them, she would fall a-thinking again, and forget her work, and have to retire to bed, at last, overcome by the pictures she had conjured up. She was becoming weak and nervous, and fast losing the cheerfulness which she had only lately recovered since Philip's death. So my father determined to reveal the secret to her and my sister.

"I was wrong to conceal it at the time," he said. "Better that they should suffer under a knowledge of the truth, than perish slowly from the effects of a lie. The task of telling them now is twice as hard as it would have been at first."

So he told them the dread secret one quiet Sabbath evening in spring, as we all sat together in the twilight; not able to see each other's faces clearly, but yet having light sufficient to show us that we were all there together.

"I hold it as Heaven's truth," said my father, solemnly, as he concluded, "that my poor boy was not master of his actions when he committed that terrible deed; that, for some mysterious purpose, his reason had been taken from him. Who, then, shall stand forward and blame him—stricken by an invisible hand? Let us rather pray for him, in silence."

There had been a great change in my father ever since the sad night on which Philip was brought home. That sunny cheerfulness of manner, that quiet sarcastic humour, which were habitual to him before, now showed themselves in rare flashes only, at distant intervals. His grey hair was turning white, his lithe erect figure was becoming bowed at the shoulders; and his favourite game at bowls had to be given up, because it fatigued him too much. He took more snuff than ever, and would sit for hours at a time with his box in his hand, buried in reverie, and speaking to no one. Yet the change in him, at first, was so gradual and imperceptible that we, living beneath the same roof, and in daily communion with him, did not perceive it for some time. Doctor Graile was the first to point it out. My father yielded to his importunity, and took

all the draughts and pills that he sent, with a smile and a shake of the head, which implied that he had but little faith in their efficacy. Week by week, and month by month, he grew feebler, and more in need of our care. He would persist in attending the school so long as he could walk as far; but there came a morning when he was too weak to leave his arm-chair. Even then he insisted on having the first form sent to him, and heard them repeat their lessons while he sat propped up with pillows.

He still retained his affection for the classics; and when his eyes became so weak that he could no longer see to read above a few minutes at a time, I used to read aloud to him the full-flowing sonorous lines of some of the Latin poets. Ovid's Tristia was a book which he grew particularly fond of at this time. There is the echo of a great sorrow in its lines, and it tells of the dangers and troubles of those whose way is on the deep waters. At length, even the pleasure of sitting in his arm-chair was denied to him: he was confined to his bed. Now it was that the sterling womanly qualities of my sister Helen were seen to most advantage. With a father who required constant attention, and a mother who was far from well, she assumed at once her natural position of nurse and housekeeper, as though she had never been anything else; with untired patience and unwearied vigilance attending to the wants of everyone. With what tender affection, with what quiet sympathy, she waited on my father during his long and tedious illness, it is beyond my skill to portray. Many a time as she went softly about her duties in his room, I saw his lips move, and heard the whispered blessing.

Still he grew weaker and weaker, till it became evident that the end was not distant. Cheerful and uncomplaining in everything else, he now began to long for Neville more than ever. "Where's Neville?" he would sometimes ask when he woke up from sleep, with momentary forgetfulness of what had occurred. "Why does he not come to see me?" Then, like a flash of light, the past would overwhelm him, and he would sink back with a groan of anguish, exclaiming, "Go, seek my boy, some of you! I want to see him again before I die."

I had made inquiries, at the commencement of his illness, in every direction where I thought there was any likelihood of hearing tidings of my brother; and these inquiries I repeated from time to time, but to no purpose.

Doctor Graile's visits became more frequent, and his looks graver. As the spring advanced, my father's illness grew upon him; and by the time midsummer had come, it was evident that he had but a short time to live. When the school broke up for the vacation, he would have the lads into his bedroom, and address a few words to them, and shake hands with them individually. Tasks and punishments were forgotten for that day; they only remembered how kind, how like a father, the old master had been to them. Before the opening day came round, he was gone from among us; and when I told them, on the morning of our meeting, how he had said, only half-an-hour before he died, "Remember me to my dear pupils, and tell them I hope to see them all again," it did me good to see the soft April tears dropping quietly from their young eyes.

Meanwhile my father's daily cry was for Neville—"Oh, that he would come!" One evening, at the conclusion of his usual visit, Doctor Graile took me on one side. "My dear young friend," he said, "it is my duty to inform you that I do not think your father can last many hours longer. His pulse is sinking rapidly——"

"Oh, sir, we thought him better to-day. He has been more cheerful than for some time past. It is only during the last hour that he has fallen off so."

"Mere febrile excitement and consequent exhaustion. It rests with you to determine whether you will communicate what I have told you to your mother and sisters; but, my dear Caleb, I have no expectation of finding my old friend alive at my next visit. He is beyond my skill now. Ah me! what shall I do without him? We have been like brothers for thirty years; and no one can ever be to me what he has been. Good night. Remember those who will soon have you alone to look to for protection, and bear up under your affliction."

It was a summer evening, balmy and warm. My father would have the window open; and the scent of new-mown hay, mingled with that of flowers, came floating into the room. The setting sun shot his golden shafts through the open casement, and the dying man basked in their glory. Slowly the darkness grew upon us, creeping up with soft gradations, till everything was shrouded in its sable folds. The rushlights were lighted, and we prepared for our usual watch. This night I and Ruth (who had now been at home for some weeks) were to watch. In spite of what Doctor Graile had told me, I still hoped that the end was not so near. My unpractised eye could not detect that my father was worse than usual; and so, building on this slight foundation, I kept the fatal intelligence to myself. My mother and Helen retired to rest as usual; and Ruth and I took our seats, one on each side the bed. The hush of night fell over everything; only, from a distant wood, we heard at intervals, the faint notes of a nightingale. At length this too ceased; and then the short breathing and troubled exclamations of our dying father were the only sounds that broke the silence. He slept by brief snatches, and when he was awake, he

sometimes wandered a little in his mind. His thoughts were continually with Neville: "Oh, that he would come, ere it be too late!"

The dark hours passed, one by one, each struck out by the clock below, with startling loudness. Twice during the night my mother glided in, nightcapped, and enveloped in a large shawl. At length the signs of morning became apparent. The grey dawn smote the windows, and put to shame the waning rush-light. Little birds came fluttering out of their warm nests; far across the meadow stretched the tiny river like a belt of cloud; and the purpling sky became beautiful to look upon. Suddenly my father sat up in bed. "Draw up the blinds and open the windows," he said. "So. The morning air tastes sweet. Hush! I hear him coming! I know his footstep. It is Neville's! At last he is here!"

I looked out. There was no one to be seen but a solitary haymaker toiling along the white road. Again the sick man dozed. Helen came in to resume her post as watcher; and, after one lingering look I left the room, accompanied by Ruth. Suddenly there came a ring at the front door. With a beating heart I hastened down to open it. There stood Neville. By what fine intuitive sense my father had foreknown his coming, it is impossible for me to say. Or was it merely a coincidence? A fervent grasp of the hand was our only greeting. I led the way up stairs. My father was awake, and lying with his face towards the door.

"Bring him in, Caleb," he said, as I paused on the threshold. "I knew that my boy would come," he added, while a happy smile spread over his thin face. "I was searching for him long, last night; but I found him at last, and I knew that he would come!"

"O father!" was all that Neville could cry, as he sank down by the bedside, and buried his face in the clothes.

My father stretched forth a pallid hand, and laid it gently on his head. "Kiss me, Neville, as you used to do when a child. Ah me! how the old times rush back over my memory, when you were all children together, and no black shadow had blighted our hearth!"

Neville groaned.

"Hush, poor boy," said my father, gently. "Month after month I have longed and prayed for this hour to come. It has come, and with it, the time to clear up our doubts. Neville, answer me truly; did your cousin Philip fall by your hand?"

"Oh, believe me, I knew not what I did!" cried Neville. "Guilty I must be, since you say that he was murdered, but not knowingly guilty. I was dragged to it, forced to it, by a power within me which I could not control. But let me confess everything. Bear with me a short time, while I relate to you my dark story of passion and crime. You all know that I loved Olive Graile—from a child I loved her; at first as children love, unknowing and uncaring why; and afterwards, as boys love, with more of worship than of earthly passion. It was partly her wilful and capricious disposition, and partly her beauty that captivated me. I had reason to believe that my affection was not unrequited. Thus the matter went on, till, on coming back from a two years' voyage, I met her for the first time after my return at a party at our house. She had shot up into a charming woman during my absence. A few minutes were sufficient to let her see that I still loved her as warmly as ever. For the first few days after our meeting, her manner was gentle, retiring, and full of maidenly coyness. She was luring me on. That fortnight was the happiest of my life. I ventured one afternoon to tell her all that I hoped and feared. She smote me with a haughty stare, and a curl on her lip; wondered what could have induced me to talk in that absurd fashion; hoped that she should never hear again of anything so ridiculous; and left me speechless, confused, and burning with anger and shame. When I next saw her, she treated me exactly as she had treated me before the afternoon on which I told her that I loved her.

"Her treatment of me was a puzzle which I could not solve; but I had too much faith in the sincerity of my own attachment to think for a moment that she was coquetting with me. Suddenly I was summoned to rejoin my ship. I sought her for a last interview. She seemed sorry that I was going, and said she hoped I would not forget her when far away; adding that she should often think of me, and long for my return. The old passionate words sprang to my lips; but bearing in mind my previous lesson, I restrained them, and crushed them back into my heart. At parting, she gave me a little packet, desiring that I would not open it till she was gone. It contained that lock of hair which you, Caleb, accidentally saw. What was I to think? How was I to regard this token after what had occurred between us? I did as I suppose most lovers do—I looked on the rosy side of the question, and went away with a buoyant, loving heart, holding her sweetly in my thoughts as my future wife. At that time she was positively engaged to Philip: that I learnt afterwards, when it was too late. All that voyage her image was with me continually, keeping me company in the lonely night-watches; in sunshine, and in storm, ever by my side—all that voyage, till the fatal quarrel with my captain took place; after which, I lay for many weeks unconscious of everything. After my arrival at home, disgraced as I thought for ever, I struggled long and fiercely against my passion, striving to wrench it out of

my heart, and did not go near Olive for several days. But I had not strength enough to give her up of my own accord. I had read and heard of young girls, who had kept to their promises through disgrace and sorrow, only clinging the firmer to the object of their affections when the world frowned around them. Perhaps, Olive might be one of those heroic spirits. You see how selfishly, how weakly I acted throughout. Worn out at length in body and mind, torn by two opposite passions—burning desire to avenge myself on the man who had wronged me so foully, and fear that my love would be rejected—I felt the gradual approach of that demon of madness whose prey I had been before; and who required at times, even when I was in the full flush of health, the utmost strength of my will, and power of my reason, to keep him at bay. I felt his approach, and I trembled. I knew that there was only one thing which could save me—the sweet assurance that I was still loved. My mind made up how to act, I went at once and sought an interview with Olive. I told her my love, but not my disgrace. I meant to tell her that afterwards, but she never gave me an opportunity. She cut short my confession before I had uttered above a dozen words, by telling me that she was engaged to another, and shortly to be married; that anything which had passed between us heretofore merely arose out of friendship on her part; that she was astonished to find how it had been construed by me; and had given me credit for more sense than she now found I possessed. All this she said in cold, measured sentences, with a heartless smile of triumph on her face that maddened me even more than her words. I would not trust myself to reply, for I was no longer my own master; but quitted her at once. What happened for a long time after this, remains in my memory only like the fragments of a troubled dream, recalled with effort the next day. The madness that had long lurked in my brain burst forth in a moment, armed and full grown, and I lay powerless in its grasp. I must avenge myself somehow—that was my uppermost thought. By some strange mental process which I am unable to explain, the captain who had disgraced me, and the rival who had supplanted me, had become merged into one individual in my thoughts, and him I must slay. It was necessary that I should kill him. My recollections are so broken and confused that I cannot recall even these fragments without painful effort.

"With a madman's keenness, I knew that Caleb suspected me, and had set himself to watch me. I smiled at the idea, and got rid of him by a simple device. Next I am under the willows, waiting for the lovers; though I cannot now tell what made me think they would pass that way. It is dark, or only vague moonlight. I see them approaching—a dark, tall figure, my double enemy; a frail shrinking figure, my lost darling. I hear their whispered words of love. He stoops down to kiss her. A wave of fire rushes over my brain at the sight, and from this moment my recollection ceases. A terrible blank, that lasted for several weeks, ensued; and I knew nothing more till I one day found myself lying in a strange bed, with two pitying eyes bent over me that I had never seen before. I have done. Oh Father! have you no words of comfort for me? Tell me, am I forgiven?"

"Bear witness, all of you!" said my father, appealing to us. "You hear how he was afflicted. Philip's voice, at this hour, speaks through me, and pronounces him innocent. O wife! O children! take him to your hearts once more, guiltless of the crime of blood as on the day he was born!"

Here my pen must stop. A father's last words are sacred, and not to be lightly told. At ten o'clock that morning he died; his arm laid lovingly round the wanderer's neck.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

It was the evening of the day on which my father was buried. Neville took my arm, and we walked out together in the direction of the churchyard. The mound was already formed, and covered with square patches of turf roughly joined. The grey quiet of the summer eve was broken only by the soft rustle of the poplar leaves on the tall trees that grew around, and by the grave cawing of a cloud of distant rooks, returning from some predatory excursion.

"The dead sleep well," said Neville, as we stepped into the churchyard. "They neither see nor hear what passes above their dark homes. Tears of sorrow, words of remorse, affect them not. They are beyond our touch—beyond our call—gone from us for ever. I also must depart. I cannot remain here, in a spot where I have been the cause of so much misery to others, and which teems with such recollections for myself."

"Surely, Neville, you will not leave us, now we are so few on the ground!"

"To remain here, Caleb, would kill me, not bodily, but mentally. In work, and constant action, and ceaseless endeavour, lie my only resources against my enemy. In another land, amid the growing powers of a new country, I may, perhaps, find what I should seek here in vain. In a few days more I shall bid farewell to the home where I was born, to all on earth who love me, and to these holy graves. Somewhat of the heavy weight of guilt seems to have been lifted off my soul since my father spake to me those comforting words, and pronounced me guiltless in intention of my cousin's death. And now I must wander forth: it is my doom. Come; the dew is falling, and it is almost dark. They will be looking for us at home."

Next morning, as we all sat together after

breakfast, Neville gently broke his intention of departing in a few days.

"Neville! Neville! I cannot spare you!" cried my mother. "I have not very long to live. A few short years, and then you will be entirely free. But do not desert me in my old age. Let my eyes rest on you when I die; and see me laid by your father's side."

"Mother, you will still have three children left when I am gone—children who have never caused you the pain and grief I have. They will comfort you better than I could. But for me there is a different lot. I cannot stay—I dare not! Mother, do not think me unkind; Heaven knows I would serve you with my life; but here I must not remain. If I do, I shall go mad."

"Then, be it so, Neville," she replied. "Be guided by the counsel of your own conscience. I know that you love me, and I would fain have you near me; but if it must be otherwise, I say Go in peace, and may my blessing be about you wherever you go!"

"Do you go alone, Neville?" asked Ruth, who had not spoken hitherto.

"Surely, Ruth, I go alone. Who would be the companion of a guilty wretch like me?"

"Neville, I will be your companion. You shall not go alone."

"What, another!" said my mother, rocking herself gently in her chair, while the tears followed one another down her worn cheeks. "One by one they are leaving me, and soon I shall be childless."

"It must not be, dear Ruth," said Neville, firmly, but tenderly. "Do not fear, mother; I will not rob you. I will go alone."

"Neville, I will go with you!" repeated Ruth in her downright, positive way, as though she were getting angry about it "Listen, mother! Listen, Caleb! Neville is going far away, among strangers who have no thought or care for him as we have. Afflicted as he has been, and as he may be again, is it kind, is it loving, to let him go alone while there is one of us free to accompany him? He might fall ill in a strange land, and perish for want of some one to tend him. I am the one who can best be spared for this holy duty. Helen will be married in a short time; and on Caleb, now that he has become master of the school, will devolve the maintenance of our mother. I am bound to home by fewer ties than any of you; therefore my duty in this matter lies clear and straight before me. Tell me, am I wrong in what I have stated?"

"Ruth is right, as usual," said my mother. "She must accompany Neville. I may, perhaps, never see her again; but I shall know that my poor boy has one by his side who will never desert him, come what may; and in that thought lies my only comfort."

"O, mother, I am unworthy of so much love and care!" exclaimed Neville, as he kissed Ruth again and again. "Dear little sister! it is I who will watch over and protect you; and strive in all that I can, to lighten the weight of the great burden which you have taken on yourself for me. Now I have something to live for; something to care for beyond myself!"

A few days saw the preparations completed. I will not linger over the farewells that were uttered, or the wishes and hopes that were wafted after the wanderers by the sorrowing hearts they left behind.

A few months after their departure, Helen was married, and went to reside in the south of England. She is still, as she deserves to be, happy and prosperous.

The old house seemed very desolate, now that there were only my mother and I left to occupy it. For both of us it was haunted by many sweet memories of the past; and in those memories, as age crept over her, my mother almost entirely lived. Years have elapsed since she was laid by my father's side in the little churchyard; one of my pleasantest recollections lies in the thought that I did all I could to make her last days comfortable and happy.

It was the anniversary of Philip's death when I penned the first lines of this humble history. Several weeks have elapsed since that day. In the interval I have received a letter from Ruth; and with an extract from her letter I cannot do better than conclude. She writes:

"Wild, lonely, and uncivilised, as this place was when we to it first came, comforts have sprung up around us one by one, until now we have scarcely anything to wish for in the way of temporal blessings. Neville has flocks and herds without number, and large tracts of land to call his own. The untamed energies of his nature find a vent in the vigilance, activity, and hard work required in the management of his affairs.

"He planted his foot in a wild solitude, farther in advance than any white man had done before. Society followed him, and now has overtaken him. He is looked up to, as the founder of the community, and is respected by every one. He is happy in the idea that he is working for the good of others as well as himself; and if the dark shadow ever crosses his mind for a moment, I hope I know how to chase it away, and bring back the sunshine, and hearten him on to fulfil the great task of his life."

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 395.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The Cumberland Doctor's mention of Doncaster Races, inspired Mr. Francis Goodchild with the idea of going down to Doncaster to see the races. Doncaster being a good way off, and quite out of the way of the Idle Apprentices (if anything could be out of their way, who had no way), it necessarily followed that Francis perceived Doncaster in the race-week to be, of all possible idlenesses, the particular idleness that would completely satisfy him.

Thomas, with an enforced idleness grafted on the natural and voluntary power of his disposition, was not of this mind; objecting that a man compelled to lie on his back on a floor, a sofa, a table, a line of chairs, or anything he could get to lie upon, was not in racing condition, and that he desired nothing better than to lie where he was, enjoying himself in looking at the flies on the ceiling. But, Francis Goodchild, who had been walking round his companion in a circuit of twelve miles for two days, and had begun to doubt whether it was reserved for him ever to be idle in his life, not only overpowered this objection, but even converted Thomas Idle to a scheme he formed (another idle inspiration), of conveying the said Thomas to the sea-coast, and putting his injured leg under a stream of salt-water.

Plunging into this happy conception headforemost, Mr. Goodchild immediately referred to the county-map, and ardently discovered that the most delicious piece of sea-coast to be found within the limits of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, The Isle of Man, and the Channel Islands, all summed up together, was Allonby on the coast of Cumberland. There was the coast of Scotland opposite to Allonby, said Mr. Goodchild with enthusiasm; there was a fine Scottish mountain on that Scottish coast; there were Scottish lights to be seen shining across the glorious Channel, and at Allonby itself there was every idle luxury (no doubt), that a watering-place could offer to the heart of idle man. Moreover, said Mr. Goodchild, with his finger on the map, this exquisite retreat was approached by a coach-road, from a railway-station called Aspatria—a name, in a manner, suggestive of the departed glories of Greece, associated with one of the most engaging and most famous of Greek women. On this point, Mr. Goodchild continued at intervals to breathe a vein of classic fancy and eloquence exceedingly irksome to Mr. Idle, until it appeared that the honest English pronunciation of that Cumberland country shortened Aspatria into "Spatter." After this supplementary discovery, Mr. Goodchild said no more about it.

By way of Spatter, the crippled Idle was carried, hoisted, pushed, poked, and packed, into and out of carriages, into and out of beds, into and out of tavern resting-places, until he was brought at length within sniff of the sea. And now, behold the apprentices gallantly riding into Allonby in a one-horse fly, bent upon staying in that peaceful marine valley until the turbulent Doncaster time shall come round upon the wheel, in its turn among what are in sporting registers called the "Fixtures" for the month.

"Do you see Allonby?" asked Thomas Idle.

"I don't see it yet," said Francis, looking out of window.

"It must be there," said Thomas Idle.

"I don't see it," returned Francis.

"It must be there," repeated Thomas Idle, fretfully.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Francis, drawing in his head, "I suppose this is it!"

"A watering-place," retorted Thomas Idle, with the pardonable sharpness of an invalid, "can't be five gentlemen in straw-hats, on a form on one side of a door, and four ladies in hats and falls, on a form on another side of a door, and three geese in a dirty little brook before them, and a boy's legs hanging over a bridge (with a boy's body I suppose on the other side of the parapet), and a donkey running away. What are you talking about?"

"Allonby, gentlemen," said the most comfortable of landladies, as she opened one door of the carriage; "Allonby, gentlemen," said the most attentive of landlords, as he opened the other.

Thomas Idle yielded his arm to the ready Goodchild, and descended from the vehicle.

Thomas, now just able to grope his way along, in a doubled-up condition, with the aid of two thick sticks, was no bad embodiment of Commodore Trunnion, or of one of those many gallant Admirals of the stage, who have all ample fortunes, gout, thick-sticks, tempers, wards, and nephews. With this distinguished naval appearance upon him, Thomas made a crab-like progress up a clean little bulk-headed staircase, into a clean little bulk-headed room, where he slowly deposited himself on a sofa, with a stick on either hand of him, looking exceedingly grim.

"Francis," said Thomas Idle, "what do you think of this place?"

"I think," returned Mr. Goodchild, in a glowing way, "it is everything we expected."

"Hah!" said Thomas Idle.

"There is the sea," cried Mr. Goodchild, pointing out of window; "and here," pointing to the lunch on the table, "are shrimps. Let us—" here Mr. Goodchild looked out of window, as if in search of something, and looked in again,—"let us eat 'em."

The shrimps eaten and the dinner ordered, Mr. Goodchild went out to survey the watering-place. As Chorus of the Drama, without whom Thomas could make nothing of the scenery, he by-and-bye returned, to have the following report screwed out of him.

In brief, it was the most delightful place ever seen.

"But," Thomas Idle asked, "where is it?"

"It's what you may call generally up and down the beach, here and there," said Mr Goodchild, with a twist of his hand.

"Proceed," said Thomas Idle.

It was, Mr. Goodchild went on to say, in cross-examination, what you might call a primitive place. Large? No, it was not large. Who ever expected it would be large? Shape? What a question to ask! No shape. What sort of a street? Why, no street. Shops? Yes, of course (quite indignant). How many? Who ever went into a place to count the shops? Ever so many. Six? Perhaps. A library? Why, of course! (indignant again). Good collection of books? Most likely—couldn't say—had seen nothing in it but a pair of scales. Any reading-room? Of course, there was a reading-room. Where? Where! why, over there. Where was over there? Why, *there!* Let Mr. Idle carry his eye to that bit of waste-ground above high water-mark, where the rank grass and loose stones were most in a litter; and he would see a sort of a long ruinous brick loft, next door to a ruinous brick outhouse, which loft had a ladder outside, to get up by. That was the reading-room, and if Mr. Idle didn't like the idea of a weaver's shuttle throbbing under a reading-room, that was his look out. *He* was not to dictate, Mr. Goodchild supposed (indignant again), to the company.

"By-the-bye," Thomas Idle observed; "the company?"

Well! (Mr. Goodchild went on to report) very nice company. Where were they? Why, there they were. Mr. Idle could see the tops of their hats, he supposed. What? Those nine straw hats again, five gentlemen's and four ladies'? Yes, to be sure. Mr. Goodchild hoped the company were not to be expected to wear helmets, to please Mr. Idle.

Beginning to recover his temper at about this point, Mr. Goodchild voluntarily reported that if you wanted to be primitive, you could be primitive here, and that if you wanted to be idle, you could be idle here. In the course of some days, he added, that there were three fishing boats, but no rigging, and that there were plenty of fishermen who never fished. That they got their living entirely by looking at the ocean. What nourishment they looked out of it to support their strength, he couldn't say; but, he supposed it was some sort of Iodine. The place was full of their children, who were always upside down on the public buildings (two small bridges over the brook), and always hurting themselves or one another, so that their wailings made more continual noise in the air than could have been got in a busy place. The houses people lodged in, were nowhere in particular, and were in capital accordance with the beach, being all more or less cracked and damaged as its shells were, and all empty—as its shells were. Among them, was an edifice of destitute appearance, with a number of wall-eyed windows in it, looking desperately out to Scotland as if for help, which said it was a Bazaar (and it ought to know), and where you might buy anything you wanted—supposing what you wanted, was a little camp-stool or a child's wheelbarrow. The brook crawled or stopped between the houses and the sea, and the donkey was always running away, and when he got into the brook he was pelted out with stones, which never hit him, and which always hit some of the children who were upside down on the public buildings, and made their lamentations louder. This donkey was the public excitement of Allonby, and was probably supported at the public expense.

The forego ng descriptions, delivered in separate items, on separate days of adventurous discovery, Mr. Goodchild severally wound up, by looking out of window, looking in again, and saying, "But there is the sea, and here are the shrimps—let us eat 'em."

There were fine sunsets at Allonby when the low flat beach, with its pools of water and its dry patches, changed into long bars of silver and gold in various states of burnishing, and there were fine views—on fine days—of the Scottish coast. But, when it rained at Allonby, Allonby thrown back upon its ragged self, became a kind of place which the donkey seemed to have found out, and to have his highly sagacious reasons for wishing

to bolt from. Thomas Idle observed, too, that Mr. Goodchild, with a noble show of disinterestedness, became every day more ready to walk to Maryport and back, for letters; and suspicions began to harbour in the mind of Thomas, that his friend deceived him, and that Maryport was a preferable place.

Therefore, Thomas said to Francis on a day when they had looked at the sea and eaten the shrimps, "My mind misgives me, Goodchild, that you go to Maryport, like the boy in the story-book, to ask it to be idle with you."

"Judge, then," returned Francis, adopting the style of the story book, "with what success. I go to a region which is a bit of water-side Bristol, with a slice of Wapping, a seasoning of Wolverhampton, and a garnish of Portsmouth and I say, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' And it answers, 'No, for I am a great deal too vaporous, and a great deal too rusty, and a great deal too muddy, and a great deal too dirty altogether; and I have ships to load, and pitch and tar to boil, and iron to hammer, and steam to get up, and smoke to make, and stone to quarry, and fifty other disagreeable things to do, and I can't be idle with you.' Then I go into jagged up-hill and down hill streets, where I am in the pastrycook's shop at one moment and next moment in savage fastnesses of moor and morass, beyond the confines of civilisation, and I say to those murky and black dusky streets, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' To which they reply, 'No, we can't, indeed, for we haven't the spirits, and we are startled by the echo of your feet on the sharp pavement, and we have so many goods in our shop windows which nobody wants, and we have so much to do for a limited public which never comes to us to be done for, that we are altogether out of sorts and can't enjoy ourselves with any one.' So I go to the Post office, and knock at the shutter, and I say to the Post-master, 'Will *you* come and be idle with me?' To which he rejoins, 'No, I really can't, for I live, as you may see, in such a very little Post-office, and pass my life behind such a very little shutter, that my hand, when I put it out, is as the hand of a giant crammed through the window of a dwarf's house at a fair, and I am a mere Post-office anchorite in a cell much too small for him, and I can't get out, and I can't get in, and I have no space to be idle in, even if I would.' So, the boy," said Mr. Goodchild, concluding the tale, "comes back with the letters after all, and lives happy never afterwards."

But it may, not unreasonably, be asked—while Francis Goodchild was wandering hither and thither, storing his mind with perpetual observation of men and things, and sincerely believing himself to be the laziest creature in existence all the time—how did Thomas Idle, crippled and confined to the house, contrive to get through the hours of the day?

Prone on the sofa, Thomas made no attempt to get through the hours, but passively allowed the hours to get through *him*. Where other men in his situation would have read books and improved their minds, Thomas slept and rested his body. Where other men would have pondered anxiously over their future prospects, Thomas dreamed lazily of his past life. The one solitary thing, he did, which most other people would have done in his place was to resolve on making certain alterations and improvements in his mode of existence, as soon as the effects of the misfortune that had overtaken him had all passed away. Remembering that the current of his life had hitherto oozed along in one smooth stream of laziness, occasionally troubled on the surface by a slight passing ripple of industry, his present ideas on the subject of self reform inclined him—not as the reader may be disposed to imagine, to project schemes for a new existence of enterprise and exertion—but, on the contrary, to resolve that he would never, if he could possibly help it, be active or industrious again, throughout the whole of his future career.

It is due to Mr. Idle to relate that his mind sauntered towards this peculiar conclusion on distinct and logically producible grounds. After reviewing, quite at his ease, and with many needful intervals of repose, the generally placid spectacle of his past existence, he arrived at the discovery that all the great disasters which had tried his patience and equanimity in early life, had been caused by his having allowed himself to be deluded into imitating some pernicious example of activity and industry that had been set him by others. The trials to which he here alludes were three in number, and may be thus reckoned up. First, the disaster of being an unpopular and a thrashed boy at school; secondly, the disaster of falling seriously ill; thirdly, the disaster of becoming acquainted with a great bore.

The first disaster occurred after Thomas had been an idle and a popular boy at school, for some happy years. One Christmas-time, he was stimulated by the evil example of a companion, whom he had always trusted and liked, to be untrue to himself, and to try for a prize at the ensuing half yearly examination. He did try, and he got a prize—how, he did not distinctly know at the moment, and cannot remember now. No sooner, however, had the book—Moral Hints to the Young on the Value of Time—been placed in his hands, than the first troubles of his life began. The idle boys deserted him, as a traitor to their cause. The industrious boys avoided him, as a dangerous interloper; one of their number, who had always won the prize on previous occasions, expressing just resentment at the invasion of his privileges by calling Thomas into the play-ground, and

then and there administering to him the first sound and genuine thrashing that he had received in his life. Unpopular from that moment, as a beaten boy, who belonged to no side and was rejected by all parties, young Idle soon lost caste with his masters, as he had previously lost caste with his schoolfellows. He had forfeited the comfortable reputation of being the one lazy member of the youthful community whom it was quite hopeless to punish. Never again did he hear the head-master say reproachfully to an industrious boy who had committed a fault, "I might have expected this in Thomas Idle, but it is inexcusable, sir, in you, who know better." Never more, after winning that fatal prize, did he escape the retributive imposition, or the avenging birch. From that time, the masters made him work, and the boys would not let him play. From that time his social position steadily declined, and his life at school became a perpetual burden to him.

So, again, with the second disaster. While Thomas was lazy, he was a model of health. His first attempt at active exertion and his first suffering from severe illness are connected together by the intimate relations of cause and effect. Shortly after leaving school, he accompanied a party of friends to a cricket-field, in his natural and appropriate character of spectator only. On the ground it was discovered that the players fell short of the required number, and facile Thomas was persuaded to assist in making up the complement. At a certain appointed time, he was roused from peaceful slumber in a dry ditch, and placed before three wickets with a bat in his hand. Opposite to him, behind three more wickets, stood one of his bosom friends, filling the situation (as he was informed) of bowler. No words can describe Mr. Idle's horror and amazement, when he saw this young man—on ordinary occasions, the meekest and mildest of human beings—suddenly contract his eyebrows, compress his lips, assume the aspect of an infuriated savage, run back a few steps, then run forward, and, without the slightest previous provocation, hurl a detestably hard ball with all his might straight at Thomas's legs. Stimulated to preternatural activity of body and sharpness of eye by the instinct of self-preservation, Mr. Idle contrived, by jumping deftly aside at the right moment, and by using his bat (ridiculously narrow as it was for the purpose) as a shield, to preserve his life and limbs from the dastardly attack that had been made on both, to leave the full force of the deadly missile to strike his wicket instead of his leg; and to end the innings, so far as his side was concerned, by being immediately bowled out. Grateful for his escape he was about to return to the dry ditch, when he was peremptorily stopped, and told that the other side was "going in," and that he was expected to "field." His conception of the whole art and mystery of "fielding," may be summed up in the three words of serious advice which he privately administered to himself on that trying occasion—avoid the ball. Fortified by this sound and salutary principle, he took his own course, impervious alike to ridicule and abuse. Whenever the ball came near him, he thought of his shins, and got out of the way immediately. "Catch it!" "Stop it!" "Pitch it up!" were cries that passed by him like the idle wind that he regarded not. He ducked under it, he jumped over it, he whisked himself away from it on either side. Never once, throughout the whole innings did he and the ball come together on anything approaching to intimate terms. The unnatural activity of body which was necessarily called forth for the accomplishment of this result threw Thomas Idle, for the first time in his life, into a perspiration. The perspiration, in consequence of his want of practice in the management of that particular result of bodily activity, was suddenly checked; the inevitable chill succeeded; and that, in its turn, was followed by a fever. For the first time since his birth, Mr. Idle found himself confined to his bed for many weeks together, wasted and worn by a long illness, of which his own disastrous muscular exertion had been the sole first cause.

The third occasion on which Thomas found reason to reproach himself bitterly for the mistake of having attempted to be industrious, was connected with his choice of a calling in life. Having no interest in the Church, he appropriately selected the next best profession for a lazy man in England—the Bar. Although the Benchers of the Inns of Court have lately abandoned their good old principles, and oblige their students to make some show of studying, in Mr. Idle's time no such innovation as this existed. Young men who aspired to the honourable title of barrister were, very properly, not asked to learn anything of the law, but were merely required to eat a certain number of dinners at the table of their Hall, and to pay a certain sum of money; and were called to the Bar as soon as they could prove that they had sufficiently complied with these extremely sensible regulations. Never did Thomas move more harmoniously in concert with his elders and betters than when he was qualifying himself for admission among the barristers of his native country. Never did he feel more deeply what real laziness was in all the serene majesty of its nature, than on the memorable day when he was called to the bar, after having carefully abstained from opening his law-books during his period of probation, except to fall asleep over them. How he could ever again have become industrious, even for the shortest period, after that great reward conferred upon his idleness, quite passes his comprehension. The kind benchers did everything they could to show him the

folly of exerting himself." They wrote out his probationary exercise for him, and never expected him even to take the trouble of reading it through when it was written. They invited him, with seven other choice spirits as lazy as himself, to come and be called to the bar, while they were sitting over their wine and fruit after dinner. They put his oaths of allegiance, and his dreadful official denunciations of the Pope and the Pretender so gently into his mouth, that he hardly knew how the words got there. They wheeled all their chairs softly round from the table, and sat surveying the young barristers with their backs to their bottles, rather than stand up, or adjourn to hear the exercises read. And when Mr. Idle and the seven unlabouring neophytes, ranged in order, as a class, with their backs considerately placed against a screen, had begun, in rotation, to read the exercises which they had not written, even then, each Bencher, true to the great lazy principle of the whole proceeding, stopped each neophyte before he had stammered through his first line, and bowed to him, and told him politely that he was a barrister from that moment. This was all the ceremony. It was followed by a social supper, and by the presentation, in accordance with ancient custom, of a pound of sweetmeats and a bottle of Madeira, offered in the way of needful refreshment, by each grateful neophyte to each beneficent Bencher. It may seem inconceivable that Thomas should ever have forgotten the great do-nothing principle instilled by such a ceremony as this; but it is, nevertheless, true, that certain designing students of industrious habits found him out, took advantage of his easy humour, persuaded him that it was discreditable to be a barrister and to know nothing whatever about the law, and lured him, by the force of their own evil example, into a conveyancer's chambers, to make up for lost time, and to qualify himself for practice at the Bar. After a fortnight of self-delusion, the curtain fell from his eyes; he resumed his natural character, and shut up his books. But the retribution which had hitherto always followed his little casual errors of industry followed them still. He could get away from the conveyancer's chambers, but he could not get away from one of the pupils, who had taken a fancy to him,—a tall, serious, raw-boned, hard-working, disputatious pupil, with ideas of his own about reforming the Law of Real Property, who has been the scourge of Mr. Idle's existence ever since the fatal day when he fell into the mistake of attempting to study the law. Before that time his friends were all sociable idlers like himself. Since that time the burden of bearing with a hard-working young man has become part of his lot in life. Go where he will, now, he can never feel certain that the raw-boned pupil is not affectionately waiting for him round a corner, to tell him a little more about the Law of Real Property. Suffer as he may under the infliction, he can never complain, for he must always remember, with unavailing regret, that he has his own thoughtless industry to thank for first exposing him to the great social calamity of knowing a bore.

These events of his past life, with the significant results that they brought about, pass drowsily through Thomas Idle's memory, while he lies alone on the sofa at Allonby and elsewhere, dreaming away the time which his fellow-apprentice gets through so actively out of doors. Remembering the lesson of laziness which his past disasters teach, and bearing in mind also the fact that he is crippled in one leg because he exerted himself to go up a mountain, when he ought to have known that his proper course of conduct was to stop at the bottom of it, he holds now, and will for the future firmly continue to hold, by his new resolution never to be industrious again, on any pretence whatever, for the rest of his life. The physical results of his accident have been related in a previous chapter. The moral results now stand on record; and, with the enumeration of these, that part of the present narrative which is occupied by the Episode of The Sprained Ankle may now perhaps be considered, in all its aspects, as finished and complete.

"How do you propose that we get through this present afternoon and evening?" demanded Thomas Idle, after two or three hours of the foregoing reflections at Allonby.

Mr. Goodchild faultered, looked out of window, looked in again, and said, as he had so often said before, "There is the sea, and here are the shrimps;—let us eat 'em!"

But, the wise donkey was at that moment in the act of bolting: not with the irresolution of his previous efforts which had been wanting in sustained force of character, but with real vigor of purpose: shaking the dust off his mane and hind-feet at Allonby, and tearing away from it, as if he had nobly made up his mind that he never would be taken alive. At sight of this inspiring spectacle, which was visible from his sofa, Thomas Idle stretched his neck and dwelt upon it rapturously.

"Francis Goodchild," he then said, turning to his companion with a solemn air, "this is a delightful little Inn, excellently kept by the most comfortable of landladies and the most attentive of landlords, but —— the donkey's right!"

"The words, "There is the sea, and here are the——," again trembled on the lips of Goodchild, unaccompanied however by any sound.

"Let us instantly pack the portmanteaus," said Thomas Idle, "pay the bill, and order a fly out, with instructions to the driver to follow the donkey!"

Mr. Goodchild, who had only wanted en-

couragement to disclose the real state of his feelings, and who had been pining beneath his weary secret, now burst into tears, and confessed that he thought another day in the place would be the death of him.

So, the two idle apprentices followed the donkey until the night was far advanced. Whether he was recaptured by the town council, or is bolting at this hour through the United Kingdom, they know not. They hope he may be still bolting; if so, their best wishes are with him.

It entered Mr. Idle's head, on the borders of Cumberland, that there could be no idler place to stay at, except by snatches of a few minutes each, than a railway station. "An intermediate station on a line—a junction—anything of that sort," Thomas suggested. Mr. Goodchild approved of the idea as eccentric, and they journeyed on and on, until they came to such a station where there was an Inn.

"Here," said Thomas, "we may be luxuriously lazy; other people will travel for us, as it were, and we shall laugh at their folly."

It was a Junction Station, where the wooden razors before mentioned shaved the air very often, and where the sharp electric telegraph bell was in active restless condition. All manner of cross lines of rails came zig-zagging into it, like a Congress of iron vipers; and, a little way out of it, a pointsman in an elevated signal box was constantly going through the motions of drawing immense quantities of beer at a public-house bar. In one direction, confused perspectives of embankments and arches were to be seen from the platform; in the other, the rails soon disentangled themselves into two tracks and shot away under a bridge, and curved round a corner. Sidings were there, in which empty luggage vans and cattle boxes often butted against each other as if they couldn't agree; and warehouses were there, in which great quantities of goods seemed to have taken the veil (of the consistency of tarpaulin), and to have retired from the world without any hope of getting back to it. Refreshment rooms were there; one, for the hungry and thirsty Iron Locomotives where their coal and water were ready, and of good quality, for they were dangerous to play tricks with; the other, for the hungry and thirsty human Locomotives, who might take what they could get, and whose chief consolation was provided in the form of three terrific urns or vases of white metal, containing nothing, each forming a breastwork for a defiant and apparently much-injured woman.

Established at this Station, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild resolved to enjoy it. But, its contrasts were very violent, and there was also an infection in it.

First, as to its contrasts. They were only two, but they were Lethargy and Madness. The Station was either totally unconscious, or wildly raving. By day, in its unconscious state, it looked as if no life could come to it,—as if it were all rust, dust, and ashes—as if the last train for ever, had gone without issuing any Return-Tickets—as if the last Engine had uttered its last shriek and burst. One awkward shave of the air from the wooden razor, and everything changed. Tight office-doors flew open, panels yielded, books, newspapers, travelling caps and wrappers broke out of brick walls, money chinked, conveyances oppressed by nightmares of luggage came careering into the yard, porters started up from secret places, ditto the much injured women, the shining bell, who lived in a little tray on stilts by himself, flew into a man's hand and clamoured violently. The pointsman aloft in the signal box made the motions of drawing, with some difficulty, hogsheads of beer. Down Train! More beer. Up Train! More beer. Cross Junction Train! More beer. Cattle Train! More beer. Goods Train! Simmering, whistling, trembling, rumbling, thundering. Trains on the whole confusion of intersecting rails, crossing one another, bumping one another, hissing one another, backing to go forward, tearing into distance to come close. People frantic. Exiles seeking restoration to their native carriages, and banished to remoter climes. More beer and more bell. Then, in a minute, the Station relapsed into stupor as the tail of the Cattle Train, the last to depart, went gliding out of it, wiping the long nose of his oil can with a dirty pocket-handkerchief.

By night, in its unconscious state, the Station was not so much as visible. Something in the air, like an enterprising chemist's established in business on one of the boughs of Jack's beanstalk, was all that could be discerned of it under the stars. In a moment it would break out, a constellation of gas. In another moment, twenty rival chemists on twenty rival beanstalks, came into existence. Then, the Furies would be seen, waving their lurid torches up and down the confused perspectives of embankments and arches—would be heard, too, wailing and shrieking. Then, the Station would be full of palpitating trains, as in the day; with the heightening difference that they were not so clearly seen as in the day, whereas the station walls, starting forward under the gas, like a hippopotamus's eyes, dazzled the human locomotives with the sauce-bottle, the cheap music, the bedstead, the distorted range of buildings where the patent safes are made, the gentleman in the rain with the registered umbrella, the lady returning from the ball with the registered respirator, and all their other embellishments. And now, the human locomotives, creased as to their countenances and purblind as to their eyes, would swarm forth in a heap, addressing themselves to the mysterious urns and the much-injured women;

while the iron locomotives, dripping fire and water, shed their steam about plentifully, making the dull oxen in their cages, with heads depressed, and foam hanging from their mouths as their red looks glanced fearfully at the surrounding terrors, seem as though they had been drinking at half-frozen waters and were hung with icicles. Through the same steam would be caught glimpses of their fellow-travellers, the sheep, getting their white kid faces together, away from the bars, and stuffing the interstices with trembling wool. Also, down among the wheels, of the man with the sledge-hammer, ringing the axles of the fast night-train; against whom the oxen have a misgiving that he is the man with the pole-axe who is to come by-and-bye, and so the nearest of them try to back, and get a purchase for a thrust at him through the bars. Suddenly, the bell would ring, the steam would stop with one hiss and a yell, the chemists on the beanstalks would be busy, the avenging Furies would bestir themselves, the fast night-train would melt from eye and ear, the other trains going their ways more slowly would be heard faintly rattling in the distance like old-fashioned watches running down, the sauce-bottle and cheap music retired from view, even the bedstead went to bed, and there was no such visible thing as the Station to vex the cool wind in its blowing, or perhaps the autumn lightning, as it found out the iron rails.

The infection of the Station was this:—When it was in its raving state, the Apprentices found it impossible to be there, without labouring under the delusion that they were in a hurry. To Mr. Goodchild, whose ideas of idleness were so imperfect, this was no unpleasant hallucination, and accordingly that gentleman went through great exertions in yielding to it, and running up and down the platform, jostling everybody, under the impression that he had a highly important mission somewhere, and had not a moment to lose. But, to Thomas Idle, this contagion was so very unacceptable an incident of the situation, that he struck on the fourth day, and requested to be moved.

"This place fills me with a dreadful sensation," said Thomas, "of having something to do. Remove me, Francis."

"Where would you like to go next?" was the question of the ever-engaging Goodchild.

"I have heard there is a good old Inn at Lancaster, established in a fine old house: an Inn where they give you Bride-cake every day after dinner," said Thomas Idle. "Let us eat Bride-cake without the trouble of being married, or of knowing anybody in that ridiculous dilemma."

Mr. Goodchild, with a lover's sigh, assented. They departed from the Station in a violent hurry (for which, it is unnecessary to observe, there was not the least occasion), and were delivered at the fine old house at Lancaster, on the same night.

It is Mr. Goodchild's opinion, that if a visitor on his arrival at Lancaster could be accommodated with a pole which would push the opposite side of the street some yards farther off, it would be better for all parties. Protesting against being required to live in a trench, and obliged to speculate all day upon what the people can possibly be doing within a mysterious opposite window, which is a shop-window to look at, but not a shop-window in respect of its offering nothing for sale and declining to give any account whatever of itself, Mr. Goodchild concedes Lancaster to be a pleasant place. A place dropped in the midst of a charming landscape, a place with a fine ancient fragment of castle, a place of lovely walks, a place possessing stand old houses richly fitted with old Honduras mahagony, which has grown so dark with time that it seems to have got something of a retrospective mirror-quality into itself, and to show the visitor, in the depths of its grain, through all its polish, the hue of the wretched slaves who groaned long ago under old Lancaster merchants. And Mr. Goodchild adds that the stones of Lancaster do sometimes whisper, even yet, of rich men passed away—upon whose great prosperity some of these old doorways frowned sullen in the brightest weather—that their slave-gain turned to curses, as the Arabian Wizard's money turned to leaves, and that no good ever came of it, even unto the third and fourth generations, until it was wasted and gone.

It was a gallant sight to behold, the Sunday procession of the Lancaster elders to Church—all in black, and looking fearfully like a funeral without the Body—under the escort of Three Beadles.

"Think," said Francis, as he stood at the Inn window, admiring, "of being taken to the sacred edifice by three Beadles! I have, in my early time, been taken out of it by one Beadle; but, to be taken into it by three, O Thomas, is a distinction I shall never enjoy!"

THE SNOW EXPRESS.

Many years ago, while a subaltern, I was stationed at Blockhouse Point, at the mouth of the Green Snake River, on the north side of Lake Huron. This now dilapidated stronghold was originally erected, on a sandy point stretching out into the lake, in the days of the Indian wars, and I could fancy its slender garrison of sharpshooters watching from their loopholes the clustering forms of their Indian foes as they stole along the borders of the forest. The bullet-holes that riddled its massive walls, and its charred and blackened surface, suggested grim conjectures respecting its brave defenders who filled the graves around its foot.

But now there were no Indians to employ the leisure of the unfortunate company of regular troops, that grumbled away their days within the humble fortification that now surrounded the old blockhouse. Our only enemies were bears and foxes which skulked about the woods, and the only Indians who sought admission to the post were those from a little village about seven miles up the Green Snake River, where a peaceable party of Ojibbeways had taken up their abode.

In this dot in the wilderness, I and two brother-officers lived the lives of anchorites: only less contented, and by no means forgetting the world by which we seemed very nearly forgotten. Not but what letters reached us—sometimes—during the summer, by an occasional schooner coming up along the lakes. It was during the other half of the year, when the lakes were bound by the universal fetter of ice, that we lived in unblissful ignorance. Twice, however, during each long, long winter, great excitement prevailed at Blockhouse Point. It was when Indians, travelling over the snow on snowshoes, were expected to arrive with the "express." Day after day we used to walk for miles, hoping to meet our bronze Mercuries; and, when at length they came in sight, with what trembling hearts we returned to the post, to await the opening of their sealed wallets by the proper authority, in ignorance of what tidings "the mail" might contain for us!

On one occasion the news I got was sad enough. My dearest friend was to be tried by court-martial on a serious charge. He had not written to me himself, but a mutual friend informed me that, before another month was past, Lowther's fate would be sealed; and this month's delay had only occurred in consequence of an important witness being required from the lower province. I saw at once that it was in my power to disprove the gravest part of the charge, although Lowther did not know it. Yet, before the spring should come and the lakes be open to enable me to reach head-quarters, the trial would be over, and my friend, in all probability, condemned.

The dreadful thought that he might be sacrificed for the want of my testimony haunted me. I could not sleep that night. Many plans disturbed my mind. Could I not write my statement, and send it by an Indian express? Undoubtedly I could. But, when I came to count, I found it would not arrive in time, unless some one was ever at hand to hurry the messengers on. Why should not I be of the express party? I was young, strong, active, and accustomed to exertion. Surely what Indians could do, I could do. There was not an hour to be lost. At daylight I obtained leave from my commanding officer—a mere matter of form—for both he and my junior heartily rejoiced at the prospect of Lowther's acquittal. Two Indians were quickly obtained, and everything was made ready for departure in a few hours.

We were a strange looking party. Our object being speed, each carried his own traps, and as few of them as possible. I was clad in a beaver coat and fur cap. My kit consisted of a blanket, a bearskin, and a wallet to hold provisions. The two Indians, who were brothers, were similarly equipped. With rifles ready loaded for any game that might present itself, and snow-shoes on our feet, we set out.

In case we succeeded in getting to head-quarters at the time appointed, a gratuity had been promised to the Indians (which I resolved to give, whether won or not), and they unmurmuringly pressed on, nearly the whole day, on their cumbrous snow-shoes, scarcely giving themselves time to cook the game we killed: then, shouldering their packs, and starting off again. They endeavoured to beguile the weariness of the way by lively sallies, at which they laughed till the silent woods rang with their merriment. Chingoos (the ermine), the younger brother, was the most joyous as well as most active of us all; and, however wearied he might be when we stopped for the night, he laughed and jested as he cut with his tomahawk the evergreens which were to form our not uncomfortable shelter, and be strewn beneath the bearskins on which we slept. Shegashie (the cray-fish) was our cook and firemaker; and the rapid way in which he heaped on scores of dry branches, and raised a blazing pile above the snow, always excited my admiration.

When we had accomplished nearly half our journey, we had not overstepped the time we allowed ourselves; but the continuous exertion was beginning to affect our limbs, and, the perpetual glare of the sun on the snow, inflamed our eyes. This we found by far the greater hardship of the two. I shall never forget the joy we felt, one morning, when the sun remained hidden beneath heavy cloud-banks in the east. Almost forgetting our swollen limbs in the gladness of being delivered from his dazzling rays, we travelled merrily on through leafless forests of gigantic trees; through tracts of smaller trees, thickly studded with the larch, the spruce, and the fir, whose dark foliage gloomed almost black against the stainless snow; through woods tangled with wild vines, and fragrant with juniper bushes, until at length we reached the shores of a small frozen lake.

Once more we rejoiced that the day was dim; for, in crossing lakes and rivers, we always suffered most, being deprived of the network of branches, which yielded us a shade; sometimes almost impenetrable. But our exultation was short-lived. An exclamation of disappointment burst from the Indians, and, looking up, I saw a few large snow-flakes floating slowly through the air.

"Let us put off our snow-shoes," said Shegashie; "we must halt here."

"Why?"

"Because the snow will blind our eyes to the path."

The path, however, was an Indian figure of speech. We were travelling through an untrodden wilderness, guided from point to point by some rock, or bank, or quaintly formed tree. But, these objects dwelt vividly in the Indians' recollections. They had travelled this road twice before; and, whatever an Indian once sees, remains imprinted in his memory for ever.

At Shegashie's announcement I looked over the lake longingly. I could not bear to lose an hour, far less a day; and I said that perhaps we might get across before the violence of the snow storm came on. My guides shook their heads. However, after a time, they agreed to make the attempt.

Accordingly, off we started across the lake, the snow flakes floating and playing lazily around us; and, more than once, we congratulated ourselves that their appearance had not deterred us. But, when we had got about half-way across, the snow-storm came dashing down in our faces with a fierce gust that almost threw us off our feet. Staggered and breathless, we stopped. Near as the brothers were, I could see no more than the outlines of their dark forms through the thick curtain of snow which fell between us; while nothing was visible beyond, but dazzling snow flakes tumbling, whirling, and rushing down to overwhelm us.

"We must," cried Shegashie, "keep the wind in our faces, or we shall never reach the shore."

He at once led the way, his brother and I following, and with difficulty distinguishing him as he shuffled heavily on before us. Already the weight of snow upon our snow-shoes impeded us greatly, and it increased each moment, until we could scarcely drag them along. The snow blew in our faces, sharp as icicles, whirling past us in wild eddies, almost beating us down. As the storm increased, the wind, which had hitherto blown steadily in our faces, began to waver, and to dash the snow down upon us in every direction. It was impossible to go on.

The last faint lingering shadow of a hope passed away, and we felt there was nothing left but to die. Once or twice I wondered I did not feel the torpor, which is the precursor of death among the snow, steal over my senses; but we determined not to die inactive, and the violence of my exertions heated me to such a degree, that more than once I found myself wiping the moisture from my brow, as I fought the hopeless battle against the whirlwind.

That I am alive to write this, is a proof of the unslumbering Providence watching over all; for there was no earthly hope for us, when an unseen hand guided us to safety. How we reached the shore none of us ever knew; but, at length, still battling against the blinding snow, Shegashie's snow-shoes struck against a tree. Close beside it was a thicket of dwarf firs, and we shrank into its shelter—saved for the time.

For hours, the snow continued to fall, as if inexhaustible; at length, however, it ceased, and the setting sun shone out in the western sky, red and angrily. The Indians said that another snowstorm was at hand. So we set about making the best preparations we could for the night. Our friendly thicket was no bad shelter, and Chingoos and I set to work with our tomahawks to cut away the branches, until the place somewhat resembled a bower; then, shaking the cut branches free from snow, we laid them up in soft piles to sleep upon. Meantime Shegashie busied himself in making a fire and collecting fuel. We were short of food; for, during the last day or two, game had been unusually scarce. But we had sufficient for the night, and hoped to obtain more on the morrow; Shegashie having set several snares round our camp for the small Arctic hares which abound in those forests.

Soon after dark the snow recommenced; and, although we were unusually well sheltered, I never felt cold so intense as I did that night. I have rarely felt more rejoiced than I did when I saw the early dawn steal over the landscape, and was able to rise from my freezing couch and waken my companions, who rose looking as comfortless as myself: especially Chingoos, who trembled as if he had an ague fit. But a little hot coffee revived him.

Shegashie went to inspect his snares; and, to his great disappointment, he found that they had not been disturbed; so there was nothing for it but to start afresh without breakfast. Just as we had tied on our snow-shoes, a few flakes of snow, like tiny birds, came floating between us and the clear blue sky. They were true harbingers; and, within a few minutes, the clouds began to gather and the snow to darken the atmosphere. Warned by the past day's experience, we remained in our camp. Hour after hour the snow poured down in driving masses; but we were sheltered from its fury. We had fire, and the snow settling on the roof and sides of our bower made it warm; so we felt that we had more cause to be thankful than to complain, though we were compelled to fast.

Before long, Chingoos's indisposition of the morning returned; and, as day wore on, he continued to get worse; until, by evening, it was quite evident that he was in the first stage of a fever. We did the best we could for him, by giving him hot coffee and such other trifling comforts as our slender stock afforded.

The next morning broke bright and beautiful; but it was at once evident that poor

Chingoos could not travel that day. The fever increased, and the ague so shook him, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could take the coffee from our hands. The snares were still empty, and this day also was passed without food.

On the third morning, Chingoos was still worse. No game had been snared or shot, and hunger-pangs were now becoming very fierce. We were so weak that we could scarcely creep. About mid-day a hare came leaping by, through the snow. I shot it, and we dressed it immediately. To this day I think that that was the sweetest meal I ever tasted. We made a part of the hare into soup for our poor patient; but he was unable to take it—to our surprise, for it seemed to us delicious beyond expression.

From that day we never wanted food, and were able to give all our thoughts and anxieties to Chingoos; whose last hour was evidently drawing near. He held out his hand to his brother, and Shegashie, forgetting the stoical demeanour of his race which he had tried hard to maintain, burst into tears as he folded it in his bosom. When he released it, it fell cold and stiffened upon the snow.

Shegashie did not speak for hours, but wept incessantly. The earth was frozen too hard to admit of our digging a grave. We were, therefore compelled to lay the lifeless Indian deep in the snow in a shady place, until his brother could return in the spring to bury him.

On the following morning we resumed our journey; but it had now become a melancholy pilgrimage. The day seemed long and dreary without the joyous youth, whose lively jest and ringing laughter had echoed among the old trees. Towards evening, for the first time in all our travels, we came on the signs of a human being. The broad trail of a pair of snow-shoes preceded us along the course we had to follow.

My guide, judging by the tracks, announced the wearer to be an Indian, and not one of the white hunters who are sometimes to be met in these forests. He was right. The wearer of the gaily trimmed hunting-shirt whom we overtook about two hours after, with his dirty blanket, rifle, tomahawk and knife, his arms covered with bracelets, and bunches of ear-rings weighing down the lobes of the ears, fully attested the accuracy of Shegashie's fore-knowledge.

The Indians greeted each other with grave courtesy, and the same polite reception was extended to me. But, in spite of all their gravity, I fancied I perceived a gleam of joy in the wild eyes of the stranger. No wonder, poor fellow! I thought. Perhaps he has passed the whole winter without looking on one human face. He belonged to a party of Indians living far to the north of Green Snake River, and his dialect was a great trial to my Indian erudition.

As his path for the next day or two would be the same as ours, the stranger proposed to join us. Though I must confess that the sight of his blanket, caked with filth, made me feel a repugnance to his company, yet I was too prudent to object; and afterwards, when we stopped for the night, and I found that, leaving the fire-making to Shegashie, he was content to bustle about to collect fuel, and to assist me in forming our night's shelter, I felt more charity towards him, and was more resigned to his raising his pile of branches near my own.

As we sat, that evening, round our camp fire, I had a better opportunity of observing our new acquaintance. He was a tall, finely formed Indian, and more muscular than I had ever seen any of his race. Moreover, there was an unusual fierceness in his demeanour and a strange fire gleamed from his eye. He took the tobacco we gave him with great pleasure, but he was disappointed that our fire water was all expended. However, he did not let that damp his spirits, but talked on with more than Indian volubility. Shegashie's stock of news, for which he asked, was soon exhausted. Poor fellow! he had little heart to talk of anything except his beloved brother, to whose story the stranger listened with a contracted brow; but with few indications of sympathy. In his turn, he treated Shegashie to a number of amazing and horrible stories which were current in the woods.

I lost the gist of many of these through not being able clearly to comprehend his language. But there was one I understood somewhat better than the others: it was concerning a very fierce Indian called Maniskogahjhe (Great red-nailed Bear), who came from far beyond the Great Lake (Superior), and who, on his return home from a hunting expedition, had found his squaw and children the prey of a band of cannibal Indians. Enraged at the sight, this hero fell upon them single-handed, and took the scalps of all except one. That one had fled; and, ever since, Maniskogahjhe had prowled through the woods, gnashing his teeth and seeking him everywhere. The missing Indian had shrouded himself in every sort of disguise, "But all to no purpose," said the stranger savagely, "for Maniskogahjhe slays every Indian he meets, so that that villain must fall beneath his knife at last."

When I had got over the novelty of the stranger's excited manner and gleaming eye, I became somewhat weary of this Indian hyperbole; but, Shegashie listened to every word with breathless attention. I was lounging beside the fire, more asleep than awake, when I was aroused by the stranger abruptly demanding of my guide if he had ever seen this redoubtable brave, the great red-nailed bear: to which the young Indian replied in the negative.

"Liar!" thundered the savage, springing to his feet. "I am Maniskogahjhe!" and in a moment he stabbed my companion in the chest.

I sprang upon him in an instant, and seized his right arm; which, by a violent effort, he succeeded in disengaging. He aimed a deadly blow at me with his knife, but I evaded it, and drew my own. With a yell at his disappointment, he began to draw his tomahawk from his belt with the view of hurling it at my head; but I darted upon him, pinioning his arms. His feet gave way, and we both rolled together on the snow. A struggle for life between us succeeded. The Indian kept making little digs at me with his knife, but he could not get purchase enough to do more than penetrate my clothes and inflict slight wounds upon me. He rolled over with me, hoping to get me undermost; but I always rolled farther than he wished, and got on the upper side again. At length I lost patience; and, still holding his right arm tightly down, I loosened the hand which held my knife. But, quick as thought, Mamiskogahjhe changed his knife into his left hand also. Then commenced another rolling and tearing struggle, more like that of tigers than of men, for my foe assailed me fiercely with his teeth. We stabbed at each other wildly, and many a wound I gave and received. At length the Indian relaxed his hold, fell back, and I arose victorious.

My first thought, now, after a fervent prayer for my deliverance, was for my poor guide. I found that, though desperately wounded and bleeding profusely, he was not dead. I bound up his wounds as I best could, and placed him on his bed. My own wounds, though numerous, were marvellously slight: more cuts than stabs, and even those, my thick clothing had prevented from doing much damage. I dressed them, and, heaping more wood on the fire, sank down beside it to watch my poor Shegashie.

The next morning Shegashie was so weak from loss of blood that each moment I expected to see him pass away, and leave me alone in the woods, to die in my turn. I now bitterly regretted that I had ever entered on this disastrous enterprise. However, there I was, and I had nothing for it but to make the best of it; so I set to work, buried my dead enemy in a snow bank, collected wood, shot a hare, dressed it, and returned to my sad task of watching my wounded guide.

At the end of ten days, despite every adverse circumstance, Shegashie was a great deal better; yet it was evident to both of us that it would be a long time before he could travel. The poor fellow earnestly entreated me not to stay with him, but to leave him to his fate; and he directed me in the right way to pursue my journey. I would not have deserted an enemy thus, much less one with whom I had faced sorrow, danger, and death. Yet powder and shot were rapidly failing. After much cogitation, I took all the spare snow shoes, and, by the aid of a bearskin, succeeded in making a sleigh capable of holding Shegashie very comfortably, as well as all our belongings. I rose proudly the next morning; and, placing my companion in the sleigh, re-commenced my journey.

It was weary work to drag that clumsy sleigh, the wasted Indian looking out now and then to direct me on our way. I was often obliged to make long detours to avoid thickets and places where the trees grew too close to admit my sleigh between them. When day was done, I had the fuel to collect, the fire to make, shelter to prepare, Shegashie to move, his wounds to dress, and then the game to cook which I had killed during the day. Many a time I thought I should be obliged to give up the struggle. When I lay down to rest I was sometimes so tired that I could not have resisted another Mamiskogahjhe, had he come to end the work the first one had begun; and, when morning reappeared, I re-commenced my tugging and dragging with arms so weary, that I did not care if another snow-storm came and sent us to sleep till the great day of awakening.

Neither Indian nor snow-storm came, and I was compelled to go on from day to day enacting by turns the parts of horse, forager, fire-maker, cook, builder, and nurse. At length I became so exhausted, that one morning, though it was scarcely mid-day, I began to look about me for a suitable place to encamp for the remainder of the day and night: hoping, after such a rest, to start fresher on the following morning. Suddenly, a thin column of smoke ascending from the trees at a short distance, caught my eye; and, turning off from our route, I made the best of my way towards it. It rose from the hut of a newly-arrived settler. The man gave us a hearty welcome, and we slept beneath a roof, for the first time for considerably more than a month. The next day he put his horse to his wood-team, and, in two days more, brought us to head quarters—less, I believe, for the reward I promised, than from pity for our worn and miserable condition.

The time appointed for the trial was now nearly three weeks past, and I did not doubt that it was over. But the severe illness of the accused had again deferred it. The proceedings were only now coming to a close. So far, they left on the minds of all who witnessed them, but one impression—that my poor friend's military career was ended. Suddenly I entered the court, attired in worn-out rags, my face haggard, my eyes inflamed, my swollen feet hobbling awkwardly on the floor.

Order restored, my testimony was received with the greatest attention; and Lowther was acquitted with honour.

Poor Shegashie! When the spring came, he left me, and returned by a schooner to Green Snake River; whence, accompanied by his relatives, he travelled down to the scene of his only brother's death. They dug a deep grave for Chingoos, and laid him in it on the spot where his life had departed. But

Shegashie never more returned to his native village. Parting from his relatives at the grave, he returned to me, and remained with me—a gentle, unobtrusive, faithful friend,—until consumption, the bane of his race, took him from me a few years ago.

TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET.

MANY persons are aware that the story of Hamlet is taken from the Danish historian Saxo-Grammaticus. At the same time, few persons have read so much as a line of Saxo-Grammaticus, for he wrote in Latin, and his book is a folio. By writing in Latin a man secures immortality at the expense of popularity. What he gains in duration he loses in extension. Nor are folios opened with avidity at the present day. People like to read in an easy position, possibly with legs horizontally placed, and to hold a light volume in their hands. A folio, resting against a reading-desk, defies every attempt at luxurious indolence.

Under these circumstances, it is probable that many persons know exceedingly little of the traditionary character of Hamlet, and that when they hear him hint to his friends that he is about "to put an antick disposition" on, they fancy that the grave pleasantries of the tragedy were the sole consequences of his voluntary eccentricity. Hence, at the risk of offending antiquaries by the narration of a (to them) well-known tale, we shall show to the general reader what a funny person Hamlet really was—that is to say, if Saxo Grammaticus be a faithful historian.

Once upon a time—and a very long time ago it was, for Ruric was the son of Hoder, who killed Balder, son of the god Odin—once upon a time, when Ruric reigned over Denmark, the province of Jutland was governed by two brothers, in the capacity of joint-viceroys. One of these, named Horwendil, slew the King of Norway in single combat, and presented so large a share of Norwegian booty to Ruric, that the grateful monarch bestowed upon him the hand of his daughter Gerutha. Of this marriage Hamlet was the result.

Fengo, the other viceroy, instead of rejoicing at his brother's good fortune, murdered him out of sheer envy, and married Gerutha himself. To account for this singular proceeding, he explained to King Ruric, that the deceased was in the habit of maltreating his wife to such a degree that his murder was absolutely necessary, in order to relieve a most charming and inoffensive lady from an exceeding disagreeable position. King Ruric, who tenderly loved his daughter, found this explanation perfectly satisfactory, and confirmed the second marriage.

Thus, for a time, the matter blew over; but, in the meanwhile the boy Hamlet, thinking that he might be murdered in his turn, began to feign idiocy, that he might thus appear too insignificant for his uncle's suspicions. He jabbered a great deal of nonsense; he contrived that his figure should approach as nearly as possible to that of a scarecrow, and he smutted over his face, so that his features were scarcely discernible. However, when he made certain wooden hooks, and having baked them in the fire, concealed them carefully, saying that they were arrows for his father's murderer, the more shrewd persons of the court, notwithstanding the laughter of the fools, deemed there was some "method in his madness," and communicated their doubts to the viceroy.

Fengo, therefore, determined to watch his nephew closely; and, on one occasion when Hamlet took a ride into the woods with some youths of his own age, it was expected that his true character would be revealed. But his foster-brother warned him that he was surrounded by spies, and accordingly, to sustain his character for imbecility, he mounted his horse with his head towards the tail—which he used as a bridle—thereby causing much laughter and diversion.

Had Hamlet lived at the end of the seventeenth century, instead of flourishing at the commencement of the year nothing, we should have concluded that he framed his sham character on the model of Charles the Second, as described by that famous epigram, which says that the Merry Monarch

> "never said a foolish thing,
> And never did a wise one."

Since, while by the excessive stupidity of his acts he maintained his reputation for insanity, he constantly shook the very belief he wished to establish by sayings of remarkable shrewdness. Thus, on the occasion of the notable ride into the wood, a wolf happened to cross his path:

"What's that?" said Hamlet.

"A young foal," replied one of the attendants; winking, no doubt, at the rest.

"Aha," quoth Hamlet, "there are many such foals at Fengo's court."

Ere the sting occasioned by this sarcasm had quite ceased to tingle, the party arrived at the sea-shore, where the rudder of a wrecked ship was the first object that met their gaze. The graceless youths, intending once more to "poke their fun" at the demented prince, exclaimed:

"Look, what a big knife we have found!"

But Hamlet reflected for a while, and then said, gravely: "Of a truth the ham must have been large, that such a knife was intended to cut," thereby referring to the sea, and possibly the saltness thereof. But, not quieted by this sharp retort, his facetious comrades proceeded to explain to him that the sand on the shore was flour, and that the pebbles were groats. But Hamlet said: "Such flour as that has been ground by the storm and the white-foaming billows."

These jokes may not appear very brilliant

now, but they made a great sensation in the year nothing, and the court of King Ruric was often convulsed with laughter on hearing of "Hamlet's last." Indeed, there is no doubt that Hamlet and Yorick were historically one and the same person.

However, delightful as the mad prince's jokes were considered by other persons, they were not liked by his uncle, Fengo, who always suspected that some mischief was brooding, and was determined to worm out his nephew's real character. He, therefore, by the counsel of a friend, feigned to leave the country on some urgent matter, that during his supposed absence, Hamlet might have an interview with his mother, at which the same friend engaged to be present, unseen. The interview took place, and Fengo's friend, according to promise, hid himself under a heap of straw, that constituted an important part of the furniture of the royal apartment. With his usual shrewdness Hamlet guessed there was something wrong in the room, and to ascertain whether his suspicions were correct, danced upon the straw, clapping his hands and crowing like a cock, to the great astonishment of his mother and to the infinite annoyance of the listening friend, who had to endure all the weight of the prince's eccentricities. Naturally enough something began to move beneath the straw, and that something—which the reader may, if he pleases, call Polonius—was immediately transfixed by the sword of Hamlet. Queen Gerutha, shocked at this new manifestation of madness, began to weep aloud, but Hamlet, dropping the mask, read her a severe lecture on the impropriety of her position. His words seemed to have an effect, as, indeed, well they might, for they were marked by a ruffianly coarseness which could not be exceeded, and of which Shakspeare does not convey the slightest idea. In the fullest sense of the expression, Hamlet gave his mother a "bit of his mind," and a very unsavoury bit of a very gross mind it was.

Fengo, on his return, missed his friend, for Hamlet had not only killed that most unfortunate of courtiers, but had boiled down his limbs, and thrown them into the sewer to be devoured by the pigs. This deed the prince openly avowed, but those who heard him merely thought that he was uttering one of his mad pleasantries, and laughed as usual. Indeed, at the court of Jutland everybody seems to have been an arrant blockhead, with the single exception of Fengo himself. That worthy viceroy would have killed his nephew without further ado, had he not feared to offend King Ruric, who, as we have seen, was the lad's maternal grandfather. To get rid of Hamlet stratagem was necessary, and accordingly the good youth was sent on an embassy to Britain—a proceeding which, as he was a reputed maniac, must have been deemed highly complimentary to the British court. Two Danish gentlemen—whom the reader may, if he pleases, call Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—were, moreover, appointed to accompany him, and they secretly carried with them (by turns, we presume), a bit of wood, with certain letters carved upon it, requesting the king of Britain to put Hamlet to death. It may be observed that, in the days of King Ruric, bits of carved wood were the approved means for carrying on an epistolary correspondence. With all that cleverness that seems to have been inherent in the Jutland Court, the two confidential gentlemen went to sleep one night in Hamlet's presence with the precious document in one of their pockets. Of course the pockets were rummaged by the artful prince, and of course he found the wooden dispatch, which he had no sooner read than he shaved off the inscription and carved another, in which he not only named the two sleepers as the persons to be killed, but also forged a request from Fengo, that the king of Britain would be kind enough to give his daughter to Hamlet for a wife.

The policy pursued by Hamlet during his sojourn in Britain was the very reverse of that which he had adopted while he was at home in Jutland. Among the Danes he wished to pass for a fool or a madman; by the Britons he wished to be thought a model of wisdom. He first excited the general wonder by refusing to taste a single morsel, or to drink a single drop at the very munificent banquet which the king of Britain had provided for his reception. Indeed, so much was the hospitable monarch surprised by an abstinence so unusual in the good old times, that when Hamlet and his attendants had retired to their sleeping-apartment he ordered one of his servants to listen at the door, and pick up as much as he could of the conversation. Hamlet's attendants, who shared the general curiosity, no sooner found themselves alone with him, than they inquired into the cause of his mysterious abstinence. He quietly told them that the bread was stained with blood, that the drink tasted of iron, and that the meat smelt like a human corpse—all good and weighty reasons for not making a hearty meal. His companions further asked him what he thought of the king and queen of Britain; and his answer showed that his opinion of the illustrious pair was not very exalted. The king, he said, had the eyes of a serf, and as for the queen, she betrayed her slavish origin by three distinct signs.

Now, the king of Britain was naturally of a kindly and pacific disposition, with the additional qualification of that laudable spirit of curiosity that in later days has been styled the desire for knowledge. So, instead of flying into a passion when his servants informed him of Hamlet's disrespectful observations, he thought they were worthy of a cool and serious inquiry. Beginning

with the subject of dinner, he asked where the bread came from, and presently learned, on the authority of the court-baker, that the corn of which it was made was the produce of a field in which a great battle had been fought, and which had been selected by judicious agriculturists on account of its excessive fertility. Clearly, Hamlet was not so wrong about the bread; so the admiring king pursued his investigations with reference to the bacon, when it turned out that the pigs of the royal stye had, on one occasion, broken loose, and feasted on the corpse of a malefactor who had paid the last penalty of the law. Moreover, in the well from which the water had been drawn for the supply of the royal table, sundry rusty swords were found, and this accounted for the taste of iron. The fine taste and the fine nose of Hamlet could not be sufficiently admired by the excellent king of Britain, who was resolved to look into those little family matters that had been likewise touched upon by his Danish guest. Accordingly, he sent for his mother, the Queen-dowager of Britain, and having asked her, very seriously, why he had the eyes of a serf, received the agreeable information that a certain slave, who had been made prisoner of war, held a more important position in the royal pedigree than had generally been imagined. Hamlet was right again! He was therefore personally questioned as to the three signs of slavish origin he had remarked in the behaviour of the queen consort. Not in the least daunted, Hamlet replied, that in the first place the illustrious lady was in the habit of wearing the hood of her cloak over her head, contrary to the usages of what Osric calls "soft society," that in the second place, when she walked she tucked up her gown by the girdle; and that in the third place, when after dinner she used her toothpick, she swallowed the extracted particles of food instead of spitting them out with royal dignity.

Oh, happy were the days when Ruric was king of Denmark, when Fengo was lord-lieutenant of Jutland, and when What's-his-name reigned over this island! Talent had a chance of being rewarded then, especially at the British court. Far from reproving Hamlet for his matchless impertinence, the enlightened king of Britain was in ecstacies at his acuteness, and at once gave him his daughter in marriage, thanking the gods for sending him such a clever son-in-law. That the wedding might not want its proper solemnity, the two attendants were duly hung up on the very day after the ceremony. The advantage which Hamlet took of this latter circumstance can scarcely be called handsome. Although he had artfully contrived the destruction of his comrades, he pretended to be excessively enraged at their death, and the king of Britain, who felt great awe at Danish indignation, gave him, by way of compensation, a large sum in gold, which the astute Hamlet melted, and poured into two hollow sticks.

After he had lived in Britain about a-year, he thought he would like to see his native Jutland once more, so, having asked the king for leave of absence, and obtained the same, he set off with his two loaded sticks, to visit the "Old folks at home." The first spectacle that met his eye in the royal palace, was the celebration of his own funeral, held on the strength of a report that he had died in Britain: and greatly astounded were the mourners, when he reappeared amongst them, looking as silly and as dirty as ever. When he was asked what had become of his two companions, he showed the two sticks, and said, "Here they are, the pair of them." Of course this reply was set down to the account of the old imbecility, and caused explosions of laughter, for these Jutlanders were not aware that the sticks contained the worth in bullion of the two executed gentlemen; nor had they reached the high philosophy of Hamlet, which taught him that a man's money-value is, in fact, the man himself.

Neither was it suspected in Denmark, that the funeral ceremonies, which were so strangely interrupted by the safe return of the deceased, had been contrived by that very person. Before Hamlet had set out for Britain, he had had a second interview with his mother, in the course of which he requested her to pretend, after his absence for a year, that she had received news of his death, to perform as much of a funeral as is possible when the corpse is wanting, and to hang the great hall of the palace with netted tapestry. By Queen Gerutha, who was of a remarkably pliant disposition, all these orders were carefully followed, though she knew well enough that she would see her son again at the end of a twelvemonth.

Most obstreperous was Hamlet in congratulating himself on his own happy return. The quantity of wine that he procured for the refreshment of the courtiers was enormous, and he added a practical joke to his verbal pleasantries, dancing about with a drawn sword, that he flourished in the most reckless fashion so that all were at their wits' end for fear they might receive some unlucky gash or thrust. His own fingers he really did cut, and the courtiers took advantage of the circumstance to fasten the sword to the scabbard with a nail.

Through all these proceedings, a great deal of drinking went on, till at last every one of the courtiers had fallen from his bench, and was lying senseless on the floor. Hamlet now took from their hiding-place the wooden hooks that had caused so much mirth in early days, removed the net-hangings from the walls, and so fastened them over the sleepers, by means of the hooks, that escape was impossible. This done, he simply set fire to the palace, and proceeding to

Fengo's chamber, took down the sword that was hanging over the sleeping king, and hung up his own in its place. Great was the consternation of Fengo when he was awakened by a voice that said, in no pleasing tone, "Fengo, your brave men are burning to ashes, and Hamlet is here to avenge the death of his father." The first impulse of Fengo was to reach down the suspended sword, but as that unlucky weapon was fastened to its sheath, it proved a sorry defence against the sharp blade wielded by Hamlet, and the fratricide viceroy now received his mortal blow.

Now, it was quite possible that Hamlet's conduct on this eventful night might not be in accordance with the views of Jutland generally. With that prudence that was his leading virtue he retired, therefore, to a safe hiding-place, whence he could watch the aspect of the political horizon. When the break of day revealed the gloomy spectacle of a palace in ruins and a heap of half-burned corpses, the early rising part of the population, not seeing any one who could tell them how it had all happened, were not a little puzzled. Sentiments were varied—some were indignant at the wholesale slaughter, some wept, while a third party, which seems to have been that of the majority, hinted that the event was to be regarded as rather fortunate than otherwise. On this hint, Hamlet issued from his nook, and made an effective speech, in which he avowed what he had done, gloried that he had avenged his father's murder; and, in short, managed matters so well, that a general shout proclaimed him the successor of Fengo.

When he was firmly established in his province, Hamlet fitted up three ships in a most expensive manner, and paid a visit to his father-in-law in Britain. His numerous attendants carried gilded shields, while his own target was ornamented with a pictorial record of the deeds he had done. Never had the Britons seen so fine a sight. The good king, however, found himself in a moral difficulty. He had, it seems, solemnly sworn to Fengo that he would avenge his death, if it occurred otherwise than by the course of nature, and now Fengo was slain by the person whom the king esteemed above everybody else in the world. Hamlet must be got rid of somehow or other; but, if he were put to death in the palace, the laws of hospitality would be shamefully violated. It was clear that he must be sent somewhere else in order to be killed, and Scotland at last suggested itself to the British king as the very place fitted for the purpose. Scotland was at this time governed by a maiden queen, named Hermutruda, who was so fierce and withal entertained such a dislike to matrimony, that if a suitor presented himself, the popping of the question was instantly followed by a public execution. Hamlet was to solicit the hand of this lady for the King of Britain, who had recently become a widower, and the Scottish queen, it was hoped, would dispatch him according to precedent. Thus would Fengo be avenged, and the British king would be released from his moral difficulty.

However, when Hamlet reached the Scottish court, affairs took a turn which the king of Britain had not contemplated. The terrible queen was greatly struck by the picture on Hamlet's shield, and told him in a few words, that if he would woo her on his own account, instead of courting by proxy, she would gladly bestow her hand upon him. The queen was not only fierce but fair, and Hamlet's heart had ever been susceptible to feminine beauty. Therefore, we grieve to relate, he jumped at the offer, regardless of the tie in the south of the island, and having married the Queen of Scotland, had the consummate assurance to return to the King of Britain, with his new wife, and a train of young Scots at his heels.

Hamlet's first wife, the British princess, was a gentle, forgiving creature, who was so delighted at her husband's safe return, that she vowed not only to love him still, but to love his second wife also. With these professions she met him on the road, bearing in her arms an infant to which she had lately given birth. At the same time she warned him that her father did not entertain the same liberal views on the subject of family affronts, and that he had better be on his guard against stratagem. When this amiable discourse had proceeded so far, the old king came up, embraced Hamlet as if nothing had happened, and invited him to a banquet in the palace. Hamlet was nothing loth, but, as his old prudence did not forsake him, he managed to put on a suit of armour, which was concealed by his upper garments. Nor did this precaution prove useless, for no sooner did Hamlet make his appearance at the palace-gate, than the king flung a spear that would have gone through the body of the Dane, had it not been checked by the unexpected obstacle. The enmity of the king being thus revealed, Hamlet retreated to the spot where he had left his Scotish adherents; but was immediately pursued by his enemy, who routed the little force of Scotsmen, and would have destroyed every man of them, had he not been interrupted by the approach of night. When darkness had set in, Hamlet did one of those clever things, that have justly earned him immortality in the Danish chronicles. Instead of resting himself, he carefully picked up the bodies of the slain, and raising some into the perpendicular with the aid of sticks and big stones, while he placed others on horse-back, he made them present a very formidable appearance. Hence, when morning broke and the Britons saw the new force, they stood stupidly staring, wondering whence the auxiliaries could have come. Hamlet was not the man to lose an opportunity,

at the head of his remaining Scotsmen, he charged the gaping Britons, whereupon a general rout ensued, in which the king was slain.

Matters being thus settled in Britain, Hamlet returned with both his wives to Jutland, where he found himself involved in a constitutional difficulty. The people had, it is true, raised him to the head of the provincial government on the death of Fengo, but then this post was in the gift of the Danish crown; and though Hamlet's maternal grandfather Ruric, from family considerations, might have been induced to forego some of his rights, that venerable monarch was no more, and his successor Wigleth was a person who would not bate an inch of his privileges. Indeed, the new king had already despoiled Gerutha of all her possessions on account of the delinquency of her son. A war between the king and the irregularly elected viceroy resulted from this false position, but when the two armies came in sight of each other, Hamlet, who had had several gloomy forebodings, wished to shun the contest. At last he yielded to the persuasions of his second wife Hermutruda, who promised that she would follow him, and kill herself in the event of his death. A conflict ensued, in which Hamlet was slain, whereupon Hermutruda immediately married Wigleth, and thus became Queen of Denmark.

CANTON CITY.

Three hundred and forty years ago, the first western barbarians went round the Cape to China. They were Portuguese, who very soon got into difficulties with the Chinamen, and were restricted to Macao, Spanish ship to Amoy. The French were early at Canton, but their trade was insignificant, and for three hundred years only some three or four ships entered this port during a twelvemonth. The Chinese say that the first Dutch ships came to Canton two centuries and a half ago, Spaniards and Portuguese opposing them, and that the trade of the Dutch, in these parts, fluctuated for two centuries. Denmark and Sweden sent also annually a few ships; but of late few have been seen.

Englishmen first went to China about the year sixteen hundred and thirty-five. We found our way thither by way of the East Indies, in several ships, the commander of which carried letters from the viceroy of Goa to the governor of Macao. Ignorant of Chinese manners, the Englishmen thought these letters sufficient to secure a trade.

The commander of this expedition was Admiral Wedell. At Macao he was told by the Portuguese, that the Chinese would not trade with the English. Wedell, not trusting much in this information, sent Mr. T. Robinson and Mr. T. Mounteney, and Captain Carter, with a bark and a pinnace, manned with above fifty men, to the mouth of the Canton river; the approach to which was utterly prohibited to the Portuguese. Such audacity produced a great stir in the city, and a fleet of about seventy junks, under an admiral, met the English and requested them to anchor; which they did. The Chinese having ascertained that no real harm was meant, and that these bold, outside barbarians wished only to deliver an humble petition to the Chinese viceroy for trade purposes, consented to take some of the English to Canton, if they would promise to proceed with their boats no farther up the river. Captain Carter, T. Robinson, and T. Mounteney, ventured therefore on the journey to Canton on board a junk. When they came to a place about five leagues from the town, where the news of their arrival produced great excitement, the Mandarins, in a friendly manner, begged them to return to their own ships. If they would directly return to Macao, assistance would be given them to procure a right of trade. These fair words covered anxiety about a little Chinese fleet bound for Japan. When that was out of harm's way, there was sent to the English a flat denial of their wish. The English vessels then proceeded to the Canton river, where they anchored before a dismantled castle, and it was declared to the Mandarins that the desire of the English was to be permitted to traffic with the Chinese on the terms granted already to the men from Portugal.

The Mandarins promised to bring their request before the viceroy, and desired them to wait six days for an answer. This time was employed by the Portuguese in blackening the English, and denouncing them as beggars, thieves, and horrible barbarians. The Chinese secretly armed the dismantled fort with forty-six pieces of heavy ordnance, besides making other warlike preparations. After the fourth of the six days, they began to fire against an English ship. The shot did no harm; but, on the provocation of it, the whole English fleet weighed anchor, and the ships sent, during a few hours, broadside after broadside against the fort. When the boats landed with about one hundred men, the Chinese fled, and the fort was taken. The English destroyed what they could, and captured a few junks, to give the Chinese a sufficient hint that they were not men to be dealt treacherously with. Having done this, they expostulated with the Mandarins, and renewed their request for liberty of trade. Two Englishmen were then admitted into Canton, were received courteously by the high Mandarins, and arrangements were made to the satisfaction of both parties. Such was the commencement of our intercourse with China.

Thus our commerce for two hundred years was limited to Canton; and, although the entrance to the inner city was forbidden, there was not much stress laid on this prohibition, and the foreigner could walk about

the streets secure from molestation. How this friendly intercourse changed for the worse, and what turn matters have since taken, we need not tell. The course of affairs has very often brought Canton into the public mind. The city has a most familiar name. What is it like?

It is built on the north bank of the Choo keang, or Pearl-river, about sixty miles from the sea. The Chinese consider Hoomun (the Bogue or Bocca Tigris) as the mouth of this river, and the entrance to their inner waters. Whampoa, the anchorage of Canton, is seven miles from the city, which is situated in a rich and diversified country. A very great many rivers and channels run through it; all teeming with a numberless spawn of ships and vessels of all sorts and sizes, from the lofty, lumbering war-junk to the boats used for fishing and duck-breeding. On the north and north-east of the town are hills and mountains; but, in all other directions, a large prospect is before you. Southward, as far as you can see, you behold water, which covers about the eighth part of the whole surface. The plain is clothed with gardens and rice-fields, and only here and there small hills, or groves of trees, break up into the smoothness of the surface.

Canton is said to owe its origin to this authentic fact: Five genii, clothed in garments of five different colours, and riding on rams of five different colours, met at the capital; each of the rams bore in his mouth a stalk of grain having six ears, and presented them to the people of the district, to whom the genii thus spake: Yuen tsze hwan hwae, yung woo kwang ke; which means, May famine and dearth never visit your markets. Having uttered these words, the five genii immediately disappeared, and the five rams were changed into stone. They are to be seen to this day in one of the city gates, called the Gate of the Five Genii; in the neighbourhood of which stands a temple of the same name. From this legend the city is also called "the city of genii," or, "the city of grain."

Always unruly, the people of the south rose in rebellion, two hundred and fifty years before our Christian era; and the famous emperor, Tsin Chehwang, sent no less than five hundred thousand men against them. These soldiers behaved exceedingly well, for during three years they neither relaxed their discipline nor put off their armour; but they met with a bad end; for the rebels, driven to fury by hunger, attacked and cut up the imperial forces in so dreadful a manner, that the blood flowed "several tens of le," or Chinese miles.

With India, the people of China had, in very early times, a considerable commerce; and Canton, favoured by its southern situation, profited largely by it. Manufactures there must have been more advanced than in other parts of China; for in the year of our Lord five hundred and forty-three, the people of Canton sent to Woote, "the martial monarch," a very fine piece of cloth as tribute, which, by its luxurious softness, so worried the skin of this rough warrior, that he forbade the further manufacture of it. It was, however, not until one thousand two hundred and fifty years ago that there was any regular market at Canton for foreign commerce. The then reigning emperor of the Tang dynasty appointed an imperial commissioner to receive the fixed duties; and Canton gained so much importance, that Chang Kewling, eleven hundred and fifty years ago, ordered the famous pass to be cut through the Meiling, to facilitate intercourse between this opulent city and the northern provinces. Curious manufactures began to be introduced, and merchant vessels crowded in the waters of Canton. But, for some reason, merchants became disgusted with the city, and removed, ninety years later, to Annam (Cochin China). Enmity then sprang up between Annam and Canton; and history records many wars, especially one at the end of the ninth century, when the Cochin Chinese came by land, and Canton was several times plundered by them; but the Cantonese soon paid them back. The first emperors of the Sung dynasty forbade expeditions against Cochin China, "reprobating the idea of distressing the people from a mere covetous desire of gaining useless territory." However, for the protection of Canton against its neighbours, the city was enclosed, eight hundred years ago, within a wall of about two English miles in circumference, which cost fifty thousand taels, or about seventeen thousand pounds.

After the fall of the Tang dynasty, China had been disturbed by five families, who, during fifty-three years, fought like unicorns and lions for the crown. To one of these families Canton sent tribute of gold, silver, ivory, and other costly things, worth no less than five millions of taels. Therewith the emperor was so much pleased, that he created the chief promoter of the subscription, Lew Yen, king of Canton, under the title of Nanhaewang, "king of the southern sea." This new king, however, was not liberal of charity towards his people. "Criminals were boiled alive like lobsters, roasted, flayed, and thrown on spikes; or forced to fight with elephants and tigers." Canton seems to have been at this time a kind of Sodom or Gomorrah; for the first emperors of the Sung dynasty, who cared much about the welfare of this city, issued many edicts, which bear witness of the luxury and wickedness of the inhabitants. Witches and wizards were prohibited; sorcery was interdicted; and the temples, which had been built for the practice of superstitious rites, were thrown down by order of government. The people were forbidden also, to kill men to sacrifice to demons; and to relieve the sufferers from the noxious diseases which were prevalent, dispensaries

of medicines were established. Extravagant articles of apparel were blamed, and head-dresses of pearls and gold ornaments were disallowed.

When the Yuen dynasty, about six hundred years ago, became masters of the throne, the south of China had very bad times; but during the times of the Ming dynasty, China was very happy, and Canton became a most wealthy and powerful city. It suffered little by the conquest of the Tartars. The new emperors changed almost nothing. One of the Ming dynasty, however, Yung-leih, sought to supersede the conquerors, and the loyal people of Fuhkeen, Kwangse, and Kwangtung revolted against them. The emperor sent an army composed of Chinese and Tartars, commanded by two Tartar officers, who had orders first to subdue, then to remain and rule the southern provinces. These were soon brought to submission, but the city of Canton was determined to resist; however, the city was at last captured, by help of treason. The second in command, Fan Chingan, plotted with the enemy, and enabled them to enter. Many rich people dug holes in the ground, and deposited their treasures in earthen jars. Several of them are found even now, in sinking wells, or breaking up the old foundations of houses and temples. Martin Martini, a Jesuit, being at this time in the south of China, describes the fall of Canton in these words:

"This courage of the people of Canton made the Tartars fall upon the resolution of beating down the walls of the city with their great cannon, which had such an effect that they took it on the twenty-fourth of November, sixteen hundred and fifty; and because it was remarked that they gave to a prefect of the city the same office he had before, it was suspected that it was delivered by treason. The next day they began to plunder, and the sackage continued till the fifth of December, in which they spared neither man, woman, nor child; but all whoever came in their way, were cruelly put to the sword; nor was there heard any other speech, but, 'kill, kill these barbarous rebels.' Yet they spared some artificers to conserve the necessary arts; as also some strong and lusty men, such as they saw able to carry away the pillage of the city. But, finally, December sixth, came out an edict which forbade all further vexation, after they had killed a hundred thousand men, besides those that perished in several ways during the siege."

A Chinese manuscript estimates the whole number of slain during the siege and plundering at no less than seven hundred thousand, "every house was left desolate." The Tartars took up their quarters in the old city, where they still live, but where now is to be seen only one house that was built before the sack.

Having a native map of Canton before me, I shall give the description of this city as it was rebuilt. It is, as said before, situated on the north bank of the Pearl River. That part of the city which is inclosed by a wall forms almost a square, and is divided by another wall, running from east to west, into two parts. The northern, called the old city, is almost thrice as large as the southern part, the new city.

Once the northern part was separated by very high walls into three different towns; but now there is no trace of this division. On the south side the wall runs parallel to the river and distant from it about twenty rods. On the north side the wall runs over hills, and at the highest points its base may be two hundred and fifty or three hundred feet above the surface of the river. The entire circuit of the wall cannot exceed seven or eight English miles; for at a quick pace, the distance may be walked in two hours. The foundation of this wall, as well as the under part, and the arches of the gates are of stone; the rest are small, soft-textured bricks. These walls are built almost perpendicularly, and vary in height from twenty-five to nearly forty feet; their thickness may be twenty-five feet. At the north side they are the highest and best in repair, but at the east side they have become rather dilapidated by the inroads of the elements. On the top of the wall, round the whole city, a line of battlements are raised, at intervals of a few feet; and in the rear of them is a broad pathway. The Chinese call these battlements Ching-jin, literally, city-men.

The suburbs are scarcely less extensive, or less populous than the enclosed city. On the west they spread out, nearly in the form of a long triangle, opening to the north-west, having the river on the south, and the western wall of the city on the east, for its two equal sides. On the south, they occupy the whole space between the wall and the river. On the east they are much less extensive than on the west; and on the north are no buildings, except a few small huts near the principal gate. At the south-east corner of the city in the river, stands a small fort called the French Folly; another similar fort, called the Dutch Folly, stands further up the river, not very far from the factories. Between these and the last-mentioned fort are ledges of rocks; which at low water are seen above the surface. Beyond the foreign factories westward, several small canals branch off into the suburbs; but for a mile or two the river itself is nearly straight.

At the south-east and south-west corner of the city two wings stretch out from the main walls; to defend the narrow space between the walls and ditches. Through each of these is a gate. Twelve gates in the external walls lead into the city; four others lead through the wall, which separates the old and the new city.

Among these Wooseen-mun is the Gate of

the Five Genii, of which I have spoken before, and in which are to be seen the five rams, changed into stone. Yungtsing-mun, the Gate of Eternal Purity, is eternally surrounded by very impure things; and, moreover, is the gate which leads to the Field of Blood, the place where criminals are publicly decapitated.

The gates are guarded by a few soldiers, closed at an early hour in the evening, for the night, and opened again at dawn of day. No one is allowed to pass in or out during the night, except on special occasions, but a small fee will usually open the door, yet like our own fee to a railway-porter, always exposes the receiver of it to punishment.

These gates are, however, not the only entrances to the city, for there are several canals and ditches, by which are conveyed a great many articles of merchandise, and visitors, and which are called by the Chinese veins of the city. One of the largest canals extends along the whole length of the wall on the east, and there is another on the west side. Between these two, and communicating with them, is a third canal, which runs beside the wall, dividing the new city from the old, so that a boat can enter on the west, pass through the town, and go out at the eastern side. Other canals are in the eastern and the western suburbs, there is one also in the southern. Into these large channels a great number of smaller ones flow. Over them all are thrown many small bridges, some built of stone. Several of them are arched, but more frequently they are formed of large slabs laid horizontally from side to side, supported by stone walls.

There are also several tanks or reservoirs, but none of them are of great size. Good water is plentifully furnished from several springs which break out north of the city, both within and without the walls. Wells, also, are numerous, and there is use made of rain-water, which many prefer for tea.

A Chinese catalogue of the streets of Canton contains above six hundred names, and we find the Golden Flower Street, a Flower Street, a Golden Street, several Dragons' Streets, as the Flying Dragon's Street, the Martial Dragon's Street, the Straight Street of Benevolence, and others which are too indelicate to be translated. The Chinese artist, drawing the map of the city, now before me, has drawn all the streets very straight, but, although, there are several long streets, most of them are short and crooked, and they vary in width from two to sixteen feet, but, generally, they are about six to eight feet wide. They are everywhere flagged with large stones, chiefly granite.

We find in Canton in the buildings as great a variety of structure and style, and as fair specimens of Chinese taste and art, as can be found in the whole empire. This taste is, indeed, very different from ours. Lord Macartney said of the Chinese architecture: "Though it is totally unlike any other, and irreconcileable to our rules, yet it is perfectly consistent with its own; and, upon the whole, it often produces a most pleasing effect—as we sometimes see a person, without a single good feature in his face, have, nevertheless, a very agreeable countenance."

In all the Chinese buildings there is not to be mistaken the original idea of the tent, which, probably, was the dwelling of the remote ancestors of the Chinese in their migration eastward. It was their only model for a dwelling. The roof, concave on the upper side, and the verandah with its slender columns, reproduce perfectly the original features of the tent. In fact, the whole fabric of ordinary buildings, light and slender, retains the mark of primeval simplicity.

A large part of the city and suburbs is built on low ground or flats, peculiar care, therefore, is requisite in order to build on a solid base. Near the river, and in all the loose or muddy situations, houses are raised on wooden piles, which make their foundations nearly as secure as brick or stone could make them. We have in Europe cities so built—for example Amsterdam. The magnificent town hall there, now the palace of the king when residing in the city, has been built on several thousands of masts rammed into the loose ground. In Canton sometimes the piles rise above the surface of the ground, and then the wooden buildings rest directly on them, but, in other instances the piles reach only within a few feet of the surface, and the remaining part of the foundation is of mud, or brick, or stone. When this is done, the walls of the houses are entirely baseless, or have only a slender foundation of mud, of which also their walls are composed, and hence in severe rain storms and overflowings of the river, such as frequently happen, many of the walls are overthrown.

Three fifths of the whole city, however, are of brick. Most of the Tartars in the old city live in mud houses. Stone and wood are not very extensively used for walls, gateways and door-posts are of stone, the columns, beams, and rafters are of wood. Many of the floors of houses and temples are of indurated mud, and marble flags are sometimes used for the same purpose, often also tiles. These latter, when made very thin, are used for roofs. They are laid on the rafters "in rows, alternately concave and convex, and forming ridges and furrows, luted by a cement of clay." You may, however, see very frequently such roofs on old houses on the European continent. The tiles are sometimes glazed and coloured. The windows are small, and supplied seldom with glass, paper, mica, shell or some similar translucent substance, takes its place. Very little iron is employed in building houses.

All these materials for building are procurable here, at moderate prices, and in great abundance. Wood—commonly a species of

fir—is floated down the river, and brought to the city in large rafts, similar to those you see on the Rhine. Bricks, made in the neighbourhood of Canton, are conveyed thither in boats, and sold at from three to eight dollars a thousand. A few only are red. In more frequent use are half-burnt bricks, the colour of which is a leaden blue, and the pale brown ones, which are only sun-dried. Excellent stones, chiefly granite and sandstone in several varieties, are to be found in the hills on the north of the province, and also in several of the islands along the coast southward.

The dwellings of the poor in Canton are mere mud-hovels; low, narrow, dark, uncleanly, and without any division of apartments. A whole family of six or ten, and sometimes twice that number of persons, crowd into one of these dreary abodes. It is surprising that people can live and enjoy health, and even long life, in such circumstances. The poorest people are to be found in the extreme parts of the suburbs, along the banks of the canals, and in the northern part of the old city.

Perhaps one-third part of the population of Canton lives in habitations somewhat spacious and, to a moderate degree, clean. These stand close on the street, and have usually but a single entrance, which is closed by a bamboo screen suspended from the top of the door. Two rooms in these houses serve for dormitories; while a third, which completes the number into which the whole enclosure is divided, is used by the whole household as a common eating-room. Chinese houses usually open to the south; but in these, as also in the poorer kind, this favourite position is disregarded. Houses of this sort are rented at four or five dollars a month.

Another class of dwellings, inhabited by a more wealthy but less numerous part of the community, comprises the abodes of those in easy circumstances, who enjoy plenty, without any of the accompaniments of luxury. A house of this class, together with the plot of ground on which it stands, is surrounded by a wall twelve or fourteen feet high, that rises and fronts close on the street, so as completely to conceal all the buildings from sight of the passers-by. Indeed, the prospect, as you go along the narrow streets which are lined with houses of this kind, is very cheerless. But if allowed to enter some of those dwellings more pleasing scenes open before you; different enough, however, from our own house-pictures. You enter the outer enclosure through a large folding-door into an open court, thence you are conducted by a servant to the visitors'-hall, which is usually a small apartment, furnished with chairs, sofas, teapoys, &c. Here your host meets you, and perhaps introduces you to the younger members of his family. The hall is open on one side; the other sides are ornamented with carved work, or hung with various scrolls, presenting in large and elegant characters the moral maxims of the sages; or perhaps exhibiting rude landscapes, or paintings of birds and flowers. The remaining part of the enclosure is occupied with the domestic apartment, a garden, and perhaps also a small school-room.

The houses of a few of the most opulent in Canton are in no respect inferior, except it may be in the space they occupy, to the Imperial palaces. The residences of some of the Hong merchants, who formerly had a monopoly of trade with foreigners, furnished good specimens of this kind of building. The houses of the officers of government, and numerous temples of the city, are more spacious than private dwelling-houses, but most of them are now in very poor condition.

Very few of the houses or temples of Canton are of more than one story, their halls are usually of the whole height of the fabric, without any concealment of the beams or rafters of the roof. The beams are on this account often carved and, as well as the rafters and tiles, painted. Terraces frequently are built above the roofs; and when surrounded by a breastwork they afford, in the cool hours, a pleasant and secure retreat. There has been remarked a great coincidence between the Chinese houses and those mentioned in sacred literature.

A very considerable part of the population of Canton lives in boats. Officers of the government are appointed to regulate and control this class of the inhabitants of the city. Every boat, of all the various sizes and descriptions which are seen here, is registered; and it appears that the whole number, on the river adjacent the city, was eighty-four thousand a few years ago. They seem not to have diminished since this time, according to a letter of Sir John Bowring, who says, that they cover some miles, in rows of twenty or thirty boats behind each other. These boats are by no means only temporary abodes, but the houses of a very great number of persons. The floating city has its floating theatres, concert-halls, gambling, and other pleasure-hells. A very large number of the boats are tan-kea (egg-house) boats. These are generally not more than twelve or fifteen feet long, about six broad, and so low that a person can scarcely stand up in them; their covering, which is made of bamboo, is very light, and can be easily adjusted to the state of the weather. Whole families live in them, and in coops lashed on the outside of them, they often rear large broods of ducks and chickens, designed to supply the city markets.

The plot of ground on which, before the last troubles, the factories were standing is very limited, extending about sixty rods from east to west, and forty from north to south. It is owned, as most of the factories are, by the Hong merchants. The factories were called Shihsanhang (the thirteen factories); and, with the exception of a few narrow

lines, they formed one solid block; each factory extending in length through the whole breadth of the block, and having its own proper name,—which, if not always appropriate, is meant to be indicative of good fortune.

The first, beginning on the east, is E-ho-hang (the factory of justice and grace); foreigners call it the Creek-factory. The second is the Dutch, called Tseih-e-hang (the factory of collected justice). The third was the British factory, Pauho-hang (the factory that ensures tranquillity)—so called because the trouble of the Chinese with barbarians commonly comes from it. Hog-lane—some time since closed—separated it from the fourth, called Fung-tae-hang (the great and affluent factory). The fifth was the old English factory, called Lungshun-hang The sixth the Swedish factory, called Suy-hang. The seventh is Maying-hang, commonly called the Imperial factory. The eighth, Paoushun-hang (the precious and prosperous factory). The ninth, the American factory, called Kwangyuen-hang (the factory of wide fountain). This is separated by a broad street, called Old China Street, from the tenth, occupied by one of the Hong merchants. The eleventh is the French factory. The twelfth, the Spanish. The thirteenth, and last, the Danish. The two latter are separated by a street, occupied by Chinese merchants, and usually called New China Street. Each factory was divided into four or more houses, of which each factor occupied one or more, according to circumstances. The factories were all built of brick, two stories high, and presented a rather substantial front; and, with the foreign flags which wave over them, formed a striking, and, to the stranger, a pleasing contrast with the national banner and architecture of the celestial empire. Some of them are now destroyed.

The population of Canton is a subject upon which there has been considerable diversity of opinion. The division of the city, which has placed a part of it in Nanhae and a part in Pwanyu, precludes the possibility of ascertaining the exact number of inhabitants. We may roughly estimate the truth by help of some facts as to the number of persons occupied in certain trades, as we find it stated in a native publication. Here we read that fifty thousand persons were engaged in the manufacture of cloth; also that there are seven thousand three hundred barbers, and four thousand two hundred shoemakers. But these three occupations, employing sixty-one thousand five hundred individuals, probably do not include more than one-fourth part of the craftsmen of the city. Allowing this to be the fact, the whole number of mechanics will amount to two hundred and forty-six thousand. These, we may suppose, are a fourth part of the whole population, exclusive of those living on the river. In each of the eighty-four thousand boats there are not, on an average, less than three individuals, making a total of two hundred and fifty-two thousand,—Sir John Bowring estimated three hundred thousand. If now to these we add four times two hundred and forty-six thousand, as the number of mechanics, we have a total of one million two hundred and thirty-six thousand, as a rude estimate of the number of people living in Canton.

POOR TOM.—A CITY WEED.

When I first became acquainted with poor Tom—Craddock was his surname—he was about twenty-five years of age. His appearance never altered. He must have been the same at fifteen as he was at forty. Imagine a short, shambling figure, with large hands and feet, a hugh water-on-the-brain looking head, surmounted by rough, stubbly, red hair; eyes that no mortal ever saw; for, suffering from a painful ophthalmic disease, they were always encased, not so much in spectacles as in a perfect bandage of green glass; dress which, though ill-made and of necessity thread-bare, was always clean and respectable. Imagine these things, and you have all that I care to dwell upon of the physical characteristics of poor Tom. He was earning a very scanty pittance as an usher, or rather common drudge at a classical and commercial academy at Hackney, where I was sent as a youth to learn the science of book-keeping by single and double entry, and to post up and arrange numerous imaginary transactions of great intricacy and enormous magnitude in sugar, hides, and tallow. Tom's intellectual acquirements were on a par with his physical advantages. Being sent out by his parents into the world to shift for himself, as his father had done before him, he had shifted himself into a very ill-paid and monotonous occupation.

Tom's parents were, no doubt, very good people, as the world goes. The father was a quiet, plodding man, with no ideas beyond the routine of his office. He had been put into an ordinary government situation in his early youth, and had trudged backward and forward on the same old road for eight and fifty years. The mother was a hard, dry, Calvinist, crammed to the throat with doctrine, but with neither head nor heart. Her children—and she had eight—were all the same to her; the girls went out and kept schools, and the boys went into the world to sink or swim, as their father had done before them. They had all been decently clothed and fed up to a certain age,—they had all had the same meaningless education—they had all sat under the same minister, and had served as teachers in the same Sunday-school. They were all—with the exception of Tom—cold, hard, selfish, and calculating; there was nothing like love amongst them; its place was supplied by a propriety of regard that was regulated by the principle of duty.

Though poor Tom, with his half blind eyes, and general physical disadvantages, merited a treatment a little removed from the rigid equality which governed his parents in their family organisation, he never met with it; he was one of the eight, and he had his eighth of attention—neither more nor less. His mental training was even below the level of his brothers and sisters, because the medical attendance, consequent upon his diseased eyes, took from the fund that was methodically set aside for his education. If, as was the case in the year when he underwent an operation, the surgical expenses swallowed up the educational fund, and something more, his clothes fund was debited with the difference, and he suffered for his bodily failings in a short supply of boots and hats. The father kept a book in which he had opened debtor and creditor accounts with all his children, as if they had been so many mercantile vessels. When Tom arrived at the same age as his brothers had arrived at when they went out before him, he received the same hint that it was time that he sought for a means of obtaining a livelihood; and, feeling his own shortcomings, and want of energy, he accepted the offer of a chapel connection, and quietly sank into the position at the school in which I found him.

Poor Tom's personal appearance gave rise to all kinds of heartless jokes, such as only self-willed, thoughtless schoolboys make His eyeglasses were always a fruitful source of amusement. Many a lad in all the full glow of health, has tried to break those green coverings, to see what kind of eyes were concealed behind them Tom bore all with wonderful patience and amiability of temper. He had small authority over the boys, for want of force of character, but his uniform kindness did a great deal, and many a little tormentor has shed bitter tears of remorse, when he found the way in which his annoyance was returned. Tom's income was exceedingly small, far under the average of ushers' stipends, but he was very careful and independent with it. Once away from home he sought for no assistance there; and by great economy and self-denial he was always able to indulge in the luxury of buying little presents for his favourites in the school. One day, shortly after the midsummer holidays, Tom appeared in what looked like a new coat, but which he told me privately was a very good secondhand one, that he had been some time raising the purchase-money for. It was the day for cleaning and replenishing all the inkstands and lamps in the school, and this was a duty that Tom had to perform. While occupied in his task, his coat was carefully hung up behind a door, though not so carefully but what it caught the eye of a mischievous lad whose name I forget now, and who, knowing that it was a new garment belonging to Tom, thought it would be capital fun to fill the pockets with oil. When Tom found out the cruel trick that had been played upon him, I observed tears oozing from under his green spectacles, and for the first time since he had been at the school, he made a complaint to the master. The master, a stout, pompous man, replied in these words: "Mr. Craddock, sir; if you had preserved a proper authority over my boys, this event would not have happened. I shall chastise the offender to preserve the discipline of my school; but, at the same time, I do not consider you free from blame."

The chastisement, to do the master justice, was severe enough, and poor Tom, seeing this, blamed himself very much for having made the complaint, and could not persuade himself that he had not been actuated by a hasty and unchristian spirit of revenge.

Tom repaired the damage done to his garment as well as he could with my aid, and would have walked about in it contented enough; but he had been induced to buy the coat sooner than he would otherwise have done because the master had told him, that "he wished him to appear a little more gentlemanly for the credit of the school," and Tom now feared that he should be ordered to purchase another. A favourite relaxation of the tedium of study used to be an excursion of the whole school to the Temple Mills at Tottenham. An excursion of this kind took place about a week after the above occurrence, and Tom was put quite at his ease when we started without any remark being made upon his greasy costume. It was the last excursion that we had, for at the close of the day a boy got away from the ranks—the boy who had poured the oil over Tom's coat—and was found drowned in the river Lea. Of course, the master—who had done nothing but eat and lounge the whole day—threw all the blame upon Tom, who, poor fellow, was nearly worn to death with his day's work, for in a conscientious spirit, that no one might suffer from his bodily defects, he always devoted a double amount of labour to any task that he undertook. He passed a wretched night, grieving for the lost boy, grieving that he had caused him any pain by the punishment that he had procured him a week before, and racking himself with doubts as to whether he might not have prevented the accident by greater care, activity, and thoughtfulness, although I knew that he had borne nearly the whole fatigue of the excursion. As I expected, the master discharged him the next morning, with an impressive censure upon his carelessness, and some cruel remarks upon defects which poor Tom was only too painfully conscious of.

It was some ten years after this, that I got poor Tom a situation as junior clerk, under me, in the counting-house of Biddles and Co.—old Biddles—in the West India trade. Tom's father had died shortly after he left

the school at Hackney, and Tom had come into one of a number of small legacies, which his father had left in equal proportions to all his children. Tom received the amount from his eldest brother, the executor, after a deduction of about one-third, for loans and interest, medical attendance, &c., as per account rendered, from the family ledger before alluded to. Small as the sum was, to a person of Tom's humble ideas and inexpensive tastes, it was a mine of wealth. By great good management he contrived to live upon it for nearly ten years, and it was almost drawing to an end when I seized the opportunity that offered of placing him in our counting-house. Tom had not been idle during these ten years. He had inserted advertisements in the papers, he had canvassed friends, he had walked many times wearily and diffidently into offices and warehouses, he had begged to be employed; but his conscientious fidelity, his industrious zeal, his noble and valuable qualities, were sent away as if they had been the veriest drug in the market, because he could not carry his heart upon his sleeve. And yet no sooner had he left the door, than those who spurned him were loudly asking for that which had just been offered to them in vain. It is useless to preach about not judging by appearances, to say that merit will make itself discovered under the most ungainly exterior, that if the kernel be good it matters little what the shell may be; I know better; we all know better. Qualities of the heart, far more valuable than any intellectual gifts, or force of will, embodied in weak and unsightly frames, may hover near us like unseen angels, and be unheeded, trifled with, doubted, and despised. The brazen face and the strong lungs are the practical rulers of the world. During Tom's endeavours to get employment he had lost twenty pounds of his little store by leaving it as a "cash deposit," or "guarantee of fidelity," with a "general merchant," who left him in charge of a very dull, quiet, ill-furnished office, for about ten days, at the end of which time even Tom became aware that he had been swindled out of his money.

I got poor Tom into old Biddles' office in this way. Old B. liked to buy his labour, like everything else, in the cheapest market, and when a new junior clerk was proposed, I introduced Tom to do a man's work at a boy's price, and that way of putting it so excited the cupidity of the old fellow, that I had the satisfaction of carrying my point at once. Small as the salary was, Tom was grateful, and never did servant serve a master with more honesty and scrupulous fidelity than Tom did old Biddles. Punctual to a second in arriving at his desk, steady and industrious in his application to work, religiously exact in his economy of time (which being paid for employing he did not consider his own), considerate and correct in all matters of office expenditure, treating other people's property as tenderly as if it had been his own—a man with few desires, no debts, and with always a little set aside out of his small store for purposes of charity. What did he gain by all these virtues? Was Tom looked up to with more respect by his fellow clerks? I am afraid not. Was he advanced to any position of trust by his employer? I am sure not. He was treated with even more than the general suspicion that characterised old Biddles' dealings with everyone in business—friend or foe, clerk or client. Tom did not command admiration by any showy abilities, and his solid virtues were left to rot in neglect.

Thus poor Tom did his duty nobly, from year to year, without any encouragement, though he needed none; a poor simple-hearted, honest fellow, he had no idea that he was acting differently from other people. "You know, Robert," he used to say to me, "we are not all gifted with talent; I know I am neither active nor clever, but I do my best, and I hope Mr. Biddles is satisfied, though I sometimes fear that he is not." This remark was generally made after one of those miserable wet, busy, muddy November days, when Tom was kept running about from nine to six, under a short faded macintosh cape, and when old Biddles was more than usually surly.

We passed in this way something like five years together, until I had a serious attack of illness that kept me away from my office many weeks. Tom, after the labour of the day, seldom missed calling to inquire about me, long as the distance was, and very often brought me little delicacies suited for an invalid. I could not prevent his bringing them, although I felt that their purchase must have pinched him in various ways. The nature of my complaint made it necessary for me to take a holiday of a couple of months; and so great was poor Tom's fear that such a long absence would lead to my dismissal by old Biddles—although even in this anxiety there was not a particle of selfishness—that I was compelled to tell him that my engagement was under articles that could not be broken.

When I returned re-invigorated to my duties, I found, to my surprise, a marked change in Tom. His manner was evidently embarrassed, and in his appearance there was a feeble and clumsy attempt to be buckish. When a man returns to an office after an absence of some months everything seems to him cold and strange, he does not fit into his accustomed corners, his papers look spectral, he hardly knows where to put his coat, and his hat tumbles down from its peg. If the place has been re-painted and furnished (as mine had been), this makes matters worse. I did not question Tom the first or second day, as I thought much of his altered appearance might have been a partial delusion

of my disordered imagination. On the third day I fancied from his nervous behaviour that he was about to make some explanatory disclosure, and I was not disappointed. After much hesitation and preamble, which he, poor fellow, was little adept in, it came out at last; Tom was in love,—deeply, earnestly in love. When he had secured me as his confidant a load seemed to have departed from his mind, and he was happier and gayer than I had ever known him before. As to myself, I was lost in various reflections. I laughed the first and last unkind laugh at Tom's expense, when I thought of him ogling his chosen one through those eternal green glasses. I wondered if the strong olive tint which her face of necessity bore, stood to Tom as the rose upon the damask cheek of beauty seen through the naked eye. Did he kiss those taper-fingers which must have appeared to him as if they were fresh from the dye-tub, or the task of walnut picking? Did nature, which had appeared to his faint vision, for so many years, a gloomy picture clad in one solemn tint, brighten up with a more cheerful glow, now that this new light had fallen on his heart? Poor Tom, when I looked at him sitting there before me, his awkward shape and disfigured countenance, I dreaded lest his choice should have fallen upon some thoughtless, selfish girl, and felt a foreboding that his passion would only end in misery and bitter disappointment.

Tom was too happy to notice my abstraction, and his only desire was to consult me about the capabilities of his scanty income to support a wife. Here, with hard figures to deal with, I was obliged to reason severely, but every objection that I started was over-ruled by Tom's explanation of the personal privations he could undergo for the attainment of domestic happiness. It was needless for him to enter into details with me, who knew his qualities so well, to prove what a considerate, devoted husband he would be. I knew that his income was inadequate, and the tone of my advice was to dissuade him from nourishing an affection that, I felt assured, must be hopeless.

The next morning, poor Tom appeared with a long list of figures, with which he had been working out a problem over-night, and had arrived at the conclusion, that if he could obtain another twenty pounds a-year from old Biddles, he might attempt the step he was anxious to take, with perfect propriety. When he consulted me as to whether I thought he would get the advance, I felt that his mind was made up, and knowing that his long and faithful services merited even a greater reward, I told him to go boldly to old Biddles and ask at once. It was Saturday morning; old Biddles was late, and when he came, he was very busy; he went out several times, a very unusual thing with him, and when he returned, many people were waiting to see him. All this threw poor Tom into a fever of excitement; he kept running in and out of Biddles' private room in such an unceremonious manner, and upon such frivolous pretexts, that at last the old fellow asked him if he was ill? This brought Tom to a stand, and he timidly made his proposal. Old Biddles took time to consider. Tom augured favourably from this, and the next day, Sunday, he prevailed upon me to join him in a visit to the family of his intended wife.

She was much younger than Tom, stout, florid, and rather vulgar-looking. I watched her closely, and her treatment of him, though at times flighty and inconsiderate, did not appear unkind. Tom was so absorbed in the contemplation of his happiness, that I was left pretty much to my own resources, and conversation with a sister. When the visit closed, although I had my doubts, I was unable to form a conclusion whether the affection on the part of the girl was real or simulated. Monday passed over in silence; on Tuesday the blow fell. About ten o'clock a letter was delivered to Tom, which told him that she for whom he was ready to give up all the comforts he so much needed, for whom he was even then planning out some little, thoughtful present, and to whom he had given all the great affection of his kind and noble heart, had encouraged his passion like a cruel, wayward girl, and now threw it aside without pity or remorse.

Close upon this shock followed a formal discharge from old Biddles. He had weighed Tom's proposal. Virtue and fidelity which were endurable at fifty pounds a-year, were not to be tolerated at seventy. The supply was greater than the demand. Biddles was a practical, business man.

Some few years afterwards, when poor Tom's shattered frame and broken heart were lying peaceably in the grave, and his clerkly successor at forty pounds a-year had embezzled money to a considerable extent, old Biddles felt that for once he had made a mistake, and thought of an awkward, green-spectacled clerk who used to sit in his office, and who, if not brilliant, was trustworthy.

"Do you know Craddock's address?" he asked, one morning, as I entered his room. (Though I know his address—somewhere in Heaven, poor dear Tom!—I didn't say so).

"He has been dead some time," I replied.

"Hum! Put an advertisement in the Times for somebody like him."

We did put an advertisement in the Times for somebody like him; but old Biddles found he could not get another Tom Craddock merely by drawing a cheque for him.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 396.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

WHEN Mr. Goodchild had looked out of the Lancaster Inn-window for two hours on end, with great perseverance, he began to entertain a misgiving that he was growing industrious. He therefore set himself next, to explore the country from the tops of all the steep hills in the neighbourhood.

He came back at dinner-time, red and glowing, to tell Thomas Idle what he had seen. Thomas, on his back reading, listened with great composure, and asked him whether he really had gone up those hills, and bothered himself with those views, and walked all those miles?

"Because I want to know," added Thomas, "what you would say of it, if you were obliged to do it?"

"It would be different, then," said Francis. "It would be work, then; now, it's play."

"Play!" repeated Thomas Idle, utterly repudiating the reply. "Play! Here is a man goes systematically tearing himself to pieces, and putting himself through an incessant course of training, as if he were always under articles to fight a match for the champion's belt, and he calls it Play! Play!" exclaimed Thomas Idle, scornfully contemplating his one boot in the air. "You *can't* play. You don't know what it is. You make work of everything."

The bright Goodchild amiably smiled.

"So you do," said Thomas. "I mean it. To me you are an absolutely terrible fellow. You do nothing like another man. Where another fellow would fall into a footbath of action or emotion, you fall into a mine. Where any other fellow would be a painted butterfly, you are a fiery dragon. Where another man would stake a sixpence, you stake your existence. If you were to go up in a balloon, you would make for Heaven; and if you were to dive into the depths of the earth, nothing short of the other place would content you. What a fellow you are, Francis!"

The cheerful Goodchild laughed.

"It's all very well to laugh, but I wonder you don't feel it to be serious," said Idle. "A man who can do nothing by halves appears to me to be a fearful man."

"Tom, Tom," returned Goodchild, "if I can do nothing by halves, and be nothing by halves, it's pretty clear that you must take me as a whole, and make the best of me."

With this philosophical rejoinder, the airy Goodchild clapped Mr. Idle on the shoulder in a final manner, and they sat down to dinner.

"By the bye," said Goodchild, "I have been over a lunatic asylum too, since I have been out."

"He has been," exclaimed Thomas Idle, casting up his eyes, "over a lunatic asylum! Not content with being as great an Ass as Captain Barclay in the pedestrian way, he makes a Lunacy Commissioner of himself—for nothing!"

"An immense place," said Goodchild, "admirable offices, very good arrangements, very good attendants; altogether a remarkable place."

"And what did you see there?" asked Mr. Idle, adapting Hamlet's advice to the occasion, and assuming the virtue of interest, though he had it not.

"The usual thing," said Francis Goodchild, with a sigh. "Long groves of blighted men-and-women-trees; interminable avenues of hopeless faces; numbers, without the slightest power of really combining for any earthly purpose; a society of human creatures who have nothing in common but that they have all lost the power of being humanly social with one another."

"Take a glass of wine with me," said Thomas Idle, "and let *us* be social."

"In one gallery, Tom," pursued Francis Goodchild, "which looked to me about the length of the Long Walk at Windsor, more or less——"

"Probably less," observed Thomas Idle.

"In one gallery, which was otherwise quite clear of patients (for they were all out), there was a poor little dark-chinned, meagre man, with a perplexed brow and a pensive face, stooping low over the matting on the floor, and picking out with his thumb and forefinger the course of its fibres. The afternoon sun was slanting in at the large end-window, and there were cross patches of light and shade all down the vista, made by the unseen

windows and the open doors of the little sleeping cells on either side. In about the centre of the perspective, under an arch, regardless of the pleasant weather, regardless of the solitude, regardless of approaching footsteps, was the poor little dark-chinned, meagre man, poring over the matting. 'What are you doing there?' said my conductor, when we came to him. He looked up, and pointed to the matting. 'I wouldn't do that, I think,' said my conductor, kindly; 'if I were you, I would go and read, or I would lie down if I felt tired; but I wouldn't do that.' The patient considered a moment, and vacantly answered, 'No, sir, I won't; I'll—I'll go and read,' and so he lamely shuffled away into one of the little rooms. I turned my head before we had gone many paces. He had already come out again, and was again poring over the matting, and tracking out its fibres with his thumb and fore-finger. I stopped to look at him, and it came into my mind, that probably the course of those fibres as they plaited in and out, over and under, was the only course of things in the whole wide world that it was left to him to understand—that his darkening intellect had narrowed down to the small cleft of light which showed him, 'This piece was twisted this way, went in here, passed under, came out there, was carried on away here to the right where I now put my finger on it, and in this progress of events, the thing was made and came to be here.' Then, I wondered whether he looked into the matting, next, to see if it could show him anything of the process through which *he* came to be there, so strangely poring over it. Then, I thought how all of us, God help us! in our different ways are poring over our bits of matting, blindly enough, and what confusions and mysteries we make in the pattern. I had a sadder fellow-feeling with the little dark-chinned, meagre man, by that time, and I came away."

Mr. Idle diverting the conversation to grouse, custards, and bride-cake, Mr. Goodchild followed in the same direction. The bride-cake was as bilious and indigestible as if a real Bride had cut it, and the dinner it completed was an admirable performance.

The house was a genuine old house of a very quaint description, teeming with old carvings, and beams, and panels, and having an excellent old staircase, with a gallery or upper staircase, cut off from it by a curious fence-work of old oak, or of the old Honduras Mahogany wood. It was, and is, and will be, for many a long year to come, a remarkably picturesque house; and a certain grave mystery lurking in the depth of the old mahogany panels, as if they were so many deep pools of dark water—such, indeed, as they had been much among when they were trees—gave it a very mysterious character after nightfall.

When Mr. Goodchild and Mr. Idle had first alighted at the door, and stepped into the sombre handsome old hall, they had been received by half-a-dozen noiseless old men in black, all dressed exactly alike, who glided up the stairs with the obliging landlord and waiter—but without appearing to get into their way, or to mind whether they did or no—and who had filed off to the right and left on the old staircase, as the guests entered their sitting-room. It was then broad, bright day. But, Mr. Goodchild had said, when their door was shut, "Who on earth are those old men!" And afterwards, both on going out and coming in, he had noticed that there were no old men to be seen.

Neither, had the old men, or any one of the old men, reappeared since. The two friends had passed a night in the house, but had seen nothing more of the old men. Mr. Goodchild, in rambling about it, had looked along passages, and glanced in at doorways, but had encountered no old men; neither did it appear that any old men were, by any member of the establishment, missed or expected.

Another odd circumstance impressed itself on their attention. It was, that the door of their sitting-room was never left untouched for a quarter of an hour. It was opened with hesitation, opened with confidence, opened a little way, opened a good way,—always clapped-to again without a word of explanation. They were reading, they were writing, they were eating, they were drinking, they were talking, they were dozing; the door was always opened at an unexpected moment, and they looked towards it, and it was clapped-to again, and nobody was to be seen. When this had happened fifty times or so, Mr. Goodchild had said to his companion, jestingly: "I begin to think, Tom, there was something wrong about those six old men."

Night had come again, and they had been writing for two or three hours: writing, in short, a portion of the lazy notes from which these lazy sheets are taken. They had left off writing, and glasses were on the table between them. The house was closed and quiet, and the town was quiet. Around the head of Thomas Idle, as he lay upon his sofa, hovered light wreaths of fragrant smoke. The temples of Francis Goodchild, as he leaned back in his chair, with his two hands clasped behind his head, and his legs crossed, were similarly decorated.

They had been discussing several idle subjects of speculation, not omitting the strange old men, and were still so occupied, when Mr. Goodchild abruptly changed his attitude to wind up his watch. They were just becoming drowsy enough to be stopped in their talk by any such slight check. Thomas Idle, who was speaking at the moment, paused and said, "How goes it?"

"One," said Goodchild.

As if he had ordered One old man, and the order were promptly executed (truly, all

orders were so, in that excellent hotel), the door opened, and One old man stood there.

He did not come in, but stood with the door in his hand.

"One of the six, Tom, at last!" said Mr. Goodchild, in a surprised whisper.—"Sir, your pleasure?"

"Sir, *your* pleasure?" said the One old man.

"I didn't ring."

"The Bell did," said the One old man.

He said BELL, in a deep strong way, that would have expressed the church Bell.

"I had the pleasure, I believe, of seeing you, yesterday?" said Goodchild.

"I cannot undertake to say for certain," was the grim reply of the One old man.

"I think you saw me? Did you not?"

"Saw *you*?" said the old man. "O yes, I saw *you*. But, I see many who never see me."

A chilled, slow, earthy, fixed old man. A cadaverous old man of measured speech. An old man who seemed as unable to wink, as if his eyelids had been nailed to his forehead. An old man whose eyes—two spots of fire—had no more motion than if they had been connected with the back of his skull by screws driven through it, and rivetted and bolted outside, among his grey hair.

The night had turned so cold, to Mr. Goodchild's sensations, that he shivered. He remarked lightly, and half apologetically, "I think somebody is walking over my grave."

"No," said the weird old man, "there is no one there."

Mr. Goodchild looked at Idle, but Idle lay with his head enwreathed in smoke.

"No one there?" said Goodchild.

"There is no one at your grave, I assure you," said the old man.

He had come in and shut the door, and he now sat down. He did not bend himself to sit, as other people do, but seemed to sink bolt upright, as if in water, until the chair stopped him.

"My friend, Mr. Idle," said Goodchild, extremely anxious to introduce a third person into the conversation.

"I am," said the old man, without looking at him, "at Mr. Idle's service."

"If you are an old inhabitant of this place," Francis Goodchild resumed:

"Yes."

—"Perhaps you can decide a point my friend and I were in doubt upon, this morning. They hang condemned criminals at the Castle, I believe?"

"*I believe* so," said the old man.

"Are their faces turned towards that noble prospect?"

"Your face is turned," replied the old man, "to the Castle wall. When you are tied up, you see its stones expanding and contracting violently, and a similar expansion and contraction seem to take place in your own head and throat. Then, there is a rush of fire and an earthquake, and the Castle springs into the air, and you tumble down a precipice."

His cravat appeared to trouble him. He put his hand to his throat, and moved his neck from side to side. He was an old man of a swollen character of face, and his nose was immoveably hitched up on one side, as if by a little hook inserted in that nostril. Mr. Goodchild felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and began to think the night was hot, and not cold.

"A strong description, sir," he observed.

"A strong sensation," the old man rejoined.

Again, Mr. Goodchild looked to Mr. Thomas Idle; but, Thomas lay on his back with his face attentively turned towards the One old man, and made no sign. At this time Mr. Goodchild believed that he saw two threads of fire stretch from the old man's eyes to his own, and there attach themselves. (Mr. Goodchild writes the present account of his experience, and, with the utmost solemnity, protests that he had the strongest sensation upon him of being forced to look at the old man along those two fiery films, from that moment.)

"I must tell it to you," said the old man, with a ghastly and a stony stare.

"What?" asked Francis Goodchild.

"You know where it took place. Yonder!"

Whether he pointed to the room above, or to the room below, or to any room in that old house, or to a room in some other old house in that old town, Mr. Goodchild was not, nor is, nor ever can be, sure. He was confused by the circumstance that the right fore-finger of the One old man seemed to dip itself in one of the threads of fire, light itself, and make a fiery start in the air, as it pointed somewhere. Having pointed somewhere, it went out.

"You know she was a Bride," said the old man.

"I know they still send up Bride-cake," Mr. Goodchild faltered. "This is a very oppressive air."

"She was a Bride," said the old man. "She was a fair, flaxen-haired, large-eyed girl, who had no character, no purpose. A weak, credulous, incapable, helpless nothing. Not like her mother. No, no. It was her father whose character she reflected.

"Her mother had taken care to secure everything to herself, for her own life, when the father of this girl (a child at that time) died—of sheer helplessness; no other disorder—and then He renewed the acquaintance that had once subsisted between the mother and Him. He had been put aside for the flaxen-haired, large-eyed man (or nonentity) with Money. He could overlook that for Money. He wanted compensation in Money.

"So, he returned to the side of that woman the mother, made love to her again, danced

attendance on her, and submitted himself to her whims. She wreaked upon him every whim she had, or could invent. He bore it. And the more he bore, the more he wanted compensation in Money, and the more he was resolved to have it.

"But, lo! Before he got it, she cheated him. In one of her imperious states, she froze, and never thawed again. She put her hands to her head one night, uttered a cry, stiffened, lay in that attitude certain hours, and died. And he had got no compensation from her in Money, yet. Blight and Murrain on her! Not a penny.

"He had hated her throughout that second pursuit, and had longed for retaliation on her. He now counterfeited her signature to an instrument, leaving all she had to leave, to her daughter—ten years old then—to whom the property passed absolutely, and appointing himself the daughter's Guardian. When He slid it under the pillow of the bed on which she lay, He bent down in the deaf ear of Death, and whispered: 'Mistress Pride, I have determined a long time that, dead or alive, you must make me compensation in Money.'

"So, now there were only two left. Which two were, He, and the fair flaxen-haired, large-eyed foolish daughter, who afterwards became the Bride.

"He put her to school. In a secret, dark, oppressive, ancient house, he put her to school with a watchful and unscrupulous woman. 'My worthy lady,' he said, 'here is a mind to be formed; will you help me to form it?' She accepted the trust. For which she, too, wanted compensation in Money, and had it.

"The girl was formed in the fear of him, and in the conviction, that there was no escape from him. She was taught, from the first, to regard him as her future husband—the man who must marry her—the destiny that overshadowed her—the appointed certainty that could never be evaded. The poor fool was soft white wax in their hands, and took the impression that they put upon her. It hardened with time. It became a part of herself. Inseparable from herself, and only to be torn away from her, by tearing life away from her.

"Eleven years she lived in the dark house and its gloomy garden. He was jealous of the very light and air getting to her, and they kept her close. He stopped the wide chimneys, shaded the little windows, left the strong-stemmed ivy to wander where it would over the house-front, the moss to accumulate on the untrimmed fruit-trees in the red-walled garden, the weeds to over-run its green and yellow walks. He surrounded her with images of sorrow and desolation. He caused her to be filled with fears of the place and of the stories that were told of it, and then on pretext of correcting them, to be left in it in solitude, or made to shrink about it in the dark. When her mind was most depressed and fullest of terrors, then, he would come out of one of the hiding-places from which he overlooked her, and present himself as her sole resource.

"Thus, by being from her childhood the one embodiment her life presented to her of power to coerce and power to relieve, power to bind and power to loose, the ascendency over her weakness was secured. She was twenty-one years and twenty-one days old, when he brought her home to the gloomy house, his half-witted, frightened, and submissive Bride of three weeks.

"He had dismissed the governess by that time—what he had left to do, he could best do alone—and they came back, upon a rainy night, to the scene of her long preparation. She turned to him upon the threshold, as the rain was dripping from the porch, and said:

"'O sir, it is the Death-watch ticking for me!'

"'Well!' he answered. 'And if it were?'

"'O sir!' she returned to him, 'look kindly on me, and be merciful to me! I beg your pardon. I will do anything you wish, if you will only forgive me!'

"That had become the poor fool's constant song. 'I beg your pardon,' and 'Forgive me!'

"She was not worth hating; he felt nothing but contempt for her. But, she had long been in the way, and he had long been weary, and the work was near its end, and had to be worked out.

"'You fool,' he said. 'Go up the stairs!'

"She obeyed very quickly, murmuring, 'I will do anything you wish!' When he came into the Bride's Chamber, having been a little retarded by the heavy fastenings of the great door (for they were alone in the house, and he had arranged that the people who attended on them should come and go in the day), he found her withdrawn to the furthest corner, and there standing pressed against the paneling as if she would have shrunk through it: her flaxen hair all wild about her face, and her large eyes staring at him in vague terror.

"'What are you afraid of? Come and sit down by me.'

"'I will do anything you wish. I beg your pardon, sir. Forgive me!' Her monotonous tune as usual.

"'Ellen, here is a writing that you must write out to-morrow, in your own hand. You may as well be seen by others, busily engaged upon it. When you have written it all fairly, and corrected all mistakes, call in any two people there may be about the house, and sign your name to it before them. Then, put it in your bosom to keep it safe, and when I sit here again to-morrow night, give it to me.'

"'I will do it all, with the greatest care. I will do anything you wish.'

"'Don't shake and tremble, then.'

"'I will try my utmost not to do it—if you will only forgive me!'

"Next day, she sat down at her desk, and did as she had been told. He often passed in and out of the room, to observe her, and always saw her slowly and laboriously writing: repeating to herself the words she copied, in appearance quite mechanically, and without caring or endeavouring to comprehend them, so that she did her task. He saw her follow the directions she had received, in all particulars; and at night, when they were alone again in the same Bride's Chamber, and he drew his chair to the hearth, she timidly approached him from her distant seat, took the paper from her bosom, and gave it into his hand.

"It secured all her possessions to him, in the event of her death. He put her before him, face to face, that he might look at her steadily; and he asked her, in so many plain words, neither fewer nor more, did she know that?

"There were spots of ink upon the bosom of her white dress, and they made her face look whiter and her eyes look larger as she nodded her head. There were spots of ink upon the hand with which she stood before him, nervously plaiting and folding her white skirts.

"He took her by the arm and looked her, yet more closely and steadily, in the face. 'Now, die! I have done with you.'

"She shrunk, and uttered a low, suppressed cry.

"'I am not going to kill you. I will not endanger my life for yours. Die!'

"He sat before her in the gloomy Bride's Chamber, day after day, night after night, looking the word at her when he did not utter it. As often as her large unmeaning eyes were raised from the hands in which she rocked her head, to the stern figure, sitting with crossed arms and knitted forehead, in the chair, they read in it, 'Die!' When she dropped asleep in exhaustion, she was called back to shuddering consciousness, by the whisper, 'Die!' When she fell upon her old entreaty to be pardoned, she was answered, 'Die!' When she had out-watched and out-suffered the long night, and the rising sun flamed into the sombre room, she heard it hailed with, 'Another day and not dead?—Die!'

"Shut up in the deserted mansion, aloof from all mankind, and engaged alone in such a struggle without any respite, it came to this—that either he must die, or she. He knew it very well, and concentrated his strength against her feebleness. Hours upon hours he held her by the arm when her arm was black where he held it, and bade her Die!

"It was done, upon a windy morning, before sunrise. He computed the time to be half-past four; but, his forgotten watch had run down, and he could not be sure. She had broken away from him in the night, with loud and sudden cries—the first of that kind to which she had given vent—and he had had to put his hands over her mouth. Since then, she had been quiet in the corner of the paneling where she had sunk down; and he had left her, and had gone back with his folded arms and his knitted forehead to his chair.

"Paler in the pale light, more colourless than ever in the leaden dawn, he saw her coming, trailing herself along the floor towards him—a white wreck of hair, and dress, and wild eyes, pushing itself on by an irresolute and bending hand.

"'O, forgive me! I will do anything. O, sir, pray tell me I may live!'

"'Die!'

"'Are you so resolved? Is there no hope for me?'

"'Die!'

"Her large eyes strained themselves with wonder and fear; wonder and fear changed to reproach; reproach to blank nothing. It was done. He was not at first so sure it was done, but that the morning sun was hanging jewels in her hair—he saw the diamond, emerald, and ruby, glittering among it in little points, as he stood looking down at her—when he lifted her and laid her on her bed.

"She was soon laid in the ground. And now they were all gone, and he had compensated himself well.

"He had a mind to travel. Not that he meant to waste his Money, for he was a pinching man and liked his Money dearly (liked nothing else, indeed), but, that he had grown tired of the desolate house and wished to turn his back upon it and have done with it. But, the house was worth Money, and Money must not be thrown away. He determined to sell it before he went. That it might look the less wretched and bring a better price, he hired some labourers to work in the overgrown garden; to cut out the dead wood, trim the ivy that drooped in heavy masses over the windows and gables, and clear the walks in which the weeds were growing mid-leg high.

"He worked, himself, along with them. He worked later than they did, and, one evening at dusk, was left working alone, with his bill-hook in his hand. One autumn evening, when the Bride was five weeks dead.

"'It grows too dark to work longer,' he said to himself, 'I must give over for the night.'

"He detested the house, and was loath to enter it. He looked at the dark porch waiting for him like a tomb, and felt that it was an accursed house. Near to the porch, and near to where he stood, was a tree whose branches waved before the old bay-window of the Bride's Chamber, where it had been done. The tree swung suddenly, and made him start. It swung again, although the

night was still. Looking up into it, he saw a figure among the branches.

"It was the figure of a young man. The face looked down, as his looked up; the branches cracked and swayed; the figure rapidly descended, and slid upon its feet before him. A slender youth of about her age, with long light brown hair.

"'What thief are you?' he said, seizing the youth by the collar.

"The young man, in shaking himself free, swung him a blow with his arm across the face and throat. They closed, but the young man got from him and stepped back, crying, with great eagerness and horror, 'Don't touch me! I would as lieve be touched by the Devil!'

"He stood still, with his bill-hook in his hand, looking at the young man. For, the young man's look was the counterpart of her last look, and he had not expected ever to see that again.

"'I am no thief. Even if I were, I would not have a coin of your wealth, if it would buy me the Indies. You murderer!'

"'What!'

"'I climbed it,' said the young man, pointing up into the tree, 'for the first time, nigh four years ago. I climbed it, to look at her. I saw her. I spoke to her. I have climbed it, many a time, to watch and listen for her. I was a boy, hidden among its leaves, when from that bay-window she gave me this!'

"He showed a tress of flaxen hair, tied with a mourning ribbon.

"'Her life,' said the young man, 'was a life of mourning. She gave me this, as a token of it, and a sign that she was dead to every one but you. If I had been older, if I had seen her sooner, I might have saved her from you. But, she was fast in the web when I first climbed the tree, and what could I do then to break it!'

"In saying those words, he burst into a fit of sobbing and crying: weakly at first, then passionately.

"'Murderer! I climbed the tree on the night when you brought her back. I heard her, from the tree, speak of the Death-watch at the door. I was three times in the tree while you were shut up with her, slowly killing her. I saw her, from the tree, lie dead upon her bed. I have watched you, from the tree, for proofs and traces of your guilt. The manner of it, is a mystery to me yet, but I will pursue you until you have rendered up your life to the hangman. You shall never, until then, be rid of me. I loved her! I can know no relenting towards you. Murderer, I loved her!'

"The youth was bare-headed, his hat having fluttered away in his descent from the tree. He moved towards the gate. He had to pass—Him—to get to it. There was breadth for two old-fashioned carriages abreast; and the youth's abhorrence, openly expressed in every feature of his face and limb of his body, and very hard to bear, had verge enough to keep itself at a distance in. He (by which I mean the other) had not stirred hand or foot, since he had stood still to look at the boy. He faced round, now, to follow him with his eyes. As the back of the bare light-brown head was turned to him, he saw a red curve stretch from his hand to it. He knew, before he threw the bill-hook, where it had alighted—I say, had alighted, and not, would alight; for, to his clear perception the thing was done before he did it. It cleft the head, and it remained there, and the boy lay on his face.

"He buried the body in the night, at the foot of the tree. As soon as it was light in the morning, he worked at turning up all the ground near the tree, and hacking and hewing at the neighbouring bushes and undergrowth. When the laborers came, there was nothing suspicious, and nothing was suspected.

"But, he had, in a moment, defeated all his precautions, and destroyed the triumph of the scheme he had so long concerted, and so successfully worked out. He had got rid of the Bride, and had acquired her fortune without endangering his life; but now, for a death by which he had gained nothing, he had evermore to live with a rope around his neck.

"Beyond this, he was chained to the house of gloom and horror, which he could not endure. Being afraid to sell it or to quit it, lest discovery should be made, he was forced to live in it. He hired two old people, man and wife, for his servants; and dwelt in it, and dreaded it. His great difficulty, for a long time, was the garden. Whether he should keep it trim, whether he should suffer it to fall into its former state of neglect, what would be the least likely way of attracting attention to it?

"He took the middle course of gardening, himself, in his evening leisure, and of then calling the old serving-man to help him; but, of never letting him work there alone. And he made himself an arbour over against the tree, where he could sit and see that it was safe.

"As the seasons changed, and the tree changed, his mind perceived dangers that were always changing. In the leafy time, he perceived that the upper boughs were growing into the form of the young man—that they made the shape of him exactly, sitting in a forked branch swinging in the wind. In the time of the falling leaves, he perceived that they came down from the tree, forming tell-tale letters on the path, or that they had a tendency to heap themselves into a churchyard-mound above the grave. In the winter, when the tree was bare, he perceived that the boughs swung at him the ghost of the blow the young man had given, and that they threatened him openly. In the spring, when the

sap was mounting in the trunk, he asked himself, were the dried-up particles of blood mounting with it: to make out more obviously this year than last, the leaf-screened figure of the young man, swinging in the wind?

"However, he turned his Money over and over, and still over. He was in the dark trade, the gold-dust trade, and most secret trades that yielded great returns. In ten years, he had turned his Money over, so many times, that the traders and shippers who had dealings with him, absolutely did not lie—for once—when they declared that he had increased his fortune, Twelve Hundred Per Cent.

"He possessed his riches one hundred years ago, when people could be lost easily. He had heard who the youth was, from hearing of the search that was made after him; but, it died away, and the youth was forgotten.

"The annual round of changes in the tree had been repeated ten times since the night of the burial at its foot, when there was a great thunder-storm over this place. It broke at midnight, and raged until morning. The first intelligence he heard from his old serving-man that morning, was, that the tree had been struck by Lightning.

"It had been riven down the stem, in a very surprising manner, and the stem lay in two blighted shafts: one resting against the house, and one against a portion of the old red garden-wall in which its fall had made a gap. The fissure went down the tree to a little above the earth, and there stopped. There was great curiosity to see the tree, and, with most of his former fears revived, he sat in his arbour—grown quite an old man—watching the people who came to see it.

"They quickly began to come, in such dangerous numbers, that he closed his garden-gate and refused to admit any more. But, there were certain men of science who travelled from a distance to examine the tree, and, in an evil hour, he let them in—Blight and Murrain on them, let them in!

"They wanted to dig up the ruin by the roots, and closely examine it, and the earth about it. Never, while he lived! They offered money for it. They! Men of science, whom he could have bought by the gross, with a scratch of his pen! He showed them the garden-gate again, and locked and barred it.

"But, they were bent on doing what they wanted to do, and they bribed the old serving-man—a thankless wretch who regularly complained when he received his wages, of being underpaid—and they stole into the garden by night with their lanterns, picks, and shovels, and fell to at the tree. He was lying in a turret-room on the other side of the house (the Bride's Chamber had been unoccupied ever since), but he soon dreamed of picks and shovels, and got up.

"He came to an upper window on that side, whence he could see their lanterns, and them, and the loose earth in a heap which he had himself disturbed and put back, when it was last turned to the air. It was found! They had that minute lighted on it. They were all bending over it. One of them said, 'The skull is fractured;' and another, 'See here the bones;' and another, 'See here the clothes;' and then the first struck in again, and said, 'A rusty bill-hook!'

"He became sensible, next day, that he was already put under a strict watch, and that he could go nowhere without being followed. Before a week was out, he was taken and laid in hold. The circumstances were gradually pieced together against him, with a desperate malignity, and an appalling ingenuity. But, see the justice of men, and how it was extended to him! He was further accused of having poisoned that girl in the Bride's Chamber. He, who had carefully and expressly avoided imperilling a hair of his head for her, and who had seen her die of her own incapacity!

"There was doubt for which of the two murders he should be first tried; but, the real one was chosen, and he was found Guilty, and cast for Death. Bloodthirsty wretches! They would have made him Guilty of anything, so set they were upon having his life.

"His money could do nothing to save him, and he was hanged. I am He, and I was hanged at Lancaster Castle with my face to the wall, a hundred years ago!"

At this terrific announcement, Mr. Goodchild tried to rise and cry out. But, the two fiery lines extending from the old man's eyes to his own, kept him down, and he could not utter a sound. His sense of hearing, however, was acute, and he could hear the clock strike Two. No sooner had he heard the clock strike Two, than he saw before him Two old men!

Two.

The eyes of each, connected with his eyes by two films of fire: each, exactly like the other: each, addressing him at precisely one and the same instant: each, gnashing the same teeth in the same head, with the same twitched nostril above them, and the same suffused expression around it. Two old men. Differing in nothing, equally distinct to the sight, the copy no fainter than the original, the second as real as the first.

"At what time," said the Two old men, "did you arrive at the door below?"

"At Six."

"And there were Six old men upon the stairs!"

Mr. Goodchild having wiped the perspiration from his brow, or tried to do it, the Two old men proceeded in one voice, and in the singular number:

"I had been anatomised, but had not yet had my skeleton put together and re-hung on an iron hook, when it began to be whispered that the Bride's Chamber was haunted. It *was* haunted, and I was there.

"*We* were there. She and I were there. I, in the chair upon the hearth; she, a white wreck again, trailing itself towards me on the floor. But, I was the speaker no more. She was the sole speaker now, and the one word that she said to me from midnight until dawn was, 'Live!'

"The youth was there, likewise. In the tree outside the window. Coming and going in the moonlight, as the tree bent and gave. He has, ever since, been there; peeping in at me in my torment; revealing to me by snatches, in the pale lights and slatey shadows where he comes and goes, bare-headed—a bill-hook, standing edgewise in his hair.

"In the Bride's Chamber, every night from midnight until dawn—one month in the year excepted, as I am going to tell you—he hides in the tree, and she comes towards me on the floor; always approaching; never coming nearer; always visible as if by moonlight, whether the moon shines or no; always saying, from midnight until dawn, her one word, 'Live!'

"But, in the month wherein I was forced out of this life—this present month of thirty days—the Bride's Chamber is empty and quiet. Not so my old dungeon. Not so the rooms where I was restless and afraid, ten years. Both are fitfully haunted then. At One in the morning, I am what you saw me when the clock struck that hour—One old man. At Two in the morning, I am Two old men. At Three, I am Three. By Twelve at noon, I am Twelve old men, One for every hundred per cent of old gain. Every one of the Twelve, with Twelve times my old power of suffering and agony. From that hour until Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men in anguish and fearful foreboding, wait for the coming of the executioner. At Twelve at night, I, Twelve old men turned off, swing invisible outside Lancaster Castle, with Twelve faces to the wall!

"When the Bride's Chamber was first haunted, it was known to me that this punishment would never cease, until I could make its nature, and my story, known to two living men together. I waited for the coming of two living men together into the Bride's Chamber, years upon years. It was infused into my knowledge (of the means I am ignorant) that if two living men, with their eyes open, could be in the Bride's Chamber at One in the morning, they would see me sitting in my chair.

"At length, the whispers that the room was spiritually troubled, brought two men to try the adventure. I was scarcely struck upon the hearth at midnight (I come there as if the Lightning blasted me into being), when I heard them ascending the stairs. Next, I saw them enter. One of them was a bold, gay, active man, in the prime of life, some five and forty years of age; the other, a dozen years younger. They brought provisions with them in a basket, and bottles. A young woman accompanied them, with wood and coals for the lighting of the fire. When she had lighted it, the bold, gay, active man accompanied her along the gallery outside the room, to see her safely down the staircase, and came back laughing.

"He locked the door, examined the chamber, put out the contents of the basket on the table before the fire—little recking of me, in my appointed station on the hearth, close to him—and filled the glasses, and ate and drank. His companion did the same, and was as cheerful and confident as he: though he was the leader. When they had supped, they laid pistols on the table, turned to the fire, and began to smoke their pipes of foreign make.

"They had travelled together, and had been much together, and had an abundance of subjects in common. In the midst of their talking and laughing, the younger man made a reference to the leader's being always ready for any adventure; that one, or any other. He replied in these words:

"'Not quite so, Dick; if I am afraid of nothing else, I am afraid of myself.'

"His companion seeming to grow a little dull, asked him, in what sense? How?

"'Why, thus,' he returned. 'Here is a Ghost to be disproved. Well! I cannot answer for what my fancy might do if I were alone here, or what tricks my senses might play with me if they had me to themselves. But, in company with another man, and especially with you, Dick, I would consent to outface all the Ghosts that were ever told of in the universe.'

"'I had not the vanity to suppose that I was of so much importance to-night,' said the other.

"'Of so much,' rejoined the leader, more seriously than he had spoken yet, 'that I would, for the reason I have given, on no account have undertaken to pass the night here alone.'

"It was within a few minutes of One. The head of the younger man had drooped when he made his last remark, and it drooped lower now.

"'Keep awake, Dick!' said the leader, gaily. 'The small hours are the worst.'

"He tried, but his head drooped again.

"'Dick!' urged the leader. 'Keep awake!'

"'I can't,' he indistinctly muttered. 'I don't know what strange influence is stealing over me. I can't.'

"His companion looked at him with a sudden horror, and I, in my different way, felt a new horror also; for, it was on the stroke of One, and I felt that the second

watcher was yielding to me, and that the curse was upon me that I must send him to sleep.

"'Get up and walk, Dick!' cried the leader. 'Try!'

"It was in vain to go behind the slumberer's chair and shake him. One o'clock sounded, and I was present to the elder man, and he stood transfixed before me.

"To him alone, I was obliged to relate my story, without hope of benefit. To him alone, I was an awful phantom making a quite useless confession. I foresee it will ever be the same. The two living men together will never come to release me. When I appear, the senses of one of the two will be locked in sleep; he will neither see nor hear me, my communication will ever be made to a solitary listener, and will ever be unserviceable. Woe! Woe! Woe!"

As the Two old men, with these words, wrung their hands, it shot into Mr. Goodchild's mind that he was in the terrible situation of being virtually alone with the spectre, and that Mr. Idle's immoveability was explained by his having been charmed asleep at One o'clock. In the terror of this sudden discovery which produced an indescribable dread, he struggled so hard to get free from the four fiery threads, that he snapped them, after he had pulled them out to a great width. Being then out of bonds, he caught up Mr. Idle from the sofa and rushed down stairs with him.

"What are you about, Francis?" demanded Mr. Idle. "My bedroom is not down here. What the deuce are you carrying me at all for? I can walk with a stick now. I don't want to be carried. Put me down."

Mr. Goodchild put him down in the old hall, and looked about him wildly.

"What are you doing? Idiotically plunging at your own sex, and rescuing them or perishing in the attempt?" asked Mr. Idle, in a highly petulant state.

"The One old man!" cried Mr. Goodchild, distractedly,—"and the Two old men!"

Mr. Idle deigned no other reply than "The One old woman, I think you mean," as he began hobbling his way back up the staircase, with the assistance of its broad balustrade.

"I assure you, Tom," began Mr. Goodchild, attending at his side, "that since you fell asleep——"

"Come, I like that!" said Thomas Idle, "I haven't closed an eye!"

With the peculiar sensitiveness on the subject of the disgraceful action of going to sleep out of bed, which is the lot of all mankind, Mr. Idle persisted in this declaration. The same peculiar sensitiveness impelled Mr. Goodchild, on being taxed with the same crime, to repudiate it with honourable resentment. The settlement of the question of The One old man and The Two old men was thus presently complicated, and soon made quite impracticable. Mr. Idle said it was all Bride-cake, and fragments, newly arranged, of things seen and thought about in the day. Mr. Goodchild said how could that be, when he hadn't been asleep, and what right could Mr. Idle have to say so, who had been asleep? Mr Idle said he had never been asleep, and never did go to sleep, and that Mr. Goodchild, as a general rule, was always asleep. They consequently parted for the rest of the night, at their bedroom doors, a little ruffled. Mr Goodchild's last words were, that he had had, in that real and tangible old sitting-room of that real and tangible old Inn (he supposed Mr Idle denied its existence?), every sensation and experience, the present record of which is now within a line or two of completion; and that he would write it out and print it every word. Mr. Idle returned that he might if he liked—and he did like, and has now done it.

CALCUTTA.

A hundred years ago by the almanac, there stood—on the left bank of the river Hooghly, ninety miles from its entrance into the Bay of Bengal—a fort, a ditch, a palace, and a stifling crowd of Hindoo huts. To-day the fort, the ditch, the palace, still remain, and so, too, the mud dwellings, more numerous, but no cleaner, than of old. Nevertheless, the change has been marked—that is to say, for an eastern country, though to western minds, which have contemplated the progress of Australian colonies, of English cities, and of American states, the hundred years might as well have been ten or a dozen.

Calcutta—or, as it is boastfully designated, the City of Palaces—is, a huge compound of the grand, the filthy, the inconvenient, and the luxurious. It is a whitened hybrid of the East and the West, of barbarism and civilisation. It unites within it some of the best and worst characteristics of London, Paris, Cairo, and of a certain Western Babylon, which I choose to designate Timbuctoo. The Black Hole, once famed for its atrocities, is no more. Its dingy stones are levelled with the ground, but we need not wander far in the metropolis of British India, to find many other Black Holes, not quite so small, perhaps, nor so very notorious, though nearly as noxious, and wherein things as foul are perpetrated. The Ditch of eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, is doubtless a far more cleanly sewer than that which existed in seventeen hundred and fifty-seven; but there is a huge social ditch encircling this City of Palaces,—fouler, more replete with deleterious and hurtful exhalations, than any physical swamp in any Timbuctoo, African or European.

Steam up the Hooghly in the River Bird, or the Dwarkanouth, or the Megna and her

Flat, and you picture yourself being wafted along the bosom of Old Father Thames. Forests of tall, tapering masts; swarms of row-boats; piles of stately warehouses; scores of busy steamboats waft you in imagination to London. Stroll into the gay jewellers' shops, the magnificent refreshment-rooms, the attractive modistes' show-rooms, and you suddenly find yourself amidst the gilt, the marble, the mirrors, the pictures, the vases, of the boulevards of Paris. Squeeze yourself into one of the perambulating coffins called palanquins, and suffer yourself to be borne and jostled through the Burra Bazaar, "Copitollah," or, "Raneemoody Gulley," and lo! you feel that Cairo lives, and moves, and has its being about you. In the most fashionable quarter of the city—Chowringhee, the Belgravia of Calcutta—you find African huts, and Caireen bazaars, jostling London mansions, and Parisian hôtels. England supplies this metropolis of the East with coal, and steam; with shipping, and warehouses. France finds the dim street-lamps, the aqueduct, the luxury, the gaiety. Cairo contributes the noise, and bustle, and dirt. Timbuctoo waters the highways and byways with the festering stream of the Hooghly, squirted, dark and loathsome, from pigs' skins slung across human backs.

This blending of nationalities may be found in the institutions of the land, not less than in its edifices, and in its daily life. Europe imparts vitality to the Chamber of Commerce, the press, the supreme court. Cairo tinctures, with its effete despotism, the proceedings of the municipal commissioners, and the legislative council. Commence a correspondence with the supreme government, and you find yourself in close contact with red tape, reeking with the caterpillar dye of the Timbuctoo Downing Street. Institute proceedings in the Company's Sudder Court, and behold it presided over by judges possessing the sagacity, the soundness, the integrity, the industry, of Timbuctoo lawyers. Examine the Company's colleges, and you find their chairs filled by professors, and the department presided over by men who have taken exceedingly high honours at Timbuctoo; the tree of knowledge therein cultivated, has been transplanted from the Great Desert of Sahara; the learning, the order, the wisdom, the utility, and, above all, the cost, are deeply imbued with the spirit of Timbuctoo.

If we could weed out the Cairo and Timbuctoo thorns and thistles, Calcutta might become a garden of pretty palaces. A good fire on a very windy day, might answer the purpose in some respects. But we must, for our present purpose, take it and describe it as existing in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

After a long voyage full of discomfort, and some ninety miles of dull, uninteresting river navigation, the traveller greets every novelty with the warmest admiration. Shady creeks become picturesque bays. A clump of stunted trees are converted into a magnificent tope or grove. A knot of mud huts are looked upon as model villages, singularly picturesque. A bungalow of larger dimensions and more than ordinary refulgent green and white, becomes a palace. The Bishop's College, with ample lawns and pretty landing place; the Botanical Gardens, with towering trees and shady walks; and then the Midaun—the Hyde Park of Calcutta—bounded on one side by the river full of shipping, and on the others by lofty mansions and gigantic palms—all these cannot but strike the new comer with some admiration. He must be, indeed, most difficult to please, who can look on this, and remain indifferent to it.

Take your way along the well-watered carriage-drive which skirts the Midaun, on any fair November evening, and you will find the City of Palaces on horseback, lolling in carriages, or lounging in gigs, enjoying the cool, crisp air after the hot glare of a clear bright day. One might fancy it Rotten Row—so many and gay are the equipages—were it not for the admixture of races. The haughty civilian, stiff with the pride of the covenanted service—the white man's high caste—is jostled by the haughtier Baboo, reclining on velvet cushions, and glistening with gold and jewellery. The princely merchant is followed by the country-born clerk in his humble gig. The general scowls upon the wealthy English shopkeeper, who dashes past his military dignity, only to sneer at the rich Armenian dealer driving his grey Arabs at the top of their speed to the terror and anger of the "covenanted" ladies. In ten minutes you may behold on the Calcutta Midaun more gaiety, more pride of place, more intolerant barbarism, than in any dozen corsos and boulevards, or in any score of Timbuctoos.

Had the palatial city been emptied out like a sack, it could scarcely have worn a more quiet and forsaken air than it does at the sultry hour of noonday in its most fashionable quarters, say on any day in April. It might, for any visible signs of life about Chowringhee, be the city we read of in the Arabian Nights; every inhabitant of which was changed into stone. The granite masses must have been removed by the municipal commissioners; for, in street, or road, or gateway, there is nothing but blinding sunshine and scorching, choking dust. The crows and hawks, though accustomed to warmish weather, and seldom very particular in their habits, have retired for the day; dead-beaten by the sultry oppression of the hour. One, only one huge-billed adjutant, remains to brave the terrible heat: perched aloft on the stone dome of the Governor-General's palace, it stands erect, stiff, and unyielding, as if instead of an adjutant, the monster bird had been a common soldier.

ordered to die at his post, and inflexibly determined to do so.

Sleep—hot and exhaustive—has set its seal upon the major part of the City of Palaces. It might be midnight, with the sun shining down upon the hushed streets instead of the moon, so still is everything. Timbuctoo dozes in the Presidency and Engineering Colleges. Cairo sleeps soundly in the Bazaar and the Baboo's court yard. Paris and Timbuctoo slumber heavily in the darkened rooms, and shaded vestibules of Park Street and Theatre Road. From the Member of Council on his downy couch, to the swarthy Syce in the stable, from the pallid mother and her infant shut in from the light of day to the stalwart Durwahu at the gate, all are buried in mid-day sleep. The unfinished letter on the table, the toys upon the floor, the open novel on the couch, the empty claret case, the neglected barrel near the Durwahu's lodge—whereon those rude guardians of the spot are wont for ten hours in the twelve to turn their sable whiskers, and twirl their gaunt moustaches—these and other things tell how completely the temperature of noonday in the hot season of Calcutta overpowers the faculties of mankind.

You are still gazing upon the closed windows, the shaded doors, and wondering how a fly or a ray of daylight could steal into one of those heat-barricaded mansion, when you hear a rumbling noise in the distance proceeding from the north west. It may be thunder, it may be a salute of heavy artillery, it may be the explosion of some powder magazine, or steam boiler; for being a Griffin, you know nothing of Nor' westers during the hot season, nothing of their fury and their destructiveness. Whilst you are turning the cause over and over in your mind, and in less time than I can describe it, the sky becomes overcast, the distant rumbling noise approaches, and sounds rush down upon you like a thousand waggons booming and clattering over an iron bridge. The whirlwind is upon you: you stagger against a wall or cling for safety to an iron railing, and find yourself shrouded in a vast winding sheet of brick red dust. The dust cloud rises like a mighty sea surging over breakers; it covers and hides everything. Looking across the Midaun, from the corner of Chowringhee, you see nothing of the cathedral, save the small cross on its topmost pinnacle, looking like a stone star amidst the blood-red cloud and the clear sky above. The Governor-General's palace is also enveloped in one mighty rolling dust storm which has swallowed all its grandeur and its beauty save the round dome on its summit, which is still visible like a little globe floating on a sea of tempest. The bold adjutant struggles, with flapping wings and out stretched neck, to keep his footing against the raging whirlwind; but in vain. The waggons dash on over the iron bridge more madly than ever, the sky assumes an inky darkness, the dust storm is victor over everything in its way; the daring bird struggling and screaming is swept from his post, and the red cloud of dust-waves roll higher and wilder. Lofty trees groan and give up the ghost, measuring their tall lengths on field and road. Verandahs are peeled away from noble mansions, as the sail is split and torn from the yard. Huts are caught up, shot high in the air, and deposited in tanks, in gardens, in glass houses and aboard ships. Houses are unroofed with the ease and completeness that a thirsty negro peels an orange. Cattle are jostled and swept off their legs into the Hooghly. Ships are torn from their moorings, whirled round like humming tops and swept away. Fleets of country trading boats are crushed, jammed, splintered, and rendered helpless, and such of them as do not sink at the moment are huddled into ruined masses, and thus driven, spinning and whirling, in mad imitation of their bigger brethren far down the foaming river, only to find destruction amidst the myriad ships groaning at their anchors, or drifting out towards the sea.

Let us step in and see what is doing at one or two of the City of Palaces colleges. These national institutions for spending money under false pretences, are worth a passing glance, inasmuch as they are the means of filling several hundreds of pages of letterpress annually, in the shape of Reports on Public Education. The halls and rooms are vast enough, the punkahs swing lazily enough, the professors—with one or two exceptions—do little enough, the classes are select enough, and truly the cost is heavy enough, to satisfy the most highly-gifted of the covenanted. Consequently, these expensive gardens for cultivating the Great Sahara tree of knowledge, are eminently successful—in their way.

It is true there are one or two (certainly not more) gentlemen of distinguished ability and character filling the chairs, but the bulk of the seats are worthy of the covenanted head of the department, who, not long since, maintained that chemistry is a branch of electricity! The salaries of the professors and principals range between twelve hundred pounds and four hundred pounds per annum, the highest rate securing the least amount of labour, namely, four hours a-week; the average toil for each professor being eight hours weekly. The ordinary instruction imparted, is, by means of reading aloud, and a few questions asked by the chair upon the subject in hand. Sometimes one or two sentences may be given the youths of the class, who write their construction of them on slips of paper. A professor of literature was recently desired by the head of the department who has such original ideas concerning chemistry, to under-

take the geological class, in addition to his own. The gentleman pleaded his utter ignorance of geology, but was assured that his non-acquaintance with the science did not in the least disqualify him in the eyes of the department: he could very easily cram, and read lectures from books, of which there were plenty in the library. All this accounts for the immense proficiency attained by the pupils who go to school in the City of Palaces.

The General Post-Office, the Post-Office for all Eastern, Central and Northern India—with branch offices two thousand miles distant, at the foot of the snowy Himalayas, in the remotest corner of cold Assam, on the borders of Cabal, next door to the Vale of Cashmere, round the corner of the Bay of Bengal, amidst the golden pagodas of Burmah,—is, indeed, a remarkable establishment: an institution worthy of our closest attention! There it stands, opposite to Metcalf Hall, close to the muddy banks of the Hooghly. Round the old rickety pair of gates, are a number of Indo-Hibernian jaunting-cars, very dirty, very old, and very crowded with dirty old Arabs, or Hindoos, or Assamese. It is not easy to tell who they are, bedecked with shabby many-coloured robes of green, blue, red, and yellow. These are the Calcutta local postmen. Within the neglected gates you gaze about the narrow crowded court-yard searching for the Lahore Mail, or the Express for the Himalayas. Is it a light camel-cart, an elephant-coach, or a buffalo spring-wagon? Nothing of the kind is to be seen within these queer pent-up premises. You perceive nothing but a crowd of dirty carts, some light and very weak vans, and no end of broken tin cases and wooden boxes, scattered about in all directions.

Along one side and end of the yard are a series of disjointed tiled buildings; low decent-looking sheds with small doors and wooden-barred windows. No two of them are alike. They appear to have been built by masons of a multiplicity of tastes; and, were it not for a number of apertures for Letters stamped and unstamped, and Newspapers for Europe in various odd corners of the yard under small verandahs and behind dwarf-windows, no one could for a moment imagine that any postal transactions were carried on within the premises. In one small, dark room a Bengalee clerk is busily occupied at a rickety table. The floor is scattered in every part with parcels enveloped in yellow wax-cloth; and, amongst them seated on their haunches, are a brace of half-clad coolies, melting, on the parcels, numberless small lumps of dirty sealing-wax—very leisurely, as though the post was not going out before the week after next. This is the despatching room. Within the unlettered grasp of those two coolies, is placed the correspondence of Europe, Africa, and America, with the north-west of India and the Punjaub. You inquire of the Hindoo scribe at the small table, where the Overland Letter-box is? He has grown grey in postal duties, yet pleads utter ignorance of any such receptacle. He does not even know what office is next to his own small, dark room: so small is his own dark intellect. All he knows, is, that the largest bundle of yellow, buttoned over with lumps of wax, is for Agra; that the long thin parcel is for Lucknow; and that the Punjaub claims the three dumpy packets.

In a little narrow verandah, before a series of barred apertures, sits a turbaned youth at a desk, retailing postage-stamps, from the value of three farthings to one shilling. In no part of the world are letters conveyed more cheaply than in British India. A half-anna, or three farthing postage-stamp, will frank a letter of the proper weight, from the northernmost post-office in the Punjaub to the most southern village of Cape Comorin. How many hundreds of miles such an epistle would have to travel, the reader may soon satisfy himself by reference to a map of Asia. And, over all this distance, from north to south, the despatches, letters, chits, hoondies, and other documents making up an Indian letter-bag, or "dauk-parcel," are conveyed, not by fleet horses, or camels, not in coaches, mail-carts, or vans. The yellow, wax-cloth bundles, in the rainy season smeared all over with resinous matter, are slung at the opposite ends of a bamboo or other elastic stick, and are so carried across the shoulders by the Dauk-runners, or letter-carriers, who travel at an easy run for seven or eight miles, when they pass the load to the next Runner in waiting for it. In this way the dauk-coolies convey the Indian correspondence across lofty mountains, sandy plains, fierce rivers, deep ravines, and dense jungles and swamps; by day and by night, in fair weather or foul. The Dauk never rests; yet it rarely has happened that any losses have occurred.

Our Calcutta Post-Office comprises one or two long low offices in which the accounts are kept and the correspondence is carried on. These offices form a strange collection of little square courts with a few shrubs and a little grass growing in them, each surrounded by its own particular dusty verandahs, heaped up with wooden boxes, old chairs, cart-axles, wagon wheels, and, in short, anything belonging to a broker's shop or a furniture store. In one room, a knot of Bengalees are squatting on the ground, groping amidst a few thousands of "dead letters," without any perceptible object in view. In a cool secluded room, at the dusky extremity of the broker's verandah, there is a group of Dauk officials listlessly watching the opening of a packet just in from the north-west. The portly Baboo at their head, with his eyes half-closed,

and nodding on his post, fanned by a little boy, is not a bad illustration of the energy pervading most of the public departments of Calcutta.

Leaving the Post-Office, we pass along the Strand, busy scene of import and export trade: the Custom-house is on our right, the river and the shipping are on our left. Timbuctoo asserts its savage sway along our road. Merchandise of every description; manufactures from Lancashire and Yorkshire; beer, wine, porcelain, pianofortes, clocks, glassware, jewellery; all are brought to this London of the East, in endless profusion. From ship to boat, from boat to shore, the precious goods are sent; tumbled over broken anchors, stone ballast, and old chain cables, the cases, boxes, and barrels are piled in bewildering confusion, and remain on the muddy beach until the coolies, who are enjoying their noon-day slumber upon a consignment of Lyons' silks and Geneva watches, feel inclined to bundle them into the bullock-carts in waiting.

In like manner, chests of Indigo, bales of jute, bags of sugar, bundles of hides, lie scattered on the open beach, anywhere and anyhow, amidst barrels of American tar, and Scotch ale, and Spanish wine. A single shed has been recently erected for the reception of goods, large enough for the unloading of one vessel; the remainder of the shipping may fling their cargoes broad-cast on the filthy banks of the Hooghly; and, when the dark nor-wester and the October squalls come down upon the devoted merchandise, it must cheer the hearts of the faithful of Timbuctoo to see the dire havoc that ensues, despite the ravings of Eurasian clerks, Ooriah coolies, and Mussulmen bullock-drivers.

Farther on, we have the steam-ferry to Howrah across the river, where the railway-trains start for—not Agra and Allahabad, and other places hundreds of miles distant—but for Raneegange, just ninety odd miles off. The whole line was to have been opened this year; whereas we have scarcely a sixth part of it in operation. But then, the railway department is presided over by a high military functionary, who studied railways for several years at a high salary in Timbuctoo.

It was not many weeks since that the passengers by railway had to cross in a crazy little native steamer, reached by a single plank from the muddy beach to the wet deck. Even now, with a good platform and a larger boat, the crowding, confusion, and haste are disgusting and disgraceful, though quite in keeping with the other arrangements of this guaranteed line.

Beyond this, again, is the Wapping of Calcutta, where the native trading craft from the upper and eastern provinces congregate in vast masses, laden with all the varied produce of the country. A busier scene than here presents itself is not to be met with in India. Cotton and jute stores, rice sheds, linseed warehouses, crowd the dense neighbourhood; whilst, near at hand, an army of vultures and crows await at the burning Ghât, the comfortable pickings of the next dead Hindoo.

The whole of the exports of Bengal, with few exceptions, pass through native agency; and we may say nearly the same of the imports. The reader in the far West may perhaps form some idea of the busy scenes daily enacting in the bazaars of Calcutta, when he learns that the official (but by no means the real) value of the exports of last year, was little short of fourteen millions sterling, while the imported goods were valued at over eight millions. To convey all this to and from Europe required fifteen hundred ships of an aggregate burden of nearly a million of tons. To carry the same to and from the interior, has needed twice that capacity of tonnage. Thus flows the great stream of commerce in the East, enriching as it passes the many thousands who swarm in and around the City of Palaces.

THE WAND OF LIGHT

One summer-noon, a sad-eyed man—to whom
Life's road from youth had lain through grief and
  gloom,
And every milestone was a loved one's tomb—

Wander'd a-field, if haply he might find,
Sung in the brook, or breathed upon the wind,
Some message from the souls for whom he pined.

But, when he found no music in the rill,
Sun, dwindled to a thread, and each leaf still:
"See," moan'd he, "to the sick all goeth ill!"

And, hiding his wet face in the deep grass,
He pray'd life's chalice from his lips might pass,
And his last grain of sand fall through the glass.

Then, as he rose, through ferns that strove to hide,
Hedged in by weeds, a wildflower he espied
Bent earthward by a dew-drop; so he cried:

"Frail bloom, that weepest in thy hidden nook
Alone, like Sorrow by the world forsook,
All the day long no sun can on thee look!"

But, while he spake, a little wand of light
Pass'd through the leaves, making all faëry-bright,
And what had seem'd a tear to his dull sight

Was now a tiny rainbow in a cup
Of thinnest silver, whence the beam did sup,
And by degrees the flower was lifted up;

And seem'd to follow with a wistful eye
A little drift of mist into the sky,
Rising to join the clouds that floated by;

Perchance, ere close of day, to fall in rain
And help some seaward stream, or thirsty plain:
Perchance to trickle down some window-pane

Where a sick child doth watch, and so beguile
The pain-drawn lips to curve into a smile,
And brighten its dull eyes a little while.

And seeing all that one small drop might do,
He felt why cloister'd thus the blossom grew,
And why so late it wore the morning dew;

And, with a lighter heart, he went his way,
Trusting, at GOD's own time, some golden ray
Would gleam on him, and touch his dark to day.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

IT is a grievous thing—in a certain sense, at least—to find this earth so terribly bent upon being practical. The rush, no longer march, of intellect is lopping away every pleasing but unserviceable angularity; and is bringing down, or up, the nations to one good working level: eminently practical, but unpoetic, unhandsome, and monotonous. This, the wandering man, the Voyageur, with taste for colouring and bits of picturesque, of all others, feels most acutely. His occupation is, in a manner, beginning to go; for the world he fancies he has left behind, travels abroad with him, and reappears at odd corners and unexpected places; so that he drags after him that lengthening chain, of which such piteous complaint was long since made—with a savour of flatness and staleness and utter insipidity. Most especially does this strike him in matters of costume and local colouring; and he must admit to himself with a sigh, that the hour is drawing on, when the habiliments of all the tribes will have subsided into the sober working dress of black broadcloth; presenting one sickening waste of coating, waistcoating, and their inevitable adjunct: and never forgetting the famous black hat, destined to ride eternally a hideous show upon the head of mortal man: the whole a hideous uniformity, and brotherhood in ugliness. Saving always, that in the hat Continental, as borne by our foreign brothers, there shall be some shade of difference: being known by that curious sinuosity of brim, that queer droop fore and aft, and shape pyramidical, which comes, no doubt, of a certain yearning after the old, old shape, the departed cocked; now passed away from off the heads of men, and from off the face of the earth.

To this uniform Internationality we are now fast coming: to this complexion we must come at last. Already does the Moslem lounge through Pera, fitted uneasily with the cosmopolitan garment; and at Cairo, the Dog of a Christian need found no fears of insult on the Frankish cut of his apparel. The Howadji on the Nile is no longer regarded with curiosity, and the Greek's snowy petticoat has altogether fluttered away. Even from the glittering Prado—most cruel stroke this for our travelling Spanish colourmen—are falling away the bright native costumes; and the lace bonnet is encroaching greedily on the famed mantilla. Second-hand Parisian fashions, modelled on ancient plates from the costume magazines, are the desired of the Madrid beau monde. No more could excellent but twaddlesome Doctor Moore travel with his Noble Patron from little court to little court, and find grist for those weary letters of his; nor Tristam, the facetious, though he lay in wait all day, on that Moulines road, light on anything to surprise him in his Nanette's pastoral garments; nor in those of his Maria, whose notes were the sweetest he ever heard. From pole to pole; from Dan to Beersheba, it may come to be all one dull uniform tint, one unvarying monotony.

For all this dispiriting prospect, I do most firmly believe that there is a pretty large section of the English family holding to a dreamy notion, that a certain sea-buffeted nation still conserve their old rights and usages, and look pretty much as they looked a century ago. A sea-buffeted race, slow of speech and motion, that seem, through a sort of vis inertiæ, to have held back steadily, as their neighbours were drawn forward, and so to have retained a sort of pleasing rococohood, and curiosity-shop aspect. Whence I have gathered this notion, it would be hard to say; but I am firmly persuaded that your modern Dutchman must be grim and full-faced, with broad-leafed hat, with starched collar and white cord and tassels, with short black cloak and jerkin, profuse sprinkling of buttons and black silk bows about the junction of the stocking and knee breech. I have loose floating notions of burgomasters—Burgomaster Six to wit—of Echevins, and of the Hogen Mogen. Of the Grand Pensionary—of Guilder sacks—and of that starched collar and jerkin seen among the spice-grounds and coffee-trees of Java and Ceylon. Of Peter Stuyvesant, and those queer Dutch governors, and their queerer little towns beyond the Atlantic. There are hazy reminiscences, too, of unscrupulous Captain Hatteraick and his lugger, of his running cargos at midnight, thus evading excise regulations—something eminently romantic and Adelphish in that unlawful running of cargo, of the ankers and runlets thus set on shore. I bethink me, too, at times, of certain dim and awful diableric ocean legends associated peculiarly with this nation. How on certain nights, at periodic intervals, nights of storm and fury when not a strip of canvas can be spread with safety, the seaman keeping third watch upon the forecastle has seen afar off, the Phantom Ship bearing down upon them, with every sail set. How the thunder has pealed and the lightning flashed, and how with bated breath he and his brethren have watched through the darkness for its coming, until another flash has revealed it close upon them, passing silently across their bows. Then a hasty glimpse of ghastly men looking over the side with stony

lack-lustre eyes, and old-fashioned dress, known to them only in pictures. I recal, too, with uncomfortable feelings, the late Rip Van Winkle's awakening on the mountain side, with the incident of the rusty gun and tattered garments, all wrapt in a certain Dutch mistiness, together with faint echoes coming from afar, of the old Bishopian chaunt—trolled in ancient roystering days—showing how Mynheer Van Dunck, though he never was drunk, sipped brandy and water gaily. How, without being apparently the worse for it, he would quench his thirst with two quarts of the first to a pint of the latter, daily. With which is linked inseparably that other strain, said to embody the history of the earliest attempt at applying the cork-tree to mechanical uses, and the alleviation of human infirmity, all to an unfeeling ri-too-raloo burden. All the world has long since learnt the story, and felt pity for the hapless trader: Who, every morning, said, I am, the richest merchant in Rotterdam; with a toor-ral, loor-ral, loor-ral, loor-ral, liddle-toll-loor-ral, RIGHT tol loor-ral, lay!

These dispiriting images come upon me with singular force, as I sit waiting the order of release, in a roomy glass-house on a certain continental railway, the debatable land between two distinct states. For, here there is a junction—grand junction—and from the windows of the glass prison-house I can look forth, alternately, on the pleasant German wooding, and flat Dutch campaign. To put it Byronically, a smiling valley and a swamp on either hand. This is the grand junction between the Rhenische Eisenbahr and the Rijks Hollandische Spoorweg; threshold of the Dutch latitudes. With a toor-ral, loor-ral, I find myself chaunting softly, with thrumming accompaniment on the window-pane, as the durance begins to grow irksome. For the green house doors are fastened up close under Politzei lock and key, and there are many voyageurs of first and second degree all imprisoned together. Not, however, without some solace, for here is to be found restauration or grand feeding opportunity, wonderful alleviator for the incarcerated, who are all at work on the cotelettes, unripe fruits and neat wines of the country. Of a sudden there is a rumbling sound outside, betokening the arrival of the Dutch, and presently doors are unsealed, and all are bidden to go forth. There is a general uprising, and a hasty, unaudited settlement, cruelly to the advantage of the Buffet proprietor. Forthwith we are driven out of pen, as it were, a disorderly flock, and given over to the keeping of new masters.

There is waiting here for the wayfarer a curious contrast, and even at this early stage he gathers some faint comprehension of the great liddle-toll-loor-ral mystery. For, as he casts about uneasily for the carriage suited to his order, he will be miserably perplexed at having to elect between Tweede, Derde, and Erst Klasse.

What is Tweede? and what does it prefigure? What does the cabalistic Derde? Aided by a benevolent and intelligent guard, he may light on the Corinthian vehicle he had destined for himself—which, though rusty, and of ancient mail-coach aspect, with an unwholesome dampness about the cushions, has still some significance of the old-established type. Which, Bezonian? does he seem to say to the official, with mute, inglorious, and most wistful aspect. Comforting it is, however, to turn from the hieroglyphics round him — announcements relative to Spoorweg Rijks, or Royal Spoorweg, Rijks Stoomboot, and such jargon, to an oasis in the desert, shaped as a little brass plate on the great green dragon that is to draw him on his journey, whereon he reads, in his own vernacular, that Sharpe and Sons, Atlas Works, Manchester, are with him in that stranger land. Grateful as the fountain to thirsty traveller, as the sign of Entertainment for Man and Beast to the weary traveller on lonely high-road, is the homely apparition of those cuneiform characters, Sharpe and Sons, Atlas Works, Manchester.

Given over, then, bodily to Hollanders—to the mercies of new guards: rough and ready men with white and tallowy faces, with loose slouching garments hanging about them, very different to the trim springy little beings on the other side of the glass house—he is assisted into one of the decayed mail-coaches. The Hollander officials—who are decidedly unclean of person, with old battered bugles slung about them—make signal for departure in two curious flourishes; one of which proves an utter fiasco, or miss-fire; the other a loud but crazy blast: the first a mistake, corrected by the second.

The way proves to be long, the wind cold; and, though the traveller was neither infirm nor old, he could have wished that the Atlas engines had been put to the full speed they were capable of in their own country. By-and-by the country begins to open on him—a vast expanse of green, rather ochreish in tone, stretching away for miles, chequered pleasantly with patches of tiling—good red tiling—that stands out warmly upon the green ground, with a file of slim trees, so often likened to the Noah's Ark pattern, straggling off to right and left, and cutting up the prospect most exactly into four quarters; with dull bluish riband running away for miles under shelter of that Noah's Ark vegetation, until lost finally at the edge of the horizon, with just room in the foreground for a figure in scarlet coat, periwig, and jack-boots, on a dappled Wouverman's quadruped, pointing with his whip to patch of red tiling in the distance. The famous landscape, sir, in the Berghem manner! It was to be seen—to be had a bargain—from the

window of the decayed mail-coach. Presently comes into view the first Windmill—first of the great grinders, that toss their arms in eternal gyration.

Supposing, then, that he has grown weary of this staleness, and turns for a spell to his travelling volume; and then looks forth again, he will rub his eyes with wonder, for it will seem as if the Berghem landscape had been travelling on with him as he read, tiling, trees, and all; save only that the windmill element has grown on him prodigiously. North and south are they now crowded together, advancing on him like an army of huge monsters. The traveller is like enough to get cloyed with windmills: still, all this while he is making progress along the Spoorweg. Sharpe and Sons are taking him past unhealthy bits of verdure with a stripped mangy aspect, known to natives as polders or reclaimed Dismal Swamps—past other canals, reeled off interminably — past drowsy cattles of the Cuyp pattern—past more red tiling—past the Noah's Ark trees again—and past the old-established original Dutchman. O, here truly was Peter Stuyvesant redivivus, or William the Testy, given up from their graves in the old Dutch settlement, and coming forth to stare lazily at the Spoorweg! For his face was reddish-purple, and glistening as from deep drinking, his cheeks hung down after the manner of dewlaps, and his eyes were twinklesome and saucerlike. Arrayed in a cool linen coat was he, with pipe a yard long in one hand and a cigar in the other, contemplating the brave work of the Atlas Works with a strange idiot grin. And so on for many more leagues of monotony, until the shadows begin to fall. And finally, towards nine of the clock, lights begin to flit by the window, and houses to congregate abundantly, and windmills to gather round in threatening force; all which are symptoms that Amsterdam, the great pile city, is at hand. Voyageurs are invited to descend.

Instant signal for flash of lanterns, bustle, Babel of tongues, and general confusion. Here, are porters in blue wagoners' frocks, hauling travellers' mails aside into dark places. Everything here is Cimmerian, with here and there a dull, dirty glimmering overhead. Here, are gentry in would-be uniform, assaulting the traveller as he stands distraught upon the steps, with dialect compounded mainly of oors and ooms, and such open diphthongs. Who, failing with that tongue, try him with barbarous French, slipping from thence in rude, gritty German, and finally relapsing into uncompromising irascible English. They are touting, it seems, for the Great Spoorweg Dienst, or railway slave, which stands waiting yonder. The railway slave I discover to be a huge omnibus which takes travellers to their hotels; Amsterdam hostelries lying all along the same line of street. Just for one instant do I look forth from the window, and can make out nothing save certain white posts or pillars, with huge arms and chains, together with other white posts and chains a little beyond them, with white posts and chains on the right and on the left—draw-bridges unmistakeably—for scarcely have we moved a single perch when I find that we are being heaved upward sensibly, with a hollow wooden rumble, and then depressed. A few seconds more, and the white posts and chains are flitting past the window, and the woody rumble comes once more and again and again, for some thirty odd times. It is draw-bridge eternally, and I can see, as we go up and down, the dark waters underneath. Finally, we have gotten into a long, narrow street, smoothly paved or rather flagged—so narrow that it seems to me I can lay my finger on the houses as we go by,—and now asks the Conduktoor where does Mynheer choose to be set down? Ay! Where? that is the question—scarcely thought on till that very instant. There was famous treatment at the house of entertainment, known as the Oude Doelen, or Old Bull's Eye; likewise at the Nieuwe Doelen, or New Bull's Eye; where, note, that the New Bull's Eye takes in sovereign princes and persons of quality. About these Doelen names there was a certain Hibernian smack or savour, recalling strangely Larry of that Ilk. Famous treatment too at the Low Countries Inn—perhaps famous charges also. But there was a caravanserai known as The Grey-headed Nobleman,—which men, cunning in dishes, had spoken of unctuously and with mysterious whisper; where was said to be caves of wine of surpassing quality; also set down in the Livre Rouge, or Red Vade-mecum, as a quiet house. Yes, a quiet house. Unobtrusive, unadvertising. Ancient furniture of the Van Tromp era,—huge four-posters, ancestors on the walls, mine host, of the Stuyvesant pattern over again,—in fact, I knew it as well as though I had been sitting in one of the old long-backed chairs, and not on the hard board-like cushion of the Spoorweg Dienst. The Grey-headed Nobleman then be it, I say to the Conduktoor. Good. He is to be found in the Kalvat Straat hard by.

We have halted. The Grey-headed Nobleman. Where—up that blind alley? Yes. Conduktoor can carry up the mails in about a second. Will the Mynheer follow? Mynheer gets out incontinently and pursues his mails, now flying up the blind alley on Conduktoor's shoulders. They are set down on the threshold of a narrow Barbican doorway, with a lamp, stopping the way effectually. This is the Grey-headed Nobleman—and I have caught a glimpse of his effigy over the door. Someway I shrink from the Grey-headed Nobleman and the general aspect of his house. A long narrow passage, white-washed, of the Poor House Reformatory pattern, so contracted that an

individual who comes squeezing past me from the interior, with many excuses,—no doubt curious as to the quality of those mails,—has driven me against the walls, whitening me all over, as I find next morning. No other than the landlord,—not rubicund, alack! nor robustious, nor unctuous, but a little shrivelled mortal of Frenchified petit-maître pattern. Yes, the landlord of the Grey-headed Nobleman! At my service with infinite respect, and in elementary French. Presumes reverentially that Mynheer has come off the Spoorweg? The Jan will transport Mynheer's baggages to a chamber. Jan!

All along the little reformatory gallery, up a wee flight of five or six stairs of true daisy or churn-scoured hue, round a little twist into second model prison passage, rubbing shoulders pleasantly with the wall, as I do so, and I am before the door of Mynheer's chamber. I have a private opinion that this must have originally formed a part of the model prison passage. It seems much about the same width, and the furniture has a narrow aspect also, constructed apparently to be looked at, lengthways. The bed is long, and a narrow chest of drawers is long and narrow; and the chairs lie in, curiously, to the wall. Of a sudden there passes athwart me a strange soupçon of an effluvia, something too horrible to be admitted, and for a long time mentally waved off and steadily ignored. Something that I should have conceived utterly impossible to be devised in that line of article. Something new, terrible, and undreamed of. It had obtruded itself faintly, just as I had alighted from off the Spoorweg, imparting a strange, sickening feel; and has now followed me into this upper chamber, going and returning periodically. Of which he will learn more hereafter. A certain heavy dampness in the linen of this establishment, imparting to it that clinging ductility usually found in the drapery of a lay figure—remedyless, moreover; for the warming-pan, only eliciting a warm steam instantly condenses it in great drops—drives me to such comfort as may be found in layers of plaid and shawl carefully interposed. Then to wait wearily for long dreams welcome and refreshing.

Just on the verge of that mysterious country, about the time when the furniture is growing into queer misty shapes, and the droll jumble of the day's events with grotesque and inconsistent creatures is beginning, I am rudely called back to earth by horrid jangling—such jangling!—apparently just over my head. Carillons disorderly, working away pitilessly: creatures that never sleep all the night long, and care not whom they waken. Carillons of the great palace, round the corner, now making ready to ring in the hour. Hear the music of the bells, sang a poor sot once on a time, what a world of fancies their melody foretells! At any other season perhaps: not when just come off the Spoorweg. They should be stopped, silenced, I cry, indignantly, as they resolve themselves into a tune—a real tune—Mozartian, Handelian, I care not which; at any rate, now impossible to say. For a stave or so from the tune's close, another Carillon hard-by begins, and others far and near all over the city are getting into play, making most horible discord. Vile hurly burly! confusion! distraction! ten thousand Teufels! What does all this mean? Is there conspiracy in the town to murder sleep? Where are the politie, as their vile jargon has it—yes the politie? Where, indeed! I rise up, and look towards the window, and find that there has grown up in the street, a din and hum of many voices, hitherto drowned by the jingle-jangle. Hum of voices, say I? At this moment there are half-a-dozen men full of wine coming processionally down the street, and roaring, in parts, at the top of their voices. The whole town has discharged itself into that street—giggling, laughing, chattering like a thousand magpies, and calling to each other from afar; this being, as I am informed later, their promenade, or Boulevard; and this being, of all other times in the world, their choice season for recreation, or délassement. I look down on the population from my window with weary eyes, and find them as thick as flies. Crowded together are these Hollanders and Hollandaises,—absolutely jostling each other to get through. I look down for some moments curiously, and go back to my lay-figure drapery, praying heartily for their flying countryman to come and take them off bodily in his ship. All this while Carillons are at work periodically, waking up every quarter-of-an-hour, punctually. I liken them, with grim satisfaction, to the dogs in a cur-infested neighbourhood,—one dismal whine setting all the rest off in full cry.

Still, in course of time, these nuisances abate; the tramp of steps, and hum of voices, die away sensibly, and I am getting something used to the Carillons. Suddenly, when everything has subsided into the stillness proper to the small hours—in well-regulated towns, that is—a rattle is sprung under the window, making me start convulsively; and a hoarse organ is heard to chaunt nasally that it is past twelve o'clock, and a cloudy night in the Dutch tongue, of course; a veritable fragment of a vesper hymn—like the famous Ad Nos of the Anabaptist brethren in the market-place—very musical, and suggestive of Covent Garden Opera memories, at any other season. Again I am at the window, and find it to be the politie making their round. Creatures bearing on their ugly hats a brass decoration much like the Following of the London milk delivery company: on whom (on the politie, that is) be eternal anathema for a night of horrid dreams and broken slumber!

Thus far the chronicle of a traveller's first night in the Low Countries, down among the Dutchmen.

CHIP.

EDMUND WALLER.

A CORRESPONDENT, referring to our recent article on this poet, sends us the following:

"Among the many things on which we ask questions about celebrated men, is hand-writing. In this particular there is very little to say about Waller. There is none of his penmanship in the British Museum, so rich in the manuscript department. At least there was none five years ago. There are, however, two of his signatures known to me. The first is in the possession of a well-known bibliographer, the second belongs to myself. I have it now before me, with a good tracing from the first, and each proves the other. The first is Edm. Waller, the second is Edmond Waller very clearly, showing how the poet spelt his name. It is the owner's handwriting in a copy of J. A. Borelli's Euclides Restitutus, published in sixteen hundred and fifty eight, when Waller was fifty-three years of age; but it bears marks of being written by aged fingers. The first signature is much younger. The style is large, bold, and clean, but not regular. No doubt this copy of Euclid has passed before many eyes which have rejected the notion of the signature belonging to the great poet. And with good presumptive reason. This signature, it would be argued, never could have felt romantic passion for Sacharissa; it might, perhaps, have fallen as much in love as such common-place could do with Joan or Sally, and have married her; but nothing more."

STEPPING STONES.

OCCASIONALLY a favourite pastime with me is—how shall I express it?—striding up the broad River of Time like a stalwart traveller from Brobdingnag; taking a whole generation in a single giant step, and so getting rapidly by half-a-dozen zig-zags over the distance of two or three centuries. All this, moreover, being accomplished in the most natural way conceivable, by the homeliest exercise of memory, and not simply by what might be termed any mere stretch of the imagination.

An ordinary memory, indeed, is really, I take it, about the only endowment in any way positively requisite for the complete enjoyment of this new species of intellectual recreation. An ordinary memory meaning nothing more than the average memory of any moderately educated individual. Endowed so far and no farther, any one—you, reader, or I, writer—may, in another sense, not less than Julius Cæsar himself, according to Shakspere's definition of him,

> Bestride this narrow world like a Colossus.

To afford testimony at once of the literal truth of what I assert, by a few simple illustrations, accompany me, dear reader, while I take one of these same Titanic strolls back towards the fountain head of antiquity. And so, without further parley, as they say in the story-books, let us begin with the beginning:

STARTING POINT: A.D. 1857.

IT is about four of the clock upon an afternoon in the early part of this autumn, that I am sauntering along the pavement in front of Whitehall, over against the Horse Guards, directing my steps in a leisurely stroll down Parliament Street towards Westminster. I know the precise time, less by means of the dingy clock dial over the way—a sort of a tantalising, opaque transparency, neither white by midday nor bright by midnight—than by a casual glance on either hand at my fellow footpassengers.

Honourable gentlemen straggling from the clubs to what may be designated the rival Commons of Britain—and—Bellamy. The choicest residue of the session, bearing somewhat the same relation to the House that pure gold does to the well rocked cradle of the Californian Legislators who have been gradually sifted down in the cradle of debate. Everybody is familiarly acquainted with them, who knows anything about the precincts of St. Margaret's. They are what that Junius of St. James's, the mysterious and illustrious author of the Court Circular, would term the habitués of the House of Commons. Honourable gentlemen, right honourable gentlemen, and noble lords, who stick to the benches with as much tenacity as Theseus to the diabolical chair originally handed to him (no doubt with a polite flourish) by Rhadamanthus. The limpets (to say nothing of the Barnacles) of the state vessel. A select few, who begin the dreary fun of the session by chasing Black Rod to the bar of the Lords in February, and end it by meekly shaking hands with Mr. Speaker in August. A wonderful set of indefatigables, grinding away, systematically, on committees with a stolid perseverance worthy of the Brixton treadmills—told out into one or other of the lobbies on every division—haunting the doorkeeper like the memories of an evil conscience—contributing ever a certain majority to every uncertain minority upon every count-out recorded in the newspapers. Everybody else has long since pulled on his fishing-boots, or donned his tweed-jacket, off to the trout-stream, or to the heathery region of the deer-stalker. With these it is otherwise: the only battue they care for is the one known—in parliamentary slang—as the Massacre of the Innocents. Yet, look at them! these men who may be regarded as the pick of the

national representatives. With a few rare exceptions, they are, for the most part, as unlike senators in their outward appearance as even Monsieur Roland of the French Revolution—wearing most of them, figuratively speaking, ribbons in their shoes, made of nothing more than red-tape, dusted over with nothing less than pouncet. Conspicuous amongst these political mediocrities, however, as they saunter down towards their accustomed destination—noticeable, here and there, an orator with something like an individuality, or a statesman with something very like a reputation. Yonder! perched in the saddle, and guiding his horse at a walking pace past the Treasury, moves by slowly but surely in the one inevitable direction, the noble lord, the ex-premier with the Sphinx-like profile. There, as I come at last within view of the grey old minster towers, flashes round the kerbstone in his brougham, the sprightly veteran who makes it such a capital joke to guide the destinies of England, lolling on green cushions before a green box containing nothing at all in particular, with a hat cocked rakishly on one side, and a smart thing always ready to his lips for every comer—be he some earnest patriot with a great wrong to speak of, or the discoverer and proprietor in fee simple of the last new mare's-nest of diplomacy.

As I cross the open space in my careless advance towards Westminster Hall, I recollect the larger purpose of my purely mental peregrinations. And the fancy then takes me that by no more than six or eight of the simplest strides of memory, each one naturally suggesting another, I shall have passed in thought over the heads of ten several generations before those valves of the great state engine, the glass-doors of the House of Commons, shall have swung to at the heels of the leader of her Majesty's opposition member for Buckinghamshire, whom I have just encountered at the corner of Palace Yard. Half-a-dozen historic stepping-stones, or there-abouts, and we shall be landed at the distance of three centuries!

STEP THE FIRST. A.D. 1848.

An interval of very little more than nine years' duration—scarcely one classic decade—brings me readily to a date within the recollection of us all: to an occurrence, as it were, of yesterday. I am reminded of that nineteenth of January, in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, when yonder novelist-politician lounging on before me was witness to a tranquil death he himself has since then gracefully and impressively commemorated—that of his venerable father, the accomplished author of the Curiosities of Literature. A dissolution so entirely in the natural order of things—resulting from a calm decay of the vital energies in a ripe old age, surrounded by all the consolations of a blameless and, still more, of an eminently useful and meritorious life—that a son could write of it befittingly soon afterwards in a tone expressive of pensive equanimity. The demise of Isaac Disraeli, in his eighty-second year, has, in truth, been not inappropriately described by his filial biographer as constituting, so to speak, the very Euthanasia of a man-of-letters. For, it is recorded of him, that almost immediately before he laid himself down peacefully to breathe his last in the seclusion of his country home at Bradenham House in Buckinghamshire, his publisher had written to inform him that ALL his works were out of print, importuning him at once to set about revising them for a new edition, to appear either piecemeal or collectively. So ended, nearly ten years ago, that protracted literary existence: a life which, commencing rather unpropitiously for a student-ambition in the May of seventeen hundred and sixty-six, at Enfield, was passed, for the most part, in the quietude of a library, in the midst of a continual and congenial litter of books and manuscripts.

STEP THE SECOND. A.D. 1784.

It recurs to my mind, while I am musing over this career of the purely contemplative and entirely successful bookman, that, in the nineteenth year of his age, this same Isaac Disraeli who, sixty-four years afterwards, was to expire amidst the raptures of a so-called Euthanasia of authorship, stood in the winter of seventeen hundred and eighty-four, upon the doorstep of Number Eight, Bolt Court, Fleet Street, a timorous poetic aspirant seeking the advice of Doctor Johnson. It is the forenoon of a foggy day in November. A packet has been left by the nervous stripling at that same door a week previously; and he has called now, by appointment, in the hope of learning the success of his little enterprise. A packet, this appears to have been, containing nothing less important than a manuscript poem on Commerce—a didactic poem reprehending its theme (strange enough, this, from the son of a Hebrew merchant!) as the enervater of the human race and the corrupter of society—and together with these verses a suitable epistle addressed to the great critic, beseeching the aid of his wisdom as a literary guide and counsellor.

That door-step of Number Eight, Bolt Court, is our second stepping-stone. It has carried us at one stride across some sixty-four years, over nearly two generations.

Hesitating, yet sanguine, as befits at once the modesty and hopefulness of eighteen, young Isaac Disraeli is standing there beside me, waiting the answer to his faint uncertain knock of trepidation. The door opens at last,—it is answered (meaning the visitor is answered) by the doctor's well-known black servant, Mr. Francis Barber, a form with which each one is intimately acquainted through the magic mirror of Boswell's Biography.

Ill news for the youthful poetaster,—here is the packet handed back to him, unopened. Ill news, ah me! too, for the world at large. The Doctor is too ill to read anything.

The disheartening message, we are told by the sympathising commemorator of the incident, is accepted by the stripling of eighteen, in his utter despondency, as a merely mechanical excuse. But, alas! the cause was too true; and a few weeks after, on that bed beside which the voice of Mr. Burke faltered, and the tender spirit of Bennet Langton was ever vigilant, the great soul of Johnson quitted earth. At the moment, however, when the young, eager face of the Jew-poet turns from the door, clouded by the first anguish of his sudden and scarcely anticipated disappointment,—there, breathing heavily and painfully in the curtained room up-stairs, lies, still in life, the Oracle of his Generation. Miss Burney is waiting anxiously for news of him in the quiet parlour, and the figure of Langton is softly creaking down the staircase, to sadden her with the last whispered bulletin.

STEP THE THIRD. A.D. 1739.

JOHNSON expired soon afterwards in that same year, at the age of seventy-five, on the thirteenth of December; and I am naturally reminded of a notable incident occurring five and forty years before the date of the one last mentioned. I am in a picturesque corner of a famous grotto,—a small study or rather snuggery, very cosily furnished. It is the first of August in the year of grace seventeen hundred and thirty-nine. A poor little pale-faced crooked man is seated immediately before me, huddled up in a dressing-gown, leaning over a table, scribbling. A glance over his shoulder shows me that what he has been writing is just finished. It is a courtly letter from Alexander Pope, addressed to my Lord Gower, commending one Mr. Samuel Johnson, who hath recently (his Lordship is informed by his correspondent) penned an ingenious poem on London: and for which aforesaid bard of the capital, Mr. Pope thinks my Lord might perhaps, without much effort,—materially advancing the young man's fortunes thereby,—obtain a degree, at his Lordship's leisure, from one of the rival universities. Generously thought of, O noble heart in the stunted frame! but thought of, as it happens, in this instance somewhat ineffectually. However fruitlessly written, it is pleasant to recal to one's remembrance that kindly intercession on behalf of Samuel Johnson, then thirty, and comparatively obscure, spontaneously made by Alexander Pope, then fifty-one, and in the full meridian glory of his reputation. It imparts—the memory of that genial act, an act worthy of the literary brotherhood—an additional pathos to the sorrowful death-scene five years afterwards, when the great poet, prematurely decrepit at the age of fifty-six, sat silently, with his mind wrecked, propped up with pillows, slowly dying! And when, leaning over the back of his arm-chair, weeping over the friend already taken from him, though still alive, Henry, Lord Bolingbroke sobbed out, through his tears, in broken accents:

"O great God, what is man!"

Remembering which woeful death-scene that was to be, I like to tarry a while over the thought of that fraternal plea, but one brief lustre earlier (five short years!), that unsolicited good service, by which the renowned author endeavoured, as it were by stealth, to aid the unknown writer, then struggling manfully to fame, through many dismal misfortunes.

STEP THE FOURTH. A.D. 1700.

ANOTHER interval has sped by, an interval of full forty years, when I lounge back at a stride into Will's Coffee House and the year of grace seventeen hundred, simultaneously. As I am following our own diminutive Alexander the Great into that far-famed haunt of the wits and witlings, I am ashamed to confess it, I observe that my little Guide upon Town is positively but just in his teens, and consequently in his outward man (or rather, it should be said, boy) appears to be more than ever a whipper-snapper. I should be still more ashamed to confess it, that his visiting Will's Coffee House in this way is regarded by many as an incident, to say the least of it, extremely questionable, if not an occurrence, the record of which must be pronounced (as some assert) absolutely apocryphal—BUT—that I have long since doggedly and deliberately made up my mind to swallow henceforth, without any further qualms of suspicion, every one of those dear little dubious episodes that lend a charm to our national annals, impart a zest to biography, and suffuse a fascination over all kinds of literary and historical reminiscences. Don't tell me they are impossible. I reply they are delightful, and, so replying, pin my faith to them, one and all, with the most implicit credulity. It may be that Sir Isaac Newton never had a pet dog of any kind whatever; yet, in spite of that newly discovered and perfectly indisputable truth, I cherish still, with the most obstinate and unshakeable fidelity, my old schoolboy belief in that world-famous anecdote about the tiny spaniel Diamond and the ruined manuscript calculations. It may be, again, that the oak is never known to be in leaf at the time of year when King Charles the Second is so very erroneously supposed to have hid himself among its branches after the battle of Worcester. Possibly I, I won't deny it—yet hide himself among those green oak boughs I am incorrigibly satisfied he did, nevertheless. The particular tree he climbed must have been, I will admit, a phenomenon

among its species: burgeoning miraculously at a season unknown before or since to the naturalist, but burgeoning then—I am quite sure of it — luxuriously! Magnificently verdant in foliage, from the cracks in its gnarled and burly trunk up to the minutest skyward twig, and full of shining oak apples as the pride of a Kent orchard is of golden pippins in October. And so, Woodman Niebuhr! lay your axe of incredulity to any tree but that; administer your poisoned bolus of Fact to any dog but Diamond. Under the shadow of that oak I must still read Boscobel. For the frolics of that mischievous rascal of a spaniel I must still have an eye, as I turn the oracular pages of the Novum Organum!

Wherefore, that Pope did go to Will's, when only a little boy of twelve, I am resolutely bent upon believing, down to the very end of the chapter. What though the statement of the child-poet's visit to the old coffee-house rests almost exclusively upon the assertion of Mr. Ruffhead, his biographer? As doubly corroborative of the probable veracity of which assertion howbeit, hath not Sir Charles Wogan written distinctly (in a letter which may be found at page twenty-one of volume eighteen of Sir Walter Scott's edition of the works of Swift): "I had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from our retreat in the forest of Windsor to dress à la mode, and introduce at Will's Coffee-house?" While Mr. Pope himself no less distinctly remarks, in his earliest epistle to Mr. Wycherley, "It was certainly a great satisfaction to me to hear you at our first meeting doing justice to our dead friend Mr. Dryden. I was not so happy as to know him: Virgilium tantum vidi." Mark the solemn Latin asseveration or averment: "But I have seen Virgil!" It is as explicit as possible—"I was not so happy as to know him: but I have seen him!" After which, I am Mr. Ruffhead's most obedient: placing my hand in his confidingly, even though it be with eyes still closely blindfolded. For, observe, as glorious John died at the ripe age of seventy breathing his last upon Mayday, seventeen hundred; glorious Alexander, if he saw him at all (and he says he did, most distinctly and deliberately), must perforce have seen him at the early part of that year, when he (Alexander) was still only in his tender childhood: And further, as our English Virgil was indisputably dying through all the previous March and April, being confined a close prisoner during the whole of those two spring months within the privacy of his house in Gerard Street, it follows that the reputed interview at Will's Coffee House must equally perforce have taken place, at the very latest, during the previous February. Scarcely a dozen years therefore have elapsed since the child-beau before us—fastidiously clad à la mode, and tripping eagerly across the threshold of the famous rendezvous—breathed his first breath on the twenty-first of May, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, in that dwelling in Lombard Street, where his father then, light of hand and ready of whip, drove a thriving trade as a linen merchant.

After the little red heels and the toy cane, into the old wainscoted public room of the great coffee-house of Covent Garden! A cursory glance is sufficient to take in every detail of the peculiar scene—familiar as his own haunt, to every reader of Captain Steele's Spectator. Nothing, however, remains audible in all the hubbub and gossip, nothing visible among all the moving lights and shadows, but what at once fixes the attention of our boy-introducer. Mr. Dryden yonder—scrooping his chair round upon the bare boarding of the floor so as to have his foot more easily upon the fender, and get altogether at a cosier angle in the time-honoured chimney-corner, where for so long he has sat enthroned the master of the gay revels of conversation. Wigged and ruffled, brave in velvet and gold-lace as becomes them both in their contrasting characters—I like to think of them thus as they momentarily confront each other, with their keen eyes meeting casually but searchingly: the eyes of the fragile child and of the fast-failing septuagenarian.

STEP THE FIFTH. A.D. 1680.

PERADVENTURE another score of years may have slipped by, and I have probably fixed my staff, at the next stride, upon a jutting-point in sixteen hundred and eighty, when I find myself still standing by Mr. Dryden's elbow—he has just completed his half-century—listening with him to "our famous Waller"—then but some four years short of eighty—as he chats pleasantly in a cluster of wits, about his own varied literary experiences. A fragment of this sparkling small-talk Mr. Dryden subsequently preserves in his Preface to the Fables, where he relates having overheard Mr. Waller attribute the smoothness of his numbers to the suavé and harmonising influence of the Tasso done into English verse by Mr. Fairfax. While the courtly lyrist is discoursing with a negligent drawl in his tone, I note how vigilantly attention is awakened in at least one listener; I see it on that mobile brow and on those nervous lips, so vividly and instantly impressionable.

STEP THE SIXTH. A.D. 1621.

AN adventurous movement gives me at one bound a new foothold sixty years further back, namely, in sixteen hundred and twenty-one: when I am at the elbow, no longer of Waller's listener, but of Waller as a listener. He himself has not lived long enough to wither into greyness and wrinkles. He is, on the contrary, in the fresh bloom of sixteen, jauntily attired, as becomes a courtier

making one in a brilliant gathering of attendants grouped about the dais in the banqueting-chamber of Whitehall. His Majesty Jamie the Sixth of Scotland, James the First of England, according to kingly wont in those days, holds high revel, comparatively in public, in the presence of his lieges. A customary royal dinner this is, in the mere manner of it; but, in the curious converse it elicits, one in many ways really extraordinary. A contest of gibe and repartee faithfully recorded upon our national annals by every subsequent historian. A wit-combat between the anointed clown there, slobbering over the gold dishes (with the juices of the food he masticates, running in unseemly fashion out of the corners of his ungainly mouth upon his dribbled beard), and sundry of the guests at his regal board, right honourables and right reverends. It is not the babble of king and bishops, however, I am now watchfully observing; it is rather the shrewd listening face of one spare and delicate youth, easily discernible among the bystanders. The countenance of Waller at sixteen, as Aubrey has described it: with a "fair thin skin; his hair, frizzed, of a brownish colour; full eye, popping out and working; his face somewhat of an olivaster"—Waller, in short, as he was, before he saw that "sleepy eye" that spoke, for him at least, anything but the "melting soul:" the languishing glance of the blonde and voluptuous Sacharissa. Not, however, now to the damask cheek of beauty or to the chiming cadence of her silver voice are Waller's senses wakened, as I observe him leaning by the gorgeous buffet of Whitehall. Rather than that, they are fixed meditatively upon the drivelling of the Grotesque yonder, lolling in the state chair and spluttering over the crisp ruff and the jewels of sovereignty—that farcical pedant-king, whose incongruous reign is, as it were, nothing better than a fantastic burlesque between two bloody and affecting tragedies. A laughable interlude played out upon the great stage of history by a low comedian, the very type of the king of extravaganzas; by one whose offspring and successor was nevertheless afterwards to die upon a scaffold outside that very banquet-hall; whose own immediate progenitors were already prematurely slain, the one by the headsman's axe, the other by the hand of the midnight assassin. This gobbling farçeur, however, talking perilous nonsense, now in sixteen hundred and twenty-one, to two of the lords spiritual of his realm—sire and son, midway between destinies so evil doomed—has no relish whatever taken from the viands upon his platter by the shadowy ghosts of two grimly memories, or by the spectral phantom of one momentary presentiment. Guttling his food with a zest, the King plays the fool according to habit in his accustomed though unconscious capacity as his own jester, what time Mr. Edmund Waller—the down not yet upon his lips—toys with the tassel of his orange doublet and hearkens sagaciously.

STEP THE SEVENTH. A.D. 1566.

In a twinkling I have strode, at a single pace, forty-five years further onward into the past, and am peering curiously, upon a summer's day of fifteen hundred and sixty-six, through a tapestried porch of an ante-room into a sleeping-chamber in what was, even then, the time-worn and war-worn Castle of Edinburgh. James Stuart has happily not yet developed from the baby-prince into the full-grown kingly punchinello. He is indeed but newly-born, having first opened his eyes to the light on the nineteenth of June, only a few days previously. The apartment—since screened off into a very cupboard, and displayed thus to wondering sight seers as the birthplace of the first sovereign of the United Kingdom of England and Scotland—presents to view, as I gaze into it, a domestic group, pathetic in its way, and singularly beautiful. The handsome and youthful ne'er-do-weel, Henry, the Lord Darnley, King (consort) of Scots—sullen and passionate by turns, through all his wayward married life—has unexpectedly come to visit his queen-wife during one brief lucid interval of compunction: apparently intent only upon consoling her under the depressing influence of her recent pangs by this unwonted evidence of tenderness: in reality eager to see with his own eyes and hold within his own arms the offspring of their ill-fated nuptials. A contemporary chronicler tells full sadly the tale of the notable interview with its slight but touching incidents—how Mary, lovelier than ever in her maternal prostration, her delicate complexion flushing as she spoke, swore a great oath as to the child's legitimacy, calling God to witness the truth of her asseveration: her eyes of witchery in a blaze, her fair right hand pointing stedfastly from her couch to Heaven! How Darnley, thrilling to the words then uttered, yearned over the little infant he held at the moment in his arms, as he sat by the bedside, and bending down, kissed it tenderly upon the forehead.

STEP THE EIGHTH. A.D. 1542.

Following a very natural sequence of recollections, I pass, still as from stepping-stone to stepping-stone, across an interval of some four-and-twenty years, from the birthplace of James to that of his young mother, the radiant and unfortunate Queen of Scots; pausing upon the eighth of December, fifteen hundred and forty-two, at the door of another royal bedchamber: the room in which the thrice-widowed Mary began her woful life of love in the palace of Linlithgow. Here in truth at last—pausing! For, the date alone without one syllable of illustrative comment, is of itself, indeed, sufficiently suggestive. Suggestive—how suggestive! of the first tender budding of the beautiful passion-flower,

sown, so to speak, by a storm-blast between the chinks of a mouldering rampart, stained with the blood and blackened with the thunder of battle.

And that date, has it not brought us (let it be remembered distinctly by no more than an eighth step) to a period removed from the Actual Present by a lapse of more than Three Centuries?

Link by link the chain of memories might be strung together, readily enough, indefinitely onward, from generation to generation: connecting the age of Victoria not less easily with that of Boadicea, than the former is here brought, by eight paces, within view of an epoch positively beyond that of Elizabeth.

Enough. I am suddenly recalled from fifteen hundred and forty-two to this present year of our Lord eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, as by a jerk, startling me from my meditative recollections. The glass-doors of the Commons have swung-to, and I kick off my Shoes of Swiftness and subside into mere Wellingtons.

A TOUCHING (AND TOUCHED) CHARACTER.

Some few years ago, the reading-room of the Bibliothèque Royale, at Paris, was frequented by a personage whose quaint costume could not fail to attract the notice of every visitor. Dressed from top to toe in a close-fitting garb of red, or blue, or yellow cloth, with the grand cordon of some unknown order of knighthood around his neck, and his hat adorned with artificial flowers, bright beads, and tinsel ornaments of every description, the strangely-accoutred student would sit all day long in one particular place, with his head bent over his book, apparently wrapt in attention to the subject before him. He was a man past middle life, his hair and beard were grey, and his countenance, which had evidently once been handsome, bore traces of long and deep suffering in the furrows with which it was plentifully seamed. The curiosity excited by the singularity of his dress could not fail to be increased by the ineffable sorrow expressed in his face; and if any one, interested by his appearance, inquired who he was, he probably obtained no other answer than this: "It is Carnevale."

Indeed, Carnevale's history was so well known to the habitués of the library, that they thought no further answer was necessary; but if the inquirer pursued his questions, he might have heard the following account of him:

Carnevale was an Italian, of a highly respectable family in Naples. He came to Paris about the year eighteen hundred and twenty-six, young, handsome, and well provided with money. With these advantages he had no difficulty in getting into society, and was received with open arms by his fellow-countrymen resident in the French capital. Suddenly, however, he disappeared his friends lost sight of him; no one knew why or whither he had gone, until some time afterwards it was discovered that he had fallen passionately in love, and had sought solitude in order to enjoy undisturbed the sweet society of the mistress of his affections. But his happiness was of short duration; the lady died, and her death robbed poor Carnevale not only of all that was dearest to him on earth, but of his reason, too.

When he had in some degree recovered from the first violence of the shock, he went daily to pray and weep at her tomb. The watchman at the cemetery noticed that, at every visit, he took a paper, folded in the shape of a letter, from his pocket, and placed it under the stone. This was communicated to Carnevale's friends, one of whom went to the grave, and found five letters hidden there: one for each day since her burial. The last was to this effect, though it is impossible to render in a translation all the pathetic grace of the original Italian:

Dearest,—You do not answer my letters, and yet you know that I love you. Have you forgotten me amid the occupations of the other land? It would be unkind—very unkind—if you had. But now, for five days—five long days—I have waited for news of you. I cannot sleep, or if I close my eyes for an instant, it is to dream of you.

Why did you not leave me your address? I would have sent you your clothes and trinkets. . . . But no! do not send for them: for pity's sake, leave them with me. I have arranged them on chairs, and I fancy you are in the next room, and that you will soon come in and dress yourself. Besides these things, which you have worn, spread a perfume through my little room; and so I am happy when I come in.

I wish I had your portrait, very well done, very much like you, so as to be able to compete with the other—for I have one already. It is in my eyes, and it can never change. Whether I shut my eyes, or open them, I see you always. . . Ah, my darling! how skilful is the great artist who has left me this portrait.

Farewell, dearest! Write to me to-morrow, or to-day, if you can. If you are very busy, I will not ask you for a page, or even for a line,—only three words. Tell me only that you love me.

Carnevale.

His friend, imagining that he was suffering from an illusive melancholy which every day would tend to decrease, requested the watchman to take away the letters as Carnevale brought them; but the result was not as he anticipated. On finding that his love did not send him any reply, Carnevale fell into a state of gloomy despair; after having written thirty letters, he ceased his visits to the cemetery.

It was about this time that, as he walked along the boulevards, he saw a variety of bright coloured cloths displayed in a draper's window. He smiled at seeing them, and, entering the shop, purchased several yards of each sort of cloth. A week

afterwards, he appeared in the streets in a complete suit of red; hat, coat, waistcoat, trousers and shoes, all red, and of a fantastic cut. A crowd soon gathered around him, and he returned home with at least five hundred idlers at his heels. The next day, he came out in a yellow suit; the day after, in a suit of sky-blue; each day he was followed by a fresh crowd; but, erelong the Parisians became familiar with the eccentricity of his attire, and none but strangers turned to gaze at him. It was noticed, however, that he varied his dress from day to day, not in any regular succession, but capriciously, and as if in accordance with his frame of mind.

During the revolution of July, eighteen hundred and thirty, his strange costume nearly proved fatal to him. As he took no interest in passing events, never conversing with any one, and never reading a newspaper, he was perfectly unaware of what was occurring, and had no idea that Paris was in a state of revolution. On the twenty-eighth of July, as he was walking along the quays, he fell in with a band of insurgents from the faubourgs, who, not being familiar with his appearance and being misled by the cordon round his neck, took him for a foreign prince, and were going to throw him into the Seine. He was fortunately recognised by a cab-driver, who explained who he was, and obtained his liberation. It was with great difficulty that Carnevale was brought to understand that Paris was in uproar, and that his gay habiliments had brought him into peril of his life; but when, the next day, he once more put on black clothes, he relapsed into his former sadness. He felt his brain grow disturbed; he remembered with painful acuteness the death of his love; he was conscious that, day by day, his reason was abandoning him. As soon as he found this was the case, he betook himself, of his own accord, to the hospital at Bicêtre, and remained there for some time, under treatment. The physicians were amazed to hear a madman reason as calmly as he did about his condition.

"Send for my coloured clothes," said he one day. His request was complied with; and as soon as he had put on his red suit, he resumed his former gaiety.

"It was the black clothes," he said, "that made me ill. I cannot endure black. You are all very foolish to sacrifice to so ugly a fashion. You always look as if you were going to a funeral. For my part, when I am very joyful I put on my red suit; it becomes me so well—and, besides my friends know what it means. When they see me in red, they say:

"'Carnevale is in a very good humour to-day.'

"When I am not in such good spirits, I put on my yellow suit; that looks very nice also. And when I am a little melancholy, and the sun does not shine very brightly, I put on my blue clothes."

When he left the hospital, finding that his fortune was somewhat diminished, Carnevale determined to add to his means by giving lessons in Italian. He soon obtained a number of pupils—for his story became known, and gained him many friends. His manner of teaching, too, was excellent; he never scolded his pupils, or gave them impositions. If they knew their lessons well, he would promise to come next time in his apple-green dress; but if he were dissatisfied with them he would say:

"Ah! I shall be obliged to come to-morrow in my coffee-coloured suit."

Thus he rewarded and punished his pupils always, and he could easily do it, for he had more than sixty suits, each of one colour throughout, all ticketed and hung up, with the greatest care, in a room which he allowed no one to enter but himself.

His circle of acquaintance, towards the end of his life, became very large. His gentle manners, and harmless eccentricities, made him welcome everywhere. At the Neapolitan embassy, he was a constant guest; and with the artistes of the Italian Theatre he was a special favourite. Though not rich, his income more than sufficed his moderate wants, and he gave away a great deal in charity. No poor Italian ever applied to him in vain for assistance; many have owed success to his zealous recommendation of them to his influential friends. He delighted in being of service.

His habits were very simple. Every morning, he rose at five o'clock from the leathern arm-chair in which he slept; for, he would not sleep in a bed. After a visit to the fish-market, to make purchases for his friends, he would return home, and prepare with his own hands a dish of potatoes for his breakfast. His day was spent with his pupils, or at the library, and ended with a walk on the boulevards. In walking, if he met any one he knew, he would take his arm, and enter into a long conversation about Italy, music, or some other favourite topic; and he would fancy that the person whom he had thus casually encountered was Bellini, Napoleon, Malebran, or some equally illustrious deceased. This hallucination was a source of great pleasure to him: it was in vain to tell him that Napoleon, Malebran, and Bellini were dead. "They are dead to you, I admit," he would answer, "but not to me. I am endowed with senses that you do not possess. I assure you they are not dead; they love me, and frequent my company."

Poor Carnevale! May the sun shine brightly on his grave.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 397.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

THE LAZY TOUR OF TWO IDLE APPRENTICES.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Two of the many passengers by a certain late Sunday evening train, Mr. Thomas Idle and Mr. Francis Goodchild, yielded up their tickets at a little rotten platform (converted into artificial touch-wood by smoke and ashes), deep in the manufacturing bosom of Yorkshire. A mysterious bosom it appeared, upon a damp, dark, Sunday night, dashed through in the train to the music of the whirling wheels, the panting of the engine, and the part-singing of hundreds of third-class excursionists, whose vocal efforts "bobbed arayound" from sacred to profane, from hymns, to our transatlantic sisters the Yankee Gal and Mairy Anne, in a remarkable way. There seemed to have been some large vocal gathering near to every lonely station on the line. No town was visible, no village was visible, no light was visible; but, a multitude got out singing, and a multitude got in singing, and the second multitude took up the hymns, and adopted our transatlantic sisters, and sang of their own egregious wickedness, and of their bobbing arayound, and of how the ship it was ready and the wind it was fair, and they were bayound for the sea, Mairy Anne, until they in their turn became a getting out multitude, and were replaced by another getting-in multitude, who did the same. And at every station, the getting-in multitude, with an artistic reference to the completeness of their chorus, incessantly cried, as with one voice while scuffling into the carriages, "We mun aa' gang toogither!"

The singing and the multitudes had trailed off as the lonely places were left and the great towns were neared, and the way had lain as silently as a train's way ever can, over the vague black streets of the great gulfs of towns, and among their branchless woods of vague black chimneys. These towns looked, in the cinderous wet, as though they had one and all been on fire and were just put out—a dreary and quenched panorama, many miles long.

Thus, Thomas and Francis got to Leeds; of which enterprising and important commercial centre it may be observed with delicacy, that you must either like it very much or not at all. Next day, the first of the Race-Week, they took train to Doncaster.

And instantly the character, both of travellers and of luggage, entirely changed, and no other business than race-business any longer existed on the face of the earth. The talk was all of horses and "John Scott." Guards whispered behind their hands to station-masters, of horses and John Scott. Men in cut-away coats and speckled cravats fastened with peculiar pins, and with the large bones of their legs developed under tight trousers, so that they should look as much as possible like horses' legs, paced up and down by twos at junction-stations, speaking low and moodily of horses and John Scott. The young clergyman in the black strait-waistcoat, who occupied the middle seat of the carriage, expounded in his peculiar pulpit-accent to the young and lovely Reverend Mrs. Crinoline, who occupied the opposite middle-seat, a few passages of rumour relative to "Oartheth, my love, and Mithter John Eth-cott." A bandy vagabond, with a head like a Dutch cheese, in a fustian stable-suit, attending on a horse-box and going about the platforms with a halter hanging round his neck like a Calais burgher of the ancient period much degenerated, was courted by the best society, by reason of what he had to hint, when not engaged in eating straw, concerning "t'harses and Joon Scott." The engine-driver himself, as he applied one eye to his large stationary double-eye-glass on the engine, seemed to keep the other open, sideways, upon horses and John Scott.

Breaks and barriers at Doncaster station to keep the crowd off; temporary wooden avenues of ingress and egress, to help the crowd on. Forty extra porters sent down for this present blessed Race-Week, and all of them making up their betting-books in the lamp-room or somewhere else, and none of them to come and touch the luggage. Travellers disgorged into an open space, a howling wilderness of idle men. All work but race-work at a stand-still; all men at a stand-still. "Ey my word! Deant ask noon o' us to help wi' t' luggage. Bock your opinion loike a mon. Coom! Dang it, coom, t'harses and Joon Scott!" In the midst of the idle men, all the fly horses and omnibus horses of Doncaster and parts adjacent, rampant,

rearing, backing, plunging, shying—apparently the result of their hearing of nothing but their own order and John Scott.

Grand Dramatic Company from London for the Race-week. Poses Plastiques in the Grand Assembly Room up the Stable-Yard at seven and nine each evening, for the Race-Week. Grand Alliance Circus in the field beyond the bridge, for the Race-Week. Grand Exhibition of Aztec Lilliputians, important to all who want to be horrified cheap, for the Race-Week. Lodgings, grand and not grand, but all at grand prices, ranging from ten pounds to twenty, for the Grand Race-Week!

Rendered giddy enough by these things, Messieurs Idle and Goodchild repaired to the quarters they had secured beforehand, and Mr. Goodchild looked down from the window into the surging street.

"By heaven, Tom!" cried he, after contemplating it, "I am in the Lunatic Asylum again, and these are all mad people under the charge of a body of designing keepers!"

All through the Race-Week, Mr. Goodchild never divested himself of this idea. Every day he looked out of window, with something of the dread of Lemuel Gulliver looking down at men after he returned home from the horse-country; and every day he saw the Lunatics, horse-mad, betting-mad, drunken-mad, vice-mad, and the designing Keepers always after them. The idea pervaded, like the second colour in shot-silk, the whole of Mr. Goodchild's impressions. They were much as follows:

Monday, mid-day. Races not to begin until to-morrow, but all the mob-Lunatics out, crowding the pavements of the one main street of pretty and pleasant Doncaster, crowding the road, particularly crowding the outside of the Betting Rooms, whooping and shouting loudly after all passing vehicles. Frightened lunatic horses occasionally running away, with infinite clatter. All degrees of men, from peers to paupers, betting incessantly. Keepers very watchful, and taking all good chances. An awful family likeness among the Keepers, to Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell. With some knowledge of expression and some acquaintance with heads (thus writes Mr. Goodchild), I never have seen anywhere, so many repetitions of one class of countenance and one character of head (both evil) as in this street at this time. Cunning, covetousness, secresy, cold calculation, hard callousness and dire insensibility, are the uniform Keeper characteristics. Mr. Palmer passes me five times in five minutes, and, as I go down the street, the back of Mr. Thurtell's skull is always going on before me.

Monday evening. Town lighted up; more Lunatics out than ever; a complete choke and stoppage of the thoroughfare outside the Betting Rooms. Keepers, having dined, pervade the Betting Rooms, and sharply snap at the moneyed Lunatics. Some Keepers flushed with drink, and some not, but all close and calculating. A vague echoing roar of "t'harses" and "t'races" always rising in the air, until midnight, at about which period it dies away in occasional drunken songs and straggling yells. But, all night, some unmannerly drinking-house in the neighbourhood opens its mouth at intervals and spits out a man too drunk to be retained: who thereupon makes what uproarious protest may be left in him, and either falls asleep where he tumbles, or is carried off in custody.

Tuesday morning, at daybreak. A sudden rising, as it were out of the earth, of all the obscene creatures, who sell "correct cards of the races." They may have been coiled in corners, or sleeping on door-steps, and, having all passed the night under the same set of circumstances, may all want to circulate their blood at the same time; but, however that may be, they spring into existence all at once and together, as though a new Cadmus had sown a race-horse's teeth. There is nobody up, to buy the cards; but, the cards are madly cried. There is no patronage to quarrel for; but, they madly quarrel and fight. Conspicuous among these hyænas, as breakfast-time discloses, is a fearful creature in the general semblance of a man: shaken off his next to-no legs by drink and devilry, bare headed and bare-footed, with a great shock of hair like a horrible broom, and nothing on him but a ragged pair of trousers and a pink glazed-calico coat—made on him—so very tight that it is as evident that he could never take it off, as that he never does. This hideous apparition, inconceivably drunk, has a terrible power of making a gong-like imitation of the braying of an ass: which feat requires that he should lay his right jaw in his begrimed right paw, double himself up, and shake his bray out of himself, with much staggering on his next-to-no legs, and much twirling of his horrible broom, as if it were a mop. From the present minute, when he comes in sight holding up his cards to the windows, and hoarsely proposing purchase to My Lord, Your Excellency, Colonel, the Noble Captain, and Your Honorable Worship—from the present minute until the Grand Race-Week is finished, at all hours of the morning, evening, day, and night, shall the town reverberate, at capricious intervals, to the brays of this frightful animal the Gong-Donkey.

No very great racing to-day, so no very great amount of vehicles: though there is a good sprinkling, too: from farmers' carts and gigs, to carriages with post-horses and to fours-in-hand, mostly coming by the road from York, and passing on straight through the main street to the Course. A walk in the wrong direction may be a better thing for Mr. Goodchild to-day than the Course, so he walks in the wrong direction. Everybody gone to the races. Only children in the street. Grand Alliance Circus deserted; not

one Star-Rider left; omnibus which forms the Pay-Place, having on separate panels Pay here for the Boxes, Pay here for the Pit, Pay here for the Gallery, hove down in a corner and locked up; nobody near the tent but the man on his knees on the grass, who is making the paper balloons for the Star young gentlemen to jump through to-night. A pleasant road, pleasantly wooded. No labourers working in the fields; all gone "t'races." The few late wenders of their way "t'races," who are yet left driving on the road, stare in amazement at the recluse who is not going "t'races." Roadside innkeeper has gone "t'races." Turnpike-man has gone "t'races." His thrifty wife, washing clothes at the toll-house door, is going "t'races" to-morrow. Perhaps there may be no one left to take the toll to-morrow; who knows? Though assuredly that would be neither turnpike-like, nor Yorkshire-like. The very wind and dust seem to be hurrying "t'races," as they briskly pass the only wayfarer on the road. In the distance, the Railway Engine, waiting at the town-end, shrieks despairingly. Nothing but the difficulty of getting off the Line, restrains that Engine from going "t'races," too, it is very clear.

At night, more Lunatics out than last night—and more Keepers. The latter very active at the Betting Rooms, the street in front of which is now impassable. Mr. Palmer as before. Mr. Thurtell as before. Roar and uproar as before. Gradual subsidence as before. Unmannerly drinking house expectorates as before. Drunken negro-melodists, Gong-donkey, and correct cards, in the night.

On Wednesday morning, the morning of the great St. Leger, it becomes apparent that there has been a great influx since yesterday, both of Lunatics and Keepers. The families of the tradesmen over the way are no longer within human ken; their places know them no more; ten, fifteen, and twenty guinea-lodgers fill them. At the pastry-cook's second-floor window, a Keeper is brushing Mr. Thurtell's hair—thinking it his own. In the wax-chandler's attic, another Keeper is putting on Mr. Palmer's braces. In the gunsmith's nursery, a Lunatic is shaving himself. In the serious stationer's best sitting-room, three Lunatics are taking a combination-breakfast, praising the (cook's) devil, and drinking neat brandy in an atmosphere of last midnight's cigars. No family sanctuary is free from our Angelic messengers—we put up at the Angel—who in the guise of extra waiters for the grand Race-Week, rattle in and out of the most secret chambers of everybody's house, with dishes and tin covers, decanters, soda-water bottles, and glasses. An hour later. Down the street and up the street, as far as eyes can see and a good deal farther, there is a dense crowd; outside the Betting Rooms it is like a great struggle at a theatre door—in the days of theatres; or at the vestibule of the Spurgeon temple—in the days of Spurgeon. An hour later. Fusing into this crowd, and somehow getting through it, are all kinds of conveyances, and all kinds of foot-passengers; carts, with brick-makers and brick-makeresses jolting up and down on planks; drags, with the needful grooms behind, sitting crossed-armed in the needful manner, and slanting themselves backward from the soles of their boots at the needful angle; postboys, in the shining hats and smart jackets of the olden time, when stokers were not; beautiful Yorkshire horses, gallantly driven by their own breeders and masters. Under every pole, and every shaft, and every horse, and every wheel as it would seem, the Gong-donkey—metallically braying, when not struggling for life, or whipped out of the way.

By one o'clock, all this stir has gone out of the streets, and there is no one left in them but Francis Goodchild. Francis Goodchild will not be left in them long; for, he too is on his way "t'races."

A most beautiful sight, Francis Goodchild finds "t'races" to be, when he has left fair Doncaster behind him, and comes out on the free course, with its agreeable prospect, its quaint Red House oddly changing and turning as Francis turns, its green grass, and fresh heath. A free course and an easy one, where Francis can roll smoothly where he will, and can choose between the start, or the coming-in, or the turn behind the brow of the hill, or any out-of-the-way point where he lists to see the throbbing horses straining every nerve, and making the sympathetic earth throb as they come by. Francis much delights to be, not in the Grand Stand, but where he can see it, rising against the sky with its vast tiers of little white dots of faces, and its last high rows and corners of people, looking like pins stuck into an enormous pin-cushion—not quite so symmetrically as his orderly eye could wish, when people change or go away. When the race is nearly run out, it is as good as the race to him to see the flutter among the pins, and the change in them from dark to light, as hats are taken off and waved. Not less full of interest, the loud anticipation of the winner's name, the swelling, and the final, roar; then, the quick dropping of all the pins out of their places, the revelation of the shape of the bare pin-cushion, and the closing-in of the whole host of Lunatics and Keepers, in the rear of the three horses with bright-coloured riders, who have not yet quite subdued their gallop though the contest is over.

Mr. Goodchild would appear to have been by no means free from lunacy himself at "t'races," though not of the prevalent kind. He is suspected by Mr. Idle to have fallen into a dreadful state concerning a pair of little lilac gloves and a little bonnet that he saw there. Mr. Idle asserts, that he did afterwards

repeat at the Angel, with an appearance of being lunatically seized, some rhapsody to the following effect: "O little lilac gloves! And O winning little bonnet, making in conjunction with her golden hair quite a Glory in the sunlight round the pretty head, why anything in the world but you and me! Why may not this day's running—of horses, to all the rest: of precious sands of life to me—be prolonged through an everlasting autumn-sunshine, without a sunset! Slave of the Lamp, or Ring, strike me yonder gallant equestrian Clerk of the Course, in the scarlet coat, motionless on the green grass for ages! Friendly Devil on Two Sticks, for ten times ten thousand years, keep Blink-Bonny jibbing at the post, and let us have no start! Arab drums, powerful of old to summon Genii in the desert, sound of yourselves and raise a troop for me in the desert of my heart, which shall so enchant this dusty barouche (with a conspicuous excise-plate, resembling the Collector's door-plate at a turnpike), that I, within it, loving the little lilac gloves, the winning little bonnet, and the dear unknown-wearer with the golden hair, may wait by her side for ever, to see a Great St. Leger that shall never be run!"

Thursday morning. After a tremendous night of crowding, shouting, drinking-house expectoration, Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Symptoms of yesterday's gains in the way of drink, and of yesterday's losses in the way of money, abundant. Money-losses very great. As usual, nobody seems to have won; but, large losses and many losers are unquestionable facts. Both Lunatics and Keepers, in general very low. Several of both kinds look in at the chemist's while Mr. Goodchild is making a purchase there, to be "picked up." One red-eyed Lunatic, flushed, faded, and disordered, enters hurriedly and cries savagely, "Hond us a gloss of sal volatile in wather, or soom dommed thing o' thot sart!" Faces at the Betting-Rooms very long, and a tendency to bite nails observable. Keepers likewise given this morning to standing about solitary, with their hands in their pockets, looking down at their boots as they fit them into cracks of the pavement, and then looking up whistling and walking away. Grand Alliance Circus out, in procession; buxom lady-member of Grand Alliance, in crimson riding-habit, fresher to look at, even in her paint under the day sky, than the cheeks of Lunatics or Keepers. Spanish Cavalier appears to have lost yesterday, and jingles his bossed bridle with disgust, as if he were paying. Re-action also apparent at the Guildhall opposite, whence certain pickpockets come out handcuffed together, with that peculiar walk which is never seen under any other circumstances—a walk expressive of going to jail, game, but still of jails being in bad taste and arbitrary, and how would *you* like it if it was you instead of me, as it ought to be! Mid-day. Town filled as yesterday, but not so full; and emptied as yesterday, but not so empty. In the evening, Angel ordinary where every Lunatic and Keeper has his modest daily meal of turtle, venison, and wine, not so crowded as yesterday, and not so noisy. At night, the theatre. More abstracted faces in it, than one ever sees at public assemblies; such faces wearing an expression which strongly reminds Mr. Goodchild of the boys at school who were "going up next," with their arithmetic or mathematics. These boys are, no doubt, going up to-morrow with *their* sums and figures. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Thurtell in the boxes O. P. Mr. Thurtell and Mr. Palmer in the boxes P. S. The firm of Thurtell, Palmer, and Thurtell, in the boxes Centre. A most odious tendency observable in these distinguished gentlemen to put vile constructions on sufficiently innocent phrases in the play, and then to applaud them in a Satyr-like manner. Behind Mr. Goodchild, with a party of other Lunatics and one Keeper, the express incarnation of the thing called a "gent." A gentleman born; a gent manufactured. A something with a scarf round its neck, and a slipshod speech issuing from behind the scarf; more depraved, more foolish, more ignorant, more unable to believe in any noble or good thing of any kind, than the stupidest Bosjesman. The thing is but a boy in years, and is addled with drink. To do its company justice, even its company is ashamed of it, as it drawls its slang criticisms on the representation, and inflames Mr. Goodchild with a burning ardour to fling it into the pit. Its remarks are so horrible, that Mr. Goodchild, for the moment, even doubts whether that *is* a wholesome Art, which sets women apart on a high floor before such a thing as this, though as good as its own sisters, or its own mother—whom Heaven forgive for bringing it into the world! But, the consideration that a low nature must make a low world of its own to live in, whatever the real materials, or it could no more exist than any of us could without the sense of touch, brings Mr. Goodchild to reason: the rather, because the thing soon drops its downy chin upon its scarf, and slobbers itself asleep.

Friday Morning. Early fights. Gong-donkey, and correct cards. Again, a great set towards the races, though not so great a set as on Wednesday. Much packing going on too, upstairs at the gunsmith's, the wax-chandler's, and the serious stationer's; for, there will be a heavy drift of Lunatics and Keepers to London by the afternoon train. The course as pretty as ever; the great pincushion as like a pincushion, but not nearly so full of pins; whole rows of pins wanting. On the great event of the day, both Lunatics and Keepers become inspired with rage; and there is a violent scuffling, and a rushing at the losing jockey, and an emergence of the said jockey from a swaying and

menacing crowd, protected by friends, and looking the worse for wear; which is a rough, proceeding, though animating to see from a pleasant distance. After the great event, rills begin to flow from the pincushion towards the railroad; the rills swell into rivers; the rivers soon unite into a lake. The lake floats Mr. Goodchild into Doncaster, past the Itinerant personage in black, by the way-side telling him from the vantage ground of a legibly printed placard on a pole that for all these things the Lord will bring him to judgment. No turtle and venison ordinary this evening; that is all over. No Betting at the rooms; nothing there but the plants in pots, which have, all the week, been stood about the entry to give it an innocent appearance, and which have sorely sickened by this time.

Saturday. Mr. Idle wishes to know at breakfast, what were those dreadful groanings in his bedroom doorway in the night? Mr. Goodchild answers, Nightmare. Mr. Idle repels the calumny, and calls the waiter. The Angel is very sorry—had intended to explain; but you see, gentlemen, there was a gentleman dined down stairs with two more, and he had lost a deal of money, and he would drink a deal of wine, and in the night he "took the horrors," and got up; and as his friends could do nothing with him he laid himself down, and groaned at Mr. Idle's door. "And he DID groan there," Mr. Idle says; "and you will please to imagine me inside, 'taking the horrors' too!"

So far, the picture of Doncaster on the occasion of its great sporting anniversary, offers probably a general representation of the social condition of the town, in the past as well as in the present time. The sole local phenomenon of the current year, which may be considered as entirely unprecedented in its way, and which certainly claims, on that account, some slight share of notice, consists in the actual existence of one remarkable individual, who is sojourning in Doncaster, and who, neither directly nor indirectly, has anything at all to do, in any capacity whatever, with the racing amusements of the week. Ranging throughout the entire crowd that fills the town, and including the inhabitants as well as the visitors, nobody is to be found altogether disconnected with the business of the day, excepting this one unparalleled man. He does not bet on the races, like the sporting men. He does not assist the races, like the jockeys, starters, judges, and grooms. He does not look on at the races, like Mr. Goodchild and his fellow-spectators. He does not profit by the races, like the hotel-keepers and the trades-people. He does not minister to the necessities of the races, like the booth-keepers, the postilions, the waiters, and the hawkers of Lists. He does not assist the attractions of the races, like the actors at the theatre, the riders at the circus, or the posturers at the Poses Plastiques. Absolutely and literally, he is the only individual in Doncaster who stands by the brink of the full-flowing race-stream, and is not swept away by it in common with all the rest of his species. Who is this modern hermit, this recluse of the St. Leger-week, this inscrutably ungregarious being, who lives apart from the amusements and activities of his fellow-creatures? Surely, there is little difficulty in guessing that clearest and easiest of all riddles. Who could he be, but Mr. Thomas Idle?

Thomas had suffered himself to be taken to Doncaster, just as he would have suffered himself to be taken to any other place in the habitable globe which would guarantee him the temporary possession of a comfortable sofa to rest his ankle on. Once established at the hotel, with his leg on one cushion and his back against another, he formally declined taking the slightest interest in any circumstance whatever connected with the races, or with the people who were assembled to see them. Francis Goodchild, anxious that the hours should pass by his crippled travelling-companion as lightly as possible, suggested that his sofa should be moved to the window, and that he should amuse himself by looking out at the moving panorama of humanity, which the view from it of the principal street presented. Thomas, however, steadily declined profiting by the suggestion.

"The farther I am from the window," he said, "the better, Brother Francis, I shall be pleased. I have nothing in common with the one prevalent idea of all those people who are passing in the street. Why should I care to look at them?"

"I hope I have nothing in common with the prevalent idea of a great many of them, either," answered Goodchild, thinking of the sporting gentlemen whom he had met in the course of his wanderings about Doncaster. "But, surely, among all the people who are walking by the house, at this very moment, you may find——"

"Not one living creature," interposed Thomas, "who is not, in one way or another, interested in horses, and who is not, in a greater or less degree, an admirer of them. Now, I hold opinions in reference to these particular members of the quadruped creation, which may lay claim (as I believe) to the disastrous distinction of being unpartaken by any other human being, civilised or savage, over the whole surface of the earth. Taking the horse as an animal in the abstract, Francis, I cordially despise him from every point of view."

"Thomas," said Goodchild, "confinement to the house has begun to affect your biliary secretions. I shall go to the chemist's and get you some physic."

"I object," continued Thomas, quietly possessing himself of his friend's hat, which stood on a table near him,—"I object, first,

to the personal appearance of the horse. I protest against the conventional idea of beauty, as attached to that animal. I think his nose too long, his forehead too low, and his legs (except in the case of the cart-horse) ridiculously thin by comparison with the size of his body. Again, considering how big an animal he is, I object to the contemptible delicacy of his constitution. Is he not the sickliest creature in creation? Does any child catch cold as easily as a horse? Does he not sprain his fetlock, for all his appearance of superior strength, as easily as I sprained my ankle? Furthermore, to take him from another point of view, what a helpless wretch he is! No fine lady requires more constant waiting-on than a horse. Other animals can make their own toilette: he must have a groom. You will tell me that this is because we want to make his coat artificially glossy. Glossy! Come home with me, and see my cat,—my clever cat, who can groom herself! Look at your own dog! see how the intelligent creature curry-combs himself with his own honest teeth! Then, again, what a fool the horse is, what a poor, nervous fool! He will start at a piece of white paper in the road as if it was a lion. His one idea, when he hears a noise that he is not accustomed to, is to run away from it. What do you say to those two common instances of the sense and courage of this absurdly overpraised animal? I might multiply them to two hundred, if I chose to exert my mind and waste my breath, which I never do. I prefer coming at once to my last charge against the horse, which is the most serious of all, because it affects his moral character. I accuse him boldly, in his capacity of servant to man, of slyness and treachery. I brand him publickly, no matter how mild he may look about the eyes, or how sleek he may be about the coat, as a systematic betrayer, whenever he can get the chance, of the confidence reposed in him. What do you mean by laughing and shaking your head at me?"

"Oh, Thomas, Thomas!" said Goodchild. "You had better give me my hat; you had better let me get you that physic."

"I will let you get anything you like, including a composing draught for yourself," said Thomas, irritably alluding to his fellow-apprentice's inexhaustible activity, "if you will only sit quiet for five minutes longer, and hear me out. I say again the horse is a betrayer of the confidence reposed in him; and that opinion, let me add, is drawn from my own personal experience, and is not based on any fanciful theory whatever. You shall have two instances, two overwhelming instances. Let me start the first of these by asking, what is the distinguishing quality which the Shetland Pony has arrogated to himself, and is still perpetually trumpeting through the world by means of popular readers and books on Natural History? I see the answer in your face: it is the quality of being Sure-Footed. He professes to have other virtues, such as hardiness and strength, which you may discover on trial; but the one thing which he insists on your believing, when you get on his back, is that he may be safely depended on not to tumble down with you. Very good. Some years ago, I was in Shetland with a party of friends. They insisted on taking me with them to the top of a precipice that overhung the sea. It was a great distance off, but they all determined to walk to it except me. I was wiser then than I was with you at Carrock, and I determined to be carried to the precipice. There was no carriage road in the island, and nobody offered (in consequence, as I suppose, of the imperfectly-civilised state of the country) to bring me a sedan-chair, which is naturally what I should have liked best. A Shetland pony was produced instead. I remembered my Natural History, I recalled popular report, and I got on the little beast's back, as any other man would have done in my position, placing implicit confidence in the sureness of his feet. And how did he repay that confidence? Brother Francis, carry your mind on from morning to noon. Picture to yourself a howling wilderness of grass and bog, bounded by low stony hills. Pick out one particular spot in that imaginary scene, and sketch me in it, with outstretched arms, curved back and heels in the air, plunging headforemost into a black patch of water and mud. Place just behind me the legs, the body, and the head of a sure-footed Shetland pony, all stretched flat on the ground, and you will have produced an accurate representation of a very lamentable fact. And the moral device, Francis, of this picture will be to testify that when gentlemen put confidence in the legs of Shetland ponies, they will find to their cost that they are leaning on nothing but broken reeds. There is my first instance—and what have you got to say to that?"

"Nothing, but that I want my hat," answered Goodchild, starting up and walking restlessly about the room.

"You shall have it in a minute," rejoined Thomas. "My second instance"—(Goodchild groaned, and sat down again)—"My second instance is more appropriate to the present time and place, for it refers to a race-horse. Two years ago an excellent friend of mine, who was desirous of prevailing on me to take regular exercise, and who was well enough acquainted with the weakness of my legs to expect no very active compliance with his wishes on their part, offered to make me a present of one of his horses. Hearing that the animal in question had started in life on the turf, I declined accepting the gift with many thanks; adding, by way of explanation, that I looked on a race-horse as a kind of embodied hurricane, upon which no sane man of my character and

habits could be expected to seat himself. My friend replied that, however appropriate my metaphor might be as applied to race-horses in general, it was singularly unsuitable as applied to the particular horse which he proposed to give me. From a foal upwards this remarkable animal had been the idlest and most sluggish of his race. Whatever capacities for speed he might possess he had kept so strictly to himself, that no amount of training had ever brought them out. He had been found hopelessly slow as a racer, and hopelessly lazy as a hunter, and was fit for nothing but a quiet, easy life of it with an old gentleman or an invalid. When I heard this account of the horse, I don't mind confessing that my heart warmed to him. Visions of Thomas Idle ambling serenely on the back of a steed as lazy as himself, presenting to a restless world the soothing and composite spectacle of a kind of sluggardly Centaur, too peaceable in his habits to alarm anybody, swam attractively before my eyes. I went to look at the horse in the stable. Nice fellow! he was fast asleep with a kitten on his back. I saw him taken out for an airing by the groom. If he had had trousers on his legs I should not have known them from my own, so deliberately were they lifted up, so gently were they put down, so slowly did they get over the ground. From that moment I gratefully accepted my friend's offer. I went home; the horse followed me—by a slow train. Oh, Francis, how devoutly I believed in that horse! how carefully I looked after all his little comforts! I had never gone the length of hiring a man-servant to wait on myself; but I went to the expense of hiring one to wait upon him. If I thought a little of myself when I bought the softest saddle that could be had for money, I thought also of my horse. When the man at the shop afterwards offered me spurs and a whip, I turned from him with horror. When I sallied out for my first ride, I went purposely unarmed with the means of hurrying my steed. He proceeded at his own pace every step of the way; and when he stopped, at last, and blew out both his sides with a heavy sigh, and turned his sleepy head and looked behind him, I took him home again, as I might take home an artless child who said to me, "If you please, sir, I am tired." For a week this complete harmony between me and my horse lasted undisturbed. At the end of that time, when he had made quite sure of my friendly confidence in his laziness, when he had thoroughly acquainted himself with all the little weaknesses of my seat (and their name is Legion), the smouldering treachery and ingratitude of the equine nature blazed out in an instant. Without the slightest provocation from me, with nothing passing him at the time but a pony-chaise driven by an old lady, he started in one instant from a state of sluggish depression to a state of frantic high spirits. He kicked, he plunged, he shied, he pranced, he capered fearfully. I sat on him as long as I could, and when I could sit no longer, I fell off. No, Francis! this is not a circumstance to be laughed at, but to be wept over. What would be said of a Man who had requited my kindness in that way? Range over all the rest of the animal creation, and where will you find me an instance of treachery so black as this? The cow that kicks down the milking-pail may have some reason for it; she may think herself taxed too heavily to contribute to the dilution of human tea and the greasing of human bread. The tiger who springs out on me unawares has the excuse of being hungry at the time, to say nothing of the further justification of being a total stranger to me. The very flea who surprises me in my sleep may defend his act of assassination on the ground that I, in my turn, am always ready to murder him when I am awake. I defy the whole body of Natural Historians to move me, logically, off the ground that I have taken in regard to the horse. Receive back your hat, Brother Francis, and go to the chemist's, if you please, for I have now done. Ask me to take anything you like, except an interest in the Doncaster races. Ask me to look at anything you like, except an assemblage of people all animated by feelings of a friendly and admiring nature towards the horse. You are a remarkably well-informed man, and you have heard of hermits. Look upon me as a member of that ancient fraternity, and you will sensibly add to the many obligations which Thomas Idle is proud to owe to Francis Goodchild."

Here, fatigued by the effort of excessive talking, disputatious Thomas waved one hand languidly, laid his head back on the sofa-pillow, and calmly closed his eyes.

At a later period, Mr. Goodchild assailed his travelling companion boldly from the impregnable fortress of common sense. But Thomas, though tamed in body by drastic discipline, was still as mentally unapproachable as ever on the subject of his favourite delusion.

The view from the window after Saturday's breakfast is altogether changed. The tradesmen's families have all come back again. The serious stationer's young woman of all work is shaking a duster out of the window of the combination breakfast-room; a child is playing with a doll, where Mr. Thurtell's hair was brushed; a sanitary scrubbing is in progress on the spot where Mr. Palmer's braces were put on. No signs of the Races are in the streets, but the tramps and the tumble-down carts and trucks laden with drinking-forms and tables and remnants of booths, that are making their way out of the town as fast as they can. The Angel, which has been cleared for action all the week, already begins restoring every neat and comfortable article

of furniture to its own neat and comfortable place. The Angel's daughters (pleasanter angels Mr. Idle and Mr. Goodchild never saw, nor more quietly expert in their business, nor more superior to the common vice of being above it), have a little time to rest, and to air their cheerful faces among the flowers in the yard. It is market-day. The market looks unusually natural, comfortable, and wholesome; the market-people too. The town seems quite restored, when, hark! a metallic bray—The Gong-donkey!

The wretched animal has not cleared off with the rest, but is here, under the window. How much more inconceivably drunk now, how much more begrimed of paw, how much more tight of calico hide, how much more stained and daubed and dirty and dunghilly, from his horrible broom to his tender toes, who shall say! He cannot even shake the bray out of himself now, without laying his cheek so near to the mud of the street, that he pitches over after delivering it. Now, prone in the mud, and now backing himself up against shop-windows, the owners of which come out in terror to remove him; now, in the drinking-shop, and now in the tobacconist's, where he goes to buy tobacco, and makes his way into the parlor, and where he gets a cigar, which in half-a-minute he forgets to smoke; now dancing, now dozing, now cursing, and now complimenting My Lord, the Colonel, the Noble Captain, and Your Honorable Worship, the Gong-donkey kicks up his heels, occasionally braying, until suddenly, he beholds the dearest friend he has in the world coming down the street.

The dearest friend the Gong-donkey has in the world, is a sort of Jackall, in a dull mangy black hide, of such small pieces that it looks as if it were made of blacking bottles turned inside out and cobbled together. The dearest friend in the world (inconceivably drunk too) advances at the Gong-donkey, with a hand on each thigh, in a series of humorous springs and stops, wagging his head as he comes. The Gong-donkey regarding him with attention and with the warmest affection, suddenly perceives that he is the greatest enemy he has in the world, and hits him hard in the countenance. The astonished Jackall closes with the Donkey, and they roll over and over in the mud, pummelling one another. A Police Inspector, supernaturally endowed with patience, who has long been looking on from the Guildhall-steps, says, to a myrmidon, "Lock 'em up! Bring 'em in!"

Appropriate finish to the Grand Race Week. The Gong-donkey, captive and last trace of it, conveyed into limbo, where they cannot do better than keep him until next Race Week. The Jackall is wanted too, and is much looked for, over the way and up and down. But, having had the good-fortune to be undermost at the time of the capture, he has vanished into air.

On Saturday afternoon, Mr. Goodchild walks out and looks at the Course. It is quite deserted; heaps of broken crockery and bottles are raised to its memory; and correct cards and other fragments of paper are blowing about it, as the regulation little paper-books, carried by the French soldiers in their breasts, were seen, soon after the battle was fought, blowing idly about the plains of Waterloo.

Where will these present idle leaves be blown by the idle winds, and where will the last of them be one day lost and forgotten? An idle question, and an idle thought; and with it Mr. Idle fitly makes his bow, and Mr. Goodchild his, and thus ends the Lazy Tour of Two Idle Apprentices.

FRIENDS OF THE PATAGONIAN.

Twenty-seven years ago, two British surveying-vessels, the Adventure and the Beagle, were engaged in mapping out the wild coasts, and sounding the wild waters of Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego. The chiefs of the expedition were the late Admiral P. P. King, and the present Rear-Admiral (then Captain) Fitzroy. While engaged among the islands of the outer coasts of Tierra del Fuego, the captain of the Beagle was visited, on old May-day, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, by some natives in their canoes. Among them was a lad, apparently fifteen years old, who, upon invitation, stepped into Captain Fitzroy's boat, and upon whose part there was no unwillingness to sail away for England. His father, quite willing to let him go, exchanged him for a button. So the young Fuegian, who was called, after the pledge taken for him by his father, Jemmy Button, went on board the ship, where there were other three Fuegians, two boys and a girl, who had been picked up in another place. It was the captain's design to educate these young people in England, and return them then as leaven for the raising of their countrymen.

Great care was taken of the children. One boy died of smallpox, but Jemmy Button, and a boy and girl, named York Minster and Fuegia Basket, were educated in the infant school of Walthamstow, and, moreover, were presented at court to King William and Queen Adelaide. After the lapse of about three years, Captain Fitzroy was sent out to continue the survey in the stormy region of Cape Horn. He took with him the three Fuegians, intending to land them at the places whence they severally came. Circumstances prevented this; and they were all landed, by their own request, at Woollya, a pleasant spot, where Jemmy Button said he was born. They had learnt English and sundry useful arts, and were dressed in English fashion. Button was a dandy, with

a gentlemanly air. York, rather a coarse-looking fellow, though not wanting in quickness; and it was he who loved Fuegia, the youngest and cleverest of the three, and married her, though she was then only twelve or thirteen years old. The young people were all settled at Woollya, in Jemmy Button's family; which consisted of a mother and three brothers, with the usual accompaniments of cousins. Houses were built for them, gardens planted, plenty of everything landed for their use, even to toilette-services and sets of cut glass. They had all nearly forgotten their own language, but that they would soon pick up. During a three months' stay of the ship at Rio Janeiro, Fuegia had managed to learn Portuguese, and in Monte Video she had added knowledge of Spanish to her various accomplishments. They were not less welcome to their friends and relations fon oblivion of the mother tongue; and when Captain Fitzroy left Woollya, in eighteen hundred and thirty-three, it was—with its gardens, houses, and improvements—a fair place to look upon.

Twelve months afterwards, the same officer revisited Woollya, when he says: "It was found that the savages had relapsed very nearly into their original state. Jemmy Button came paddling up in his canoe. He was all but naked; his hair matted, and his eyes weak from smoke; the wigwams deserted, and the gardens trampled under foot. He could still speak English; and indeed, to the astonishment of all, his companions, wife and brothers, also mixed many English words in their conversation with him. He said he was well, had plenty of fruits, birds, and "ten guanaco in snow-time" (the skin of which furnishes a covering). He had a wife besides, who was decidedly the best-looking female in the company. He had dressed a fine otter-skin for Captain Fitzroy, and one for Bennett, his particular friend on board. His story was one of misfortune. He had been twice robbed. York had succeeded in defending his own property from the rapacity of the natives, by standing with a spade at his door in a threatening attitude. He had been engaged a long time in building a boat of planks, and, in an unlucky hour, he had plundered Jemmy of all he had in the world, except a huge carving-knife (which he retained as an ornament round his neck), and had gone off, with his wife and his plunder, to his own country. It was the opinion of all on board that the cunning rogue had planned all this long before, and that with this end in view he had desired so earnestly to be placed with Button, rather than be landed in his own country. Eight years after, an English vessel put into a bay in the Magellan waters, and there was found a woman who said: "How do? I have been to Plymouth and London." She was also pointed out as late as eighteen hundred and fifty-one, to two captains, by the governor of a Chilian settlement. York Minster also was then seen.

In the autumn of the year eighteen fifty, a party of seven persons sailed from Liverpool in a ship called the Ocean Queen, commanded by Captain Cooper. This party was led by Captain Allen Gardiner, R.N., the founder of the Patagonian Missionary Society. The other six members of it were Mr. Williams, a surgeon, who had abandoned a good practice to go as catechist (or teacher) to the Patagonians; Mr. Maidment, another catechist; Erwin, a carpenter, who had been to the same place before with Captain Gardiner; Badcock, Bryant, and Pearce, Cornish fishermen. Picton Island, Tierra del Fuego, a place not far from Cape Horn, was their destination. There they arrived and landed on the fifth of December, and their first care was to mark out a place where, secure from attack by the natives, they might pitch their tents and store their provisions. They had brought supply enough for the ensuing winter, at the expiration of which they depended on the coming of a ship that was to be sent out with more. They trusted also for food on the sea-birds which abounded in the place. They had brought with them two large carvel boats—the Pioneer and the Speedwell—and two smaller boats, eight feet long, made as tenders to the launches.

On the third day the Ocean Queen resumed her voyage, and went round the Horn, leaving the little band to its appointed work. It had begun work by leaving its powder on board ship, although the missionaries had so far depended upon wild fowl, as to take with them but a small stock of animal food. The tents were scarcely pitched before the natives became troublesome, and the mission party betook itself to the boats; pushing from shore, the Speedwell, with a raft in tow, became entangled for four hours among rocks, the crew suffering much from cold, and wind, and sea, and rain, at last escaped back to the cove it quitted, while the Pioneer, having lost the two lesser boats it had in charge, and found a harbour, came back after a day and-a-half's absence to look for the Speedwell. They started together again for the harbour found by Captain Allen and after unheard-of privations, disappointments, sickness, and bad management, on the eighteenth of March they start, and feeling their way anxiously from rock to rock, reach Banner Cove, and as they return with their provisions, write their cry of despair on the rocks wherever it may catch a passing sailor's eye: "Hasten! haste! We have sickness on board! Our supplies are nearly out, and if not soon relieved we shall be starved! Go to Spaniard's Harbour! Go to Spaniard's Harbour! Hasten! Haste!" On the twenty-ninth of March they land again in Spaniard's Harbour, and again divide into two parties.

Mismanagement at home delays the arrival of the vessel that was to have taken out to them provisions in the spring. They catch a fox, and salt it for food. They eat mice. They eat a penguin and a shag. They eat the few mussels and limpets they can find, they eat remains of a dead fish that is washed on shore; finally they eat sea-weed. One of the Cornish fishermen dies first. They bury him under a tree, and then separate to search feebly for things eatable. The carpenter dies next, and then another of the Cornish men. High tides again sweep out of the cavern its contents, and scatter far and wide the little store. To attract attention to their cave, they paint upon the rocks a large hand pointing to it, and write underneath: "My soul wait thou upon God. Trust in him at all times, ye people." In August, four men only survive, but the division of parties survives with them: two linger and die at Earnest Cove: two a mile distant at Cook's River. Captain Gardiner, who planned and led the expedition, is the last to die.

Two months too late, in October, a schooner, called the John Davidson, despatched from Monte Video to the rescue, came to Spaniard's Harbour. There their captain found the remains of the Cook's river party. The boat was on the beach, with one person dead inside; another man was dead on the beach itself, completely washed to pieces; and a third was buried. Books, papers, medicine, clothing, tools, were strewn about. In spite of rain, and spray, and wind, upon the stormiest coast in the world, all journals were found, and all were legible. Mr. Williams said, in his worst distress, "he would not swap his situation for or with any man in life. He is happy beyond expression!" At about the same time, the captain of the frigate Dido, who had received orders from the admiralty to ascertain the fate of Captain Gardiner and his party, went with provisions to Picton Island, and was directed, by inscriptions on the rocks, written by men certainly not unwilling to swap their situation. "Go to Spaniard's Harbour." "You will find us in Spaniard's Harbour." "Dig below." "A bottle under this pole." He discovered the remains of the party at Earnest Cove, with books and papers, and gave Captain Allen Gardiner an honourable burial.

Encouraged by the wonderfully practical result of this first enterprise, the Patagonian Missionary Society began the building of a little vessel, doubled and strengthened to do service in stormy seas, fitted and equipped for the purpose of another mission to the Patagonians and Fuegians. This was a yacht of eighty-eight tons register, the Allen Gardiner. She was to sail from Bristol, and was, on the first of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, ready for some one to take charge of her, but it was not easy to find a captain and a crew.

It then happened that Captain W. Parker Snow, a gentleman well known to the public by his account of a voyage on the trace of Sir John Franklin, a mariner who has crossed at divers times nearly all latitudes, read in his newspaper the advertisement of "Captain wanted," for the yacht of the Patagonian Missionary Society. Captain Snow is a sailor who has written sea-sermons and prayers for seamen, and who is as openly religious as a man may be without seeking the special homage of his neighbours, as a precious vessel. He "did not like to see a mission vessel wanting a captain," offered unpaid service, was accepted, but informed that the society desired to have all its working members paid and under agreement—received, accordingly, his salary, which was of insignificant amount. He stipulated that his wife should go with him, and so she went. Before sailing, the captain three times, in writing, offered to resign his appointment; for, he became concerned at the unpractical way in which everything was being done. He was directed to employ no one who was not strictly religious, and a member of the Church of England; and "at length," he says, "I obtained two pious officers and the promise of two men. These, on paying their expenses to Bristol, and giving them high wages, joined the ship; and afterwards I procured one more indifferent seaman, partly blind; also a young man, a landsman, and a Hindoo cook. These formed the whole of my crew, with the exception of a boy sent on board for the cabin. The latter, however, proved so utterly useless, and was so bad, as to make it frequently necessary for me to resort to the authorities against him. In addition to my small, too small a crew, I had to take out a young man as surgeon to the land party, another young man as catechist (that is, a sort of teacher to the young members of the mission and to the natives), a joiner, as house-carpenter, and a mason. These four formed the land party, and were to be located upon some place to be selected on the West Falkland islands, for a mission station and a depôt."

From a book recently published by Captain Snow, containing an account of his voyage, we derive the substance of this article, and we shall now simply set down his experience of the benevolence and charity which find their object in the Patagonians. His impression may be an erroneous one; we give it as we find it, of course noticing the fact, that this report comes from no scoffer at the principle of distant missions; but from an honourable gentleman, a sailor simply pious, who would see nothing absurd on the face of a missionary enterprise for the conversion of Timbuctoo, but who, if he were connected with it, would denounce it fearlessly, upon discovering that it concealed any unworthy principle.

In getting the ship ready for sea, the captain says, "I must observe that in no one instance were my own expenses paid. Every

pecuniary outlay came upon myself." After all, in consequence of the newness to practical life displayed by all hands, "I admitted—I could acknowledge—I knew the necessity of prayer and supplication; but I felt that this might be practised with as great fervour and sincerity in proper places, and at suitable seasons, as at frequent set times and occasions, no matter what the business. My ship must be well equipped, cautiously trimmed, carefully stowed, and duly provi sioned; and to all this I personally attended, working hard with my own hands, even as a seaman. Yet I had ultimately to go to sea with the vessel leaky, and her decks covered with timber, which lumbered her fore and aft."

The instructions with which the captain sailed were, that he was to have authority over the vessel and its crew, and over the men of the land party, when on board the vessel. That the vessel was to be employed only with a view to the instruction and civilisation of the natives of South America. That he was to be always ready to convey the missionaries to Tierra del Fuego and Patagonia, to aid their intercourse with the natives, and to bring back to the Falkland Island station whatever people they might induce to accompany them. That as soon as the station was somewhat arranged, and the clergyman or catechist could go with him, he was to proceed to Woollya, and look for Jemmy Button. The clergyman who was to have gone out and acted as "third mate on board," was not ready in time. He was to be sent out afterwards, by some vessel, to join his party at the Falklands. With twelve months' provisions, and a crew bound for eighteen months (the men requiring then to be sent home free of expense) the Allen Gardiner left Bristol in the last week of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-four, much fortified with prayer.

Of the voyage out, the Captain writes: "Except one or two of the seamen, I have found that it would have been better to have had any kind of men, than professedly super-excellent ones—men who come with heaven on their lips, but not in their heart. . . . If there was anything that could disgust me with what I inwardly have a sincere respect for, it would have been the amazing impudence with which a few of my companions and a couple of the seamen, with the boy, would take upon themselves to denounce me to perdition, and put themselves in the place of a consecrated minister of God, whenever told to do what they chose to think not right."

On Christmas Day, the mission yacht was entering Rio Janeiro, and a Christmas dinner was then given by the Captain and Mrs. Snow to all hands; every extra being furnished from their private purse in this as in all other matters. On the twenty-eighth of January they reached Keppel Island, a small island of unappropriated crown land in the Falklands, which was selected as the ground most suitable for purchase as the seat of a mission. The society had obtained from the Crown the privilege of purchasing at the usual price of eight shillings an acre the land chosen, without the risk of losing it, attendant on the usual auction. The selection made by Captain Snow was "strongly approved of by the committee."

Possession having been taken of this little island, one of the crew accidentally set fire to the dry tussack grass, and an extensive conflagration was the consequence. To secure the purchase, it was then necessary to go round to Stanley, the seat of government in the Falkland Islands, and at Stanley, the Captain found his cause a little prejudiced. At the first interview with the Governor, his Excellency produced "letters from the Right Honourable Sir George Grey, wherein it was said (and this his Excellency dwelt upon with much natural indignation), that the secretary of the Patagonian mission, desired a location, &c., away from the depraved, low, and immoral colonists of Stanley!" "I have no hesitation," observes the Captain, "in saying that these terms are not warranted, at least so far as my own knowledge went, of Stanley. But let me ask the reader to consider the absurdity, and the harm to myself as well as the mission, in thus traducing a colony to which I and the vessel had to go." It was finally agreed that for one year the Patagonian Missionary Society might occupy Keppel Island at the rental of one pound, but that it must then buy, or give up the right of purchase without auction. No better terms could be made, "for," says the Captain, "we had no money, we had no letters of credit; and the mission, I could soon see, was thought but little of at Stanley. We need not look there for help; nor do I wonder at it, after what had been said."

Having left the land-party on Keppel Island, and displayed his want of "faith," by making an arrangement to prevent the risk of its being left helpless in case of accident, Captain Snow went to Monte Video, earning some money that the vessel wanted, by conveyance of the mails. There, two mates became mutinous because, there being no clergyman on board, the Captain performed once only instead of twice, a daily service of public prayer. These persons were discharged, it being their wish to go on shore for the purpose of "converting the wretched sailors and bigoted papists."

Returned to Stanley many troubles beset the bold captain who had undertaken to command a crew of saints for a society of lovers of the Patagonian. His instructions from home were as ambiguous as Delphic oracles, and the behaviour of his companions was spiteful in proportion to the profession made by them of piety. Especially a thorn in the side of the captain was the catechist who on the passage out "fancied and taught that religious duties made a man independent of all

secular authority in a vessel." "I was alone," the captain says, "as far as help from home was concerned; for instead of vigorously supporting me, I was left by myself to fight every battle; and that, too, without money, means, or countenance; and often with insidious attempts to undermine everything I did." Ten thousand pounds had been freely given since the work began, a few years back; yet "what return was there for any of it," the captain now asks, "except the ship?" and she could not be retained unless they sent out funds to pay men's wages... "At the present time, therefore, seeing that no missionary was coming out, and that large sums had been subscribed with the hope that the Fuegians would be visited, I determined to follow out that clause in my instructions which told me to try and discover Jemmy Button . . . My letters from the secretary were so contradictory that I was puzzled how to act. I was cautioned not to go, yet it was said that 'the society was at so low an ebb,' that something must be done; and 'one graphic and well-written account from me of a visit to the natives would do more to raise it up than anything else;' and, consequently, I determined to try and do this."

So, Captain Snow visited in the yacht Allen Gardiner Spaniard's Harbour, and explored the scenes of Captain Gardiner's most miserable death, and he forgathered at sundry points with natives, whom he found to have a terrible way of yelling, but to be quite harmless and friendly. One group of them, making a ferocious noise, was so rejoiced at finding itself out-shouted by the white man who set up a holla-balloo through a speaking trumpet that the friendliest relations were established instantly. Instead of flying from the sight of them, Captain Snow went boldly and alone among the first group that he found; when they thumped at his back, he laughed cheerily, and thumped at their backs; also, took up and fondled their little ones, whistled tunes, danced like a wild man, and let any of them hug him, though they did all stink, and though they were all covered with vermin. Moreover, he found Jemmy Button, who is still alive, who has a second wife, speaks English still, and is as dirty as his neighbours. He is not even, by virtue of his English education, recognised as a chief among them, but is hustled and worried by his brethren, as one of the lower orders of Fuegians. Nevertheless, Jemmy declared, that if he loved England well, he loved Fuegia better, pleaded the sea and the big sick as his reason for declaring that he would not himself quit again, neither would he suffer any child of his to quit the native shore. Wherever he inquired, Captain Snow found the savages firm in declaration, that they would not let a child be shipped away from them. He then finally abandoned in his own mind the idea cherished by the Patagonian Missionary Society, that young native Fuegians and Patagonians shall be conveyed away to their station in the Falkland Island, where, as one of the Society's publications explains, "in the care of our cattle, the Patagonians will find congenial employment; in fishing and sealing, and in taking sea-birds, we shall find work and food tasteful to the Fuegian youths... To build houses, &c... The natives can be brought, but they cannot run away." Practically, thinks the captain, this is slavery. On such ground it is vain to delight in the hopes held out as, he says, "I saw done at a meeting on behalf of the mission the other day, where the secretary cleverly turned a picture of three Fuegians, saying, 'Here you see on one side the savage in his native state, and here you see, on the other side, the same savage in his civilised state,' as he twisted the card dexterously in his fingers."—"Thus then," the captain presently writes, "I infer that it will be not only a most unchristian, but a dangerous plan to attempt taking any of the natives away. If the mission wishes to be successful, let it go amongst them as I did, and by gaining their confidence and goodwill be enabled to sow the seeds of future civilisation and christianity, the growth of which must be a work of time, as well as one of watchful care and perseverance. These remarks, or something to the same purport, were sent home by me when I wrote an account of this interview with the Fuegians; but I regret to say, that the committee have put a quite different construction on my words, and made me appear to say the contrary."

On the way home, the captain called at Monte Video, for the expected missionary, who had not arrived. His report against the scheme of the society was not, perhaps, favourably considered at home. His next letters said, "the people wonder what the vessel is doing so much at Monte Video," and they were written by the person who had ordered him to go there. Returned again to Stanley, the Captain found matter among his companions, for a chapter of what he calls "Disorganisation and unpleasantness." The catechist set himself up as "a third independent head." The carpenter and mason, having put up the mission-house, were, says the captain, in this condition:—If they remained upon the island, they would be fed, and have a certain pay; if they chose to claim their discharge, they were to be turned off—as was actually the case with both of them—without being paid up, and without the smallest aid or means to get back to their native country." The captain himself was in a like position, only the men of the crew were safe, who had made their agreement with the captain. Of course we cannot follow all the details of dissension caused by the resistance of the land-party to the captain's efforts to establish them in a way that he considered free from

risk to life and health. Letters from home afterwards tell him, "Even as it was, had you thought it right to break up the mission-station for the present, the committee would have looked upon it as a mere error of judgment, and not allowed it to make them feel a whit less confidence in you." He adds: "Would it be credited that at the very time this was written, a man was at Stanley, acting, as has since appeared, under their express orders to get rid of me!" At this time, the captain had been directed to buy the entise island, "but like other directions sent to me, it was useless, in consequence of there being no money transmitted to me for that or for any other purpose. Indeed I was actually spending my own salary, little as it was, in keeping up the payments, and the respectability of the ship."

Another voyage was made to Monte Video, where there was found waiting to join the expedition a young, simple-minded German, who had been announced as "linguist and interpreter to the mission" in the society's papers, who had been sent out, we are told, at an annual salary of "forty pounds a-year, and find himself;" this salary, moreover, not to commence till he arrived at Keppel Island. This person, described as a weak-minded but well-meaning and religious youth, was despatched, says the captain, with instructions public and private; "the private ones, as he told me, intimating that he should act as a spy upon his brother wolves in the mission. In proof, it will be enough to mention that he really did this; and that, on the passage out, he not only opened the sealed letters entrusted to his care for the consul and the chaplain, and one of my crew, but actually read them and allowed them to be read all over the vessel. His excuse was that his master had bidden him study epistolary correspondence, and that he would better please his employers if he carefully observed and noted, and then reported home, all the doings of those with whom he was henceforth to be associated."

The eighteen months for which the crew was bound, expired, and the men claimed to be sent home. No money was sent, and the return of the vessel was forbidden. "The ship," says the captain, "for purposes I can well understand, was to remain out, no matter at what expense, waste of time and inconvenience. Thus, then, I had to discharge all the men and send them home. What trouble I had;—what I went through—hunting about the streets for money to pay the men's wages —going from place to place and ship to ship, trying to get the men a berth home, instead of paying for their passage;—battling with the consul (who spoke feelingly, but firmly, on the subject)—none can fully tell but myself."

At last there came out to Stanley a missionary with a mission party, eighteen in number. He was reserved in his communications with the captain, and it appeared "that there was a sad division and much unpleasantness existing between the missionary and those with him." The missionary came out as the superintendent of the entire enterprise, but there were no instructions sent to Captain Snow, who, not long afterwards, found himself cleverly ejected from his ship, and left ashore with his wife on the Falkland Islands. "I asked," says Captain Snow, "for money to defray the expenses of myself and wife home to England, and also to support us on shore until we could get home. All and everything was, however, refused." Thus, then, after two years' hard and faithful service the man who had "placed the society in the favourable position it now occupies," and was ever applauded and spoken well of by that society, was, with his wife, thanked, indeed, by suddenly, at one blow, reducing them to next to beggary, and turning them on shore eight thousand miles from England! The captain sold his books and instruments to buy a passage home.

We have told the main facts of the captain's story as we find them stated in his book, have made no comments, and shall draw no inferences.

THE QUEEN'S GUEST.

I HAVE the honour of being a guest of her Majesty, and ranking as first-class debtor of Lewworth Prison. How I got the invitation, which had to be regarded in the light of a command, and implicitly obeyed, may form a curious chapter of contemporary prison history.

Just two years ago, I was as comfortably off as any literary man of moderate aspirations could wish. Though not enjoying the aura popularis of notoriety, I had enough of the solid pudding, and was biding my time to make my notch in the London catalogue. Now, I am a prisoner for debt, and doubtlessly held up as a warning to all honest men in the small watering-place where I reside. Against this decision I wish to protest, and, know no better opportunity of making my story known, and setting my character right, than by giving a straightforward account of the circumstances to which I owe my incarceration.

Some malicious sprite, envying my good fortune, imbued me with a feeling of patriotism, if I may term it so, and when an opportunity of serving my country in the East was offered me, I gladly accepted it. I entered one of the foreign legions, under a verbal agreement that my services would be required for three years, and so much longer as the war might last. My outfit cost me, in round numbers, one hundred and fifty pounds—one hundred and twenty to my tailor, and twenty odd to my bootmaker—these items, representing the equipment I was directed to procure by my commanding officer. I served in

the Crimea just six months, until the dogs of war were muzzled, and during that period paid off ninety pounds of the amount; and, considering that my entire pay was under a pound a day, and I had a wife and child to support, I do not think I can be accused of extravagance. I received two months' gratuity in Pera, as a final acknowledgment of my services, and had to await the Paymaster's good pleasure for three weeks at the Hotel de l'Europe, which made a considerable hole in the sum total. When I arrived at home, I was worse than penniless, for I had sixty pounds of debt hanging over me. I naturally applied to the War-Office to carry out the arrangement under which I entered, and was laughed at for my pains. My agreement was verbal, so I had no appeal: while a portion of the men who had served under me, having secured a written agreement, were bought off with six months' gratuity. Mind, I do not desire to raise any compassionate capital by complaining of government: I know that government, to exist, must be unjust, and that individual hardships weigh but little against the common weal. I, therefore, determined to work off any incubus of debt by my own labours, and fortunately succeeded in recovering a portion of my literary engagements. My tailor brought me a bill to accept for the amount I owed him, which has been renewed until it has reached fifty pounds, while my bootmaker took out a writ. With the latter I arranged for payments by instalments, and set to work. In February last, I was attacked by a dangerous illness which confined me to my bed for a month; and when I recovered, I was ordered to the sea-side as my only chance of a permanent cure.

I need not remark that, in many callings besides literature, a man may make a comfortable livelihood while on the spot, but once gone, his place is soon filled up. Editors of papers have something better to do than writing to contributors, and my work fell off. Still I succeeded in keeping my head above water. I worked very hard at a novel, and was so fortunate as to sell it; and this, with periodical contributions, kept the wolf from the door till the day before yesterday. I was arrested without a moment's warning by my bootmaker, and carried off to Lowworth Gaol, with just five shillings in my pocket, my wife and child being left to starve, or go to the workhouse. I was carried off eighteen miles in a gig, and handed over to the governor, who, I am happy to say, I found absorbed in It is Never Too Late to Mend, and doubtlessly profiting by its lessons. By him I was transferred to a turnkey, and soon found myself the only first-class debtor in the place. But I may as well describe my habitat more closely.

I was seated in a room, bearing considerable resemblance to the kitchen of a country inn, minus the beery smell; there are two semi-circular windows, heavily cased with bars, two deal tables (on one of which I am writing), a large range with no fire, and a few wooden benches. Not a single article for accommodation, save a sink to wash up plates, and a tin bowl in which to perform my ablutions. Had it not been for a good Samaritan, in the shape of the sheriff's-officer who arrested me, I must have eaten such food as my five shillings, allowed me to buy, off the table. I had not even the resource of chopsticks. In this day-room there are two doors with immense locks, and in the centre another open door leading into the exercising-yard, which is just thirty paces long, as I can tell, from my repeated pacing, to a nicety. Were I a pedestrian—in training to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours—I could not desire a better ground; but as a poor scribe, I cannot appreciate the advantage. In this room, I am locked up, without books, almost without money—for what object I cannot presume to say—for if my bootmaker thinks to obtain his money by these means, I can only remind him that a man who has nothing and can gain nothing, can pay nothing.

I must say that the turnkeys do their spiriting gently. One of them has lent me a volume of the Illustrated Times, as mental food, while another buys me mutton-steaks, which he fries, I dare not ask in what sort of grease, as my bodily sustenance. Otherwise I am perfectly alone. It is only fashionable bootmakers who, now-a-days take advantage of imprisonment for debt, and to my punishment is added solitary confinement. If a sweep were to be locked up with me, I would be proud to shake his sooty hand, for his presence, at any rate, would dispel many evil thoughts. I have entrusted my razor to the care of the turnkey, as I might succumb to the whisperings of the demon, and think it better to remove temptation. But if the day time is bad, night is incomparably worse. At nine o'clock I am conducted to a white-washed cell, twelve feet by eight, containing an iron-bedstead with a straw mattrass, and the usual appurtenances, I presume, of a criminal's cell. Here I am left to sleep, if I can, till six in the morning, securely kept in by an iron open-work door and a heavy wooden one locked over that again. I shudder to think what would be my fate if I were taken ill, for no shouts would penetrate the walls of what is justly termed a cell. At nine in the morning, I am expected to attend chapel, and I may find solace for the remainder of the day in tobacco and a quart of strong ale. If time hang heavy on my hands, I can scrub out the day-room, which the regulations order me to do once a day. However, so long as my five shillings last, I prefer hiring a poor debtor to do this for me, as well as to make up my bed, which is so mysteriously packed up that I cannot yet learn the modus operandi. During daylight

the hours seem lengthened into days, but so soon as the gas is lighted they run away only too quickly, and that miserable nine o'clock arrives, when I am locked up for nine hours, to wish that I had committed forgery; for, in that case, I should not be worse treated, and my wife, at any rate, would have something to live upon during my imprisonment.

"And now that I have described faithfully the treatment I experience because I was idiot enough to run into debt, I should like to be told what benefit is derived from my incarceration. I dare say my punishment is very well merited; men have no right to owe money which they cannot pay; but why should my wife suffer at the same time? Had I been in London, the imprisonment would have been a mere farce. I should have been locked up at Slomans, then removed to Whitecross Street, or, if I preferred it, to the Queen's Bench, sure to find jolly companions in each remove. If I wished to be dishonest, I could, by means of a sharp attorney, file my schedule and bully the commissioner out of my protection, and then step over to France and snap my fingers at my creditors. The punishment therefore is unequal; because I happen to be arrested in the country I am exposed to treatment which only falls to the lot of the criminal in London. Seated in my cage, visitors come to stare at me, and shake their heads pitifully, while I cannot venture to raise any objection, or, in all probability, my quart of beer would be stopped. I happened once to have a friend in Whitecross Street, and, faith! six quarts of beer a-day did not satisfy him. Lewworth Gaol is under the inspection of the county magistrates, and that fully accounts for the difference of treatment.

I need not say more; I have tried to describe one of the phases of imprisonment for debt, and by no means the pleasantest, and am striving to regulate my mind into the conviction that I am fairly treated. But I cannot succeed; and when I remember that directors of public companies who have lined their pockets at the expense of shareholders, are walking about London at their ease, and, at the most, have the Bankruptcy Court to face, I consider it harsh that I should be treated as a criminal, because I cannot pay some eighty pounds: which I owe, not through any fault of my own, but because I yielded to the insane notion that a British government could, under any circumstances, behave fairly.

It is probable that many men will be disposed to enter the service under the present aspect of affairs in the East. One word of warning to them. In any arrangement with government let them be careful to have it in black or white, or they may run a strong risk of being turned off penniless when their services are no longer required, and of finding themselves first-class prisoners for debt, because they have not paid for the boots they wore out in her Majesty's service.

CAPTAIN DOINEAU.

The few persons astir in the streets of Tlemcen, during the night of Thursday the eleventh of September, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, observed several unusual appearances. Tlemcen is a picturesque Arabian town in French Algeria near the frontiers of Morocco, built upon a hill whence bubble many springs, and surrounded by a crumbling and broken mud wall. During this night, several horsemen were seen standing before the coffee-house of Bel Kheir. Towards one o'clock in the morning, David Nemsalem and Chaloum Roubacha, Jews engaged in commerce, returning from their prayers in the synagogue, remarked men lying on their faces upon the steps of the doors of that and another coffee-house. Men asleep in the streets are common enough in Algerian towns; but the Jews noticed with astonishment that these men were wide awake. In addition to the men upon the terraces of the coffee-houses, others were observed to be upon the look-out, or watch. Abdel Kadir Lekal, a young shepherd, also heard troop-horses leaving the stable of the koja or interpreter of the Arabian office (who was the confidant of its chief, the French Captain) during that night.

Towards three o'clock in the morning, the eight coach-horses necessary to drag the Tlemcen diligence through a mountainous country were attached to it. The night was still dark, but the moon was up, and helped the only lantern stretching out from the left of the coupé, to reveal, by glimpses, the appearance of the travellers who assembled to enter the vehicle. The elderly Arab who took the right hand seat of the coupé was Si Mahomed Ben Abdallah, the Agah, or great chief, of the tribe of Beni Snouss; and the younger Arab, in the left seat under the lantern, was his interpreter, Hamadi Ben Chenk. Four passengers occupied benches in the body of the diligence:—a lady, an artillery soldier, a medical man, and a merchant. The coachman, Aldeguer, mounted the box of the imperiale; and the conductor, Damien Mendes, took his seat beside him. Both were Spaniards. The postilion, who bestrode one of the front horses, was a Frenchman. The diligence started at the usual hour of three, on the Friday morning, in the direction of Oran. Some of the passengers were going to the races at Mostaganem; and all were in merry humour. After the sentinels had opened the gates at the ramparts, the diligence advanced down hill rapidly, ginglingly, and jovially for about a short quarter of an hour. The suburbs of Tlemcen—a purely Arabian town, where Europeans are few, and those chiefly

Spaniards—are the most picturesque suburbs in Algeria. The numerous springs falling down the rocks, maintain a constant freshness and verdure, even under the burning breezes of an African sun.

Another inhabitant of Tlemcen, besides the Jews and also the shepherd, had seen things which surprised him. Anglade, the blacksmith, saw, about four seconds after the departure of the diligence, a couple of horsemen follow in its wake. One of them rode a white horse. The gate was not shut, after the diligence, nor after the horsemen; a most unusual circumstance. The cavaliers were richly dressed in beautiful bournouses. The Arab cloak, or bournous, is a very long cavalry cloak with a hood; and, when of a fine quality, costs about forty pounds.

The diligence had arrived at the foot of the descent near the village of Nigrier, and was passing through a wood of olives, when musket shots were heard. About a dozen horsemen, and several men on foot, approached the carriage. Knowing that the Agah in the coupé was a personage of great local importance; that he possessed considerable wealth, and enjoyed the confidence both of the Arabian population and of the French authorities, the passengers in the diligence fancied that the horsemen were honouring him with the favourite national sport (called a fantasia), of a mimic combat, common on all sorts of occasions;—at weddings or at funerals; when returning from the chase, or when welcoming a chief. The merchant, Valette, had changed places to oblige Madame Ximenes, who found the interior of the vehicle stifling and close.

"What is that?" asked Dr. Lenepven.

"It is a fantasia," answered M. Valette, the merchant.

"I don't believe it."

"But it is. We have the Agah with us."

"Precisely upon that account I believe that it is something else, and you ought to do as I do, and lie down," said the doctor.

The words had scarcely been uttered when M. Valette was struck, and fell upon Dr. Lenepven, crying, "Ah! I am shot!"

An Arab on foot opened the door, and Dr. Lenepven cried to him—

"Would you kill a medical man?" In an instant one of the horsemen who was near to, and behind the diligence, then said in a commanding tone:

"Macasch (no), that must not be done," and the menacing Arab descended the steps.

Meanwhile, the young widow Ximenes, saw that the countenance of the man who had uttered the Arabic negative "Macash," was so calm that, she held out her hand to him to help her down the steps of the diligence. When Dr. Lenepven and Madame Ximenes got out, they fled, and hid themselves among some bushes. Geoffroy, the artilleryman, followed them, hearing the noise of shots and stabs in the coupé, but passed through the assailants without the slightest molestation.

A ball cut the coachman's whip in two while he was trying to put the horses to the gallop, to reach the village of Negrier; whereupon a horseman, dashing in front of the horses of the diligence, discharged his musket at Vincent Marchal, the postilion, whose horse recoiled; and, by throwing down the horses behind, stopped the carriage. Three of the animals were mortally wounded. The French postilion, as a Frenchman, thought his best chance of safety from an attack of Arabs was under the protection of the Agah, and he got into the coupé. At the same instant, a brown man, dirty and ill-dressed, veiled, and armed with a yatighan, threw himself upon the interpreter Hamadi. The postilion escaped by the opposite sash, slightly wounded in the knee; while the assailants discharged their pistols at the Agah and his interpreter. The postilion heard as many as twenty shots fired.

This man, the physician, soldier, and guard, after meeting together at the village of Negrier, informed the mayor; who aroused all the inhabitants of the village; and, having collected as many armed men as he could find, proceeded to the diligence. On reaching it, they perceived that six of the horses had been taken out of harness and were standing by the roadside. Hamadi was lying upon the road against the left fore-wheel, in a pool of blood, covered with wounds, and murmuring only unintelligible sounds. The Agah Abdallah was still in his place in the coupé, in the attitude of a man who resists, but quite dead. Monsieur Valette was lying between the seats, alive, quite conscious of his danger, talking incoherently about his wife and children; but unable to give any information concerning the assassins. Dr. Lenepven saw immediately, that both Hamadi and Valette were beyond the help of his art. Many balls had been flattened against the panelling near where the Agah sat, and one of a large calibre had passed right through the side of the diligence. There had been no attempt at robbery. The only article which had disappeared, was a cross of the legion of honour, which had been taken from the breast of Abdallah.

Among the persons aroused by the alarm at Negrier, was a Frenchman, named Colin; who, while the diligence, with the corpse and the wounded men were being taken back to Tlemcen, went straight to the Arabian office; where he told what had happened. The answer he received in French was, "Go elsewhere; it is no business of ours." He then went to the justice of the peace.

Dr Lenepven, on reaching Tlemcen, went also to the Arabian office, to arouse its chief, Captain Doineau. He was told that the captain was in bed, and asleep; but the doctor went into his chamber.

"The Agah Abdallah has been murdered," he cried.

"It is not possible. Where? Who has told you that?" Doineau asked.

"I saw it done. I was there."

From Captain Doineau the doctor went to General de Beaufort, the commanding officer of the district, and then proceeded to the hospital, to prepare for the reception of the wounded men. When the diligence with the dead and dying, escorted by the Mayor of Negrier and his followers, entered the town, Captain Doineau met them, and asked sharply what direction the assassins had taken? They answered, that they did not know; but he continued to gallop on, followed by some sphahis—a sort of mounted zouave.

Hamadi died at eight o'clock in the morning; the body of Abdallah was carried to his house. Valette expired about three o'clock in the afternoon. The news of these murders made a strong and immediate sensation in Tlemcen. Even so early as five o'clock in the morning, the lieutenant of the guard sent a quartermaster with a couple of gens-d'armes to the spot. They found the remains of a pistol, which had burst, and some bits of paper, that had served as wadding for the fire-arms. One of these fragments had names written upon it with a pencil; another piece was of fine glazed bluish letter paper; and a third bit of paper was of the kind used for cartridges in the French magazines. When the recognisance was over, Captain Doineau spread about the opinion that the murderers were a band of Moors. The people who had seen the suspicious equestrians and pedestrians in the streets during the night, and certain others, who had heard the tramp of horses coming into the town just after the crime and had recognised one of the riders as belonging to the Arabian Office, had, however, good ground for suspecting that the murderers belonged to the town of Tlemcen, and not to the frontiers of Morocco.

Whilst the minds of the inhabitants of Tlemcen were in this state of discussion and suspense, a strange apparition issued from the house of Abdallah—the richest house in the town; in which the French generals were accustomed to be entertained amidst Arabian luxury and splendour: Rokaya, the widow of the murdered chief, a handsome woman in the prime of life—forgetting, in her distraction, the seclusion enjoined by the Koran upon Mahometan women—rushed into the public streets, clothed in poor garments, and veiled only by her loose hair, and raised loud cries and lamentations:

"They have brought my husband to me in his blood," she cried; "and his murderer is Bel Hadj."

The widow had good reasons for her accusation. The Agah Bel Hadj was extremely jealous of the Agah Abdallah,—his superior in wealth, authority, reputation, and intelligence. While himself was only the obsequious dependent of the director of the Arabian Office, Abdallah was often the host and comrade of the French generals; feasting them in his house, and riding about with them in their carriages. There had been a quarrel between the rival Agahs, during which Bel Hadj had said to Abdallah:

"In a short time your children will be my servants." Each then swore, with the right hand placed upon the beard, that he would kill the other; and, when they parted, they walked separately, although going in the same direction. Moreover, Abdallah had told his wife that he had had, on the Wednesday previous, a discussion with Captain Doineau, at the Arabian Office, respecting Bel Hadj. He told her, Bel Hadj and other Arabs were on good terms with that officer, because they ministered to his debaucheries, and that the sole object of his own journey to Oran would be to lodge a complaint of the conduct of the French officials of the Arabian Office, at head-quarters.

When General Montauban, the commanding officer of the district, sent for Captain Doineau, to learn from him the particulars of the conspiracy, the captain made the most of these circumstances. "It appears," he said, "that the widow, in her wildness, cries everywhere it is Bel Hadj."

"I cannot believe that the Hadj is guilty," replied the general.

"Nor I, either. He is unwell. He can move neither hand nor foot." Then Doineau added, significantly, "Abdallah was the fourth husband of his wife, and all her three previous husbands died mysteriously."

At the conclusion of this interview, General Montauban stepped into his carriage, which had been in waiting to take him to the races at Mostaganem. Bel Hadj had excused himself from attending these races, on the plea of illness; but it was well known that he was in excellent health, having been seen, on the day of the murder, scouring the country with Captain Doineau in search of the murderers. On the return of General Montauban from the races a letter arrived from the governor-general of Algeria, who had been apprised of the crime by telegraph, saying: "It is absolutely necessary to learn what we are to believe respecting that murder."

On the twenty-first of September Bel Hadj fled to Morocco. His flight was ascribed to his fear of being assassinated by the tribe of Beni Snouss, and General de Beaufort, the governor-general, entreated him to return, and General Montauban sent him an aman, or letter of safe conduct. Bel Hadj, however, remained in Morocco until his absence convinced the general of his guilt. But, in order to have his suspicions fully confirmed, the general consulted a certain Agah Ben Aoud, whom he employed to trace out the culprits. This man, under a rough outside, was very cunning; and he began by paying a visit of condolence to the bereaved family. He learnt all that could be gathered from them, and then sought out the two Jews, the

shepherd, and the blacksmith, who had seen the men watching, and riding out of the town on the morning of the murder; finishing his enquiries—which he made in a most artful and diplomatic manner—at the Arabian Office. In two or three days Ben Aoud sent to the Arabian Office a letter containing a list of suspected persons. There was in this list an Arabic word, which was at first translated, Doineau, the proper name of the chief of the Arabian Office. But, as the general thought it was impossible that that gentleman could be meant, he begged the procureur-général to omit the name from the informations. The word "si doin" was subsequently translated assembly or meeting.

Some Arabs, denounced by Ben Aoud, having been arrested, the commissary of police, the justice of the peace, and an interpreter named Darmon, went early one morning to the general, and begged him to assist them in examining the prisoners. The general accompanied them to the prison with his son. There was, among the prisoners, a rascal named Mamar Morktar, or the jackal, who had made some avowals respecting the crime to a sharpshooter. Mamar denied what he had said at first; but, when he was confronted with the sharpshooter, his countenance fell and he confessed that he was one of the party who murdered the Agah, and named some of his accomplices.

The avowals of the jackal, or golden wolf, were obtained by means of "a sheep," or police-spy; and were the first important helps towards ascertaining the truth. M. Henri du Droulin, the justice of the peace, gave his own account of his sheep: "I used a well-known means. I placed an individual in each cell with each prisoner, hoping that the prisoner would talk. This scheme succeeded in the case of Mamar el Mocktar, beside whom I had placed Ben Arbi." Ben Arbi, the sharpshooter, thief, and sheep, described his performance himself: "I was," he says, "a prisoner. The jailer called me to him, and gave me a glass of lemonade, telling me to make up to Mamar and try and find out what he had done. I went into his cell, and began by telling him my affair to gain his confidence. In this I succeeded so well that he said:

"As for me, I am here for the affair of the Agah Ben Abdallah, who was assassinated. Sometime prior to the murder, I was sent to Sebdou, to try and meet the Agah and do his business, but I could not find him. It was then that the 'captain' formed his plan of attacking the diligence which conveyed the Agah and his interpreter to Oran." What captain?

On that point, not only the jackal, but the other Arab prisoners were obstinately silent. The justice of the peace, therefore, told General Montauban that the other Arabs would never make any confessions whilst Captain Doineau remained at Tlemcen;—so thoroughly were they always in dread of him; but, the protection which Captain Doineau gave to Bel Hadj, the bad terms on which he lived with Ben Abdallah, and the awe in which he kept the Arabs, appeared to the civil prosecutors sufficient grounds for requesting his removal from Tlemcen to Oran; in compliance with a written request of the procureur-général, Montauban promoted the captain to the direction of the Arabian Office at Oran. On the fourth of October, the captain arrived at Oran with his Kodja or secretary, and his negro, Barka.

On his return from Tlemcen to Oran, General Montauban received a visit from Captain Doineau. The dialogue which passed between them was curious.

Captain Doineau: "My general, you have called me here to take the direction of Arabian affairs. In present circumstances this is ruin to me."

"General Montauban: "But be calm. Do you not understand that you are called to a higher post?"

Captain Doineau: "I fear you are neither equitable nor impartial in regard to me, before the governor-general."

General Montauban: "This, sir, is an insult; and I place you under arrest for eight days."

Captain Doineau: "I beg pardon, I am too warm."

General Montauban: "Very well; the only punishment I shall inflict upon you is, to read the notes I have written in your favour, and the proposal I have made to raise you to the rank of a chef de bataillon. Don't be over-anxious. There are people, who, knowing you to be the friend of Bel Hadj, might think you would be too favourable to him." "Look at me, general, do I look like a highway robber?" These words were spoken with such an accent of truth, that the general said to one of his staff: "Captain Doineau is as white as snow." Nevertheless, next day, the general received a telegraphic dispatch. It was in these words: "Arrest Captain Doineau."

"This is very serious," said the general; "but it is not upon a telegraphic dispatch that we arrest a captain. I shall wait for more distinct and more formal information."

The procureur-général came himself a few days afterwards with the evidence. He said to General Montauban:

"This is so clear and precise that I leave with you the responsibility of the whole case."

"I do not accept it," answered the general; "I shall have the captain arrested, only on condition that *you* issue the order for his capture. I only stipulate that he be arrested with all the respect due to a French officer."

The warrant was placed in the hands of

the commandant, M. Chanzy, who, on the eighteenth of October, finding Doineau at the café, told him what had been going on. Doineau treated it all as a joke.

"No, the thing is very serious," observed Chanzy, gravely: "I am ordered to arrest you. Of course, being innocent, you have nothing to fear." They walked together to the captain of gendarmerie, and Doineau was taken to prison.

Doineau's superiors although cognisant of, and indeed implicated in, many of his official excesses—could hardly have suspected him of plotting the conspiracy which had ended in the murder of the Agah; for here is a copy of the recommendation for Doineau's promotion, which he had forwarded to head-quarters, and which he had given him to read. It is one of the curiosities of this extraordinary affair:

"Theoretical instruction: very good.

"Practical instruction: good.

"He knows land-surveying.

"He speaks Arabic well and with great facility, and reads and writes it.

"He speaks a little German.

"He has occupied himself much with the study of this country, which he knows perfectly.

"Very apt for all the functions, active or sedentary, which he fulfils in an equally remarkable manner.

"The most distinguished head of an office and fit for anything.

"Very zealous in the service, and very assiduous in study.

"He has directed with brilliant success a great number of operations at the head of tribe-guards or goums, and has commanded camps in which there were regular troops. Quite recently he has directed a razzia (a levy of black mail), with equal vigour, intelligence, and prudence, upon the frontier, at the head of a numerous goum and regular horsemen. All employments may be confided to him, the most difficult and the most delicate.

"He has military habits and the taste for the profession of arms: made to rise. An officer of promise. Merits promotion in every way.

"Is a good horseman, well adapted to command a district, or for any command corresponding with his position; has the intention to remain in Arabian business.

"On very good terms with the natives; being at once loved, feared, and respected.

"Very good connections.

"Strong head, warm heart, developed intelligence.

"Energetic and resolute character.

"Physique: very good, very tall, good health and constitution; fine military air, with perfect conduct and morals.

"26 January 1857. The General Commanding the Sub-division,

"BEAUFORT."

Doineau's arrest had been occasioned by the confessions of his secretary and the black servant. Kaddom Bow Medine—who had fled with his master, Bel Hadj—on being seized at a place not far from Tlemcen, implicated his master, and eventually all the murderers to the number of nineteen, were secured.

The trial took place at Oran. The temporary court-house could only be approached by tortuous steps cut out of the rocks. The inhabitants of the city saw daily the procession of the nineteen prisoners walking slowly from their prison to the old house in which the court sat. They looked, as they descended the steep paths of the mountain, like a procession of penitents in white. The Arabs were chained together in pairs. Bel Hadj became so weak at last that he had to be carried, and Bel Khier was worn to a shadow. Doineau, who was dressed in the costume of a captain of Zouaves, maintained for many days his lofty looks and disdainful airs; but he could not command upon several occasions the nervous twitchings of the mouth, characteristic of persons trying to conceal violent emotion.

A place was reserved in the court for the widow of Abdallah. The Arabs—the best educated of whom had only a slight knowledge of French—seemed engaged in prayer during the reading of the indictment. The heat in the court during the trial, which lasted from the sixth to the twenty-third of August, was excessive. The Arabs fanned themselves with the hems of their burnouses, and all the judges used fans in the form of little platted flags. I find it noticed in the reports of the trial, as an augur of strange omen, that, upon the last day, and when the audience had assembled to hear the sentences, and had been waiting in religious silence for some time, a swallow flew in at the window and round and round near the roof.

The confession of Kaddom Bou Medine stated, in effect, that he had arrived in Tlemcen on the day before the murder to buy various things for a marriage, when, on passing before the café of Bel Kheir, he was called in, and found in it Bel Hadj, Agah of the Ghossels, and the Caid Bel Kheir with the Bou Nona and Boukra the brigadier. They told him that the captain had commanded them to take an oath upon the koran. Bel Hadj was the first to take the oath. Afterwards, he was walking before the café at three o'clock in the morning, when the captain arrived with his cavalcade of Arabs. They followed the diligence, leaving the town through the same gate. It was the captain who commanded the attack, and his secretary, Ahmed, who fired the first shot. The sphahis brigadier Bourka followed him by firing his musket.

But it was the confessions of his secretary, or kodja, Sidi Ahmed, which were most convincing of Doineau's guilt. When he met the captain, by appointment, at three o'clock in the morning, Doineau was accompanied by Bel Hadj, Bel Kheir, a sphahis, and a horseman whom Ahmed could not recognise. They followed the diligence. It was the captain who ordered them, when they reached the olive wood, to take their posi-

tions, and strike the dog and the little dog,—meaning the great chief and his secretary. He recognised Mamar by the help of the illumination from the flashes of the muskets; breaking the window-sash of the coupé with the butt-end of his pistol. As for the Kodja himself, he declared that he went to strike; but it was not the will of God that he should kill anybody. When Mamar said to the captain: "All is over," Doineau cried, "Separate!"

When public rumour accused El Mamar, the jackal, Captain Doineau said to his kodja:

"Go to Bel Kheir and tell him he must find witnesses to prove the alibi of Mamar, even if he should have to pay for them"

The jackal was thereupon collusively arrested, the witnesses were duly found, and duly paid for, and the alibi having been duly sworn, Mamar was released.

During the flight of Bel Hadj the captain employed his secretary to write a letter to him, which contained this expression, "we have patched up everything—demolished everything;" meaning he might return with confidence as they have taken their precautions.

The constitution of the Arabian offices being an element of great importance in this affair, I may briefly mention here what I have learnt respecting their functions. When the Turks gained Algeria, their regime might be described as piracy on the sea, and brigandage upon land. The Turks employed the native Arabs to plunder their countrymen in the interest of the Ottoman conquerors. When the French drove out the Turks, they began to establish a system, which pretended, and appeared, to be an improvement upon the Turkish system. They made laws abolishing presents; they ordered that all the proceedings of the public authorities should be made public. The poll tax, the flock tax, the tent tax, and the palm tax were ordered to be assessed by Arabian chiefs, and verified by a French officer, called the chief of the Arabian Office. A consulting committee and the Governor General finally arranged and fixed the fiscal lists. Nobody except the officer in command of the district had the right to impose fines or levy blackmail—called euphoniously military contributions—and the general was bound to give an immediate and full account of the proceeds to the agent of the treasury; who divided them between the State budget and the Algerian budget. The Governor General alone had the right by law of ordering summary executions; and he could not legally delegate this power, and was obliged to report immediately every exercise of it to the minister of war. But all these rules were constantly broken by subordinates, and Abdallah's accusation against Doineau was, that he governed in all respects like the worst of the Turkish pachas. With more frankness than prudence; with a simplicity rare in men of mature years of the most outspoken races, Abdallah announced everywhere—even to Doineau himself—his intention of complaining to the superior authorities of his rapacities and atrocities. Never, certainly, in modern times has an officer of a European army been accused of a similar combination of crimes. If M. Cartouche had been made a Turkish pacha, he probably would have subjected himself to the accusation brought against Captain Doineau. Abdallah accused Doineau of extravagant debaucheries, arbitrary exactions, levies of blackmail, unauthorised raids and murder, mildly indicated by the term, "summary executions." Therefore the motive for the murder is easily found in Doineau's habitual and unscrupulous abuse of the power confided in him. He was a thorough despot in the Tlemcen district. He stuck at nothing to plunder and terrify the Arabs; and, knowing that Abdallah was on his way to Oran to denounce, in other words, to ruin him, he took the short and decisive way of silencing his accuser.

The widow of Abdallah said in court her husband had told her one reason of the preference which Doineau accorded the Arabian chiefs who associated with him was their subserviency to his debaucheries.

Doineau, who had no private fortune, received in all, as captain and as director, about four pounds a-week, and yet he gambled, losing his hundred pounds a-night sometimes, and showered jewels upon the companions of his pleasures with the magnificence of an Oriental sultan. He pretended to be so poor, that, being one day with a brother-officer, he said, in great agitation, that he had lost his portmonnaie, containing all his fortune; ten or twelve pounds. But, when the contents of a certain casket, which his secretary had buried, were detected, they were found to consist of seventeen thousand francs. A carefully sealed packet was also discovered in the house of the sphahis Boukra, addressed by Doineau to his brother at Algiers, which contained bank-notes and bills for twenty-one thousand francs. Doineau had ordered it to be put into the post, but Boukra had kept it. This sum of more than sixteen hundred pounds was not likely to have been saved out of his pay.

The sources of this wealth were laid bare at the trial. Some of the Arabs are, it appears, in the habit of concealing their corn in pits, with a view to diminish the taxes imposed upon them. According to law, these hoards were not to be confiscated when discovered; only the taxes upon the corn were to be exacted, and fines imposed for the concealment. Captain Doineau would not deny, when questioned on his trial, that he had confiscated many grain-pits, to the amount in value of seven thousand francs. The Hadj may have seized a wheat-pit and a barley-pit of El Mokadem of the Oould-Riais tribe,

and imposed upon him a fine of ten pounds. Ben Bekka may have had the same fate. If Boukra, a police agent, took a large quantity of barley from a man of the Ghossels Boudmin tribe, it must have been found in concealed pits. On one occasion Doineau forcibly seized and sold sixty of the Agah Abdallah's camels, and it was abundantly proved that he had kept the proceeds of these seizures, and spent them in a manner which caused his accusers to compare him to a young satrap. "He is our sultan." The kodja declared that he had often been employed by Captain Doineau to take prisoners out of prison; and, after leading them to a lonely spot, put them to death. The kodja, when examined as a king's evidence, gave details respecting the execution of one Mouffock. This man wished to move his tent from one place to another, and he was arrested by the sphahis of the Arabian Office. That individual ought to have been sent before the proper authorities, but the prisoner ordered him to be executed; "and I," added the secretary, "myself presided over his execution. His head was cut off."

When asked, "Did you not understand that those savage executions were frightful things, forbidden even to the Sultan?" the kodja replied, with animation, "The captain was my sultan; I was forced to obey him. Besides, in a single day he had ordered three executions; and then, as I saw that the superior authority said nothing, I thought that he had an uncontested power to do anything." This was manifestly the general opinion of the unhappy Arabs in Doineau's district. Indeed, all his summary executions explain their surprising subservience. Doineau killed Arabs with a levity which would be inconceivable and incredible if the cases had not been admitted with an astonishing indifference, or proved beyond contradiction. A French soldier having been attacked and stabbed by two natives, who were afterwards caught by a chief, the natives were shot by Boukra, the black, and the chief was fined eighty pounds for not catching them sooner.

Auguste Doineau showed remarkable acuteness and cunning in defending himself. He had always managed to get, throughout his trial, the last word against his accusers and his judge. The son of an officer who had been a reporter for the Military Tribunals, he combined the subtle fluency of an advocate with the audacity of a great criminal. He struck the key-note of his defence when he exclaimed, "Do I look like a cut-throat?" His safety lay, he thought, in the improbability of his crimes, and the unwillingness of the French authorities to convict a French officer and official of being guilty of performing his civil and military duties at once like a false clerk and a highwayman, a pettifogger and a brigand.

Doineau, Bel Hadj, and the other prisoners, displayed far more public repugnance for Mamar, the jackal, than for the atrocities imputed to them; but the jackal, the filthy and ragged cut-throat, in his tattered blanket, had been the trusted, secret, and active, although disavowed instrument, agent, spy, and bravo. He retorted their disdain by declaring their conduct worse than his; being without the excuses of his poverty and ignorance. The secretary of Doineau, Ahmed, was, as a witness, more than a match for his master in cunning. His flattery, clearness, and shrewdness, had a great share in Doineau's condemnation. Salaam is an Arabian word; and he never addressed the court without making many salaams, and uttering many complimentary palavers, such as, "My lord, the president,—thou who art a man of head, a man of science, a man of wisdom—thou who knowest all things, thou wilt not fail to unravel the truth. May God aid you, and may God bless you."

The Chief, Bel Hadj, was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour, when in Paris, at the Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty-five. His character is a compound of avarice and cowardice, concealed beneath ostentation and jealousy, burnouses and decorations. During his trial he was always either in a state of stupor or a delirium of fear; from which he only awoke to inquire what had been done with his money?

When Doineau was asked if he had anything to say why the law ought not to be applied to him, he answered:

"Nothing."

Seven prisoners were acquitted; all the others were pronounced guilty. Pecuniary compensation was adjudged to the three widows of the murdered men—fifteen thousand francs to the widow of Hamadi; fifty thousand to Madame Valette; and to the rich widow of Abdallah the nominal sum she had asked, of a hundred francs. The subordinate actors in the murders received the penalty of five years' imprisonment. Mamar, Bel Hadj, and others, who were convicted of having taken an active part in the murders, were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment with hard labour. The kodja was condemned to imprisonment with hard labour for life. Auguste Doineau was condemned to death, the execution to take place in the public square at Oran. After receiving their sentences, Bel Hadj and Doineau were expelled from the Legion of Honour, although they were not stripped of their decorations.

The President said: "Doineau the condemned—you have been deficient in honour, and have therefore fallen from the dignity of a member of the Legion of Honour."

Every criminal has his admirers, if he be only brazen and fearless. When Doineau left the court a person from the crowd threw himself into his arms. As the procession of the malefactors was returning to prison, Doi-

head was observed, on reaching an elevated spot, to tear something from his breast. It was his cross of the Legion of Honour.

TWO FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS.

I RESIDE upon the Great South Angular line of railway, and go to town, and return from it every day; the two journeys consume about two hours, and having taken them regularly for the last fifteen years, I must have spent at least a twelvemonth of my existence in a first-class carriage; I, therefore, may be supposed to know a little about the passengers. I know almost everybody's name who gets into the train at the half-dozen stations between my own and London, and whether he will return by our five-thirty, or not, to a dead certainty. I know which are the stock-brokers, and which the lawyers, and which the bill discounters, and the places of business of every one of them, although our acquaintance is only acknowledged by a nod, nor ever extends beyond the terminus at London Bridge. When A or B is not in eleven-forty-five up twice running, we look for him in the Times, and find him under Deaths or Bankrupts; and when I myself, X, am missing, I feel confident that the rest of the alphabet will as easily understand what is become of me. We do not pretend to entertain the sympathetic feelings of a Rousseau, or a De Lamartine, towards our friends of the South Angular; our conversations—which are carried on under cover of our respective newspapers—are kept studiously general, for there is no knowing what religion or politics any of us may profess, or whether we profess them at all; we discuss principally the money-market only, and the murders—trusting that, if there be a homicide or two in the same carriage, any offensive remark may be understood not to apply to the present company. We season-ticket-holders are of course well-known by sight to all the company's officers, so that they rarely give us the trouble of producing our passes at all, nor is one of us more easily recognisable than C, the leviathan banker, who makes the train stop in front of his own house, where there is no station, to the concentrated disgust of the three classes. He is called by us familiarly "the Old Cock;" but, although he knows this, it is not, of course, customary to address him by that appellation. My brother, however, who is a stranger to the South Angular, going down with me once upon a visit by the five-thirty, remarked, unhappily, upon occasion of the usual stoppage in front of the huge red house, "Oh, this is where the Old Cock lives, who causes you so much annoyance, is it?" Whereupon, the great C, who was sitting opposite, crimsoned excessively, got out slower than usual, and has never nodded to me since. A little after this, a new ticket-collector having been appointed by the company, he called upon the whole carriage-full, which included but one casual passenger, to produce our tickets; which, with the exception of the Old Cock, we readily did. He confessed that he had it in his waistcoat pocket, but that no human power should induce him to exhibit it; he harangued the unfortunate collector for nearly a quarter of an hour (during which the train was, of course, delayed, and the business-passengers goaded to frenzy), on the absurdity of his (C's) being unknown to any person on the South Angular railway, no matter how newly-appointed, or how forgetful by disposition; he took the official to task, just as though he, himself, the Old Cock, were the aggrieved party, and as if he were the Lord Chief Baron addressing some great offender against the law.

"Nay, but," urged the poor man, "it is my duty to see your ticket, sir, whether you have compounded for the year, or not. You may, for all I am supposed to know to the contrary, have lent, or even sold your—"

"*I* sell my ticket? *I* abuse my privilege?" cried the old fellow in a terrible voice. "Give the rascal into my hand, John." (To his son, who was sitting opposite), whereupon the collector got off the step with great agility.

"What am I to do?" said the Discomfited, appealing to the rest of us, "I ought to take the gentleman into custody."

C had relapsed behind his paper in high dudgeon, and would reply to no man's intercession upon this subject further, while his son John shook his head very decidedly, saying:

"He won't give it up. I have known him for forty years. He won't give it up: I know him so well."

Indeed, so it happened, and after a consultation among the officials upon the platform, and a very prolonged stoppage of the train, the Old Cock was carried on in triumph, still stertorous with indignation.

These little incidents are the only ones, as I have said, which to my knowledge ever interfered with the strictly business character of our daily transits; but when I have chanced to be detained longer than usual in town, and to miss the five-thirty, I have met with more interesting companions. Three times, by the evening express, I have travelled with a genleman bound for the other side of the Channel, from whom I always parted with regret: a middle-aged, rather ruddy-complexioned man, spare and tall, with an intimate acquaintance with foreign countries, and a fund of stories of adventure, which it was very pleasant to draw upon. Though we exchanged cards, Mr. Settler never told me what was his profession; but I set him down as a traveller for some great house, at a salary, perhaps, of seven-hundred a-year, and I am seldom wrong in such calculations. He carried a particularly beautiful Geneva watch, with turquoise figures on it, which must have cost forty guineas, at the very least, but his dress

was otherwise plain and insignificant. About a week after I had met him for the third time, I took a house at Plover for the season, for my wife and family, to whom I used to run down from London every week. I was returning to the City by an evening train, soon afterwards, for which the poor voyageurs from France were, as usual, not in time, in consequence of the delays at the Custom House, when I heard my travelling friend's voice outside the window, and instantly looked forth to welcome him in. Somehow or other, however, he had disappeared at that very instant, and I seemed doomed to ride the whole way to London in company of a solitary stranger, who entered at the opened door instead. He was big enough for two, indeed, but singularly uncommunicative, replying to the few civilities which I ventured upon, in gruff monosyllables; and, coiling himself up in a corner, with his cap over his eyes, in the manner of the true passenger ruffian. Still, I could not help thinking that at some time and place, both forgotten, I had seen this man and spoken to him before; the remembrance of him was like one of those mysterious experiences which we all have of having previously witnessed some passing scene, which our mortal eyes can never in reality have beheld; but indistinct as this was, it was strong enough to drive all thoughts from my mind, except the absorbing one. "To whom is he like? and where have I met this sulky fellow before?"

Presently, however, my mind reverted to the voice I had heard at starting, and immediately this idea combined with it, and I said to myself:

"Why it is Mr. Settler himself, to whom the man is somehow like after all!"

True, my old acquaintance was a spare man, and this a person stout even to obesity. The former had a voice especially pleasing, and the latter a grunt that could scarcely be reckoned human; that a convivial visage, and this a face from which ill-health and ill-humour together had expelled every trace of jollity. Still, having acquired my idea with so much trouble, I was not the man to let it easily go again, but flattered and nourished it in my mind, until it grew larger and stronger, and at last shot up into the full belief that this uncommunicative stranger was not only like Mr. Settler, but was Mr. Settler himself! No other than he, I now felt persuaded, could have presented himself at the carriage-window, so immediately after my hearing his voice close beside it.

"Sir," said I, composing myself in my corner, as if to sleep, "I should like to know how long I may hope to rest myself. Will you kindly favour me with the time?"

I shot through my fingers an eager glance, as the stout gentleman pulled his watch out, with an expression of impatience at being roused. My scheme had succeeded; my suspicions were confirmed. It was the old Geneva watch with the turquoise figures.

"Mr. Settler," said I, quietly, "why do you wish to cut my acquaintance?"

"Why, the fact is," replied he, in his natural frank voice, and not without a touch of pathos in it, "I am so ill, and such an object, that I am positively ashamed to be recognised; do you observe how tremendously stout I have grown?"

"Of course I do," said I; "it would be ridiculous to pretend otherwise; why you are three times your usual size at the very least!"

"There is no need to exaggerate, goodness knows," rejoined he, gravely, "a man with such a dropsy as this is no fit subject for joking."

My old acquaintance indeed exhibited so much acrimony and bad humour that I was sorry I spoke to him at all, and felt quite relieved when, wheezing and grumbling to the last, he parted company from me at the terminus. On the next Saturday I again went down to Plover, and only reached the station just in time to hit the train. I therefore threw myself into the nearest first-class carriage, and was off before I ever looked to see who was my companion.

"How are you, my boy?" cried Mr. Settler, for he it was, spare and hearty as ever. "I am afraid I was rather cross with you the other day."

"Cross!" said I, a little grimly, "is not the word for it; you were a bear of the first water; and, by-the-bye, what has become of your dropsy?"

"Well," rejoined he, "I have been tapped since I saw you."

"Tapped!" cried I, laughing, "why you have been emptied—drained!"

"Yes," answered Mr. Settler evasively, "I dare say it seems so. I am subject to these attacks. They're hereditary. Have you seen to-day's paper?"

So we turned the conversation to other subjects, and spent the time between London and Chokestone, as pleasantly as usual.

A month elapsed, and then I met my friend once more in the up-express, going to town for the best advice, he said, and stouter than ever. However, he was very good-humoured this time, observing that he was not going to suffer the disease to prey upon his spirits any longer; only from his late voyage and its accompaniments he was really very exhausted and presently fell asleep, looking, as I thought, like Falstaff after a fit of sea-sickness.

As I sat close by him, whistling softly, and staring at his right leg, a very singular sight presented itself. I saw Mr. Settler's right calf sink gradually down, and presently repose about his ancle. I stooped down to investigate this sliding phenomenon, and discovered it to be entirely composed of the best French kid gloves; the other calf I pricked with my scarf-pin, and concluded it to be composed of the same unfeeling material;

Elated by these revelations I cautiously applied the same ingenious instrument to my friend's waistcoat; it penetrated at least three inches, up to the fox's head which surmounted it, without meeting with any flesh and blood; the sleeper never so much as winked an eye. I then took the liberty of unfastening the first and second buttons about his ample chest, whereupon I came upon fine cambric; I turned back case after case, and then pressed forth an end of Valenciennes lace. I took hold of this very delicately and gave it a gentle pull—one yard! two yards! ten yards! twenty yards of such a trimming—as I have only seen in books upon the fashions—rewarded my dexterity. Throughout this operation the stout party, sleeping like a child, reminded me of the spider who, out of his own interior, supplies such charming gossamer work. Then, having pocketed the Valenciennes, replaced the cambric, and fastened the buttons, I woke my still stout but somewhat reduced acquaintance, and observed, "I beg your pardon, but your right calf has slipped down from the usual place, Mr. Settler."

"It is a false one," answered he with frankness; "it is, in fact, French kid gloves. Mrs. Settler compels me to do it, although I abominate the practice. A man in my dangerous state of health should think of something else than defrauding the revenue."

"Don't you feel somewhat relieved, though?" inquired I, producing the Valenciennes.

"Sir," said he, in some confusion, and twitching at his waistcoat, "I am sure that I am in the hands of a man of honour."

"Perhaps," said I, blushing a very little; "but I have the sternest possible sense of duty."

"Custom House duty?" inquired he, good-naturedly; then, with his old pathos he added,

"You have a wife, a loving wife yourself, sir."

"I have," said I; and I confess I was a good deal moved.

"How well she'd look in that old Valenciennes!" urged Mr. Settler, and that with an air of such sincere admiration, that I really could not find it in my heart to give the poor fellow up. I never saw him again from that day to this, and there is no reason to suppose that after that clemency of mine he did not give up his contraband habits, and became an honest man.

It was in a collar and sleeves trimmed with that very Valenciennes that my wife went up with me to town for the Handel Festival; we were a large party in the carriage, and enjoyed the journey very much. Amongst others was a strange young gentleman, very well-informed and agreeable, who kept us in peals of laughter with his lively sallies. Mrs. X had seen the address upon his portmanteau, and whispered to us that he was a viscount, and perhaps we did not appreciate them the less upon that account; he had all that abandon and keen animal spirits which distinguish the young English aristocracy, and make them the pleasantest fellows in the world to travel with, and he had also a diamond ring which he was kind enough to let us examine, of very great brilliancy and value; such a hand too, delicate, graceful, thin, and such an exquisite curling ear; in short, as my wife, judging from these symptoms, observed, with an irrepressible enthusiasm, "a youthful Cavendish, all over."

When we arrived at London Bridge, he bade adieu to us in the most affable manner, and drove away in a simple Hansom, with all the air of a man accustomed to keep his carriage. On our road to Sydenham we were all loud in his praises, when suddenly my wife threw up her hands, and cried out that her purse was gone, with half her quarter's allowance in it; there must have been a hole in her pocket, or one of the railway porters had taken it, or she had never brought it with her at all; we would believe anything in fact, rather than suffer the breath of suspicion to sully that mirror of nobility the viscount. Judge, then, our surprise when at the bottom of this pocket was discovered the identical ring, which had evidently slipped off those aristocratic fingers while they were appropriating the purse. Upon our return to town, I took the trinket to a jeweller's, fully expecting to find that the precious stone was made of glass, but to my astonishment and pleasure it turned out to be a real diamond, and that of a value very considerably greater than the stolen money. We advertised it for a few days in the newspapers, but, as we expected, without its being inquired after by its late proprietor; so, besides the Valenciennes trimming for her collar and sleeves, my wife has a handsome diamond ring for her middle finger, both presented to her, indirectly, by two of my fellow passengers.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 398.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1857. { PRICE 2*d.* STAMPED 3*d.*

BROTHER MULLER AND HIS ORPHAN-WORK.

AMONG the curiosities of literature in our day is a work, of which four parts have appeared at intervals, entitled The Lord's Dealings with George Muller. The first edition of the first part was published twenty years ago, the fourth part appeared only last year. The tone of this very singular book is like that of the author of the Bank of Faith, who, when he wanted a new pair of trousers, prayed for them over-night, and found them by his bedside in the morning. But Huntington prayed generally for himself, George Müller takes thought of the orphan, and has accomplished in his own way a substantial work that must secure for him the respect of all good men, whatever may be the form of their religious faith.

George Muller, believing himself to be elect, is one of those who thank the Lord that they are not as other men are; it grieves him to think that in the other world he shall be parted from his natural father and his brother, who are not among the chosen. He does not believe in any gradual amelioration of the world, but looks for the return of the Lord to reign on earth, and is not without expectation that the return may be in his own day. In holding these opinions he is perfectly sincere, and he believes, with a liveliness of faith perhaps unequalled in our time, that all things fitting for His children will be supplied by our Father in heaven in direct answer to trustful prayer. He points to the Orphan-house on Ashley Down, near Bristol, for the justification of his faith. He has now been labouring in Bristol for a quarter of a century. He has undertaken large works of benevolence. He has established that asylum for destitute orphans, which for some time maintained three hundred inmates, and to which a new wing has just been added for the reception of four hundred more. He expects to add another wing and find room for a thousand. For the prosecution of this orphan-work, as he calls it, he has received ninety thousand pounds, without once asking for a penny. When he wants money he prays for it, and in his annual reports, which are summed up in the publication we have named, shows how it comes. His reports make no appeal. The spirit and intention of them is to bear testimony to the truth of which he is convinced, that "the Lord will provide," and so completely is this their intention that on one occasion when the annual meeting and report happened to fall due at a time when his distress for funds was very urgent, and to make the fact known would procure instant relief, that very circumstance compelled him to postpone for a few months the issue of the report. At another time of great want, shortly before the expiration of a year's housekeeping at the Orphan-house, when Brother Muller did not know at breakfast-time how he should buy the orphans' milk for tea, a rich friend asked him whether the balance in his accounts would be as good as heretofore. A sign of want would have produced a cheque immediately, but George Müller only said the balance will be as the Lord shall please. Of course by the annual publication of such facts as these an appeal is made to the religious sensibilities of thousands. If Brother Muller never told his prayers, and never worked to produce their fulfilment, could he depend on them for the production of an income? In his own housekeeping Brother Müller followed the same system. He destroyed the pews in his chapel; and because he felt that subscriptions to the salary of a minister were called for when it was not convenient to some to pay them, and were not always given cheerfully, he refused to accept any salary at all. Again, because free gifts paid to his hand might be made on some compulsion of pride, for the sake only of appearing to do right, and he could accept only what was given cheerfully, he caused a box to be set up in his chapel, and depended on the anonymous gifts dropped into it by members of his congregation. His deacons opened the box about once every five weeks. Sometimes he had no bread at home, and there was money in the chapel-box. Perhaps he might then pray that a deacon's heart should be stirred up to open it, but he gave no sign of his want to any man, and never asked that the box should be opened, never if money was owing to him asked his debtor for it. Trusting in prayer only, he never starved, and has obtained more than a hundred thousand pounds for pious uses.

So much we have said, at once to secure

respect for Brother Muller, and to separate him from self-seeking men, who trade upon religion. A precarious subsistence—one obtained by living upon prayer—is a safe one in his eyes, but it is accompanied by him with the most energetic labour to do good work in the world. It will be seen, too, as we tell the main facts of his story, that whatever error we find in his theology, his view of a Scriptural life tallies with some of the best precepts of wordly wisdom. Contention is unscriptural. Giving offence to the consciences of others is unscriptural. Debt is unscriptural. Two bills he was once obliged to give, payable at a future day; but he did not give them until he had the amount of them already in his house, and what seemed to be most urgent temporary need afterwards failed to tempt him to the borrowing of a pound from that fund, for a day or two. The delay of an hour in payment of his rent lay on his conscience as debt. The tradesmen who supplied the Orphan house, compelled him by their strong wish to accept of weekly bills for daily service, but whenever the supply of money ebbed, instead of covering his day of need by help of credit, he stopped even weekly payment, and allowed nothing whatever to be bought that was not paid for at the moment.

Now we will tell his story. He was born near Halberstadt, in Prussia, in the year eighteen hundred and five, so that he is now only fifty-two years old. His father, when he was five years old, removed to Heimersleben, four miles from George Muller's native town He was then in government employment as collector of excise. Of course, we are told by Mr. Müller, bad things of his life as an unconverted boy and youth, and it does certainly appear that he was more unprincipled than boys and young men usually are. He was destined for the Church, and educated at good classical schools, acquitting himself with great credit as a scholar. In due time he became a student of the University of Halle, and as a member of that university was entitled to preach in the Lutheran establishment. Halle was at that time frequented by twelve or thirteen hundred students, of whom nine hundred studied divinity, and were allowed to preach. At Halle, when twenty years old, George Müller was taken by a fellow-student to a prayer-meeting at the house of "a believing tradesman." His conversion then began, and was assisted by the arrival at the university of Dr. Tholuck, as Professor of Divinity. George Müller's father became angry at the changed tone of his mind, and at his desire to quit the regular Prussian Church, in which only he could minister in Prussia without danger of imprisonment. Müller supported himself then by teaching German to some American professors who had come to Halle for literary purposes, being recommended to them by Professor Tholuck. He desired to be a missionary; but, without his father's consent, could not be received in any of the German missionary institutions. Soon afterwards, at the instance of a pious schoolmaster, he began to preach in a village some six miles from Halle, using the pulpit of an aged and "unenlightened clergyman."

It was in Halle that Augustus Herman Franké had been a professor of divinity at the beginning of the eighteenth century, had done charitable deeds, had shown a very lively faith in prayer, and helped by that faith had maintained an orphan-house that grew almost to the dimensions of a street. "About the time that I first began to preach," says Mr. Muller, "I lived for about two months in free lodgings, provided for poor students of divinity in the Orphan-house, built in dependence upon God by that devoted and eminent servant of Christ, A. H. Franké, Professor of Divinity at Halle, who died 1727." The Orphan-house at Halle prompted afterwards the founding of the Orphan-house on Ashley Down; but Franké, when he built, like most builders of hospitals, anticipated coming funds, and sent a box round for subscriptions. George Muller never spent a penny till he had it actually in his hand, and as we have said, made it a further point of conscience never, in a direct way, to ask for a subscription.

Vacations at Halle left George Müller free to visit the Moravian settlement at Gnadau, where he had communion with men who were in very many respects like-minded with himself. In Halle, too, he joined himself with sundry brothers who were of his own way of mind. When at the age of twenty-two Brother Müller heard that the Continental Society in England meant to send a minister to Bucharest, to help an aged missionary, he desired to go, and had the consent of his father. Then there appeared to him an opening for work as a missionary in the conversion of the Jews, and the result of prayer and negotiation was that, after much delay caused by the refusal of the Prussian government to let a young man leave the country before he had paid his due in military service, Brother Müller came to London. He had been reported at Berlin unfit for military duty. The London Society for the Conversion of the Jews received the German student on probation, and, good scholar as he already was, placed him for six months at their seminary, where he was excused from learning anything but Hebrew. He had also to study English. He was encouraged at that time by hearing of a Mr. Groves, dentist, of Exeter, who had given up a practice yielding fifteen hundred pounds a-year to go to Persia as a missionary. A sister of that gentleman afterwards became Brother Müller's wife. While at the seminary Brother Müller's energy was not to be restrained. He began work

among the Jews, and read the Scriptures regularly with about fifty Jewish boys.

After a serious illness Brother Müller was obliged to go into the country for recovery of his health. He went to Teignmouth, there preached at the opening of Ebenezer Chapel, and became linked in friendship with the Brother Henry Craik, who afterwards was the associate of all his labours. Doubt was arising in George Müller's mind as to the Scriptural nature of his connection with the Society for the Conversion of the Jews. In serving the society he should serve men; whereas, was he not bound to do only the bidding of the Lord? Again, he would need to be ordained, and he could not conscientiously submit to be ordained by unconverted men, professing to communicate what they have not themselves. Also, he was not satisfied with the position of a religious society so constituted that it sought for its heads, not the best men, but the most wealthy, or those highest in worldly rank. There was no instance of a poor good man presiding over any of its meetings. After much prayer and consideration, he expressed his doubts, and his connexion with the society thenceforward ceased. He was at that time preaching in Devonshire, and designing to preach as a wandering missionary in divers parts of the country; but he was eventually persuaded to accept, on condition that he was not to be held bound to the post, the fixed office of minister to Ebenezer Chapel, Teignmouth, with fifty-five pounds as subscription from his flock. Thirty pounds of that he soon afterwards perilled by a change of view on the subject of baptism. Nearly at the same time, being twenty-five years old, he married the lady before-mentioned, and about three weeks after marriage upon conscientious scruples, gave up altogether the receipt of a fixed salary; after a few more days, he established the box in his chapel, and not long afterwards, after a much harder struggle of faith, he and his wife determined thenceforth to ask no man for help, also to lay up no treasure upon earth, but, giving all in alms, to have no care about the morrow, and trust wholly in prayer for the supply of every want. Thus, for a day of sickness, or for expected births of children, nothing ever was laid by. Excess as it came was distributed to those who needed. For some years even the rent-day at the Orphan-house was left uncared-for till it came, when means of paying the rent could be prayed for. But in one year prayer failed; the rent was not provided until three days after the time when it lawfully fell due, and that being accepted as a Divine admonition to lay by every week the portion due on such account, it afterwards was cared for from week to week as conscientiously as it had formerly been left out of account.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two, Brother Craik having already left Devonshire for Bristol, Brother Müller felt that the call on him to go also to Bristol was from Heaven. He was then travelling and preaching in various parts of Devonshire. A few days before his first journeying to Bristol he went one day to preach at Dartmouth, when, he says in his journal:—"I have five answers to prayer to-day: 1. I awoke at five, for which I had asked the Lord last night. 2. The Lord removed from my dear wife an indisposition under which she had been suffering, and it would have been trying to me to have had to leave her in that state. 3. The Lord sent us money. 4. There was a place vacant on the Dartmouth coach. 5. This evening I was assisted in preaching, and my own soul refreshed."

At Bristol, Brother Müller shortly afterwards joined Brother Craik in ministry at Gideon chapel, establishing there (and afterwards at another chapel in the town provided for them, called Bethesda), their peculiar system of dependence for the supply of temporal wants wholly on free-will offerings. In the beginning of next year, Brother Müller was reading the life of Franké, and longing to live as he lived, that so "we might draw much more than we have as yet done out of our Heavenly Father's bank, for our poor brethren and sisters." At the close of the year he writes:—"It is just now four years since I first began to cast myself upon the Lord, trusting in him for the supply of my temporal wants. My little all I then had, at most worth one hundred pounds a-year, I gave up for the Lord, having then nothing left but five pounds. The Lord greatly honoured this little sacrifice, and he gave me in return, not only as much as I had given up, but much more. For during the first year he sent me already, in one way or other (including what came to me through family connection), about one hundred and thirty pounds. During the second year, one hundred and fifty-one pounds, eighteen shillings and eight pence. During the third year, one hundred and ninety-five pounds, three shillings. During this year, two hundred and sixty-seven pounds, fifteen shillings and eightpence farthing. This income of donations from the brethren, apart from the large contribution now sustaining missionary undertakings and the Orphan-house, now exceeds six hundred pounds a-year. But from first to last, at the end of each year all is gone, excess having been always given to the poor."

It was in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-four that Brother Müller founded, at Bristol, the "Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad." He thought believers bound to help in the extension of the faith, although the world was not to be converted until after the ingathering of the elect at the second coming. He could not work with any established society, because such societies bow before unconverted persons for the sake

of profit from their rank or wealth, and ask money of unbelievers, as Abraham would not have done. He rejected altogether the help of unbelievers in the conduct of his institution; but if they gave him money for it freely and unasked, he was not, by Acts, twenty-eighth chapter, second to tenth verses, warranted in refusing to accept their contributions. He rejected as unscriptural the practice of contracting debts, and then asking the charitable to assist in paying them. He based all hope of success on prayer. The object of the institution was to assist "godly" schools; to circulate the Scriptures; and to help those missionaries who worked most in what the brethren would consider a true Scriptural way. After only seven months of work, this little institution, which has now become a large one, was instructing one hundred and twenty children in the Sunday school, two hundred and nine in the day schools, and forty adults in the adult school. It had circulated about five hundred Bibles, and contributed about fifty-seven pounds to the help of missionaries. Evidently Brother Muller is an energetic man.

"September eighteen.—A brother, a tailor, was sent to measure me for new clothes. My clothes are again getting old, and it is therefore very kind of the Lord to provide thus. September twenty-five.—A brother sent me a new hat to-day." A few months later, a fifth day-school was established. In March, eighteen hundred and thirty, Brother Müller went on missionary business to the Continent. "At Dover," he says, "we left the hotel before break of day, to go to the packet. All being in a great hurry, whilst we went towards the sea, I was separated from Brothers G. and Y. I now lifted up my heart to the Lord, as he generally helps me to do on such occasions, to direct my steps towards the boat which went out to meet the packet, and" (the italics are his) "*I found it almost immediately.* We had, in answer to prayer, a good passage." On his way back, by way of Hamburg, the sea being very rough, the good brother says:—'At ten I was taken with sea-sickness, from which I had been kept, during my four previous short voyages, in answer to prayer; but this time I on purpose refrained from praying about it, as I did not know whether it was better for my health to be sea-sick or not." Defect of health caused Brother Muller to go, in the next autumn, to Portishead, walk, bathe, and take horse-exercise. But he writes:—"September fifteen.—To-day, as I clearly understood that the person who lets his horse has no licence, I saw that, being bound as a believer to act according to the laws of the country, I could use it no longer; and as horse-exercise seems most important, humanly speaking, for my restoration, and as this is the only horse which is to be had in the place, we came to the conclusion to leave Portishead to-morrow."

And now we come to the main fact: One day in November, eighteen hundred and thirty-five, George Müller writes:—"This evening I took tea at a sister's house, where I found Franké's life. I have frequently, for this long time, thought of labouring in a similar way, though it might be on a much smaller scale; not to imitate Franké, but in reliance on the Lord." In five days he has made up his mind to begin. He is thirty years old. Humanly speaking, there is life before him for the work. He says:—"The three chief reasons for establishing an Orphan-house are: 1. That God may be glorified, should He be pleased to furnish me with the means, on its being seen that it is not a vain thing to trust in Him, and that thus the faith of His children may be strengthened. 2. The spiritual welfare of fatherless and motherless children. 3. Their temporal welfare." He prays; he calls a public meeting at which he will state his plan, and says on the fifth of December, eighteen hundred and thirty-five,—"This evening I was struck in reading the Scriptures with these words: 'Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.' Up to this day I had not at all prayed concerning the means or individuals needed for the Orphan-house. I was led to apply these words to the Orphan-house, and asked the Lord for premises, a thousand pounds, and suitable individuals to take care of the children." At the public meeting there was no collection—no money asked for, and after the meeting only ten shillings were given; but gifts soon flowed in. The design was to receive only such children as were fatherless, motherless, and wholly destitute; to feed them, clothe them, teach them, and to put them out where they could earn an honest living in the world. There should be no voting or canvassing for admissions—no restriction of the charity to children of one corner of the country. Orphanage and destitution were to form the simple claims which had only to be stated to procure admission for a child as long as there was house-room left to give. Any donation for this object was received,—odd shillings, pence, basons, mugs, four knives and five forks, a blanket, fifty pounds, twenty-nine yards of print, one plate, six teaspoons, one skimmer, one toasting-fork, one pillow-case, one sovereign, fifty-five yards of sheeting, a clothes-horse, two pewter salt-cellars, three frocks, four pinafores, six handkerchiefs, from one friend a flat-iron stand and from another friend a flat-iron, six pots of blacking-paste, four combs, a hundred pounds, a piece of blind-line and one dozen of blind-tassels, a ton of coals, premises worth two or three thousand pounds as a gift conditional on five hundred pounds being raised to adapt them for the orphans' use, six little shirts, a hundred weight of treacle, two metal spoons, a kitchen-fender and a pie-dish, fifty-five thimbles and five parcels of hooks and eyes; such were the gifts that flowed in upon

Brother Müller. He took charge of them all for his orphans. Before the conditions which would make a gift of the large premises had been fulfilled, the good brother rented the house which he had himself been occupying in Wilson Street, for the use of the orphans, fitted it for thirty little orphan girls, between the ages of seven and eleven, and opened it on the twenty-first of April, eighteen hundred and thirty-six. It began work with six-and-twenty little girls, a matron, and a governess. At the same time, Brother Müller's heart was set upon the opening of a like home for little orphan boys; but, first of all, he would set to work upon an Infant Orphan-house for desolate poor children of each sex from the tenderest age up to the seventh year. Aided by gifts, little and large—fourpence, a gallon of dry peas, tippets, old clothes, bits of bacon, sugar, money,—the work went on, and before the end of the following November, more than seven hundred pounds had been raised without one contribution having been asked for, in a direct way, by Muller himself, and the Infant Orphan-house was opened. At the end of the year sixty-six orphans were in Brother Muller's keeping, and seven hundred and seventy pounds had been the income of the Orphan-houses. Brother Müller was at work, then, for the establishment of the third Orphan-house, that for the boys.

At the end of the year following he has established it, and writes, "There are now eighty-one children in the three Orphan-houses, and nine brethren and sisters who have the care of them. Ninety, therefore, daily sit down to table. Lord, look on the necessities of thy servant!" At the same time there are the day and Sunday schools, with more than three hundred children in attendance upon each. The establishment increases, but the pressure on each day for money to buy bread is, now and then, intense. The children never miss their usual supply, though sometimes, even at dinner-time, there is no money to pay the milkman in the afternoon, and without money no milk would be taken; yet the money comes. When things are at the worst, one of the teachers has some shillings in reserve, and gives them. At one such time every brother or sister engaged in the Orphan-houses, had given up all to supply the daily wants before there came another offering to help them, from without. Under pressure of this kind Brother Muller writes in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight:—"I have about two hundred and twenty pounds in the bank, which, for other purposes in the Lord's work, has been intrusted to me by a brother and a sister. I might take of this money, and say but to the sister, and write but to the brother, that I have taken, in these my straits, twenty, fifty, or a hundred pounds for the orphans, and they would be quite satisfied (for both of them have liberally given for the orphans, and the brother has more than once told me, only to let him know when I wanted money); but that would be a deliverance of my own, not God's deliverance."

In eighteen hundred and forty-one, the consciences of Brothers Craik and Müller found that there was spiritual assumption in the box inscribed with their names put up for free-will offerings in the chapel. Other brethren were not less able to teach from their experiences, why should they stand apart from the rest, as if they were the only pastors? Their names were expunged, therefore, and they assigned to the poor all money found in the box that was not screwed up in paper as especially placed in it for themselves. In their own houses, as in the Orphan-house, there was the same system of living, and the same occasional necessity of selling books or furniture to obtain food. Nevertheless, all prospered. In December, eighteen hundred and fifty, the expenses of Brother Muller's institution were at the rate of six thousand a-year, and they were met. The new Orphan-house on Ashley Down had gathered under its roof three hundred orphans,—three hundred and thirty-five inmates. There were two hundred and thirty applicants for admission. Brother Muller had felt the extent of the desolation he is working to relieve. He was encouraged by the blessing on his orphan work, and so we find him writing: "It has passed through my mind to build another Orphan-house, large enough for seven hundred orphans, so that I might be able to care for one thousand altogether."

For a time he does not speak to any human being—not even to his wife—about this matter; but he prays that he may act not as one led away by ambition to do good, that he may avoid mistake and delusion. His mind being made up, he states his plan, and waits on Heaven for a building fund. He will not begin to build till he has counted the cost and laid by the requisite provision; now it is thirty-five thousand pounds that he requires. In large and small sums money flows in, and he looks upon it as some trial of faith that, at the end of two years, he has received towards his new object donations only to the amount of twelve or thirteen thousand. This fund increasing, it at last is found prudent to begin the work by adding to the original house for the three hundred orphans a wing that will accommodate four hundred, leaving the other wing for three hundred to be afterwards supplied. The building therefore was commenced, and will be opened, we believe, before the expiration of the present year. More than twelve months ago, at the close of the volume from which we have drawn these very curious facts, George Müller wrote as follows:—"Without any one having been personally applied to for anything by me, the sum of eighty-four

thousand four hundred and forty-one pounds six shillings and threepence farthing has been given to me for the orphans." Probably, by Christmas next, the sum will have amounted to about a hundred thousand pounds!

THE MONKEY-KING.

At Macao, a few years ago, lived Polydore Marasquin, son and heir of Juan Perez Marasquin, proprietor of one of the most famous menageries in the world, and celebrated for his skill in taxidermy. Unfortunately Juan was killed one day, while endeavouring to take a young tiger alive. On his death-bed he made his son swear that he would relinquish his dangerous profession. Polydore took the oath; and committed perjury. Far from abandoning his menagerie he embellished and added to it, until it became one of the wonders of the Eastern world. He lighted it with gas; until then unheard of in Macao. He gilded and burnished the cages until they shone like gold, and filled them with the rarest specimens of wild animals to be found in the two hemispheres. But his chief speciality was in monkeys; of which he had innumerable hosts of every race and species.

It is as well to mention here, the notable change of character which came over Polydore after his father's death. From being the friend, companion, confidant, and student of his animals, he became their tyrant: his former government of kindness, patience, sympathy, and comprehension he exchanged for one of mere brute force, of whips and scourges: seeing in them all, accomplices of the tiger who had so murderously objected to being taken alive. In consequence of this change, instead of being able to enter the cages as formerly, without weapon and without fear, he dared not trust himself within paw's reach of one: so that he and his beasts lived in a state of enmity and warfare which boded no good to either side.

The English Vice-Admiral Campbell, landed at Macao. He went to Marasquin for pets wherewith to beguile his voyage when Malay pirates were scarce. Now among his monkeys Polydore had four of especial mark. Two were male baboons, named Karaboufli First and Second; tall, powerful, and intelligent as men, but horribly wicked and cruel; the other two were chimpanzees, male and female, called Mococo and Saimira; mild, melancholy, intelligent, and beautiful, deeply enamoured of each other, perfectly well-bred, and holding the poet's place in the world of apes. Mococo was Marasquin's "groom." He waited at table, changed the plates, poured out the wine, and, when invited, ate at the same table, with unfailing grace and distinction. The master's love for the two little Chimpanzees filled the rest of the menagerie—the objects of his severity—with rage and jealousy.

Now, Karaboufli the First was in love with Saimira.

The Vice-Admiral made some purchases, and the ship's crew followed his example. Each man bought a male and female monkey, in exact imitation of the commander. He, himself, took Karaboufli the First. Mrs. Campbell insisted on buying Mococo and Saimira; and, after a few struggles of the heart, the keeper of the menagerie—"merchant before all else"—sold her his pretty favourites: beseeching the purchaser, however, to keep them out of the way of Karaboufli the First. The little lovers wept like children at parting with their friend; they clung to him and embraced him piteously; but, finally, the embarkation of the monkey host was effected: and Macao confessed to having never witnessed such a day. The rage of Karaboufli the Second, at being thus deprived of his companions, knew no bounds. He yelled, and howled, and tore about his cage like a demon; and, from that hour, conceived the most deadly hatred against Marasquin. But a hatred that showed itself rather by extreme sullenness and a black kind of dumb revenge, than by any overt act of violence.

A year after this sale, Marasquin was awakened one night by the suffocating smell of fire. He started up to find the whole place in a flame. His mother could not be rescued; his menagerie blazing; his superb birds fluttering and screaming; his magnificent tigers howling and writhing. In the midst of all, grinned, chattered, leaped, and danced, the demon Karaboufli, with a lighted torch in each hand. He had stolen matches from the pocket of the gas-lighter; and, in imitation of him, had turned on the gas, lighted it, and set fire to the place. Some one shot him as he capered through the flames: but Marasquin was none the less ruined, and his mother was none the less burnt to death.

To recruit his fortunes, and restock his menagerie, Marasquin set out for New Holland, chartering a Chinese junk for the voyage. But his crew of Chinamen and Lascars quarrelled; a storm came on, the men got drunk, and the unhappy junk foundered in mid seas. After battling with the waves for a miraculous length of time, Marasquin, half-dead, was cast upon a small island: the only man saved of the whole ship's company. Recovering from his swoon, he found himself lying on the shore, alone; not a human being near him, not a human habitation in sight. Gathering his scattered senses together, he walked slowly forward into the interior of the island; when suddenly he saw a human form at an immense distance,—he made for it—the man, or savage, fled—he pursued—the savage darted like lightning in and out among the trees, until at last Marasquin found him-

self at the spot where he first beheld him. But the savage had disappeared. While looking about for him and searching for his trail, something large, supple, and hairy, dropped from the tree at his feet. It was an ape; who, putting himself before him, seemed to forbid his further advance. Not liking this, Marasquin broke off a bough with which he advanced threateningly. The brute chattered and grinned, then uttered a peculiar cry. In the twinkling of an eye, from all points of the compass, trooped a crowd of monkeys, darkening the horizon like a cloud, and forming a phalanx round Marasquin impenetrable and invincible. Dead with heat and thirst he tried to retreat, but the monkeys pressed thicker and closer upon him, so that he could not stir. On every bough, on every inch of ground,—hanging, trailing, walking, leaping,—in every attitude of motion; of every size, shade, and species, they surrounded him, ready to tear him to pieces on the smallest pretext. At last, one—a baboon—advancing from the company, came closer yet to Marasquin. Picking up the stick which he had let fall, he gravely, before them all, gave the unhappy ex keeper such a flogging that he would soon have departed this life had it been prolonged. But a thought struck him. His bright red cravat—bought at a costly price a short time ago—that would do. He tore it off his neck and flung it in the midst of his persecutors. The stratagem succeeded. What monkey ever resisted finery and red? While the entire mass were occupied in fighting for the cravat, he ran off, often looking back and finding to his joy that no monkeys followed him. At last he reached a beautiful little lake, to which he rushed, half frantic with thirst and delight; he knelt down on the brink, and drank such draughts as the gods never received from Hebe. On raising his head he found the whole lake lined with apes, all drinking and all kneeling like himself. They had followed him silently upon the trees, swinging from branch to branch like squirrels, and noiseless as birds. Alarming as his adventure was becoming, he could not help laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of their imitation. Immediately all the monkeys laughed aloud, too; and Marasquin was almost deafened. Some fruit grew tempting, but too high for him to reach. He flung a stone to bring some down; and every monkey flung a stone. In a moment the ground was strewn with luscious fruit and broken boughs; all the monkeys eating exactly as Marasquin ate,—tearing off the rind, rejecting the seeds; choosing, selecting, like so many distorted images of himself.

Night drew on. Hoping to profit by this spirit of imitation, Marasquin made himself a bed of leaves; and all the monkeys made themselves beds of leaves. He then laid down, stretched his arms and yawned; and, turning round, pretended to sleep. But the monkeys were not to be caught. They stretched their arms and yawned; yet, not an ape among them closed his eyes; on the contrary, they gathered closer and watched him with redoubled vigilance. In about a quarter of an hour two great orang-outangs—each of which could have conquered ten unarmed men—came on each side of him. They examined him all over, smelt him, looked in his hair after the manner of monkeys, poked his eyes, pulled off his shoes, which they tried to fit on to their hands; then pulled off his stockings, whereby they got to his feet. They were charmed! They played with his toes, doubled them, undoubled them, grinning and chattering with delight to find the monster as well made as themselves; they got hold of his arms and used them in Dutch-doll fashion. Finally they proceeded to strip him. Marasquin knew that this would be the signal for death. He glided his hands into his waistcoat-pockets and seized his pistols. Another moment and his tormentors would have been shot; but he would have stood revealed and torn to pieces, when suddenly a long sharp whistle was heard, and cric! cric!—not an ape was to be seen!

A night of awful fear passed. Day, at last, broke. Marasquin followed the lake and came to its outlet, where he found the shore strewn with half-opened oysters. The monkeys had opened them by watching when the oyster gaped, then flinging a small pebble between the shells. Polydore profited by the invention, ate five or six dozen, sank down on the strand, and slept for twenty-four hours. He dreamed. He dreamed of being still surrounded and persecuted by these detestable apes. He seized his pistols and fired. The noise awoke him, and he found himself, in truth, again surrounded, his discharged pistol in his hand, and a dead monkey at his feet. Another was wounded. The monkeys—all of whom were of a gentle, playful, and innocuous kind—after great lamentations, retired, carrying their wounded comrade mournfully in the midst. Whereupon Marasquin had a fit of conscience, and reproached himself with murder. But he had got rid of his companions. Left alone he wandered again into the island, hoping at last to find some traces of humanity. He went on, meeting nothing, until he came upon a colossal skeleton swinging in the wind; the skeleton of a malefactor who had been hanged, and left there as a warning. Surely here was man and man's work! No; it was still a monkey world. The skeleton was that of a huge mandrill; one of the largest species of ape.

At last, however, still wandering forward, Polydore saw smoke and fire. Here, of course, was man. Overjoyed and grateful he walked towards it, when, arrested by a most singular noise, he concealed himself behind a tree, and beheld an assemblage of apes, dressed in the shreds and rags of the English

naval uniform. In the midst was a huge baboon with an admiral's cocked hat on his head. It was Karabouffi the First, passing judgment, in the midst of the court, on some misdemeanants. Farther off was a row of houses, which had been evidently pillaged and destroyed. A light touch on his arm recalled Marasquin from his wondering reverie. He turned; and Saimira, making a sign of silence, led him gently away. Stooping her head to show him where he was also to stoop his, she led him in safety from that frightful assembly, until they came to some cages. Strongly secured in one was the unfortunate Mococo. Saimira asked plaintively to have that cage opened, and Marasquin comprehended and obeyed. The bolt was shot back, and Mococo was free. The lovers embraced; but, even in the midst of his joy, Mococo rushed to Marasquin, and hung about him like a child; caressing and embracing him with eager affection. Their tenderness was at its height when Saimira heard a noise. She hastily thrust Mococo back into his cage, and motioned Polydore to secure it as before. She then signed to him to follow her, and led him to a grotto; where, by looks and gestures as eloquent as words, she assured him he was safe. But, notwithstanding Saimira's attentions, and notwithstanding his terror of the apes he had escaped, the tedium of his situation gained upon Polydore. After a week's confinement he ventured forth, directing his steps to the fire and smoke, which again he sees at a distance. He gains it; and finds it to be the crater of a volcano, round which innumerable apes are standing in perfect silence, throwing in leaves, sticks, branches, trees—all they can find wherewith to feed it. In a moment their silence is exchanged for a simultaneous cry; and once more Marasquin is in their hands. As they seize him, push, hustle, and ill-treat him, he is enabled to perceive that the buttons on the uniform, in shreds and rags of which they are all fantastically dressed, bear the impress of the Halcyon—Vice-Admiral Campbell's vessel.

Karabouffi appears, accompanied by his ministers, two kindred orang-outangs: and the punishment of his old enemy is ordered. He is seized by a chain of monkeys and swung madly over the crater; higher, higher, faster faster, the fierce flames leaping up, the fierce forms round him growing darker and more frantic; higher, faster, madder, until at last, when the swing is at the wildest, he is flung from the chain, and falls bleeding and bruised on the ground. He is not suffered to swoon at leisure, but is dragged up and forced into one of the houses he has seen before. The most pitiable scene of devastation meets him. Windows broken, furniture smashed, torn, and heaped in disorder about the rooms, fragments of ladies' dresses, rags of British uniform, books, all one mass of ruin and confusion, as if the place had been delivered into the hands of madmen. As indeed it had been; "the eternal madmen of the universe," as Marasquin calls his captors. He is thrust into a room, where Karabouffi appears covered with feathers, like some monstrous ogreish bird. On a nearer examination, Polydore discovers that the feathers are quill pens, which, in exaggerated imitation of clerks and secretaries, he has stuck about him wherever a quill would stick. At a sign and a sound, the former keeper is buffetted into a smaller room, where two monkeys are already at work, busily scrawling over sheets of paper, which then are caught by two older monkeys, signed, sealed, and thrown away. Marasquin is ordered to do the like, and for thrice twenty-four hours is kept unremittingly at his labours, as secretary to his Majesty, Karabouffi the First.

It was hard work. If at any moment the poor human creature was failing from want of sleep and weariness, the attendant apes pinched and scratched him, and pulled his hair, and drummed on his back, and would have gone to still worse extremities had he not roused himself, and resumed his labours. On the fourth day a bell rang, and all the world rushed out, Marasquin with them; expecting surely to find a human hand this time near his. No! An ape had pulled the dinner-bell, and apes assembled to dine at the sound. Marasquin followed the stream, and found Karabouffi and his ministers at table. They suffered him to eat with them, but he relished neither their food nor their companionship, and, profiting by their pre-occupation, he rambled through the apartments.

He came upon the kitchens: half-dead with hunger as he was, the discovery made him forget his miseries. But the court of the Monkey-king had been before him, and the larder was empty. He found, though, some closets, locked and secured; he opened them, and fell into the midst of a world of edible wealth. A very mine of potted meats, essences, jams, preserves, wines, and, though not edible, yet valuable, wax candles. He flung himself upon the viands, and devoured the meal of a dozen men in a trice. But, not to be greedy, he presented his majesty with a colossal pot of quince marmalade; and Karabouffi the First plunged himself up to his shoulders therein. By an inadvertence the closet was forced open, and the monkey-world began the pillage. Marasquin had broken the neck off a bottle of wine, and drank the contents; and all the apes broke the necks off all the bottles of wine they could find, and drank the contents too. Here was a scene! The monkey-world verging into a state of universal drunkenness! Night was coming on; it was growing dark; Polydore was becoming mad with horror, when he remembered the wax candles. He lighted one; and the apes, seizing the whole store, lighted every one in imitation. After nearly setting fire to the house, they seemed to

remember a past scene, and, sticking them in the chandeliers, lighted the salon for a ball. So they had a ball, and Polydore had to play for them. One ape thrummed the piano, another the accordion; Polydore, after having been beaten about the head, was forced to attempt the guitar.

Worse than this. When the amusements of the evening grew rather slack, the unhappy man was ordered to enliven the monkey-guests by gymnastics; much of the same description of exercises as men force from monkeys. In vain he refused; he was beaten till he was black and blue. In vain he was unsuccessful, and fell instead of climbing to the top of la perche; he was beaten again. He had a taste now of captivity, indeed, and knew better than he had ever done before, what monkies feel when they fall into the hands of men.

Karabouffi had mysteriously quitted the ball some time ago. He now returned, bearing on his arm Samira, weeping, plaintive, and disconsolate. It was plain that the king had divorced the lovers, and forced poor faithful Samira to himself. That was the reason, then, why the unhappy Mococo was confined; that the monarch might both feed his revenge, and hold the threat of his hostage over Samira, should she be recalcitrant and disobliging. The little chimpanzee could only look her tender plaintive sympathy with her former master, undergoing these indignities. At last a thought seemed to strike her. She became gay, lively, coquettish; roused the jealousy of Karabouffi; flirted openly before his eyes; until the king, in a passion, dragged her rudely from the ball-room; and the whole court fled in his train. This was Samira's mode of delivering Marasquin.

To barricade himself in the verandah, as this portion of the house was called, was not a work of time. In ten minutes Polydore was safe from all attacks from the monkey-world outside. He had food and lights here; what more did he require? He laid himself down and slept as tranquilly as if he had been in his apartment at Macao. The next day he ascended a small spiral staircase, which led to Admiral Campbell's private study. Looking out through the lattice-work, he saw the whole army of apes drawn up about his castle, strongly armed with sticks and bludgeons, silently, and patiently, and watchfully, besieging him. But he knew that he was safe, and despised them. Searching about, he found Lord Campbell's journal, where, among other things too long to mention here, he learned the mystery of the skeleton. It was that of a mandrill, the former monkey-king of the island, who, disputing the admiral's possession, had been first shot, then hung as a terror to all recusants and rebels. The journal mentioned where the rifle was placed, and Marasquin thus saw himself in possession of a formidable weapon of offence. On the strength of the good news he went to dine. But, a new difficulty had arisen—there was no water to be had; and Polydore was beginning to suffer from the strong and fiery wine of the British sailor. This difficulty though not immediately pressing, was not wholly despicable. Peeping again through the lattice-work, Polydore beheld the besieging army still at their posts, but with an increase of weapons. Before each ape, lay a heap of stones.

Days passed. Polydore portioned out his provisions, and found that he could live for three years, at the least, on the Vice-Admiral's stores. But for water? Not a drop! Champagne and fiery wines in abundance, but of pure water—not a drop. This wine-drinking made the temperate keeper ill and mad. After about a month of it, in a fit of frenzy, he rushed to the arm-chest, seized thirty rifles, loaded them all, broke out two loopholes in the wall, and prepared to deal death on all who opposed him in the search for water. But what a sight met his eyes! He had last looked on two or three thousand apes; now, there were twenty thousand, at least, and their stone heaps had risen into mountains, piled up higher than the top of the bell-tower. Maddened and in desperation, Polydore fired: and the battle began. Each rifle was loaded with six balls, and each shot slew multitudes; but multitudes appeared to take the places of those who fell; while, like hail, came thundering down showers of huge stones, battering walls and roofs, and threatening to end the siege in quicker time than was agreeable to the besieged. However, night came on, and a truce came with it.

Marasquin was in a state of habilimentary destitution. His clothes had left him, even to the last shred, and he was dying of cold. Turning over the few chests yet unrifled in the apartment, he came upon the magnificent skin of Campbell's slaughtered mandrill. The very thing for the poor naked, shivering combatant. He thrust his arms into the mandrill's arms, his legs into the mandrill's legs, he pulled the hairy scalp over his forehead, then sewed himself up with twine—an ape complete.

When day dawned he ascended to his post; but a few minutes' bombardment set the question of the siege at rest; the walls were falling about his ears. Resolved to die like a man, he seized a Malay kreese in one hand and a revolver in the other, then leaped from the verandah into the midst of his enemies. But what a miracle! The army, instead of falling on him and tearing him to pieces, slunk back in reverent dismay. It was a panic—a superstitious awe. After a moment Karabouffi, crawling on all-fours, and full of the most terrible fear, writhed and crept up to him at the head of the prostrate forces. He licked his hands and feet, and all the army licked his hands and feet. He abased himself

in a kind of mute adoration mingled with abject terror, and the army abased itself in like manner. Polydore saw it all. He was their Fetisch, their Avatar, their King Arthur Redivivus—their resuscitated Mandrill Monarch! What could be done, but accept the rôle which chance and superstition had thrust upon him? Karabouffi resigned; and Polydore reigned in his stead. His first act of regal power was to reunite Samira and Mococo, in spite of the ex-monarch's jealousy and despair; and, his first of prudence was, to escape from his body-guards, one heavy night full of electricity, when every monkey slept as if dead, and to bury the bones of his defunct self.

Time passed on, and monarch and subjects were mutually well pleased and on eminently fraternal terms; when, one day, as Polydore was enforcing some useful lesson on his court, crack! went the mantle of royalty behind, and with it his chances of monkey deification. After an agonising day the rent was repaired at night—but not very stoutly or enduringly. A disturbed dream completed the catastrophe, and behold Polydore Marasquin with his monkey-skin in two! His reign was over; his life would also soon be over, for there was no possibility of sewing himself up again; and Polydore, without his skin, was a demon and no demigod to the monkey world. What should he do? What could he do, indeed, but fortify himself once more within the verandah, while his subjects assembled in troops and howled forth their fond dismay at his disappearance!

At last, out of guiding love, they began their bombardment as of old, and Polydore felt that his hours were numbered. The walls were cracking; the roof was falling; death, in the shape of twenty thousand furious apes, pressed close upon him—when boom! boom! boom! three cannon-shots. After waiting and watching, peering curiously this way and that, Karabouffi gave his signal—the same long, shrill, strange whistle which Polydore had heard before; and, swift as a flash of lightning, the whole monkey world vanished. Not a trace was to be seen; not the tip of a tail nor the point of an ear, where two minutes before had swarmed an army of twenty thousand howling, fighting, desperate, and king-deserted apes. The cannon announced the return of Admiral Campbell from a cruise after the Malay pirates, and Polydore Marasquin was saved. Returning to Macao, he married, became rich, was independent and happy; but often he was heard to sigh to himself, and whisper softly: "Ah! when I was an ape!" He wrote his "emotions," and made Léon Gozlan his editor.

M. Léon Gozlan, in a word, is an excellent French writer, who has written an excellent and odd book. It has been published at Paris by M. Michel Lévy, under the title of *Les Émotions de Polydore Marasquin;* and the perusal of these emotions of Polydore Marasquin has led to the present account of the Monkey King.

THE TWO JANES.

I dwell in Coketown, but I am thankful to say I do not work for a Bounderby. All day long—summer and winter, for six days a-week—I stand behind a stocking-frame watching its unvaried movement and listening to its monotonous march. Under my feet the high floor trembles with the roar of the machinery, and the ceiling vibrates over my head. Visitors who come to see us—thirty, forty in a room at our continual toil—go away dazed and deafened, and athirst. There are thin fibres floating about the atmosphere in which we live, they say, that half frightens them. For our part we know nothing of this; but when we get out into the summer evening, we feel a change such as, perhaps, no riches of man could purchase, save at the cost price,—the blood from his cheeks, the flesh from his bones, the light from his eyes, which is what, for the most part, each one of us has had to pay for it. The mere fresh air and the blue sky thus gladdens us, and not any peculiar beauty of our Coketown streets which, although clean and neat are red and staring, and bear the appearance of having been built yesterday; nor have they any garden ground whatever attached to them beyond that which may cling to the scrapers; no house which we workmen inhabit is, in thickness, more than a single brick; but there is no such thing—even in the outskirts—as a cottage.

Every man who can afford it, however, has a little plot of ground without the town, the merest strip of kitchen-garden, perhaps, but which bit, never so small, has got an arbour at one end of it. This is a tool-house as well, to be sure, but therein we sit after mill-hours, each with his pipe in his mouth, and from fifteen to twenty of us may-be to the acre. They call mine—because I have a little melon-frame belonging to me—the lodge in the garden of cucumbers. It is partly this, I think, that gives the Coketowners such a passion for the country; for, here are folks in other places worked as hard as we, who are content with their public-house and skittle-ground all the year through, though the sun shine never so brightly and all the land be in leaf. For me, who work on my own account and hire my stocking-frame, I cannot help playing the truant now and then, and running right away into the woods and fields. One Wednesday out of three, perhaps, in the summer months I spend in this fashion. Rising at five I take with me a poetry book—of which I have several—or one of Mr. Howitt's pleasant breezy volumes; and, wrapping up a great hunch of bread and cheese in my pocket-handkerchief, am furnished and provisioned for the whole day. I have always some place

in view as my journey's end; but I like to linger upon the way, stopping as long as it pleases me wherever I will, and always bathing in the first clear stream I come to. After that, I quite forget I am a frame-worker, and believe that my calling is to build the finest possible castles in the air: which I set about doing at once, very assiduously. My final intention, however, is generally to capture, in reality, some ruined hall or abbey, of which there are but a few in Coketown, and to try to people them again with their old inhabitants. I read about them first, for this purpose, in books, at the Mechanics' Institute, before I start, and then I need no help from the professional guides about these places, whom indeed I could not afford to pay; only I give them twopence or so, sometimes, to let me go in by myself, and stay within the grand old tottering walls as long as I will. Some ruins are quite free and open to all, which is a boon, to such as I, greater than the good proprietors can possibly imagine.

There are the skeletons of two ancient mansions, in particular, near Coketown, which are my especial delight. The homes of two of the fairest women of the olden time, and I have often wondered how it happened that Mr. Alfred Tennyson (and long life to him!) should not have beheld one of them at least, in his famous Dream. When one has got off the dusty high-road, the way to Bradgate Hall is very pleasant: through leafy lanes, where there is scarcely room for the market-carts to pass each other, with gateways here and there, disclosing delicious peeps of meadow, wood, and upland. By the side of shady pools with islands in them, and waterfowl that skirl over the still surface, with strange cries, as you pass by. Small villages quite hidden in green hollows till one comes close upon them, whose cottages have honeysuckle porches where women sit and spin—I could, myself, work all the year round in that fashion without a wish for holiday—and old folks smoke their pipes contentedly. And long, white, low-built roadside inns with cool brick floors and the large room for picnic visitors. Then, at last comes the park itself of Bradgate, although its tower upon the hill has stood up well in sight of you for miles.

I take the second gateway on the right, because the path there strays at once among the oak-trees. These are not very tall, but large in growth and old enough, I doubt not, to have sheltered her. 'Tis likely that she walked here many times in her young days —days that were fated never to be old—and studied her dear books amongst these shadows. How beautiful (all chronicles agree about her), how good she was! What stores of learning lay in that little head which the axe laid low! The streamlet here is sluggish, for the long drought has robbed it of its force, but doubtless sang the self-same song to her, three centuries ago, which it now sings to my mechanic ears. An old thought, as I fancy, but a very solemn one. She sang, herself, like any nightingale, until her cruel father bade that sweet voice cease, for there was no singing after greatness was once thrust upon her. Now, the deer crop the herbage with swift stealthy bite, and eyes cast timidly behind them; but they had no fear, I warrant, when her little feet came tripping up this path; for she was loved, they say, by every living thing. This ruined chamber looking to the south, was once, perhaps, Lady Jane's—I like at least to think so; it was from this very window that she looked forth upon that hunting-party, starting with hawk and hound to slay her favorites. Here, instead of joining in their sports, she communed with the soul of the divine Plato, Roger Ascham says (the Phædo I have read myself in English, but could make nothing out of it). Here is the chapel where her pious knees knelt often on the cold grey stones, and I should like to fancy where they knelt, but that the place is locked and needs a silver key to open the door. The Tiltyard is, however, free to all; the places where the high born dames did sit, the entrance for the knights on either side; the level space where they met lance to lance; the slopes where the eager common people stood, these are all plain to me; she, may be, was forced to sit there with the rest and hear the shock of arms, and see both horse and man go down; but I can scarce imagine that. Sometimes, perhaps, she had to give away the prize as queen of the tourney; the duke and the duchess on either side quick to find fault, and old Northumberland appraising her, how much the girl was worth to him and his. I eat my bread and cheese upon this spot, and conjure in my mind these noble personages of the far back time to life again, whether they will or no. I dare say, Guildford Dudley tilted here, the handsome weak young lord; she must have been pleased indeed, to put the conqueror's wreath upon him and to find him safe! Did they plight troth, I wonder, in this wood? Married at sixteen, in three months made sovereign lady of the realm, and in nine murdered on the scaffold! I like to be made sad with thinking of these things so long, long past. She went to Heaven the quicker, and inherited by right, I doubt not, a far better crown; I sometimes think that she must know I take delight to come to this fair scene because of her. Perhaps it pleases her, even where she is, that a poor frame-working lad like me, who never saw her picture, is yet gladdened by the mere remembrance of her, in the ruins of her ancient home; twice have I lain down and slept in that same grassy tiltyard and dreamed of her each time, and so in some sort I may

say her presence still haunts old Bradgate Hall.

I might go on to Kerby from this place, but that I hoard my pleasures; much as a hungry and hardworking bee, who having found some bell-flower exceeding sweet, lurks within it for half a summer's day, murmuring delight, and swung to sleep by the drowsy wind. I grudge the swift winged hours that bring the night upon these holidays of mine, and make the very most of every joy; no sense of happiness escapes me, not a single drop of dew which evening shakes from her dark wing to recompense me, nor the cool fresh feel of a footstep dragged through the dewy grass. And when at last I catch sight of the tall Coketown chimneys, and hear the roar which I must help to swell, the next day and the next for three long weeks, I whisper to myself, "there is Kerby Castle still—to come."

This is by no means so grand a place as Bradgate, but I seem to love it quite as well. The great gateway and two of its other towers are all that remain of it, and it has no park. Some cattle-sprinkled fields, much fine old hedgerow timber, the spires of village churches, a winding brook, and far, far off, a range of wooded hills,—that is all the view from Kerby-tower upon the brightest day; but it is enough; dewy pastures, dewy fields, a haunt of ancient peace,—the poet who drew that picture might have drawn it from this very spot. A fair woman of the olden time lived here also, and she was a Jane likewise, but not a Lady Jane. They pretend that in yonder tower was her room; here she was feasted, and loved too after her wanton manner. Nay, but amongst that wicked court, she was the least to blame perhaps of all. It was the king himself who ruined her. She was never cruel, never base; she alone of all the venal crowd about him took no bribe, used all her power for good, pleaded for the poor, prayed pardon for the erring. I know no name for all the sin which clings to it, which shines more brightly out from that dark time than hers; not her royal seducer's, nor her second lover's, the Lord Hastings, who dwelt in this very castle: nor, still less, that of her foul foe who reigned afterwards, the murderer Richard. Perhaps King Edward may himself have come to Kerby to see his favorite, and perhaps that Humpback also, not as yet venturing to flicker with his serpent tongue; certainly, Hastings and she were here. Did she weary amongst these pleasant scenes, I wonder, or were they balm to her, reminding that poor misused heart of earliest days, when she had innocent dreams before they wedded her, so unwilling, to the rich trader? Or did they drive her, rather, to think of the deep moat that skirts these walls, deeming it sweet to die? Did any hideous dream befall her here of a great throng, of a whole staring city, poured out to see her tread the streets barefoot, shameful, to do public penance? A dream of misery, starvation, and forty years of wandering out of doors, forgotten, hideous, old? And did she wake up, with these Kerby pasture-land and fair home scenes in sight, assuring her that this was but a dream?

I trust, that somewhere, long ago, the Jane I speak of, and the pure spirit who had as fair a fleshly home as she, the Lady Jane, have met in blessedness. So different, I still think of them together, and pity equally the great reverse and long, long pain of her of Kerby Castle, and the cruel but speedy end of her of Bradgate Hall.

TWENTY SHILLINGS IN THE POUND.

The firm of Petty, Larceny and Co., the great haberdashers, is a monument of remarkable trading skill. It has been established more than a century. Old Petty retired with a colossal fortune, and young Petty, the old Petty of the present firm, was member of Parliament for a cotton district. Some of the Larcenies have been at the bar, and one is a very high dignitary in the Church, while he who stands in the place of the old original Larceny, and manages the business, has the reputation of being one of the smartest traders in the City of London. The first stone of their prosperity was laid by the purchase of job-lots, or goods sold at a sacrifice. They found a mine of wealth under their feet, and they did not neglect to work it. They got a double reputation: one for always being ready with cash for goods to any extent, the other for always selling goods thirty per cent. under the market-price. They always paid twenty shillings in the pound, but it was for forty shillings' worth of goods, and that, my simple friend, is a very different thing from buying forty shillings' worth of goods, and paying twenty shillings for them. In the first instance, you are a keen trader, buying at a discount of fifty per cent.; in the second, you are a worthless, broken scamp, paying ten shillings in the pound. You, who possess a mathematical head, cannot probably find much difference in the two things, but act upon your conviction, and see the result. You, as the payer of the despised ten shillings in the pound, the payer of one pound for two, shall enter one of our palatial receptacles of merchandise in company with Mr. Larceny, the payer of twenty shillings in the pound, the buyer of two pounds for one. Not an assistant in the place, not a head of a department, but what will, be at once at the humble service of Mr. Larceny, ready to throw at his feet the rich cashmeres of India, the soft sables of the North, the costly fabrics of the South, perfumes of Araby the blest, jasper, onyx, and all precious stones. Let him take them at his own price, and upon his

own terms. Now comes your turn, my simple friend, and the rich full stream of commerce does not flow so freely at your feet. Will you be kind enough to give your name? They cannot find exactly what you want, although your desires are not extravagant. You fancy, you heard your name going down a pipe, and you were right. Will you have the goodness to step down to the counting-house? You step down, and see a managing clerk. Another time they will be most happy, &c. You have learnt the difference, my simple friend, between paying ten shillings for a pound, and buying a pound for ten shillings.

Messrs. Petty, Larceny and Co. thrive apace, and suck up in their vortex many spiritless businesses of the same kind in the neighbourhood. They buy up a pile of buildings; they cover with their warehouses half a street. Sometimes it happens in the course of trade that complications arise between principal and agent, consignor and consignee, buyer and seller; the money-market is tight, cash is scarce, and a few thousand pounds' worth of goods is sold, in consequence, at a sacrifice much more alarming than usual. What makes matters worse is, that Messrs. Petty, Larceny's cheque,—which though dishonourable was never dishonoured,—does not find its way to the rightful owner, the agent employed in the matter having put a finish to dishonest proceedings by an act of embezzlement. This brings the transaction into open court, and some virtuous counsel, whose wholesome indignation has been paid for as per brief delivered, does not hesitate to stigmatise the conduct of Messrs. Petty, Larceny and Co. as immoral and dishonest, to call a sacrifice a downright robbery; job-lots nothing but stolen goods, and to say that the receiver is as bad as the thief. Poor fellow! he knows when he utters the last sentiment, that his law is the reverse of sound, and that he is the veriest stump-orator that ever stood in a Court of Justice. Perhaps he is thinking of some miserable fence, or marine-store dealer, whose limited capital, want of enterprise, and wretched habitation, under the constant surveillance of the police, render *him* in the eyes of the law a receiver in every respect as bad as the thief; but the splendid pile of warehouses that bears the names of Messrs. Petty, Larceny and Co. can never be the receptacle of any goods, but what have been bought in a respectable manner, and under the laws of supply and demand. When Mr. Larceny leaves his business, about five in the afternoon, the policeman on the beat runs to open the door of his carriage, which he certainly would not do for a man that was obnoxious to the law.

Some people there may be, who gossip about the story in the City, and, like good members of society as they are, profess a moral repugnance to any man who stoops to make money by such dishonest practices; but their words lose something of their weight when we find them, in a few days afterwards, in Mr. Larceny's private counting-house, with a piece of coloured paper in their hands, evidently torn from a banker's cheque-book. Sundry old ladies and highly respectable mothers of families profess to be greatly shocked when they read the account in the newspapers, and exclaim, "What an immoral place Messrs. Petty, Larceny's shop must be for the young men!" But if we lounge towards the shop in question, about three o'clock on a July afternoon, we shall find the same ladies in great force, seated on the short-backed chairs, and asking the attendants to show them "some of those stolen—ahem, that is, remarkably cheap goods that they have to sell." When Mr. Larceny goes into the markets on the next occasion, his friends cluster round him more attentive than ever, probably from joy that so dear a friend has not been rudely snatched from them. Society does not turn its back upon Mr. Larceny; far from it, its doors are always open to any man who can send his own footman to knock at them. Prisons of all kinds, Houses of Correction, Silent Systems, Penal Servitudes, Hulks, Queen's Benches, Old Baileys, Bankruptcy Courts, and lastly, Workhouses, were never built or organised for men like Mr. Larceny. It is the fools who suffer, while the rogues thrive.

Third-class bankrupts, with certificates suspended for two years, with protection refused for six months; transported felons and oakum-pickers of various degrees, become what they are, that Larceny House may have its much-admired stone façade, designed by Bubble Walling, Esq., F.S.A., that Mr. Larceny's mansion in Huckaback Square may be adorned with the latest Rubenses, Raffaelles, and Correggios, and that Larceny Park, Richmond, Surrey, may be one of the great landscape features of the county.

Such is the brazen image of twenty shillings in the pound, before which men fall down and worship. If any one doubts how much better it is to sin than to be sinned against, let him look at a commercial adventurer of a different stamp.

We have heard a good deal of the fraudulent debtor. We know his picture pretty well by this time. He never keeps a cash-book. He makes away with stock in a mysterious manner, and his furniture is always settled on his wife. He has been insolvent once—a bankrupt once, and he has compounded with his creditors several times. He is, of course, a great scamp, because—he cannot pay twenty shillings in the pound. But has ever any one looked calmly and dispassionately into his conduct, to see whether there is any substratum of honesty underlying the surface of his character? Has anyone ever tried to discover the original character of his misfortunes—I beg pardon,

his rogueries? Are his creditors aware, when they are so loud in their complaints against him, that in many cases his numerous failures spring out of the one original insolvency; because he was weak and considerate enough to grant fraudulent preferences and renew old debts? Are they aware that they have been supplying him with goods and money, for many years, at an enormous profit and interest that act as an insurance against risk, and make ten shillings in the pound a remunerative dividend? I am afraid not. He may walk about in a leaky shoe and a battered hat, but he is always assumed to have a snug competency put on one side in a quiet way. If he is really fraudulent, the law has provided for his punishment in a very peculiar manner. He goes before a Bankruptcy Commissioner with a balance-sheet, and a variety of accounts which, as far as totals are concerned, are made to agree with each other, with wonderful accuracy, and the said Commissioner, knowing nothing of figures, and ascertaining from the official assignee, that he has not been too fraudulent to provide for the expenses of the court, does not see any good that can arise to the estate from further delay, and grants a common certificate or licence to trade, as a matter of course. If, on the other hand, he is not fraudulent but unfortunate, and flies to the sanctuary of the court, under the pressure of unavoidable loss and misfortune, having allowed the commercial whirlwind to overtake him before providing payment for the shelter as the act directs, he will find surly officials, a severe Draconian judge, and, in all probability, a suspension of certificate. Woe upon him, if at any time under the influence of pressure, a sense of honour, or for increased facilities of trade, he has given what the law calls a fraudulent preference, he will then find to his cost how much more culpable it is in the eye of justice to give than to receive. He will suffer for his ill-advised, though well-intentioned act, while the receiver of the benefit—the fraudulent creditor—will walk away respected and unscathed in all the immaculate invulnerability of twenty shillings in the pound. The fraudulent creditor is a person that does not come so prominently before us; he does not stink in the nostrils of commerce, for his cheques are always paid, and he never had a bill sent back in his life. He is an oily man, who has made many bad debts during his commercial life, and who always seems to extract nourishment from them. He has generally been very badly treated by the fraudulent debtor, but while the latter has scarcely a bed to lie down upon, the fraudulent creditor manages to keep a good balance at his banker's. He seldom attends, and will never take the chair at a meeting of creditors. When an arrangement is proposed, he always declines, at present, to come in. He has scruples and objections, and he takes time to consider. He likes to be treated with individually. God forbid, that he should be the means of carrying the affair to the Bankruptcy Court, and injuring others; but he does not think that there has been a fair statement rendered, and he would rather lose the whole of his debt—ill as he can afford it—than accept a dividend less than the estate ought to pay. He holds out firmly, and when others get ten shillings, he gets fifteen; when others get fifteen, he gets twenty. Failing this, he stands over until the debtor begins trade again, and then he advances his claim upon the new estate, to the injury of the new creditors. He is one of the most obstructive and dishonest men in trade, and yet who would refuse his acceptance for five thousand pounds? It may be that the twenty shillings in the pound, with which the bill will be paid, will be very dirty shillings—shillings that ought to have been in the pockets of other people, but they fulfil the commercial requirements as to weight, and the code of trading morality exacts no other condition.

If I have shocked the political economist by exhibiting any irreverence for the laws which regulate the operations of commerce, the theory of trade, exchange, markets, supply and demand, I humbly apologise. My purpose was not to question the dogmas of economical science, but to put my finger upon some of the moral blots in commerce, and to ask that those who are always crying out aloud for purification, should not strain at a bankrupt gnat, and swallow a felonious camel.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

II.

I go forth betimes next morning to note the general bearings of the town; first breakfasting after the Dutch manner. This breakfasting after the Dutch manner is a curious process. I being led into the grand eating-room,—plainly thought much of in the Grey-headed Nobleman's family, but still of the old reformatory proportions—the matériel, machinery and appliances are brought in. First, there is introduced an ingeniously contrived furnace, filled with live charcoal, set down on the floor by me with great pomp and circumstance. Next makes entry a second coolie with prodigious kettle, to be fitted on to the ingeniously contrived furnace, filled with live charcoal, and set down on the floor by me with great pomp and circumstance. Reappear then, original coolie with groaning tray, tea-cups and tea-pot, hereafter to be filled from the prodigious kettle, fitted on to the ingeniously contrived furnace of live charcoal, set down on the floor by me with great pomp and circumstance. Coolie stirs up the furnace briskly and asks, will I have flesch? Flesch, by all means. And forthwith is set down a saucer of what, at first sight, I take to be mahogany shavings, but which, I am afterwards informed, is one

of the city's strong points, being beef cured and otherwise prepared until it arrive at the consistence of that costly wood alluded to. Excellent as a relish, says Coolie, or Jan, rather; for there is no reason in the world why an unoffending fellow-creature should be fitted with a name of such ill odour, and exceedingly affected by all strangers. Another of the city's strong points is lying before me: a segment of Dutch cheese, very strong—offensive, I may say at once—removed promptly at my special request. There was a whole squadron of night-mares lurking in its hard soapy texture. The service I find to be a coarse yellow ware, popular through the country, and floated down per canal-boat from Delft. In course of time, I come to make discoveries:—that the bread is of a coarse, greyish tint, and would take rank in the British Islands as thirds or even fourths;—that the butter has a fierce strength and is of kin to the cheese, that it would require nothing short of savage mountain appetites to do that repast justice. I see, too, that I am to have eggs of the country besides, for a little porcelain egg-cup has been placed on the table before me. With a sigh I open the small tin snuff-box, which contains the exact measure of tea for a single consumer, and proceed to distil. Through inexperience I all but upset the furnace; and, when on the point of pouring out, discover that Jan has forgotten such a thing as a tea-cup. Quite uncivilised, these people, really—much troubled in mind,—when suddenly I begin to perceive how it is. The little egg-cup! In it lay the mystery. I laugh grimly and enjoy the joke wonderfully, very much as the Major Dalgetty did the notion of employing bows and arrows in modern warfare. As he laughed, however, the Major was cruelly stricken by one of those missiles,—and I had henceforth to do sore penance by much weary replenishing of the egg-cup, which was as near as possible about the capacity of three thimbles.

This meal being thus unprofitably despatched, I next find myself standing under the portal of the Grey-headed Nobleman, meditating a plunge into the great Kalvat Straat, regarded by its inhabitants with a just pride and reverence—similarly confident are New Yorkers on the score of their Broadway, Dubliners on that of the great Sackville Causeway, Berliners on that of Unter den Linden. It really did appear to me, as regarded width, pretty much of the capability of the useful thoroughfare that leads into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, and is known as Little Turnstile. Or, not to be too nice, suppose I name at once doomed Holywell Street, as approximating nearest in aspect and complexion, only smoothly paved —flagged rather—as though intended solely for trottoir purposes. Here are all the city folk hurrying by, with no risk of being run down by cruel driver. For, only at long and rare intervals does a vehicle pass that way, at a sober family snail's pace—the quadruped threading its way in easy familiarity among the foot-passengers, rubbing shoulders with them, and all but whispering, "By your leave, Gossip;" here is no furious driving or perilous crossing, but universal liberty, equality, and the rest of it, for man and beast.

A glance down that Holywell Street elongation was good entertainment certainly—remunerative too, for any trouble so taken. To take first the houses—such bright, dazzling, spick and span tenements were surely never guttered together. The material, painted brick that would stand good washing and wholesome scrubbing down, dry polishing, scraping, burnishing, with any other cleansing process that the heart of woman can devise.—altogether the complexion of so many great baby-houses. But alack! without the roominess and vast accommodation of those costly edifices; for your Dutch houses are but thin attenuations, stretching away to the heavens, with scarcely any sensible breadth: long thin windows, or slits, rather —three in a row usually—were only in keeping; and I do protest that the space between each window never on any pretence exceeded half a cubit. How these structures contrive to keep upon their feet, and avoid being flattened up prematurely by each other's weight, is only one other of the marvels of this great city. However, here was at once made manifest the whole secret of those penitential galleries in the Grey-headed Nobleman—the plain truth being, that every rood of mother earth, or mother marsh, rather, not only maintains its man, but is found to be so precious, that burghers are driven to build where room is cheap, and accommodation unlimited. Therefore do they hold by that old maxim of the Civil Law which runs: "Cujus solum est, ejus est usque ad cœlum." That is to say, The owner of the soil may build thereon to the clouds, even—may build Babel Tower, if he can manage it.

The Saturday purification of their Amsterdam homes becomes, after all, not quite so Augean in character—the field of labour being comparatively small. Which hebdomadal washing is certainly a notable sight—ingenious little force-pumps being brought and set up straight in great tubs of water, with all the little Dutch women, in washing uniform, working the handles vigorously, as though extinguishing a conflagration. Hissing streams fly upward to the roofs, rattling noisily on the window panes, reflecting copious showers of spray upon the unsuspecting stranger. More perilous to him is the procedure of the thriftier housewife, whose means cannot compass hydraulic power. She may be seen stretching far from her window, and, bowl in hand, deluging the wall on each side. Her whole soul is in the work. She

has become blind and deaf. Blind to the hapless mooner, who may chance, at that instant, to be deep in his Complete Guide to the City and surrounding parts; deaf to the shriek of anguish and unchecked malediction, that follows on the receipt of water down the back, and utter wreck of travelling apparel.

Looking upward, I find that every house has a housetop decoration of its own, pyramid-shaped, being scooped away as it were on both sides, and finished off handsomely with scroll-work, griffins, and such decoration. Oftentimes a stone ribbon, or garter, meanders across, exhibiting the date of erection, in most instances Anno Domini sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, or thereabouts, and every tenement is furnished in this region with a door opening into a magazine, or store, and fitted with projecting block and pulley for hoisting up heavy burdens. Every dwelling has, therefore, a sort of warehouse complexion. By aid of this pulley every object of bulk makes entry. By it, the piano is swung aloft, and got in cleverly at the drawing-room window; by it, unmanageable trunks and such gear are lifted with infinite ease to regions beneath the shadow of the chimney-pots.

This chimney-pot dispensation is, in itself, a marvellous feature. Never, during the whole period of my sojourn, was I weary of admiring the prodigious fertility of shape displayed in those important instruments of ventilation. Chimney-pots they were not, strictly speaking; but, mainly square wooden tubes, like the pedal-pipes of an organ, stretching in every direction and at all angles with a wildness of purpose truly mystifying. There were chimneys of the camp-stool order, of the star-fish pattern, and very many copied unmistakeably from the arms of the Isle of Man dependency, as may be gathered from its copper tokens. Now, they struggled like the sails of a windmill; now, grew out from a boss like the feelers of Polypi. They were a great mystery, those chimneys. Wherefore those tortuous shapes, that spasmodic tossing of arms, which to one casting his eyes down the perspective of the street, seem to belong to legions of doomed souls, struggling painfully in their pool of fire, as depicted in those frightful Last Judgment pieces of the old masters? Perhaps to Hollanders the wind is as impracticable as their old enemy, the ocean, and has to be courted and kept in humour with all manner of twists and fancies, which do duty as aërial dykes and sluices.

Going down this Kalvat Straat, I find that every house is a house of trade: which is only to be expected. Many cafés are there, all after—a long way after, that is—the French model—spurious lacquered attempts, which leave only painful impressions. Truly dispiriting was it to note their little seats and little tables squeezed in between the lowest window and the street—a span no wider than the door-step—where folk would come later, and make affectation of sitting and sipping coffee after the French fashion,—exactly as they do in Paris, you will be told; comme on fait à Paris explains the hulking Dutch elegant, with a sham shrug. I used to compassionate these poor martyrs to bon ton, as they sat wedged together, with knees bent to one side angularly, from straightness of their position. I see that one of these places of entertainment, much in favour, is entitled Het Poolische Coffijhuis, and is conveniently situated next door to a kantoor or warehouse, where tabak, snuif, and sigaren are dispensed. These snuif and tabak kantoors abound plenteously, as is only to be expected, and may be always known, even to such as run and cannot read, by a fine effigy of a stark man, very much after the antique, with a club and epigraph, "De Wilde Man." And wherefore not De Wilde Man? With us, gentlemen of North Britain, in the scant but picturesque garb of their country, are chosen, in effigy, for like duty. And the noble salvage man may have about as much, if not more, significance. Hard by, stands a drug kantoor, with a peculiar sign for itself—a huge Moor's head, whose mouth is ever wide open, and whose whole expression is a horrid leer. Gapers are these heads appropriately styled, abounding in the city to a nauseous extent. Where'er I roam, whatever streets I see, I am pretty sure to meet one of these monsters ogling me from his high elevation; a marvel truly of this city. Second only to that other chimney-pot marvel, is the strange and horrible variety in the features—an eternal grinning through horse-collar for premiums. I am credibly informed that there are geniuses in this walk of art—fellows of infinite skill and talent in devising frightful twists and revolting leers—mute inglorious Matsys, as it were, and capable of yet higher things. One surprising head, attached to an establishment over the way, and labelled De Gekroonde Gaper, which may perhaps signify gaper of gapers, or gaper par excellence, I take a secret pleasure of likening to the great Domenichino Death of Saint Jerome, to the printed copies of which it has an extraordinary resemblance; and whenever I shall be privileged with view of that excellent masterpiece, I have no doubt that I shall be observed to turn away in most irreverent laughter, bethinking me of Gekroonde Gaper.

There are not many abroad at this hour; so there is very easy walking in the streets. I am pursuing steadily the windings of Dutch Holywell Street, when I am constrained to step aside and let a strange unintelligible construction—put together in defiance of all known Long Acre principles—go by. I step aside, and stare stupidly after vehicle, horse, and driver; for the driver, he walks along at the side, not from any notion of being merciful to

his beast, but because there is no coach-box; the vehicle, it lumbers along on a sledge, a dismounted cab, utterly wheeless; the horse, poor quadruped, long-rib gridirons upon his flanks, being full ripe for the knacker. I mark that, as it moves along, the driver casts from him adroitly a long line with oiled rag attached, which passes under the sledge, and has the effect of easing the friction.

This notable conveyance is known as a sleepkoets, and the present specimen, though about as rusty and decayed an article as could be, had certain affecting associations connected with it; being, in a manner, the last of all its tribe—a sort of Hackney Selkirk or Selkirk Hackney. The benevolent and those who can feel, may here bethink them of certain memories associated with the last days of the doomed hackney-coaches, and the mournful aspect of the few decayed survivors holding on desperately—wandering about, hoping against all hope. To which sledging, however, Hollanders have a strong leaning, as I find all heavy goods, such as monster hogsheads and the like, transported by preference on sledges, each with a small keg in front, pierced with many holes, through which water is splashed forth at every motion of the horse, thus lightening the friction.

Hurrying on, and striving to get clear of this interminable Kalvat Straat, I come suddenly upon one of the wooden drawbridges, and upon an old red brick clock or Carillons Tower, running up with many stories into the favourite Black Dutch Steeple. In its uppermost story I can make out whole files of my old jangling enemies, ranged symmetrically according to size. One side of the brick tower flanks the street, the other rises up frowningly from a great waste of green fluid that laves its base with languid green waves, upon whose surface float straws, scraps of paper, bits of wood, ashes, hair, wool—anything that good housewives find in their way at home. This was, as it were, the Amsterdam dogana, and here the prospect of bridge and struggling water began. And here, too, was I made sensible of that other enemy—he who last night had only given stray hints of his presence—but who now came boldly rising from his green slime, and declared himself. It was horrible, searching, penetrating, sickening unto death!—never to leave me more. Compared with that savour, the breath of Cologne became pure frangipani, and the Frankfort Ghetto a sweet spice-grove. Had there been only a class or subdivision for such an article at some of our late great industrial exhibitions, the claims of this city to a grand council medal might have been respectfully submitted. Still, it is nothing in its present shape—mere undeveloped power—nothing to what it will be when the sun is nigh in the heavens towards midday. For, the weather has been sultry, and it may be imagined what power for evil those hot scorching rays must have, slowly stewing that green compound, with such aid, too, as certain barges now making way down the dogana, may in their humble way afford. Very diligently do the bargemen, like true gondoliers, propel their boat with poles, two at each side, stirring up a rich loamy sediment which follows in their wake, and is stewed up and duly fermented in its turn.

Looking over the bars of the drawbridge, I find that the green water strays away round the corner on the right; that it falls back likewise in a sort of creek upon the left; also, that it is fringed with long slim houses, packed very close, and rising straight from out of the green fluid. Some have a door opening out conveniently on the green fluid, with a neat little scaffolding supported on a couple of stakes, where the proprietor may come forth of an evening and inhale the fragrance. Many are furnished with such stages, and very often are the owners to be seen taking their ease there. Marvellous is this love of pestilential waters. I go round the corner to the left, following the edge of the dogana, and find the green lake spreading out wider and wider, bounded with more slim houses rising out of the slough, some rickety and heeling over like a Pisan structure, others with a smug gaudy air, proud of their paint and gay colouring. More straggle out on a promontory towards the centre, greedily encroaching on the slimy element. In the middle are gathered a clump of masts and cordage, belonging to those quaint, low-hulled luggers, with their gilt vanes and streamers garnishing the masts—graceful always in or out of a picture. Their swelling bows and yellow varnished timbers shine pleasantly in the sun. Opposite, are little openings spanned with drawbridges, which are entrances to other canals, long watery lanes and alleys straggling off irregularly. I can see, too, afar off, a long, light bridge, supported on stakes, which looks crazy enough, but which is, nevertheless, a grand thoroughfare, and crowded with heavy burdened sledges. Beyond that again, the houses close in thickly in a sort of rabble rout as it were—an irregular show with jagged, zigzag outline. Beyond which, rise up many more of those brick spires, with a stray windmill or so hazily standing out against the sky. This prospect, repeated many times over, may be taken as a fair sample of this noble Amsterdam town.

Taking, then, the first alley to the right, through desperate resolve of getting free from that pestilential dogana, I find myself utterly lost in a long lane that has literally no turning, and which loses itself finally in a sort of slime—dark, narrow, and unwholesome.

Here is a long white building; green, yellow, and every colour from damp; the plaster stripped from its side as if from scurvy, with a line of smurched and faded characters setting forth that here of all

places in the universe is Frascati's—a poor pinch-beck copy—where Amsterdam folk may hold dismal al fresco jollity, after the true Parisian pattern. This is more of the wretched gallophobia before spoken of. They must have their Salon des Variétés and Vaudeville Theatre also—situated in other slimes. I get free of the long lane eventually, and am estopped at the bottom by the green fluid again. Here is canal and drawbridge all over again with the line of the Noah's Ark vegetation; sickly canal-side growth, drawing what nutriment it can from dry red bricks and Dutch paving stones. Here, too, I catch the flavor of that fine old joke of Messire Desiderius Erasmus, when he facetiously described his countrymen as living on the tops of trees. For, the whole canal was being ripped up and of the consistence of a huge dirt pie, and the air was filled with the old frangipani—only this time extrait double—exhaled from the mass of slush, mire and black bog, in which a gang of men paddled, busy at the work of pile-driving. A curious proceeding, and truly racy of the soil, or rather of the swamp Curious to see the huge lump of iron swung up by, say twenty sturdy navvies standing up to their middles in the great dirt-pie, and all to a certain tune, chanted dismally by an ancient fugleman in a red jerkin, so that the strokes of the hammer fell in rhythmically at the pauses of the song. It was as though some one should entone Gregorianly, sing yo mann yo (crash), sing ja mann ja (crash): which ictus or beat melodious seemed to help on their sludgy work surprisingly.

Once on a time I was standing on the boomtijes pier at Rotterdam, watching the unloading of corn from a barge, and the men who were working with great wooden shovels had just such another lilt to lighten their labour. One fellow at the head of the line of shovellers gave the time, the rest taking one long and strong pull all together when he ceased, and recovering their spades with admirable precision when he began to chant. Their song might run: Sing jo mann jo (shovel), sing ja mann ja (shovel). It is a miracle how the pie ever attains consistence, even with such aids. For, often does the long Norwegian stat-tree, full forty feet in length, slip down utterly in the gruelly compost at the first stroke of the pile-driver, and is lost altogether. Latterly there have come new lights in this science of sludge; and wooden arches, sunk in a peculiar fashion, have been tried with tolerable success.

I leave that horrid slough and its miasma far behind me, and go on up another long lane, and so it comes in a sort of round,—slimes, frangipani, canals, drawbridges, blind alleys, and slimes again. But, the two great features for ever and aye shall be the frangipani extract, and the great chimney-pot eccentricities. This, friends, is Amsterdam, and this you will find very much the prospect in every little Dutch town, should you travel down from the Metropolis Dan unto the Rotterdam Beersheba.

THE LIGHTNING DOCTOR.

There was a time when thunder and lightning were looked on as the most awful and sacred manifestations of God, even by Christians; and when there was a thunder-storm, people knelt trembling down, and prayed with their teeth chattering. But in electricity we have a latent power which seems to be the grandsire to a noble family. Magnetism and galvanism are of it. Faradism is its youngest born.

If I only observe myself and my neighbours during a thunder-storm, when the air is loaded with electricity, I become aware that it is operating in some way or other on our bodies. Indeed, the human body is what is called a good conductor; and the whole family of electrical sciences seems to have more to do with us than we can yet clearly understand. I do not think that this quality of our body comes from our blood's containing iron, although I have read that in the blood of twenty-four men there is enough iron to make a sword.

There are weaker and stronger magnets; and with human bodies, in their relation to electricity, there is like difference. Many persons seem to be more loaded with, or more sensible to, electricity than others. Although the names of animal magnetism and mesmerism are but of a new date, the general idea expressed by them is as old as history. We had magnetisers long before Mesmer: and kings have pretended that they could, by a touch, cure scrofula or croup.

Electricity in the simple form, as produced by an electrifying machine, has been used for healing purposes; but the young lightnings are such lively sparks, that doctors have despaired of keeping them in order. Galvanic electricity has been more manageable. For a long time it was not practised on living bodies, because men did not know one of the chief virtues of the electro-galvanic current, namely, its decomposing power, which was first discovered, I believe, by Mr. Jacobi of Petersburg, the reinventor of galvanoplastic. I say reinventor, because we have good reason to believe that the art of extracting solid metal from the solution of metallic salts, and depositing it in any form by galvanic electricity, was not unknown to the ancient Egyptians, whose priests knew much of natural science.

The electro-galvanic lightnings act upon the nerves in some way; but their reckless and wild nature is not yet to be trusted. Sometimes these half-tamed lightnings play mysterious tricks. I know a case in which the galvanic current was applied against palsy of the muscles of the face with a most

lamentable effect. The patient cried out to the operator, "Stop, sir; I see your whole room in a blaze!" The operator stopped, but the unhappy patient lost his sight for ever!

It was Mr. Faraday who brought another principle into the education of the lightning family, and taught the once wild sparks more sedate behaviour, by discovering the electricity by induction, which, as the electricity by contact was named Galvanism after its discoverer, may, with all deference to a great name taken perhaps in vain, be entitled Faradism.

At the last annual meeting of the Royal College of Physicians, a new apparatus, was exhibited for applying Faradism to the treatment of neuralgia and paralysis, as first proposed by Dr. Duchenne, at Paris. The other day, Faradism was brought to my notice in the manner following. In Portman Square, I saw a donkey-cart minus its driver. The donkey being in high glee, treated the whole neighbourhood with a discordant hymn; and I looked with amazement on a fashionably dressed gentleman standing before the vocalist. He seemed to enjoy the music mightily, clapping his hands and laughing like a child. I recognised in this gentleman a foreign friend, whom I had not seen for several months, and whom I should have been very glad now to encounter, but for his absurd behaviour, although a conversation with him was no pleasant thing, for many years ago he lost his hearing, nobody could tell him why. I tapped my friend on his shoulder, asking him with eyes, nose, fingers and arms, what was the matter. He sobbed with an almost child like smile.

"It is s-o very ve-ry long I have n-ot heard an ass crow."

"Heard an ass crow!"

"Yes," he said, "heard an ass. I heard you pretty well, and so you need not ply the telegraph."

We shook hands heartily, and I congratulated him sincerely on the benefit he had derived from the salines of Kissingen.

"We won't bless Kissingen!" he answered. "I have been bored almost to death there. If you want anybody to bless, let it be the lightning doctor."

"What doctor!"

"Well, the lightning doctor. He takes out of a tea-caddy a tame lightning, sends it into my ear, where it softly scrapes and buzzes like a blue-bottle. I am on my way to see the doctor. Come with me."

I went with him to his physician, whom he had the kindness to inform that I had a sadly benumbed brain, and that a couple of lightnings sent into it would make it work more briskly. No other patients waiting, the lightning doctor kindly showed his apparatus, and explained his way of using it. The whole machinery is contained in a chest not larger than a tea-caddy. It consists of a pile of charcoal and zinc. The latter is placed in a porous earthen vase, which is placed in a cylinder of zinc, covered by one of copper. Nitric acid being poured into the porous vase, and salt water into the zinc cylinder, the pile or battery is charged. A wire of platinum, upon which acids do not act, conducts the electric current to the bobbin of induction. It consists of two copper wires of different diameters, covered by silk. The thicker wire has a diameter of about three hundredths of an inch, and is rolled round a soft iron in the centre. The thinner wire, having a diameter but half as great, is rolled round the thick wire. The silk covering serves to isolate each wire, silk being no conductor.

When the pile is put in communication with the extremities of one of the copper wires, a modification is instantaneously effected in the electric state of the wire and the central soft iron. The first is traversed by the current of the pile, and the second becomes temporarily magnetic. When the circle is again opened, the central soft iron loses its magnetism, and the natural elasticity of the wire resumes its usual state.

The electric current of the thick and that of the thin wire—called that of the first and the second order—have not the same physiological effects. That of the first order acts chiefly on the contractile powers of the muscles; whilst that of the second order acts upon the sensibility. The reason of this is unknown.

In the application of this electricity it is possible to make the dose proportionate to the requirement of the case. The chief moderator of the force of the current in this apparatus is a cylinder of copper covering the bobbin. When this is taken away altogether the current is strongest, and the more the bobbin is covered with the cylinder, the weaker is the current. This is a fact, but the reason of it is a mystery.

But, even when the cylinder covers the bobbin altogether, the electric current is sometimes too strong for some persons, as women and children, and needs to be modified yet more. This is done by a clever little instrument, a tube of glass, the end of which is joined to a metallic screw, which fastens it to one of the conductors. A metallic rod can be moved in the tube, which is to be filled with water, an indifferent conductor. The more this rod is taken out of the glass tube, the more water is of course brought between the end of the rod and the screw, with the conductor fastened to it; the more, therefore, is the power of the current diminished, until at a certain point it is hardly to be felt.

Again, there is a way of forcing the electric sparks, which form a current, to keep at a certain distance from each other. This is done with a small strip of soft iron, put in movement by the temporary magnetism of the central iron; when the

strip is attracted by it, the current of the pile is interrupted, and the magnetism of the central iron disappears. Then, the small strip, not forced any longer by the magnetic power of the central iron to remain in its usual position, returns by its own elasticity to its natural one; but, in the moment when this is done, the current of the pile is restored, and with it the magnetism of the central iron, which again uses its attractive power on the strip, which in this manner is kept in a perpetual vibration. The strip is moved nearer to, or further from, the point of attraction, by means of a screw, which thus controls the rate of its vibration. This is important, for the effects of the faster or slower succession of the sparks are very different.

With the old methods of applying electricity, it was not easy to act on diseased parts without endangering the healthy organs, and sometimes the whole nervous system. Now, by "Faradism," I am told, it is possible to localise electricity in the skin without irritating the organs covered by it, or to traverse the skin without irritating it, for concentrating electricity in any nerve or muscle.

Faradisation of the skin, namely, of the sensory nerves, is to be practised by means of dry excitors, applied to the dry skin, and is capable of exciting in the highest degree the sensibility of the nerves of the skin, without injuring the skin itself.

Some people are more sensible to electricity than others, and it is the same even with different parts of our body. For this reason are invented the beforementioned modifying arrangements. With these are combined, for the same purpose, different manners of application.

The methods of exciting the sensory nerves differing totally from those of exciting muscular contractility, I shall do best to speak of the two separately, hoping you will not be too much bored by such a long interruption of my own sparkling electric current.

The first proceeding on the skin by Faradism is by the electric hand. The lightning doctor takes in one of his hands a conductor, united to one of the two poles of the pile; and another conductor, or excitor, united to the opposite pole, is placed in the hand of the patient, because this part of the body is generally little excitable. After having dried the skin by application of some rice-powder, the operator passes rapidly the back of his disengaged hand over the places to be excited, and the patient has a brisk sensation of it, if a somewhat strong current is applied; if it be feeble, then only a lively crepitation over the excited points is felt and heard.

The second degree of Faradisation of the skin is exercised by solid metallic excitors, which the doctor keeps in his hands, and which are isolated by wooden handles. The third degree is produced by bundles of metallic wire, which, in form of a shaving-brush, are fastened in metallic cylinders, and screwed to isolating handles. The skin is lightly beaten by these brushes of wire; or in some cases, the ends of the wires are kept for a longer time over the suffering part; which, as patients say who have tried it, produces more sensation than a red-hot iron.

This Faradisation of the skin has been extremely useful (I am told) in both exalted and dejected states of the sensory nerves; in nervous headache, tic-douloureux, sciatica, irritable breast, and anæsthesia, in which diseases "the most wonderful results have been effected, after all other treatments having proved unsuccessful." It is the same with muscular rheumatism, even in protracted cases, the entire removal of which is promised after a few applications.

For exciting muscular contractility by Faradic electricity, the operator uses two different methods; either concentrating the electric action in the nervous plexuses, or in the branches—which communicate their excitation on the muscle itself. In both methods the skin and the excitors must be wet. On the muscles of the trunk and most of the limbs, wet sponges are applied, thrust in metallic cylinders screwed upon isolating handles. For limiting the electric power to the muscles of a small surface, as the muscles of the face and the hand, use is made of conical metallic excitors, covered with wet leather.

Many interesting facts have been evolved from the application of Faradism to the study of the functions of the muscles of the living body. It has become possible to create thus a kind of living anatomy.

The expression of a face, said the lightning doctor, depends on the muscles which are put in action by thoughts, passions, and character; they preserve, during muscular repose, the predominance of tonic force, and stamp on every physiognomy its particular expression. If there were not in every face tonic predominance of this or that muscle, all physiognomies would be like each other, as the muscles have the same direction, the same attachments and strength, and the bones only differ from each other by their volume.

Meanwhile the lightning doctor had prepared his tools, and touched with an excitor the frontal muscle of my friend, who directly looked against his will, much pleased, but became, very soon doubtful and at last surprised. Now, the lightning doctor touched the physiognomical antagonist of the frontal muscle, the pyramidalis nasi, and in a moment my friend became sad of aspect, and then looked as if he threatened to knock down the operator.

Faradisation has been very successful in nervous deafness, which very often results only from relaxation of the drum of the ear. To modify the force of the current, the external opening of the ear is to be filled with water, a metallic excitor is then put into the fluid, and the current closed by putting the

other wet excitor on the nape of the neck. As soon as this has been done, the patient will hear a little noise like scratching, and when the intermissions of the current are more rapid, these noises approach each other and imitate the buzzing of a fly on the window. Lost smell may be also sometimes restored by exciting the mucous membrane of the nose; and the nerves of the taste are made active by metallic excitors, conducted to the edges of the tongue and the palate. As the current of the second order exercises a specific effect on the retina of the eye, it may be used in amaurosis without changes of structure.

The muscles of the pharynx can also be excited, and when paralysed, may be beneficially affected. The larynx has been excited in cases of loss of voice, produced by paralysis of the muscles of the larynx. Direct Faradisation of the stomach, the liver, the heart, and the lungs, is not possible, but they can be excited indirectly by electrifying the tenth pair of nerves, accessible through the pharynx.

Excitation of the diaphragm can be easily produced by electrifying the phrenic nerves, which are to be reached on the sides of the neck. Instantly, when the current is closed, the artificial respiration is provided, the thorax is expanded and the air rushes into the lungs with considerable noise. It is possible to maintain respiration in a body even some time after death, and it may easily be conceived how very important this agent may become in asphyxia, whether produced by charcoal fumes, by opium, by chloroform, by drowning, or by cholera. In all these cases the first indication is to induce respiration, which is often to save life.

CAT'S GREASE.

Among the various products of the animal kingdom we are not aware that cat's grease holds a very high rank. However, when the people of a certain Swiss town—meaning that a person has made a bad bargain—declare that "he has bought cat's grease," we might be inclined to suppose that the proverbial expression was based in the small value of the article said to be purchased. At least, we may be inclined to adopt this hypothesis, were we not aware of the strange incident to which the expression owes its origin.

One day, some few centuries ago, the witch-finder of the town in question—himself secretly a wizard—was taking his afternoon's walk, when he suddenly perceived a cat, of the male sex, sitting in the warm sun and looking very thin and miserable. He had known this cat in better days; he had been the chief favourite of a rich old maid, who had trained him up in luxurious living, so that he had been regarded in the neighbourhood as a sort of prize cat. But the ruthless scythe of death had mowed down the ancient virgin, and had thus soon brought Tom's happy days to a disastrous end. Persecution at the hands of boys and dogs had taken the place of universal adulation, and he was now as shaggy and as meagre as he had formerly been sleek and fat. However, though Tom's body had wasted, the pride of his heart had not diminished, and therefore when the wizard said to him, "How much shall I offer you for your fat?" he looked not a little fierce, and gave the conjuror to understand that the remark, in his opinion, revealed a large amount of bad taste. He considered, in fact, to use a sadly vulgar expression, that he was being "chaffed" for his lean condition.

Tom was mistaken. The worthy necromancer was perfectly serious with his question, and was really thinking how he should transact a little business with the fallen favourite. Cat's grease was an invaluable ingredient for certain magical preparations, provided the cat, to whom it belonged, willingly made a donation of it. This proviso rendered good efficient cat's grease an exceedingly rare commodity; for though there might be no great difficulty in finding a fat tabby or tortoiseshell, the discovery of a tabby or tortoiseshell, willing to part with its fat was no such easy matter.

Now, here was a cat in a state of desperation—a cat to whom the vicissitudes of fortune had rendered life a burden. Such a cat, with the tested capability of growing fat, when well fed, seemed exactly suited to the purpose of the wizard. So, in round terms, he offered Tom a whole lunar month's luxurious living, on condition that, at the expiration of the said month, the said Tom would voluntarily lay down his life, yielding up all the fat that he had acquired through the high feeding of four successive weeks. Tom, who saw no alternative besides dying of hunger, and being killed from repletion, chose the better mode of terminating his existence, and without hesitation accepted the wizard's proposal. A contract signed by both parties, gave due formality to the transaction.

Such high importance did the arch-wizard attach to an abundant supply of cat's grease, that as soon as he had taken Tom to his own house, he resolved to spare no pains in making him as fat as possible. The apartment destined for his lodging was fitted up as an artificial landscape. A little wood was perched on the top of a little mountain, which rose from the banks of a little lake. On the branches of the trees were perched dainty birds, all roasted, and emitting a most savoury odour. From the cavities of the mountain peered forth sundry baked mice, all seasoned with delicious stuffing and exquisitely larded with bacon. The lake consisted of the newest milk with a small fish or two at the bottom. Thus, to the enjoyment of the epicure, was added the excitement of imaginary sportsmanship.

Enjoying freely all the luxuries that the arch-wizard had provided, Tom now became as fat as that worthy necromancer could

desire; but, as he grew fat, he also grew reflective, and the thought that the next moon would bring with it the termination of his life, was far from comfortable. So different are the views respecting life and death entertained by the same individual in a state of desperation and a state of comfort!

As he was to be killed for his fatness, Tom rationally concluded that any expedient tending to reduce or check his growing obesity would be as good as a reprieve. He therefore began to scorn the dainty food set before him. The roasted larks, and the stuffed mice had lost their charm; so, likewise, had the cushion, placed for the repose of his luxurious limbs,—the wizard having wisely considered that nothing is more favourable to the increase of fat than absolute uninterrupted laziness. Tom now preferred a run upon the housetop, and such a meal as was afforded by the capture of a live mouse or sparrow. Thus he maintained himself in a good vigorous state, but it was not the state desired by the wizard, who wanted feline fat, and not feline muscle.

Seeing the cat obstinately adhere to a certain mediocrity of stoutness, the wizard, like Rodrigo, began, at last, to suspect that he was fobbed. He expostulated with the cat, representing to him that he was bound by all the laws of honour to get as fat as he could by the appointed time, and explaining that this morbid love of health was extremely unhandsome. Tom sulkily defended himself by remarking that there was no claim in the contract binding him to adopt any particular mode of diet, and that he had, consequently, a right to live just as he pleased, which right he most assuredly intended to exercise. This reasoning was extremely cogent, but the wizard deprived it of all practical value, by declaring that he would kill the cat at the appointed period—which had now only five days to run—whether he were fat or not. Tom would gain nothing by being thin, and therefore it was hoped that his good taste, unchecked by other considerations, would induce him to enjoy himself.

Far from being ruled by the discourse of the wizard, Tom no sooner found himself alone, than he rushed out of window upon the tiles, and there devoted himself to such a pugnacious existence, that when the moon was at the full, and he returned home in answer to the wizard's summons, he looked in worse condition than ever: a dissipated, abandoned, shaggy scamp of a cat, without an ounce of fat upon his bones. Loud was the indignation with which he was received by the wizard, who, determined to be fooled no longer, thrust him into an empty coop, and placed before him a sausage of such delicious odour, that abstinence was impossible.

Want of exercise, and a course of irresistible sausages at last brought Tom to the degree of obesity required by the arch-wizard, and awful preparations were made for carrying out the contract to its full extent. The kitchen fire was lighted, and a pot was placed thereon to boil down the feline carcase, and extract the precious material, while poor Tom looked wistfully through the bars of his coop, at the menacing blaze. Desperate, indeed, seemed his case, when the wizard sharpened a knife, and took him out of his prison; nor was he particularly touched by the considerate question of the wise man, whether he would be beheaded first, and skinned afterwards, or whether the process of flaying should precede that of decapitation. He decided, however, on reflection, that it would be less painful to lose his head before his skin, than to have the operation reversed, and his choice was generously allowed by the wizard.

Notwithstanding this satisfactory arrangement, no sooner did Tom perceive the knife waving over his head, that he began to utter such singular expressions of contrition, that the wizard was checked in his proceedings by the sheer force of curiosity. For, the cat, in wild terms, alluded to a certain sum of ten thousand florins, the property of his late mistress, which, he said, lay like a heavy burden on his conscience; and then, suddenly changing the subject, he hinted that it would be expedient for the wizard to take a wife. The conjuror, after staring for some time, deliberately laid down the implement of death, and requested an explanation of the cat's meaning. Hereupon Tom most provokingly uttered a wail of despair, and requested to be beheaded without further questioning, nor did he cease this tantalising conduct until the wizard informed him that if he did not reduce his wild ejaculations to something like an intelligible narrative, the loss of his head should be preceded by that of his ears and tail.

Thus prompted to become historical, Tom began an exceedingly long and dismal story respecting his late mistress, who, it seems, had been a great beauty in her younger days, and who being, moreover, exceedingly rich, suspected that every lover who solicited the honour of her hand wooed her for her wealth alone. To one young gentleman, whom she really loved, she behaved very shabbily indeed for the mere purpose of testing his sincerity: answering his offer of marriage by assuring him, most untruly, that she was betrothed to a poor man, who could not espouse her on account of his pecuniary embarrassments. The deluded youth, in a perfect frenzy of magnanimity, ruined himself by placing in the lady's hands a sum sufficient to cover the debts of her imaginary lover, and even allowed himself to be cajoled into a promise that he would be present at the wedding of his rival, which was to take place on such and such a day. The lady was, of course, delighted to find that she had at length met with a purely disinterested heart,

and intended when the appointed day arrived to bring the fiction to a happy termination by declaring that the supposed insolvent was a mere phantom of her own invention, and that her heart belonged exclusively to his (the phantom's) generous benefactor. Unhappily, however, the only disinterested creature in the world filled up his time by going to the wars, and his death on the battle-field prevented him from keeping his appointment. News of the sad event was brought to the lady, who, in an agony of contrition, flung the money given to her by the deceased into a deep well, declaring that it should never be the property of mortal man. However, as death approached, she changed her mind, and informing her cat of the place where the treasure was concealed, told him there was one case in which it might be lawfully used. Should he find a perfectly beautiful and penniless maiden, whom a perfectly honest man was inclined to wed, in spite of her poverty, then—and then only—should he employ the contents of the well as a marriage-portion. So the lady died, and left the cat sole executor. The torments of Tom's conscience were now easily explained. He feared to die, leaving his trust unfulfilled.

We grieve to say that this charming tale, so replete with delicate sentiment, so wholesome in its moral tendency, was neither more nor less than a wiredrawn falsehood devised by the cat for the express purpose of deceiving the arch-wizard. There was indeed the sum of ten thousand florins at the bottom of the well in question, but it had come into the possession of the old lady's family by some unrighteous means, and she, being a person of superstitious integrity, had flung it into the well that it might bring her no ill-luck, uttering, as she did so, an imprecation on the head of any one who might remove it. As for the story of the young gentleman, she had never had an admirer in her life.

The wizard nibbled at the bait, but before he proceeded further in the business, he said he would have a peep into the well to ascertain if the treasure was actually in existence. Accordingly he made the cat, whom he secured with a strong cord, guide him to the garden of the deceased lady, when, with the help of a lantern, he saw the coin glittering at the bottom of the well. Being thus certain of the main fact, he began to inquire after particulars, asking the cat whether he was quite sure that the shining treasure amounted precisely to ten thousand florins. Tom replied drily, that he really could not tell, that he had never been down into the well himself, and that, for all he knew to the contrary, the lady might have dropped a few pieces by the way when, in an agony of contrition, she rushed with the sum of money to its present place of concealment.

All this sounded so honest that the wizard declared himself perfectly satisfied, professing at the same time his anxiety to become the disinterested bridegroom of a portionless damsel, if such a being could be found. Tom averred that a specimen of virtuous poverty was already in his eye, and that he would be most happy to render his services to the wizard if he found himself in an unembarrassed condition. But how could any mortal, whether human or feline, go a-wooing by proxy with any degree of spirit, while aware that there was a contract in existence by which his life might be demanded at a minute's notice?

Cat's-grease was valuable, but the yield of a single cat, however plump, was not worth ten thousand florins; so, the wizard, grumbling not a little, slowly drew from his pocket the treasured contract, which Tom no sooner perceived than he pounced upon it, and swallowed it whole, making at the same time the two several reflections that he had never tasted so delicious a morsel in his life, and that an arch-wizard is as likely to prove an arch-dupe as a less sagacious individual.

Now, directly opposite to the wizard's residence, was a remarkably clean-looking house, inhabited by an old lady, who was equally renowned for her ugliness and her piety. Her dress was scrupulously neat, and she went to church three times every day, but this did not prevent the children from scampering away, whenever she came in sight, and even grown-up folks, who extolled her as a model of feminine goodness, did not much care to meet her in the shade of the evening. Moreover, it was said, that the back of her house was as grim and unclean, as the front was bright and spotless, though the circumstance that this part of the edifice was concealed by a high wall, rendered any opinion on the subject exceedingly doubtful. Still more serious was the report, that a witch with black dishevelled hair, might sometimes be seen at midnight issuing from the chimney on a broom. Had not the old lady's character stood exceedingly high, through her conduct in the day-time, this report might have damaged it not a little.

To the roof of the house, thus respectably inhabited, did the liberated Tom betake himself. Close to the chimney, solemnly musing, sat a venerable owl, whom he accosted as an old friend, and to whom he presented a fat mouse, that he had caught by the way. The owl was delighted with the mouse, and pleased to see Tom, whom she invited to partake of a choice bird, and to the recital of whose adventures she lent a willing ear.

Being a bird of somewhat lax principles, the owl when she heard Tom's narrative throughout, was not a little surprised to find that he really meant to fulfil his contract towards the wizard by providing him with a wife, and giving him the money at the bottom of the well. However, when she heard further that the chosen bride was to be the old lady of the house; and, moreover, was reminded that her own liberation would be a

natural consequence of the marriage of that ancient maiden, she entered readily into the scheme, and when the cat asked how the coy fair one could be captured, informed him that the operation might be easily effected with a net, spun by a man of sixty years old, who had never set eyes on the face of woman. "Such a net would be hard to find," thought Tom. No. Such a net was not at all hard to find. A net-maker, who had been blind from his birth, was in the habit of making nets every day, and the owl undertook to steal one, if the cat would in the meanwhile keep guard against the chimney. Tom's duty, while at this post, was to give such answers to the old lady, if she spoke from below, as would prevent her from popping out of the chimney before the owl's return. That the old lady and the witch were one and the same person, our readers have guessed long ago.

The absence of the owl was of no long duration, and as soon as she had returned with the required article, she and the cat placed it carefully over the aperture of the chimney.

"Is all right up there?" shrieked a harsh voice from below.

"Perfectly," replied the owl, "the fog is of surpassing thickness."

Satisfied with this answer, up went the witch like a sky-lark, and was surprised to find herself held fast by the net, which the allied animals pulled with all their might. Then began a kicking, and a plunging, and a struggling, in the course of which poor Tom received such a punch in the nose from the broom-stick that projected through one of the interstices of the net, that the tears came into his eyes, and he was on the point of relaxing his hold, and thus losing all his advantage. However, the witch was at last fairly tired out, and asked her captors, in a tolerably humble voice, what was their will and pleasure?

"I desire my liberty," said the owl, in a lofty tone, worthy of William Tell.

"Take it and welcome," replied the witch, with a titter. "You might have had it without all this trouble. Good riddance of bad rubbish."

"But we require something more," said the owl. "You must marry the old gentleman over the way."

Now, if there was a being in the world that the venerable lady detested, it was our worthy friend, the wizard; and hence, when she heard the project of the two criminals, she naturally renewed her plunging and kicking with increased violence. However, she was reminded that the gentleman in question, although secretly a wizard, was employed by the town as a witch-finder, and further informed, that if she did not consent to the very reasonable request of the owl and the cat, she should be swung dangling from the house-roof, so that her character as a sorceress would be revealed before all the world. If she hated the wizard, she might easily gratify her hatred by making him perfectly miserable in the marriage-state; whereas if she refused to marry him, he would certainly terminate her existence by means of the stake and the tar-barrel. This argument was irresistible; the witch consented, though unwillingly, to the marriage-scheme, and having bound herself by such oaths as sorcerers deem sacred, to the due fulfilment of her promise, was set at liberty by her two captors. Upon this she mounted her usual vehicle, and sailed through the air, with the owl sitting behind on the stick-end, and the cat sitting before on the broom-end, until the whole party arrived safely at the well, into which the old lady descended, to fetch up the hidden treasure.

How the witch, by magical art, put on an appearance of youth and beauty; how the wizard married her in an ecstacy of delight; how the cat and the owl took to their heels as soon as the ceremony was over, and never were heard of more; how the witch resumed her pristine ugliness when evening approached; and how the wizard was not only disgusted at his bride, in spite of the treasure that she brought, but was miserably henpecked all the rest of his days, we need not relate in detail. We have shown what the people of a certain Swiss town mean, when, wishing to indicate that a person has made a bad bargain, they say that he has bought cat's grease.

The historical value of the above legend is considerably diminished by the fact, that the town in which the proverb is said to be especially current, does not exist at all: the whole story being the invention of a living German writer, named Gottfried Heller, who has written a very choice book, called "Die Leute von Seldwyla," but is not known to the extent of his deserts. From this book we have taken the substance of our tale, but its form is entirely our own.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 399.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

It is some years since I first landed in Calcutta. I was in no way connected with the government, and was consequently an "interloper" or "adventurer." These were the terms applied by certain officials to European merchants, indigo-planters, shop-keepers, artisans, barristers, attorneys, and others.

It was not long before I made up my mind to become a wanderer in the East. I had no occupation, was my own master, and had a large tract of country to roam about in. My first step was to acquire a knowledge of Hindoostanee and of Persian. By dint of hard study, at the end of six months I found myself capable, not only of holding a conversation, but of arguing a point in either of these languages; and, with a light heart, I took my departure from the City of Palaces, and proceeded to Monghyr, on the Ganges.

The chief civilian of that district had invited me to spend a month with him. Every day I accompanied my friend to his court, and thereby got some insight into the administration of justice in India, both civil and criminal. Here, too, I first made acquaintance with Thugs. Several most notorious characters of that tribe were at Monghyr,—not imprisoned, but permitted to move about. They had been pardoned on condition that they would become informers, and, to a certain extent, detectives, in the suppression of Thuggee in the British dominions. It was a curious feeling to be in conversation with men who had each committed his ninety or a hundred murders—to see the fingers that had strangled so many victims—to watch the process, for they were good-natured enough to act it. There was the unsuspecting traveller with his bundle; the decoy Thug, who engaged him in conversation; the two men, who at the given signal, were to seize; the executioner, standing behind with the handkerchief, ready to strangle the victim. They even went through the operation of searching the "deceased," upon whom they found nothing in this case; but they assured me this frequently happened in reality. The reader is of course aware that it is a part of the Thug's religion not to rob a live body. The crime of murder must precede that of theft. The play—the tragedy—over (to these domesticated demons it was a mere farce), they laughed at the solemn expression which, I doubt not, was stamped upon my features.

These Thugs were permitted to have their families at Monghyr; and one morning, when I strolled down to their camp, an old man made five children, the eldest boy not more than eight years old, go through the business of strangling and robbing a victim. In one respect these urchins outdid their progenitors in the acting. They not only went through the ceremony of searching the dead body, but, that done, they dragged it by the legs to a well, and, in dumb show, threw it down, and then uttered a prayer to Heaven!

"Was that good?" said one of the children, running up to me for applause and a reward. I scarcely knew what to reply. Before I had time to give any answer, the child's father said, "No; it was not good. You used the handkerchief before the signal was given. Go through it again, and remember, this time, that you must have patience." The boys began again, much in the same spirit that an actor and actress would go through the strangling scene in Othello, to please a fastidious manager.

Approaching a very interesting looking woman, of about two-and-twenty years of age, I said to her, "What do you think of this?"

She replied, in a proverb, "The mango always falls beneath the shade of the parent tree."

"But the crime?" said I. "What think you of that?"

She looked up with as lovely a pair of eyes as ever saw the light, smiled, and responded:

"Heaven will hold us all, Sahib!"

I was about to reason with her, but her husband, with an expression of pride, interfered, and informed me that she had taken eighteen lives.

"Twenty-one!" she exclaimed.

"Eighteen only," said he.

"Twenty-one!" she persisted, and ran them over, counting on her fingers the places and the dates when the murders were committed. Her husband then admitted that she was in the right, and, turning to me, remarked, "She is a very clever woman, Sahib."

"Were your victims men or women?" I said to her.

"All women," she answered me. "Some old and some young."

I was tempted to ask her to show me how it was done; and, after considerable coaxing she complied with my wishes. To my surprise, she was the only actor in the scene, except the victim, with whom she went through the process of strangling with a piece of cord. The victim, another Thuggess, was supposed to be sleeping, when the operation was performed, and I could not help admiring—horrible as the sight was—the accuracy with which she performed the throes and agony of Death. To borrow an idea from Junius, "None but those who had frequently witnessed such awful moments could describe them so well."

At the house of my Monghyr friend, I met a French gentleman, an indigo-planter of Tirhoot, in Behar. He invited me to pay him a visit, and to accompany him in his boat. He was about to sail on the following day. I say "sail," for at that time (the month of August), the country was inundated and it would have been impossible to travel by land. I accepted the invitation, and we sailed from Monghyr to Hajeepore without going near the Ganges for several days.

Monsieur Bardon, the French planter, was one of the most accomplished and agreeable men I had ever met, and, in truth, one of the greatest characters. The hospitality of the Tirhoot planters is proverbial in India, and I believe I might have lived in that Garden of the East, as it is called, from that day to this, as a welcome guest of the various planters, if I had chosen still to be their guest. As it was, I was eight months in the district, and then had very great difficulty in getting away. A now celebrated officer, at that time commanding the Irregular Cavalry at Segowlie, induced me to follow him; and, after leaving his abode, I went to the Bettiah Rajah, who initiated me into the mysteries of tiger-shooting. It was in the dominions of this small chief that my hands and face were so browned that I became far less fair than many natives of the country. Before leaving Tirhoot, however, I paid a visit to Rooder Singh, the Rajah of Durbungah, the richest native, perhaps, in all India. He has two hundred thousand pounds a-year net revenue; and, in a tank in his palace there is lying, in gold and silver, upwards of a million and a half sterling. Chutter Singh, the father of the Rajah of Durbungah, was a firm friend of the British Government during the Nepal war. He raised a regiment of horse and provisioned it. When asked by the authorities for his bill, he replied that the Government owed him nothing.

After leaving the Bettiah Rajah, I proceeded to Lucknow, where I improved myself greatly in Hindostanee. In this city, and in Delhi, the purest is spoken. At Lucknow I made the acquaintance of Ally Nucky Khan (the prime minister of the King of Oude, who is now imprisoned in Fort William), of Wuzy Ally Khan (a celebrity of Oude, who is since dead), and of Rugburdiall, the eldest son of the late Shah Beharee Lall, one of the richest bankers in India. Shah Beharee Lall is said to have died worth seven millions in cash; but I have reason to believe that three millions sterling was the utmost that he died possessed of. Rugburdiall held the office of treasurer to the King of Oude. Ally Nucky Khan gave me the idea of a man of small mental capacity, but of immense cunning and inordinate vanity. The late Mr. Beechy, the King of Oude's portrait-painter, must have taken at least a score of likenesses of Ally Nucky, who, to say the truth, is a remarkably good-looking personage. Wuzy Ally Khan was a tall and handsome man of about five-and-forty. His manners were refined, his address charming, and his bearing altogether that of a well-bred gentleman. Of his talents there could be no question; and he was, moreover, a learned and well-informed man. There could be no doubt that Wuzy Ally Khan, in point of fact, ruled the kingdom. The conversational powers of this man were immense, and he was both witty and humorous. A more agreeable companion it would be difficult to meet with in any country. When I first made his acquaintance, he was in great favour with the then resident at the court of Oude; but, on the appointment of Colonel Sleeman, he fell into disrepute with the British officials and continued so up to the time of his death, which occurred about two years ago. I was five months in Oude; and, during that period spoke nothing but Hindostanee, or Persian. I made a point of avoiding my own countrymen, and of associating only with the natives of India.

Previous to leaving Lucknow, a letter was despatched to Nena Sahib, informing him that a gentleman of distinction, a most intimate friend of the governor-general, and related by birth or marriage to every member of the council in Calcutta, as well as a constant guest of the Queen of England, was travelling through Hindostan in disguise, and would most probably, by his presence, illumine the abode of the Maharajah Bahadoor, and it was hoped that every respect would be paid to the dignity of the Sahib's exalted position, &c., &c. When the draft of this epistle was read aloud by the moonshee who had written it from dictation, I expostulated, on the ground that the contents were not in accordance with the truth. My scruples, however, were eventually overcome, and I took leave of my Lucknow friends, after being provided with all that I should require on my journey (of about forty-five

miles), and an escort of fifteen sowars (horsemen); for the road, at that time, between Lucknow and Cawnpore was infested by robbers. About a mile from Bhitoor my palkee was placed upon the ground. I was asleep, but awoke, and inquired, "Kia hua?" (what is the matter?)

I was informed by the bearers of my palkee that the Maharajah Peishwa Bahadoor had sent out an escort in honour of my approach, and presently there appeared at the door of my palkee a soldier-like looking Hindoo, who made me a very respectful salaam. The escort consisted of eight foot-soldiers with drawn swords, and four sowars. The former, running by the side of my palkee, encouraged the bearers to make haste; while the latter caused their horses to curvet and prance, and thus kick up a frightful dust. At the abode of the Maharajah Bahadoor, I was met by several of his musahibs (courtiers), who were exceedingly polite, and conducted me to a suite of apartments which had apparently been made ready for my reception; and so far as servants were concerned, I was literally surrounded. A sirdar bearer (personal attendant, or Indian valet) took charge of my two boxes which contained my wearing apparel. A khansamah (butler), followed by three khidmutghars (table servants), asked me if I would take some iced water, and in the same breath informed me that every kind of European drink was at hand. Brandy, gin, champagne, claret, sherry, port, beer, cherry-brandy and soda-water. And what would I take for dinner? Whatever the Sahib's heart might desire, was in readiness. Turkey? goose? duck? fowl? beefsteak? mutton-chop? ham and eggs? And here the khansamah (a venerable Mussulman) informed me, sotto voce, that the Maharajah was constantly in the habit of entertaining European gentlemen; and that although his Highness was himself a strict Hindoo, he had no kind of prejudice, so that if I preferred beef to any other kind of meat, I had only to give the order. I assured the khansamah that since my arrival in India, I had never tasted beef, or hog's flesh, and that if he would have prepared for me, as speedily as possible, some rice and vegetables I should be quite satisfied. With a profound salaam the khansamah took his departure, followed by the khidmutghars. The sirdar bearers, and four other men, then approached me, reverentially, and begged to conduct me to my sleeping apartment and the bathing rooms.

There is something peculiarly quaint about the arrangement of European furniture in the house of a native gentleman. In the house of a European, the servants are, of course, taught how to arrange tables, chairs, and beds, according to European ideas; but it is otherwise with the servants of a rajah, or native gentleman. The consequence is that in the dining, or drawing-room, you will find a wash-hand stand, and a chest of drawers, and a toilet-table, while in the bed-room you will, perhaps, discover an old piano, an organ, a card-table, or cheffonier. The furniture has, for the most part, been purchased at various sales, and has belonged to officers of all grades, civil and military. There are the tent-table and the camp-stool of a dead ensign, in the same room with the marble-topped table and a crimson damask-covered easy chair of some luxurious judge. On the mantel-piece you will find a costly clock of the most elegant design and workmanship, and on each side of it, a pair of japan candlesticks, not worth half-a-crown. In this way are arranged the pictures on the walls. Immediately underneath a proof print of Landseer's "Bolton Abbey," or "Hawking," you will observe a sixpenny coloured print of the Duke of Wellington, or Napoleon Bonaparte. The pictures also have been bought indiscriminately at various sales, and have been as indiscriminately suspended on the walls. There are the print-shop ballet girls intermingled with engravings of the most serious character. Fores's sporting collection with the most classical subjects. Foot-stools, musical-boxes, and elegantly bound books, writing-desks, work-boxes, plated dishes, sugar-basins, and tea-pots, are arranged in the most grotesque fashion imaginable. Upon an elegant mahogany sideboard you will find decanters and glasses of every description and quality. Upon another sideboard, in the drawing-room, you will find a variety of dinner-services, and earthen fragments thereof, all mixed. There was but one set of rooms at Bhitoor for the reception of "Sahib logue," and this was the set that I then occupied.

I had scarcely made myself comfortable, when the khansamah informed me that dinner was on table. This was welcome intelligence, for I had not tasted food since morning and it was half-past five P. M. I sat down to a table twenty feet long (it had originally been the mess table of a cavalry regiment), which was covered with a damask table cloth of European manufacture, but instead of a dinner-napkin there was a bed-room towel. The soup—for he had everything ready—was served up in a trifle dish, which had formed part of a dessert-service belonging to the Ninth Lancers—at all events, the arms of that regiment were upon it; but the plate into which I ladled it with a broken tea-cup, was of the old willow-pattern. The pilaw which followed the soup, was served upon a huge plated dish; but the plate from which I ate it, was of the very commonest description. The knife was a bone-handled affair; the spoon and the fork were of silver, and of Calcutta make. The plated side dishes, containing vegetables, were odd ones; one was round, the other oval. The pudding was brought in upon a soup-plate of blue and gold pattern, and the

cheese was placed before me on a glass dish belonging to a dessert-service. The cool claret I drank out of a richly cut champagne glass, and the beer out of an American tumbler, of the very worst quality.

I had not yet seen "the Maharajah." It was not until past eight that a moonshee came and inquired if I would have an interview with his highness. I replied that it would give me great joy, and, was forthwith conducted through numerous narrow and gloomy passages to an apartment at the corner of the building. Here, sat the maharajah on a Turkey carpet, and reclining slightly on a huge bolster. In front of him were his hookah, a sword, and several nosegays. His highness rose, came forward, took my hand, led me to the carpet, and begged of me to be seated on a cane-bottomed arm-chair, which had evidently been placed ready for my especial ease and occupation. After the usual compliments had passed, the Maharajah inquired if I had eaten well. But, perhaps, the general reader would like to know what are "the usual compliments."

Native Rajah. "The whole world is ringing with the praise of your illustrious name."

Humble Sahib. "Mahâraj. You are very good."

Native Rajah. "From Calcutta to Cabul—throughout the whole of Hindoostan—every tongue declares that you have no equal. It is true."

Humble Sahib (who, if he knows anything of Asiatic manners and customs, knows that he must not contradict his host, but eat his compliments with a good appetite). "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "The acuteness of your perceptions, and the soundness of your understanding, have, by universal report, become as manifest as even the light of the sun itself." Then, turning to his attendants of every degree, who, by this time, had formed a circle round me and the Rajah, he put the question, "Is it true, or not?"

The attendants, one and all, declare that it was true; and inquire whether it could be possible for a great man like the Maharajah to say that which was false.

Native Rajah. "The Sahib's father is living?"

Humble Sahib. "No, he is dead, Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "He was a great man."

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj. You have honoured the memory of my father, and exalted it in my esteem, by expressing such an opinion."

Native Rajah. "And your mother? She lives?"

Humble Sahib. "By the goodness of God, such is the case."

Native Rajah. "She is a very handsome woman?"

Humble Sahib. "On that point, Maharaj, I cannot offer an opinion."

Native Rajah. "You need not do so. To look in your face is quite sufficient. I would give a crore of rupees (one million sterling) to see her only for one moment, and say how much I admired the intelligent countenance of her son. I am going to England next year. Will the Sahib favour me with her address?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Here the Native Rajah calls to the moonshee to bring pen, ink, and paper. The moonshee comes, sits before me, pen in hand, looks inquiringly into my eyes, and I dictate as follows, laughing inwardly all the while: "Lady Bombazine, Munnymunt ka uper, Peccadilleemee, Bilgrave Isqueere, Sunjons wood-Cumberwill;" which signifies this: "Lady Bombazine, on the top of the Monument, in Piccadilly, Belgrave Square, St. John's Wood, Camberwell." This mystification must be excused by the plea that the Rajah's intentions are as truthful as Lady Bombazine's address.

The Maharajah then gives instructions that that document shall be preserved amongst his most important papers, and resumes the conversation.

Native Rajah. "The Sahib has eaten well?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "And drank?"

Humble Sahib. "Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "The Sahib will smoke hookah?"

Humble Sahib. "The Maharajah is very good."

A hookah is called for by the Rajah; and then at least a dozen voices repeat the order: "Hookah lao Sahib ke waste" (Bring a hookah for the Sahib). Presently the hookah is brought in. It is rather a grand affair, but old, and has evidently belonged to some European of extravagant habits. Of course, no native would smoke out of it (on the ground of caste), and it is evidently kept for the use of the Sahib logue.*

While I am pulling away at the hookah, the musahibs, or favourites of the Rajah, flatter me, in very audible whispers. "How well he smokes!" "What a fine forehead he has!" And his eyes! how they sparkle!" "No wonder he is so clever!" "He will be governor-general some day." "khuda-kurin!" (God will have it so).

Native Rajah. "Sahib, when you become governor-general, you will be a friend to the poor?"

Humble Sahib (speaking from the bottom of his heart). "Most assuredly, Maharaj."

Native Rajah. "And you will listen to the petition of every man, rich and poor alike."

Humble Sahib. "It will be my duty so to do."

* The word "logue" simply signifies people; but, when applied as above, it is nothing more than a plural. "Sahib logue" (sahibs) "memlogue" (ladies) "baba logue" (children).

Native Rajah (in a loud voice). "Moonshee!"

Moonshee (who is close at hand). "Maharaj, Protector of the Poor."

Native Rajah. "Bring the petition that I have laid before the Governor-General."

The Moonshee produces the petition, and at the instance of the Rajah, reads, or rather sings it aloud. The Rajah listens with pleasure to its recital of his own wrongs, and I affect to be astounded that so much injustice can possibly exist. During my rambles in India, I have been the guest of some scores of rajahs, great and small; and I never knew one who had not a grievance. He had either been wronged by the government, or by some judge, whose decision had been against him. In the matter of the government, it was a sheer love of oppression that led to the evil of which he complained; in the matter of the judge, that functionary had been bribed by the other party.

It was with great difficulty that I kept my eyes open while the petition—a very long one—was read aloud. Shortly after it was finished, I craved permission to retire, and was conducted by a bearer to the sleeping-room, in the centre of which was a huge bedstead—a four-poster—but devoid of curtains. On either side were large looking-glasses in gilt frames; not suspended on the walls, but placed against them. Over the bed was a punkah, which was immediately set in motion. The movement of the punkah served a double purpose. It cooled the room and drove away the musquitoes. Having thrown myself on the bed, the bearer, who was in attendance inquired if I would be shampooed? This was a luxury to which I was always partial; and, having signified that I desired it, four men were shouted for. Each took an arm or a leg, and began to press it, and crack the knuckle joints of my fingers and toes. This continued for an hour, when I fell asleep, and did not wake until eight o'clock on the following morning; when I was waited upon by the khansamah, who wished to know my pleasure, with respect to breakfast. He informed me that he had "Futnum and Meesum's," Yorkshire pie, game pie, anchovy toast, mutton chop, steak, sardines—in short, all that the sahib logue were accustomed to take for breakfast.

My breakfast over and my hookah smoked, I lighted a cheroot, and walked out into a verandah, where I was soon joined by some of the Maharajah's favourites and dependants; who poured into my ear a repetition of the flattery to which I had listened on the previous night. It is not very tedious when you become used to it, and know that it is a matter of course, and is applied to every European guest of any real or supposed importance. Whilst thus engaged, smoking and listening, I was joined by the Maharajah, who held in his hand the Delhi Gazette, the Mofussilite, and the Calcutta Englishman. Of their entire contents he had been made acquainted by a half-caste, whom he kept (so he informed me) for the sole purpose of translating, orally, into Hindoostanee, the Indian journals and the government gazettes, published in the English language. There was no occasion for me to read these papers, for the Maharajah gave me a very accurate resumé of them; having done this he asked me to play a game of billiards? I am not a bad billiard player. On the contrary, I have the vanity to think that I play remarkably well; but it was quite evident to me that the Maharajah did not play his best, and that he suffered me to beat him as easily as I did—simply out of what he considered to be politeness. All the while we were playing, the favourites or courtiers of the Maharajah were praising us both. Neither of us made a stroke—good or bad—that did not bring down a shower of compliments. My impression is, that if I had ran a cue, and cut the cloth at the same time, the bystanders would have shouted in praise of my skill and execution. I had already seen enough of native character to know exactly how I was to act. I feigned to be charmed with my success—childishly charmed. Whilst I was thus (to the delight of my host) ostensibly revelling in my triumph, the marker—a native, a Hindoo—took up a cue, and began to knock the balls about. He cannoned all over the table, went in off the red and white, screwed back under the cushion, and, in short, did whatever he pleased and with perfect ease.

I could not help expressing to the Rajah my astonishment at the Hindoo marker's skill, whereupon he informed me that, when he was a mere boy, he had been taught by the best player (an officer in the Light Cavalry) that ever came to India, and that for several years past he had been marker at various mess-rooms where billiards were played. The name of this Hindoo Jonathan, was Runjeet. He was six-and-twenty years of age, about five feet five in height, remarkably slim, had a very handsome face, and eyes full of fire and spirit. He was for a long time marker to the Horse Artillery mess at Meerut, where I once saw him play a game with an officer celebrated for his skill. Runjeet gave his adversary sixty points out of a hundred, and won easily. What with his pay, or salary, the presents he received from gentlemen to whom he taught the game, and the gold mohurs that he occasionally had given to him when he won bets for his backers, Runjeet was in possession of some six hundred pounds a-year; but he was so extravagant in his habits that he spent every anna, and died, I was told, "not worth money enough to buy the wood to burn him."

The Maharajah, on leaving the billiard-room, invited me to accompany him to Cawnpore. I acquiesced, and the carriage was

ordered. The carriage was English built—a very handsome landau—and the horses were English horses; but the harness! It was country-made, of the very commonest kind, and worn out; for one of the traces was a piece of rope. The coachman was filthy in his dress, and the whip that he carried in his hand was an old broken buggy-whip, which some European gentleman must have thrown away. On the box, on either side of the coachman, sat a warlike retainer, armed with a sword and a dagger. In the rumble were two other retainers armed in the same manner. Besides the Rajah and myself there were three others (natives and relatives of the Rajah) in the vehicle. On the road the Rajah talked incessantly, and amongst other things that he told me was this—in reference to the praises that I bestowed on his equipage:

"Not long ago I had a carriage and horses very superior to these. They cost me twenty-five thousand rupees; but I had to burn the carriage and kill the horses."

"Why so?"

"The child of a certain Sahib in Cawnpore was very sick, and the Sahib and the Mem-sahib were bringing the child to Bhitoor for a change of air. I sent my big carriage for them. On the road the child died; and, of course, as a dead body had been in the carriage, and as the horses had drawn that dead body in that carriage, I could never use them again." The reader must understand that a native of any rank considers it a disgrace to sell property.

"But could you not have given the horses to some friend—a Christian or a Mussulman?"

"No; had I done so, it might have come to the knowledge of the Sahib, and his feelings would have been hurt at having occasioned me such a loss."

Such was the Maharajah, commonly known as Nena Sahib. He appeared to be not a man of ability, nor a fool. He was selfish, but what native is not? He seemed to be far from a bigot in matters of religion; and, although he was compelled to be so very particular about the destruction of his carriage and horses, I am quite saitsfied that he drank brandy, and that he smoked hemp in the chillum of his hookah.

It was half-past five o'clock when we arrived at Cawnpore. The officers, civil and military, and their wives, were just coming out for their evening drive on the mall. Some were in carriages, some in buggies, some on horseback. Every soul saluted the Maharajah; who returned the salute according to Eastern fashion—raising the hands to the forehead. Several gentlemen approached the carriage when it was drawn up near the band-stand, and inquired after the Maharajah's health. He replied that it was good; and then introduced me to them in the following manner, and in strict accordance with the letter he had received from Lucknow: "This Sahib who sits near me is a great friend of the Governor-General, and is a relation of all the members of Council—a constant guest of the Queen of England" (then came this addition of his own) "and of both Houses of Parliament." I need scarcely say that I wished my Lucknow friends had not covered me with such recommendations; for, wherever we went, and to whomsoever we spoke—no matter whether it was an European shopkeeper or an official magnate of Cawnpore—I was doomed to hear, "This Sahib who sits (or stands) near me is a great friend," &c. &c. Having exhibited me sufficiently in Cawnpore, the heads of the horses were turned towards Bhitoor, and we were dragged along the road at a slow pace, for the animals were extremely fatigued. The natives of India have no mercy on their cattle, especially their horses. During the ride back, I was again bored with the Rajah's grievance; and, to quiet him—for he became very much excited—I was induced to promise that I would talk to the Governor-General and the Council on the subject; and that if I did not succeed in that quarter, I would, on my return to England, take the earliest opportunity "some day, quietly, after dinner" (this was his suggestion), of representing to her Majesty the exact state of the case, and that an adopted son of a Hindoo was entitled to all the rights and privileges of an heir born of the body. I furthermore promised him most solemnly that I would not speak to the Board of Control, or to the Privy Council on the subject; for, the Maharajah assured me that he had the most positive proof that both these institutions had eaten bribes from the hand of the East India Company in respect of his claim. On probing him, however, I discovered that his positive proof was a letter from a villainous agent in England, who had written to him to say that "the Company had bribed the Board of Control and the Privy Council, and that if his Highness expected to succeed, he must bribe over the head of the Company. Three lacs (thirty thousand pounds) would do it all."

The Maharajah gave a nautch (native dance by women) that night.

On the following morning I awoke with a very bad head-ache, and in a philosophic mood. The various perfumes which had been sprinkled over my dress had somewhat overpowered me, and it may have been that the story told me in whispers by one of the three slaves who came to sing me to sleep had disordered my imagination. I was told that two women of rank were kept in a den not far from my apartments, and treated like wild beasts; and a third—a beautiful young creature—had recently been "bricked up in a wall," for no other fault than attempting to escape.

After breakfast, the Rajah showed me his

elephants, his camels, his horses, his dogs, his pigeons, his falcons, his wild asses, his apes, his aviary full of birds, and all the rest of his curiosities. Then he exhibited his guns and pistols—by Purdy, Egg, and other celebrated makers—his swords, and his daggers, of every country and age, and when he had observed that he was very happy, under the influence of some stimulant recently imbibed, I took an opportunity of discoursing on the vanity of human wishes, and especially with reference to his Highness's grievance. I translated many sentiments of Juvenal and Horace into Hindoostanee; but, I regret to say, they had no effect on Nena Sahib.

POLARISATION.

I WOULD venture to define Man, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, as the animal who turns everything in creation to his own advantage.

To instance one thing by which he has so profited, let us confine ourselves to the article Light. None of the elements by which we are surrounded appears to the uninstructed eye so simple as light. It is less material than air; it is infinitely less gross and mechanical than water, which lends itself to human purposes under the energetic and substantial forms of vapour and ice. Apparently, light comes and goes at regulated intervals; but really, it issues in an uninterrupted stream from the sun and from Sirius, as well as from the faint fixed stars that are with difficulty visible in the abyss of space. What, then, is that unceasing influence, Light,—"Ethereal, first of things, quintessence pure?" We don't exactly know, nor is it necessary for our welfare that we should. We don't absolutely want to understand the nature of light (though it would be pleasant, certainly, to understand it), any more than we require an exact cognisance of the electric fluid,—if fluid there be. Electricity gives us a pleasing titillation, or a smart shock, or strikes us dead; it masks our ignoble spoons and forks with a crust of silver; it generates rotatory motion, by which we can work machinery; it brings us instantaneous tidings of weal or woe; it turns blackest midnight into bright noon day; it will keep the clocks of a whole community going in unison; all according to fixed laws, which we can register and calculate to a nicety. We cannot nearly guess what it may do for us yet, without our knowing what electricity is. The same is true of light.

It would be easy to excite a discussion about the nature of light, which would fill the columns of this journal for the next three months. Huyghens and several other philosophers suggested that, as sound is known to be the effect of vibrations or spherical waves in the air (resembling in some degree the waves that are formed when a stone is thrown into a still pond of water), which travel at a certain rate; so, light is nothing more than the vibrations or undulations in a thin and elastic ether, which ether must pervade all known space; that, as the impression of the ear-waves on the ear produces the sense of hearing; so, the impression of the ether-undulations on the eye, produces the sense of sight. Hence, this hypothesis as to the nature of light is called the Undulatory Theory. But Newton and his immediate followers, held that light consists of minute particles or corpuscles, shot out by luminous bodies with an immense velocity, which (whether undulations or material atoms) has been proved to be at the rate of a hundred and ninety-two miles in a second. Newton's hypothesis, therefore, is called the Corpuscular Theory. His supporters urge that there is no proof of the existence of the all-pervading ether; and that if light, like sound, were the pulsations of waves, it would travel round corners and through curved tubes: but that, instead, it follows the same rectilinear course as would be taken by a cannon-ball uninfluenced by the earth's attraction.

What is most strange is, that several of the phenomena of light may be equally explained on either theory; that neither theory is without its difficulties; and that even by the help of the modern favourite, the undulatory scheme, many optical facts are to be accounted for, only by mere assumption as to the manner and direction in which the ethereal particles vibrate. The visible phenomena are constantly reproduced; but the essential nature of light is probably still unknown. Meanwhile, the undulatory theory may with advantage be provisionally admitted, if only as a sort of artificial memory by which the details of optical facts may be classed and impressed upon the student's mind.

Happily, as with electricity, numerous physical properties of light have been discovered in spite of our uncertainty as to its nature. That more hidden powers remain to be divulged, we can hardly for a moment doubt. In the so-believed simple ray of light, there have been traced the co-existence of a variety of component rays; and self-serving man has turned them to his own advantage. A ray, instead of being one uniform beam, is now known as a complicated bundle, made up of a collection of magic wands of very discrepant efficiency. Newton first employed the prism to split the solar beam into seven rays, coloured, three with the primary colours, red, yellow, and blue, and four with their compounds, orange, green, indigo, and violet,—although the rainbow had displayed the experiment long before him. Botanists, chemists, and photographers, have derived special service from the generative ray, the heat ray, and the

actinic ray, which shine in modes differing from each other and from the rest of their sun-born brethren; it is even said that the photographic ray is more powerful in the New World than in the Old. Amongst the modern dissection of light may be named what is called the polarised ray, and which has been especially pressed into the ranks of the microscope's auxiliaries. Man, the all-appropriating animal, has thus cunningly forwarded his ends by catching at what might be called the impurities of the "quintessence pure."

The modern improvements of the microscope (one of the most important of which is the construction of achromatic object-glasses, first successfully attempted by Monsieur Selligues, of Paris, in eighteen hundred and twenty-three) have rendered the difference between old and modern treatises on the microscope, and old and modern accessory apparatus, immense. Even the best of compound microscopes, a hundred years ago, were simple and obvious in their construction and uses. Even with the overflowing luxury of half-a-dozen different object-glasses, as in Cuff's chef-d'œuvre described by Baker, there was no combination of their power, no union of their effect; they could merely be used in succession, on separate occasions, according as each respective object investigated required to be more or less magnified. They had a glass for a flea, and a glass for a wheel animalcule; but they dared not attempt the feat which Nature is said to have executed when she required an improved specimen of epic poet,—to make a third, they ventured not to join the other two; for the result would have been coloured fringes and confusion. While, of many modern optical luxuries, our forefathers no more dreamt than they did of collodion photography, or Atlantic electric cables. Indeed, so varied and numerous are now the aids to the microscopist, that their very purpose and mode of application is a difficult puzzle to observers, who have looked, and been edified by looking, through simples and compounds of eighteenth-century construction. You may even put the possessor of a modern microscope of only moderate pretensions before a first-class instrument, costing from thirty to a hundred guineas with its fitting, in its sleek Spanish mahogany case; and, on bringing his hidden treasure to light, he will find the utmost difficulty in directing its movements, so as to see anything with it. He will open its richly stored drawer or drawers, and be dazzled by the glittering trinkets within, and will have as little idea as to how they are to be worn by the regal microscope (that is, where they are to be screwed on, inserted, and placed), as an Addiscombe cadet would have, on inspecting the jewel-box of an Indian begum, or a Mantchoo princess whom he were suddenly called upon to deck appropriately with her native collection of silks, gems and other finery.

Students are now guided in their manipulations of the microscope by various treatises, amongst which, Dr. Carpenter's wonderful book, and Beale's lectures, are specially excellent; the catalogues of the principal makers are also well worth careful perusal and reference; but there is one set of shining microscopic baubles on which I should like to say a few words, both on account of their being somewhat charily mentioned by the writers referred to, and mainly because they constitute a talisman whose influence is magical, if natural magic be still allowed to exist.

In a former article in this volume, it was stated* that if the reader wished to test the attractiveness as well as the portability of modern microscopes, he should arrive some rainy day at a country house full of company, when the guests were prevented from enjoying out-door amusements, with one of Amadio's forty guinea instruments, accompanied by a boxful of good preparations,—on producing which, he would work wonders. One of the means of displaying his marvels would be the apparatus for the polarisation of light. The price and the maker are thus specially named in order to speak of what I know,—as also to indicate that the polariscope is only affixed to instruments of a superior order, and not to students' microscopes of moderate price, which latter may yet be eminently useful for working with ordinary light. Amadio's lowest priced instrument, capable of carrying a polariser, is seven pounds ten shillings, Smith and Beck's educational microscope admits the addition of a polarising apparatus complete, at the additional charge of a guinea and a-half. Of the efficiency of this there can be no doubt, any more than of those supplied by the other great makers, as Mr. Ross, or Messrs. Powell and Lealand. The instrument employed for polarisation mostly consists of three articles; videlicet, a prism of Iceland spar, called the polariser, fixed in a revolving cylinder, to go below the object; a selenite object-carrier, to be laid on the stage, and on which the object to be examined is laid; and thirdly, the body-prism, or analyser, also of Iceland spar, which is inserted at the bottom into the body of the microscope, and, consequently, above the object. Suppose, then, that your microscope stands before you, and that you are wishing to observe with polarised light; remove the diaphragm plate, and take, with the intention of putting it in its place, the one that has the rack adjustment, or cylinder-fitting (used also with the achromatic condenser, and the spotted lens). Into this plate, screw the polariser, and then insert them beneath the stage; unscrew the adapter at the bot-

* Page 138.

tom of the microscope, and the body-prism screws inside, the object-glass screwing beneath it and outside. The selenite is laid on the stage, and on it the object; the focus is found; and you have then only to peep your fill, causing the polariser to revolve occasionally. In many French microscopes, and in certain English ones, the analyser, whether a prism or a tourmaline, is fitted to the eyepiece instead of to the lower end of the body of the microscope; but in either case it is still above the object-glass. These details are not amusing, but they will be welcome to unpractised manipulators, who are puzzling over a newly-arrived instrument, which their love of natural history has induced them to order.

But I may be expected to answer the reasonable question, "Pray, what is polarised light?" The reply is ready; "I don't exactly know; nor do I know who does know exactly." The term polarised, as will be explained by-and-by, affords no explanation, description, or clue. Polarised light is light that has been subjected to certain modes of treatment, by which it acquires, or more properly loses, certain qualities. This is not a very precise or graphic definition, but I cannot help it. There are secrets of nature which lie beyond mortal ken. Polarised light is a sort of superfine light,—to use familiar terms,—from which all the coarser properties have been winnowed, strained, sifted, or beaten out. If common light were wheat immediately after being ground between the millstones, polarised light would be the finest flour obtained therefrom. Light, after having undergone a certain amount of discipline, or torturing, is said to be polarised; about which process of polarisation great and doughty battles might be fought. But, as no professor has plunged as yet to the truth-containing bottom of the well of light, I content myself with the undeniable statement that polarised light is a very pretty thing. Fancy yourself living in a region solely illuminated by Auroræ boreales—and it is not proved that polarisation has nothing to do with the said Auroræ,—imagine a country where every passing cloud throws a diverse-coloured shadow of gorgeous hues across your path; where the air breeds rainbows without the aid of a shower, and where the summer breeze breaks those rainbows into irregular lengths, fragments, and glittering dust, scattering them broad-cast over the land, like autumnal leaves swept by a gale from the forest, and you have an approximate, and by no means exaggerated idea of the effects of polarised light on substances capable of being affected by it. For, it is light endowed with extra delicacy, subtlety, and versatility. It renders visible minute details of structure in the most glaring colours; it gauges crystalline films of infinitesimal thinness; it betrays to the student's search, otherwise inappreciable differences of density or elasticity in the various parts of tissues. Indeed, as a detector, polarised light is invaluable, acting the part of a traitorous spy under the most unexpected circumstances. It denounces as cotton what you believed to be silk; it demonstrates disease where you supposed health. It adorns objects that are vile and mean, whose destiny is only to be cast out—such as parings of nails, shavings of animals' hoofs, cuticle rubbed or peeled from the stems of plants, offscouring of our kitchens and storerooms, sugar, acids, and salts—with the most magnificent, the most resplendent tints, such as are seen when the sun streams through the stained glass windows of a Norman cathedral.

Light is thrown into this magical condition. First,—When it is reflected from glass at an angle of incidence of fifty-six degrees, forty-five minutes from the perpendicular. This only describes one of the modes of producing polarised light, and is no answer to the question, "What is it?" It was thus that the phenomenon was actually discovered in eighteen hundred and eight, by professor Malus, while viewing, through a doubly-refracting prism, the light of the setting sun reflected from the glass panes of a French window, called a croisée, which happened to stand open, like a door on its hinges, at an angle which must have very closely approximated to that which has since been ascertained to be the polarising angle for glass. The ray so reflected is found to have acquired the property of possessing different sides. If the original ray be supposed to be a cylindrical rod, polished or white all round, which is capable of being reflected from a polished surface whatever part of its circumference may strike that surface, the polarised ray may be compared to a square-shaped rod with four flat sides, two of which (opposite) bright and polished, are capable of reflection, while two—black or dull—are not. Now, the word "poles," in physical science, is often used to denote the ends or sides of any body which have acquired contrary properties, as the opposite ends of a magnet, which are called the positive and negative poles. By analogy, the ray of light, whose sides lying at the right angles with each other, were found to be reduced with opposite physical properties, was said to be polarised. The term remains, and can scarcely be changed now; but it subsists in books as a monumental specimen of unfortunate nomenclature. On the undulatory theory, common light is assumed to be produced by vibrations of the ethereal particles in two planes at right angles to the progress of the wave; there are perpendicular vibrations, and there are horizontal vibrations—which is analogous to the motions of the waves of the sea, as experienced by those who have crossed the Channel in a steamboat during a brisk gale, when the rectangular vibrations occasioned by the alternate pitch-

ings and rockings of the vessel have caused the mast head to describe a circle or an oval, as the case might be. In the language of the same hypothesis, polarised light is light propagated only by one plane of vibrations; the effect of whatever causes polarisation, being, to suppress the vibrations in the plane at right angles to the former. Hence, they say, the different properties possessed by the opposite sides or poles of the ray. The theory is beautifully ingenious; but, if the existence of the other be more than doubtful, soon to be classed with the fixity of the earth and the crystal orbs of the older astronomers, what becomes of all these complicated vibrations? Light polarised by reflection is rarely applied to microscopic purposes.

Secondly, Light may be polarised by transmission through a bundle consisting of from sixteen to eighteen plates of thin glass. Of this nature is the polariscope employed in Woodward's hydro-oxygen microscope.

Thirdly, Light is polarised by passing through certain transparent crystals. Some of these, called double-refracting crystals, split the ray in two. Place them over an object—a printed paragraph for instance—and you suddenly see double; duplicate paragraphs astonish your gaze. They are carried to your retina by the divided ray, and each half-ray is polarised. Iceland spar is the crystal generally employed by the microscope maker for the prisms already mentioned, although others would serve. By an ingenious optical operation, only one of the half-rays is allowed to traverse the body o the microscope. By interposing between the two prisms a plate of selenite or other doubly-refracting medium, colour is produced by "interference," in undulatory language. by turning the moveable collar of the polariser, the polarised ray is made to revolve, and an extraordinary succession and variety of hues is the result. These effects will be produced, as far as the ground tint is concerned, even if the objects through which the light is transmitted to the eye have themselves no polarising influence; but, if they have, other phantasmagoric effects will be developed, of which no conception can be conveyed by printed words. The eye actually cloys of the spectacle, if long-continued; dazzled and spent with an alternating contest of iridescent hues, it is glad to repose on the homely colouring of things as they appear in their rainy-day dress.

"Where'er I peep, whatever sights I see,
My heart, untravelled, still returns to thee;
Still to fair daylight turns, quintessence pure."

Amongst my private treasures is the compound eye of a beetle, parts of which change colour under polarised light. It would be curious to ascertain whether any individual creatures—including certain of mankind—are not gifted with eyes that are more or less polariscopes.

If there exist insects or crustaceans, whose eyes, besides being microscopes, are also polariscopes, what a highly-seasoned view of nature they must have, compared with ours! We hear of cases of people being affected by colour-blindness, as if the grey ray were the only one that reached their retina,—of mercers confounding green with scarlet, and of shopmen obliged to have their coloured skeins of silk ready sorted to their hand over-night. We have the phenomenon of painters whose pictures make perfect engravings,—they are irreproachable in respect to light and shade, perspective, and drawing, —but in point of colour, look like the work of madmen. We have aged oaks rearing their azure stag-heads into a cloudless grass-green sky, and overshadowing a group of yellow bandits who fiercely bestride their purple steeds. Most of our integuments exert a marked action on polarised light: one would think that, in the case of those artists, the capricious faculty was extended to the integument of the eye.

As to what special objects polarised light is applicable—like the microscope itself—it embraces every material thing in nature, whether belonging to the animal, the vegetable, or the mineral kingdom. It is recommended to examine everything with polarised light, in the certainty of its leading to valuable discoveries; by it, the internal structure of various transparent objects is rendered evident, although they may not be recognisable by ordinary illumination; by its delicate indications, the science of optics has become the handmaid to almost every other branch of physics. Integumentary substances in particular form a brilliant and interesting class of objects. A section of a horse's hoof has the effect of the richest Brussel's carpet, with a symmetrical pattern that might be copied by the loom; the same of the rhinoceros's horn, which, however, is said not to be horn, but a tuft of hairs naturally glued together. Ram's horn, a deer's hoof, sheep's hoof, have each its characteristic elegances. If the substance, called whalebone, could be made to display, when beamed on by the rays of gas or wax candles, the ornamental structure and the harmonious shades which it offers when viewed by the micro-polariscope, it would soon become the fashion for ladies to wear—— dare I write it?—stays outside, instead of beneath, their dress.

The elegant structure of fishscales is admirably seen by means of the polariser. Agassiz has classed fish according to their scales; and the student should have a representative of each class for comparison. Perhaps the most striking are the ctenoid, or comblike, scales; namely those which have rows of teeth at the edge by which they are attached to the skin, as in the sole, the pike, the perch, and the red mullet. The

scale-teeth glitter with some decided hue, red, green, or blue, while the body of the scale is clouded with colour and covered with wavy stripes of wrinkles. In the important question of scales or no scales, the micro-polariser has the power of extending both culinary reform and religious liberty. Till the nineteenth century, the Jews have believed themselves forbidden by their law to eat that savoury and nutritious fish, the eel, on the erroneous assumption that it is scaleless; because, that the eel has fins (the other condition of its edibility in Israel), is patent to the nakedest eye. But, I have now under my polaro-microscopic eye some beautiful eel scales,—like elongated oval shields, burnished with brass, and studded with emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, grouped in triangles whose points meet in the centre of the shield,—which might persuade Jews to eat and infidels to enjoy. Before quitting the fishy tribes, be it proclaimed to the epicurean world, that amongst the prettiest of polariscope objects are young oysters; not the little delicious natives which are eaten in London, but a much smaller sample, with which your microscopic preparer will supply you. These are as lovely on the slide as their elders are dainty on the dish. Everybody knows that when there is no r in the month, oysters are out of season, or sick. The milkiness, which then gives them their distasteful quality, consists of swarms of oysterlings which migrate from the maternal bosom and wander till they acquire some fixed position in the world. Marvellous to behold, each of these organised particles of oyster-milk is furnished with a pair of shells quite as perfect, though not so big, as those of its grandmother, and considerably more transparent.

Again, the palates of many gasteropod mollusks, such as periwinkles, whelks, slugs, and snails, are highly sensitive to our extraordinary luminous agent. But, note that these and numerous other objects for the polariscope, with the exception of sections, are best expressly ordered of the preparer, as such; because many of the parts of an object, which would only add to its interest if viewed by ordinary transmitted light, are better removed when they would only dull or obscure the details whose special nature is to exhibit it. This is particularly the case with the palates of mollusks, which polarise best the nearer they are brought to a transparent state. The same circumstance renders it desirable for the amateur to possess two preparations of the same organic object (with crystals the case is different), if it be interesting without the polariser as well as with it.

The vegetable world has a less brilliant display to make, but is still replete with interest. There are spiral cells and vessels, sections of wood, proving coal to be of terrestrial origin and not to have rained from the preadamite sky, as a philosopher of the day maintains; fibres, hairs, and scales, and the very curious minute crystals found in the cells of plants, called raphides, from the Greek word for needle, bodkin, or awl. Of these there are examples in the onion, in rhubarb, in the American aloe, and others. Cuticles containing flint are often very beautiful; that of the common marestail presents a remarkably neat shawl pattern in stripes. Very curious optical effects are presented by the various starches. The starch called tous-les-mois, having the largest grains, is usually selected for exhibition.

Crystalline forms, however, are the target against which polarised light delights to discharge its most splendid fireworks. Salicine, a salt extracted from willow trees, which, it was once hoped, might supersede quinine in the cure of fever, offers, when almost an imperceptible film, the appearance of a pavement consisting not merely of gold, but of lapis lazuli, ruby, emerald, and opal. Chlorate of potash strews the field of view with liberal handfuls of pyramidal jewels. Chromate of potash, which forms a bright yellow solution, offers a remarkable choice of club-shaped crystals, irregularly thrown together, as if a vast army of theatrical special constables had thrown their tinselled staves into a heap, swearing to prevent breaches of the peace no more. Oxalate of potash, like several other combinations of oxalic acid, is a salt of such variety and brilliancy, that its crystals, floating and glowing in a few drops of solution on the slide, look as if their form and colour were the result of a Chinese imagination in its happiest moments.

The worthies of the last century—and amongst them the ingenious Henry Baker—derived great entertainment from watching the configurations of crystallisation under the microscope. How some divide and subdivide after a wonderful order, representing at the last a winter scene of trees without leaves: how others perform shootings into the middle of the drop so as to make a figure not unlike the framework for the flooring or the roofing of a house: how distilled verdigrease assumes an appearance like four leaves of fern conjoined by their stalks, made them marvel greatly; for they had no suspicion of the flashing lights that were latent in the subjects of their observation. To them, a rose-shaped group of crystals had beauty of form only; but, now, if we catch one in the act of self-formation, we see it spread like an opening flower whose petals are striped and blotched with every imaginable tint.

Still, it is not every saline solution that readily renders up crystals sensitive to the impression of the polarised ray. Common table salt, and alum, although they form beautiful cubes and pyramids, are apt to show but the faintest blush of colour; so savoury and astringent to the palate, they are

insipid to the eye. While Epsom salt, nauseous to swallow, is richly magnificent to behold. Washerwoman's soda displays gaudy blotches with a tendency to an irregular leaf-like shape. Sugar offers but a faint sensibility to polarised light, unless you know how to manage it. The crystals show touches of coloured light, but they are too minute to have much effect. To get sugar crystals, the evaporation must be slow, requiring perhaps four and twenty hours; if you hasten the process by heating the syrup on the slide, you get, instead, an amorphous crust of sugar barley. Use neither powder sugar nor white lump sugar, but sugar candy, to form your solution; then, with patience, you will obtain a crop of lovely crystals, arranged either in circular, or in fan-like groups, which will well reward your pains. Many of these candy crystals are striped transversely, or diagonally, zebra-fashion, not with black and white, but with the seven prismatic colours. Nitre, although repulsive to the taste, is extremely attractive to the view. Put a drop of warm solution of nitre on a heated slip of glass; introduce it to polarised light, and you will see glittering sword-blades, flashing dirks and bayonets, steel-blue battle-axes, and bloody tomahawks, darting across the field, as if they were stabbing at some unseen enemy. The very crystals of nitre are suggestive of battle and storm. You get permanent representations of flashes of lightning. An artist about to paint either a Jovine, or an imperial eagle, will do well to consult a crystallisation of nitre as a model for his thunderbolts.

The several vitriols of the Alchymists—blue, green, and white—the sulphates of copper, iron, and zinc—are three lovely daughters of Iris, born to fathers each more resplendently rich than the other, with gnomes and sylphs for their godfathers and godmothers. These beauties should always be kept in attendance, ready to display their charms, and to dazzle the inexperienced stranger by their wondrous hues. The first, sulphate of copper, is gorgeously attired; on her robe, the supplemental colours come out with striking contrast and alternation. The second, sulphate of iron (rumoured to have occasional dealings with London porter), looks as if her parent, the king of the gnomes, had been trying how fine he could make his offspring. White vitriol, the progeny of zinc, is clothed in a spangled mantle that far outshines the starry heavens.

THE FIRST SNOW ON THE FELL.

Our days had begun to darken;
The shadows upon the lawn
To fall from the elm-trees early,
To linger long for dawn;
The leaves of the elm to redden,
And tremble to the wind,
With its bitter news and whispers
Of the worse that lay behind.
And now and again would flutter
A dead leaf to the ground,
Which sun should never gladden,
Nor rain with a summer sound.
The fern was red on the mountain,
The cloud was low in the sky,
And we knew that the year was failing,
That the wintry time was nigh.

But we thought, as thinks the lover
With his loved one near her grave,
"O, Death, leave her here for a little,
Leave her, whom nought can save."
A little more warmth and brightness,
And tarrying of the green,
Had left no content with the future,
Thankful for what had been;
We dreamt not of Winter, standing
As to-day we see him stand,
In the midst of the mountains yonder,
With Helvellyn in his hand.
Though he dares not come to the valleys,
Though he leaves the hill ere noon,
His foot will be on the lake's breast,
He will hush the river soon.
Yon print of his hoary finger
We Northerns know full well,
Our sign that summer is over,—
The first snow on the Fell.

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Norah Lyndon sat under the great beech-tree at the end of the long walk with her cousin Gregory. Norah was fair, pale, timid, and depressed; Gregory fiery as an Arab and almost as swarthy: Norah was gentle and cold, loving no one and harming nothing, while Gregory's very caresses were less tender than the reproaches of other men, and his love more fierce than ordinary hate. Yet though so singularly unsuited to each other, these two creatures were betrothed; because Norah's father wished to unite the estates, and because Gregory had a savage kind of love for his beautiful little cousin—that love which thinks only of itself, and looks only to its own fulfilment. As for Norah, she had simply been required to say "I will," after her father's stern "you shall." No one dreamed of any spontaneous wish on her part as either desirable or necessary; and it never occurred even to herself that she might by chance do more than obey—that she might claim the common birthright of humanity, and desire and will for herself. Her father had not ground her down through all the facile years of her early youth to leave her such dangerous thoughts as these. He had not suppressed every spark of self-assertion to no purpose. He had made her what he willed her to be—a passive machine that did as it was bidden—walking by rule and living by law, but devoid of all the impulse, passion, strength, and will, which spring from an independent inner life.

This suited Colonel Lyndon. To his ideas

Norah was a model daughter, and he almost loved her for the feebleness he had created in her. But Colonel Lyndon was not prone to love anything: and this, his nearest approach, was but a poor imitation at the best. Gregory, too, was a man who demanded implicit obedience from a woman. With his oriental temperament he had imbibed oriental ideas, and could never reconcile himself to the independence of Western women. But he was of a widely different nature to the colonel, even while seemingly at one with him in the proper treatment and condition of women. He wanted love together with obedience: his slave must feel as well as act according to his desires; and souls must yield as well as breathe if he would be satisfied. The colonel looked only for practical obedience; Gregory, younger, more impassioned, and in love, desired emotional sympathy as well. Thus, while Norah's submissiveness charmed him, her coldness and want of demonstration often nearly maddened him; and few men, perhaps, ever underwent greater torture than Gregory had done since his engagement with his cousin.

He often questioned her fiercely about her love for him; and to-day the conversation beneath the beech-tree led again over the old ground.

"Of course, I love you," said Norah, in her strange, timid way, not looking up, and speaking without emphasis or intonation.

"Why don't you look as if you did, then?" cried Gregory, impatiently.

"I cannot help my looks, cousin: they are always against me. I look pale, but I am not ill, and I believe I always look cross and unhappy, but I am not either."

"No, no, not cross, Norah, but unhappy. What makes you unhappy?" He spoke quickly, bending his great black eyes eagerly on her.

"I am not unhappy," said Norah, quietly.

"You are, Norah! you know you are! Every look, every movement, the tones of your voice, your gestures—everything tells me that you are wretched, dejected, broken-hearted. I see it. I see it. O heaven! that face! and on the eve of our marriage!" There was a certain deep vibration in the tones of his voice which was always the prelude to a fit of frenzy.

Norah, constitutionally afraid of passion, began to tremble.

"There! there! see! I cannot speak to you in the tenderest way—I cannot even show you any love or care, without making you tremble and shrink from me. You cannot call this love. Norah! Why, my very dog returns my caress, and my horse knows my hand. These dumb creatures love me, while you—you—you fear me, you shiver with dread and disgust before me, you abhor me, Norah!—you wish I was dead and swept from your path for ever! I see it—I know it—I feel it!"

He started up from the garden seat, and began pacing the walk, and folding his arms over his breast; but more as if he were a modern Laocoön crushing a boa-constrictor, than an ordinary English gentleman assuming an ordinary English attitude.

"Please, cousin, sit down," said Norah, timidly.

"O, this is torture!" he exclaimed, in a voice of genuine anguish: then flinging himself on his knees before her, he seized her hands, and burst into such a wild strain of despair and anguish that Norah felt almost faint to hear him. Moreover, he had grasped her so harshly, that, had she not been too timid even for cowardice, she would have screamed aloud. His nervous muscular hands closing like a vice over those tiny delicate fingers of hers, nearly crushed them. Little frail Norah was no fit plaything for a swarthy savage six feet high, and as powerful as he was passionate. But now his despair was so intense, and Norah felt in her own soul that, though exaggerated, it was not entirely groundless. She was too timid to make an end of it herself. She could only wait, trembling and terrified, until Gregory's passion had burnt itself out, and he had become calm by force of exhaustion. So she sat still and silent; white and rigid like a little marble statue.

At last the storm cleared off, and Gregory tried to soothe her. She bore her cousin's soothings passively, as she bore everything; but her sole thought during the infliction was, "When will this be over? O! when will he go away?"

At last, passing through the shrubbery, Norah saw a tall, great, spare military figure coming towards them—a figure she never remembered seeing with pleasure or gratitude before.

"My father, cousin!" she said quietly, but with a little sigh of relief.

Gregory had just time to start to his feet, before Colonel Lyndon turned into the Long Walk: for Gregory, half a savage, was almost as much in awe of his uncle as Norah herself.

With a stern, undeviating step, and a stern, unchanging face, the Colonel came up to them, and silently sat down on the other side of Norah. No one spoke. Gregory was occupied in regaining his self-possession, and Norah waited, as she had been taught, until her father should first address her.

"A beautiful day," said Colonel Lyndon, after a time: speaking curtly and imperatively, as if he were on parade giving orders, and as if the weather were on the verge of his displeasure. That was his way with everything.

"Very," said Norah.

"Too close," muttered Gregory, wiping his upper lip—that tell-tale upper lip—with the Nubian blood seen so plainly in its thickened lines and glowing red!

Then there was a dead silence again: the Colonel had exhausted his first series of subjects; for the Colonel was not a talkative man: and Norah was always too thankful to take refuge in the peace of silence to break it of her own free will; even if she had not been taught that such infraction was the highest possible disrespect to paternal majesty. At last the Colonel spoke again.

"When does Miss Thorold come, Norah?"

"To-morrow, sir," said Norah.

"I hear she has grown a handsome and a pleasant person," remarked Colonel Lyndon, condescendingly. "As a child she was too forward and not sufficiently feminine, but I hear she has improved. What say you, Norah? it is not long since you left school? You can remember her distinctly, I presume. She is not disagreeable, I believe?"

"Not at all, sir," said Norah.

"And handsome?"

"Very handsome."

"Accomplished, too, and lady-like?"

"Both, sir."

"Handsome, agreeable, accomplished—yet you are not afraid of her? You are not jealous?" said Gregory with a forced laugh.

"No, cousin, not in the least."

"Ah!" he cried, with a bitter sneer on his face. "Only those who love are jealous!"

"You speak bitterly, Gregory," said Colonel Lyndon, sharply, turning on his nephew those cruel, cold grey eyes.

"I feel strongly, uncle."

"By what right, sir?"

"The right of suffering," said Gregory, moodily.

"Strange words!" cried the Colonel. "Are you not my daughter's affianced husband? What 'suffering' is there in your position, pray?"

"O! to be accepted is not enough! I would be loved!"

"Miss Lyndon knows her duty too well, not to do as she is bidden; Gregory, I have told her she must love you, and she does love you: for she has never yet presumed to disobey me. Tell me, Norah—you love your cousin, do you not?"

"Yes," said Norah, looking down.

"Don't be a fool, Gregory!" said the Colonel, with a small laugh; "else you may lose what I have made and gained. I give up to you a model of submission and obedience; be thankful for this result of a life of discipline and training, and do not blame the instrument if you are a bad musician. I never found it fail under my touch: be wise, and it will not fail under yours!"

He rose as he said this, cast a sharp glance at the downcast eyes of his daughter, and walked away, with the same measured tread and military precision as when he came. Norah looked after him almost regretfully. Her two tyrants neutralised each other when they were together: and, indeed, anything was preferable to a tête-à-tête with Gregory, when he was in one of his jealous and excited moods.

"Cousin," she said, quite quietly, "I wish that you, or my father, would kill me at once. It would be better for me than to live as I do now."

Gregory heard no more, but bounded away, and Norah saw him no more for that day. But her father scolded her for three-quarters of an hour, and told her she was ungrateful and insubordinate.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

"Why, Norah! you do not look much like a bride!" cried Lucy Thorold, when, after the necessary public greetings were over, she and her friend were closeted, like school-girls talking mysteries again. "How is this? —is not your cousin kind to you?"

"Yes," said Norah. "I believe so."

"What a strange speech!" laughed Lucy, handsome, positive, dauntless Lucy—handsome, bold, worldly, Lucy—who thought Norah the luckiest of women, to be engaged to a handsome cousin, with five thousand a-year. As for the savage blood in him, five thousand a-year would purify that.

"But you are so pale, Norah!" said Lucy, glancing in the glass at her own velvety, rose-red cheeks, round which her dark hair turned back in a gorgeous roll was set like a shining frame: while Norah's small, pallid face crowded up with a profusion of colourless hair looked like that of a little ghost.

"I am always pale," said Norah, "but never mind me now. Tell me of yourself, Lucy. Think how long it is since I have seen you!—two long years! Tell me all that has happened to you since we left Madame Cosson's. Are you going to be married?—are you engaged yet?"

"I? No, Norah! I have not had five thousand a year laid at my feet, as you have at your's."

"I should care more about the man than the money," said Norah gently, "though, indeed," she added below her breath, "they are all alike!" And she sighed.

"Is that your experience, Norah?" laughed Lucy. "Mine is just the reverse. They talk of the dissimilarity of women, and of our chameleon-like characters, but we are the very representatives of monotony compared to men. Why do you say that they are all alike?"

"They are all such tyrants," said Norah.

Lucy looked at her intently; then going up to her she smoothed back her fair hair gently, saying:—

"Is that your experience, my poor Norah? Ah! I understand it all now!"

Norah's lip quivered, and her eyes filled; but her hard life had taught the little creature self-command, and, after a moment, the spasm passed, and left her face as still and calm as ever.

"And your's, Lucy?"

"Mine!—dear little girl, what a question! Don't you know me well enough to know that the man does not live on this earth who could or should play the tyrant over me? No, Norah! not the strongest will or the fiercest temper could conquer me. Let them try! There is not a man in England that I could not make my slave if I chose."

And she laughed—half in deprecation of her imperial boast, half in conscious power—such power as women when they are young, beautiful, and self-willed, alone feel.

"Not your father, Lucy?"

"My father? Bless his dear gentle heart! he would not hurt a fly, much less offend his daughter, of whom he is so extravagantly proud and fond. Dear, good-tempered papa! he never said 'No,' to my 'Yes,' in his life; nor to mamma's either. No; mamma is more inclined to be tyrannical than papa, but she is not difficult. I can soon kiss her into a good humour; and then I gossip with her, and, dear soul! she likes that. So I get round her, too; if, with a little more management, yet quite as effectually as round papa; and they never dream of thwarting me—never!"

"And your brothers? Am I troublesome? But it is so long since I have seen you, that I understand nothing of your family or your position now."

Norah spoke so timidly, as one accustomed to refusals.

"Ask what you like, dear," said Lucy, in her fine, patronising way. "I shall be very happy to tell you anything. Well! my brothers—they are the best creatures in the world! I have two—as you may remember. Launce is the eldest: he is like papa—a dear, soft, large, good-tempered thing, more like a big old dog than anything else. I call him Doggie when he is particularly good. Edmund is the youngest of us all; he is a year younger than I—by the bye, just your own age, Nory—and one of the gentlest beings breathing. He is a spiritual, etherial morsel, into whom nature forgot to put both bones and evil—a perfect angel, dear boy, and such a sweet poet! But he would have been better as a girl than as a man. He is too fair; and really, without nonsense, he has not enough wickedness in him for a true man. As he is, he holds very much the office of the bards of old with us all. We ask his views on all intellectual matters, never his advice on worldly affairs; and, if he were not incorruptible, he would have been spoilt years ago, with all the love and petting he has had. But, to go back to myself. You may see by this sketch of home, Norah, that I have no very formidable opponents to encounter. Launce is too soft-hearted; Edmund too good—besides being too abstracted—to oppose me; so that, in fact, Nory, I rule the house—and that is just the truth."

"What a happy life!" said Norah, sadly.

"Now tell me yours, Nory."

"O! no, no! never mind mine! It is too tame after yours," said Norah hurriedly. "I have nothing to tell but what you know."

"Why, child! I know nothing. Come! your history or your life, rebel!"

At that moment a bell rang imperiously, as everything was done at Lyndon Hall.

"The first dinner-bell, Lucy," said Norah, looking frightened. "I must go, dear. Do not be a minute too late, papa is very particular, and punctual to a moment. Mind you are in time, for I want you to be a favourite here," she added with a sad smile.

"Very well, I will be punctual," said Lucy, hurrying about her room and ringing for her maid. Then, when Norah had fairly closed the door, she laughed aloud and said—

"For to-day only, just to feel my ground."

True to her promise, down she came, five minutes before the time, all radiant in peach-blossom and silver. Little Norah glided in almost immediately after, in a floating light blue robe; the one self-possessed and queenly, the other timid and retiring; the one with her broad black brows and open eyes, her rich complexion and her ruddy, laughing mouth, the other with shy, melancholy orbs always hidden by their drooping lids, with small and delicate lips that smiled more sadly than Lucy's wept.

The Colonel and Gregory were waiting to receive them. The Colonel stood near the fire-place, severely watchful of the hour; Gregory lounged against the chimney-piece, eagerly looking for Norah. The Colonel, with his iron-grey hair and keen grey eyes, his hawk nose, thin face, and military bearing, looked the impersonation of severity turned gentleman; while Gregory, swarthy and excited, his large black eyes taking every shade of feeling as mirrors throw back forms, his thick red lips and small white teeth beneath, looked like what he was—the half-caste, with the savage element predominant. Between them both, no wonder was it that frail, fair Norah's life was slowly dying out of her; it was a greater wonder how it had been preserved so long. As Lucy said—writing home to her mother that night, and exaggerating in consideration of her mother's weakness for gossip—"she looked like a little white lamb between a lion and a jaguar—the jaguar was the Colonel" (added in a footnote). "But," continued Lucy, with a burst of heroism by no means common to her, "I will save her! I feel that I have had this mission given to me, and that I am sent to effect poor Norah's release."

When the party separated that night, Colonel Lyndon reviewed himself anxiously in his dressing-glass—specially about his eyes and round his mouth. After a few minutes he drew himself up, saying:—"Not

so many after all! Ah! who knows but that I may even outlast Gregory."

Norah accompanied Lucy to her room. It was such a novelty to her to have one of her own sex near her, that she clung to Lucy as if she had been her sister. She seemed so kind and gentle and soft-hearted to poor Norah, crushed by her father, scorched by her lover, and terrified by both, that, if she could, she would never have left her side. Yet Lucy was only a year older than her young hostess, for all she patronised and played mother over her to such perfection.

Lucy spoke of Gregory. Her lids fluttered for a moment over her dark blue eyes, as she said with girlish frankness:—

"O, Norah! what a magnificent person your cousin is!"

"Yes, he is very handsome," said Norah; "or, at least, people say so."

"But don't you think him so yourself, Nory?"

"I do not admire that dark style," answered Norah. "His mother was a Nubian, I believe, and the mark of his race is too visible."

"Well, I like it," cried Lucy. "It gives a life and animation which our red and white Saxon men want. His features are regularly and beautifully cut, and I think that the dark blood improves them. It would have been different if he had been like a negro in feature."

"I am glad you like him," said Norah simply. "And he thinks you beautiful,—too beautiful to go about the world alone. He said so."

"Did he!" laughed Lucy, looking more pleased than proud. "Rather an impertinent speech to a bride-elect, was it not, Nory? What did you say to him in return? Did you not scold him?"

"No; I said to him just what I said to you—that I was glad he admired you."

"How charmed he must have been with your good sense!" said Lucy.

"No, he was not," answered Norah, not as if making a complaint, but speaking quite tranquilly, as if it was a normal condition of things, and she was used to it. "On the contrary, he was angry and excited. He wanted me to be jealous: but I am not of a jealous nature, and if he thought every woman in the world handsomer than I, it would not disturb me. Indeed, I would be very glad if it quieted him, and took him a little more out of himself, and away from me. Well! I must not keep you up after your journey. Good night, dear. O! how glad I am that you are here!"

She bent her forehead to her friend's lips, and then went up to her own bed-room; where, the sad formula of the night, she cried herself to sleep like a child.

"Poor Norah!" said Lucy. "She does not love that man as much as I love my parrot! What a tragedy is preparing for them all! But what a superb fellow he is!"

Gregory, riding home, could not help giving a thought to Lucy. He was living over the evening again, and the new guest came in for her rightful share of the canvas.

"She is excessively handsome," he thought, "but I do not like her. Something about her repels me. Her eyes are too free and her manners too confident; but she can love,—if indeed any man could be found to care for a love which would give itself without being sought. O! Norah's iciest coldness is more enchanting to me than this over-freedom of giving, this prodigal generosity of love in this bold-eyed beauty. But Norah! Norah! can I ever make you love me as I would be loved!"

He took off his hat, so that the night-wind might blow cool upon his feverish forehead, and setting spurs to his horse, galloped many a long mile, seeking by violent exercise to counteract the tumult within him.

Norah, pale and weeping in her sleep, murmured, "Why may I not die! O! why cannot I die now!"

CHAPTER THE THIRD.

Lucy threw the light of a new life into Lyndon Hall. Before she had been there four days, the Colonel was in love with her. Seldom has there been so swift a fall, so sudden a conquest. And now, with the insolence of youth, she showed his fetters to all the world. There was not a petty girlish act of tyranny and self-will of which she was not guilty. She deranged all his habits and overthrew his authority. She made him wait for dinner, contradicted him before the whole household, beat him at chess, scolded down his assertions respecting woman's inferiority and the good of absolute submission, shook all the starch out of his military demeanor, and made him a pliant nobody, whom she twisted round her fingers at her pleasure. But all was done so graciously, her insolence was accomplished by means of such beaming eyes and sunny smiles, it was such a graceful cruelty and played by such a lovely comedian, that the Colonel was forced to submit, despot and autocrat as he was. But he apologised to himself for his loss of dignity on the same plea that a grave man would use if caught romping with his child. It was his pleasure, his will. He suffered these petty pretty liberties because he liked them: they were not taken by force, they were granted. He submitted, like Hercules to Omphale, to a tyranny he could crush between his fingers and thumb to-morrow, if he chose. He was Samson bound by Dalilah; but not asleep, nor with his locks shorn. The threads round him were but the fragile threads of a woman's caprice, which he could break at a moment, if he put forth his strength in never

so minute degree. This disguised lord was still the lord, though he might masquerade in the slave's attire for his own good pleasure: and he—his will was none the less iron nor his purpose adamant, because he made himself the supple toy of a pretty woman; let her go an inch too far, and then she would find how much of this cruelty was based on her intrinsic power, and how much on his complaisance. So he comforted his damaged dignity with such soliloquies as those; and sat at the feet at his Omphale while she rated him, or followed while she led him hither and thither, and took his lion's skin for her footstool, and laughed at his demi-godship to his face.

Norah looked on in silent wonder. To see her father, of whom she stood in almost superstitious awe, cajoled and trifled with by a girl only a year older than herself, seemed a miracle. She felt almost afraid as if some new and mysterious power had risen up beside her. It was so strange that her father, who had so crushed her, who laid his own will so heavily on the household, should now be paraded before them all like a tame monster, and pushed to the very verge of ridicule by his facility. She did not recognise him. Lucy could do anything she pleased with him. After keeping dinner waiting a full half-hour—a slight which Colonel Lyndon had once resented from a peer—Lucy would come down into the drawing-room all smiles and composure, conscious power, all exquisite attire and fabulous perfumes, sailing in as tranquilly as if she were no delinquent; then saying, if the Colonel looked haughty and sulky:

"Has the dinner-bell sounded yet?"

What her motive was for her conduct, Norah never asked; and even if she had, Lucy would have been puzzled for an answer; for she had no definite plans as yet—no actual motive. And as Norah was too quiet and indifferent to trouble herself much about what any one did, Lucy found no very officious censor or inquirer in her.

The person most perplexed of all was Gregory. He, as all the world, saw Lucy's evident flirtation with the Colonel, and he, like Norah, let it pass without comment. He was too much absorbed in his own real love to care about the mock-play of others. Why did those strange fixed looks meet his when no one was by?—looks that left a very sound of words behind them. Why did she start when he came upon her suddenly? Why did she look after him so earnestly or so sadly when he withdrew? Why did she surround him with her influence, so that he could not escape from her, and was forced, as if by mesmeric will, to turn to her, and at least to watch her? Why, in the midst of all this possession—for it was a real possession—did he hate her fiercely, and wish that she had never entered Lyndon Hall?

Gregory was restless and distracted at his unusual state of feeling. He chafed and raged under it as under a concealed wound; for if Gregory had the faults, he had also the virtues of a savage. If he believed in the right of might, he believed also in the beauty of truth, and he practised the virtue of sincerity. It was only sincere then in him to hate Lucy, while fascinated in a strange repellant way by her. It was only natural to him that, while dreaming of her beauty and her love, which he did so often now, he should also dream of hatred. For, true to his origin, he believed in spells and witchcraft, and he had no doubt that Lucy was casting a spell round him now, which he did not feel quite sure of resisting, and which he had full right to abhor.

Such a mute world of passion and fierce forbidden thought as it all was in this dim old stately Lyndon Hall! Such a stormy world, surging and boiling up round little Norah as the centre figure; she, the only calm one of them all, though the saddest of them all; but still and motionless, as philosophers say is the characteristic of storm-centres.

What could Colonel Lyndon do to please his beautiful guest? He had presented her with a bridesmaid's bracelet; that was something, for Lucy adored jewellery. But what more could he do for her? The Colonel was a cautious man, and went by easy marches. He did not know Lucy's family: and, infatuated though he was, his pride was greater than his love; and he would sacrifice even Lucy, rather than make a mésalliance. He was anxious to win her heart—to thoroughly gain her mental consent—and then, on further knowledge, he would decide on what was best for himself. He did not wish to commit himself too early; but he wanted to be secure. This was his programme. Lucy? what was hers?

But what could he do to please her? Ah! he had it!—the very thing!—and good policy too. He would ask her brothers to Norah's wedding, as an attention to herself, and for his own private inspection. That would do—a fitting clasp to the diamond bracelet—perhaps a clasp never to be unloosed. Lucy was charmed. She caught at the idea with eagerness; for it flashed a thought, a means, a way, into her mind which hitherto she had not been able to seize. Yes; Launce and Edmund must come. Edmund was pining to find his ideal; Norah was dying under Gregory's love. If they found what each was seeking for in the other—then, Gregory's first anger over; then—Lucy buried her face in her hands; but the very roots of her hair were crimson, and her heart beat so loud, that she might have counted the strokes.

When she came to herself, the second dinner-bell had rung, and her hair was hanging loose over her shoulders.

CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

LAUNCELOT and Edmund Thorold came to Lyndon Hall. They were both exceedingly handsome, though very unlike each other, and quite unlike Lucy, excepting indeed a certain genial expression in Launce's face, which was like Lucy's when she was at her best—when she was not acting a part and not thinking of herself. But of the two, Launce was the more manly, as Lucy had said, and Edmund the better looking. Both were very gentle: Launce from that good nature and mental indolence which belongs to a certain type of large-built, stout, strong-limbed young Saxons; Edmund, from a refined nature, and from the absence of combativeness. Launce was the more affectionate; Edmund, the more loving. Launce would make the kind husband, the good master, and the indulgent father.

The Colonel liked them. Their quiet manners pleased him, as did their manly deference to himself. For Lucy had warned them of his character, and had besought them to be extraordinarily respectful. And they always did what Lucy told them. Gregory stood aloof, watching his rivals. He surrounded Norah with more jealous cares than ever, hardly letting her out of his sight for a moment; sitting by her; talking to her exclusively, or rather suffering no one else to speak with her; breathing defiance and distrust in every glance and gesture; chained to her side like a fierce gaoler standing between the very sun and her. It was a hard time for Norah: it very nearly killed her.

The marriage-day was drawing near. Norah was growing thin and pale; Gregory more restless and more violent. It was no secret now, that he was eating his heart out for despair at Norah's want of love for him, or that Norah was literally dying of terror and oppression. But no one spoke; not even Lucy. She did not feel the ground beneath her firm enough yet for such a hazardous chance.

The young men had been a week at the hall, and the marriage was to take place now in ten days, when Gregory received a letter from his lawyer which threatened to destroy all existing engagements whatsoever. A cousin of his, the son of his father's younger brother, suddenly claimed the estate, on the plea that Gregory's Nubian mother had never been legally married. A doubt had always existed in that branch of the family; for, if true, the estates would be theirs, and self-interest marvellously sharpens suspicion.

Colonel Lyndon was only half-brother to Gregory's father, and knew nothing of the rest of the family. In no case, then, could the estates devolve on him; consequently, he had never questioned the validity of his half-nephew's title. Had he received only a hint of such a possibility as the want of those important marriage lines, which change so many destinies, he would have thoroughly investigated the matter before he had suffered him to stand suitor to his daughter. For he cared only for the estates—not the man, and he would give Norah quite as willingly to the new owner as he had given her to Gregory; a great deal more willingly if he had a better income. Gregory knew this well enough, and foresaw all that would happen if he could not overcome this difficulty—a difficulty not wholly contemptible, for, though he had been brought up and considered as the lawful heir, he had no legal or documentary evidence of his father's marriage, and could not prove his title, if disputed; at least, not with the proofs in his hands. He would have to search for more.

After thinking over his position for full five minutes—which was a long time for Gregory to reflect—he determined on going at once to London, and seeing the matter to the end. Nothing but the certainty of losing Norah altogether — should his opponent's claim be made good—could have spurred him to this extreme step. But he felt it was better to risk a few weeks' absence than a life's loss;—better to suffer anxiety for a term than anguish for ever.

He rode over to Lyndon Hall, taking the letter with him. It was early morning, and he found the family assembled at breakfast. Lucy in the most wonderful elaboration of lace and muslin that the genius of Parisian artist could invent, was sitting by the Colonel, whom she was drugging with her pleasant poison. Norah was between Launce and Edmund, and assiduously attended to by both. It was the only hour they had with her unmolested, and as they both wished to become really acquainted with her, it is not surprising that they made the most of it. In the midst of this delightful ease and dangerous pleasure, Gregory's step was heard in the hall. Not suffering the servant to announce him, he opened the door of the breakfast-room and strode rapidly forward. Norah was just handing a cup of tea to Edmund, at whom she was looking earnestly, smiling at an anecdote he was relating; Launce, on her other side, was bending forward, listening, but putting in a laughing commentary. Both the young men were animated; Norah unembarrassed and pleased. The instant Gregory appeared the smile faded from her lips, her eyelids drooped, her hand trembled, her breath was checked, and she turned pale. Launce and Edmund both stopped speaking, and Edmund half drew away, looking a shade guilty and caught. Lucy flushed crimson, a welcome springing like a word to her eyes; Colonel Lyndon

looked surprised and bored by the interruption.

Not a shade, not a change, in the countenances of that unsuspecting breakfast-party, but had been marked by Gregory. He thought he detected a look of intelligence between Norah and Edmund. He was mistaken, as the jealous always are. Norah could not have established a good intelligence with any man. But for a moment this suspicion made him waver. Should he go and leave her to the designing people about her? Was he not mad and suicidal to think of such a thing? Then, again, if Colonel Lyndon heard a breath of his difficulty, adieu to Norah for ever, unless he could overcome it. Perhaps, already he had received intimation of the matter from that miserable cousin of his, whose life would not be worth much if ever he fell within the grasp of those hands. No! Gregory crushed back his transient hope and set himself to his task. To say the least of it, a difficult and a painful one to any man.

The Colonel—when he and Gregory were closeted in his study — took the news quietly.

"Of course," he said, "unless you can perfectly substantiate your claim and clear your position, you need not expect to——"

Gregory anticipated the end of the unfinished sentence.

"But love—love——" he urged passionately.

"Bah! Acres, not love, my dear boy, when you talk to a father!" said the Colonel. "Do you think it possible for me to give my child to a penniless——? Well! we will not discuss the question. Now, silence! not another word!" For Gregory was raging about the room on the point of committing some excess. "Leave us, now," he continued, in that cold, haughty, iron-bound way of his, which always stilled the poor passionate savage like a spell. "Go to London, investigate this matter; go to Egypt, if need be,—probe the affair to the end, and substantiate your claim to the estates, or leave this country for ever. I will take care that Norah remains free and unsought till your return—but, on that return, unless indeed you are wise enough never to come back if unsuccessful—however, as I was saying, on that return, your good or ill-fortune will determine your relations with her. Go. Lose no time. The longer you delay here the longer you delay your possible marriage." And the Colonel waved him from the room.

Gregory went to find Norah. She and Lucy were in the drawing-room, sitting in the bay window working; Norah in a low prie-dieu cunningly isolated, Lucy on the ottoman, with plenty of space on the cushions beside her. He clanked into the room with even more than his usual indifference to forms, looking dark and agitated, not quite unlike the popular notions of demon lovers, when those gentlemen first threw off their fascinations and plunged into revelation.

"I must speak with you, Norah," he said, abruptly, sitting down by Lucy.

"And I am de trop?" said Lucy in her sweetest voice, bending forward, and letting her hand rest lightly on his.

Gregory turned and looked into her face, and their eyes met. When she withdrew hers, Lucy felt that she had told too much. Single-hearted and absorbed as Gregory was, that look disturbed him, and for a moment he could not speak.

"Do you wish to say anything to me?" then asked Norah, submissively.

"Yes, Norah, yes!" he answered hurriedly; "I must speak with you."

"Shall I go, then?" said Lucy, with the same smile and the same caressing accent.

Norah looked at her imploringly.

"My cousin has no secrets from you," she said, in her timid voice, asking her to remain. But she went out of the room.

When the door was closed, Gregory exclaimed: "Swear that you will be faithful, whatever may happen!"

"I do, cousin," said Norah. She might as well have said, I am cold, or I am hot, for any emphasis or soul that lay on her words.

"More fervently—more passionately!" cried Gregory.

"I am not fervent, or passionate, cousin," said Norah, quietly, "were I to pretend to be so, I should be untrue."

"Say it to me again, then—let me hear those blessed sounds once more! You vow on your eternal salvation that nothing shall tempt you from me—that no one shall steal you away."

"No one, cousin. I love no one else."

"But me?"

"Cousin, I am bound to love you."

"And if you were not bound?—if you were free? Would you love me then, Norah?"

"Yes," she gasped, faintly.

"O! I can go now!" cried Gregory. "I will go while that word still vibrates on my ear! No colder sound shall disturb the echo of that word," and he rushed through the rooms, and departed without any leave-taking whatever.

Norah clasped her hands together. "Is it true! can it be true—has he really gone!" she exclaimed. Then hiding her face she too burst into tears. Were they tears of grief, or joy?

She waited until she had quite recovered herself, and until the last echo of the horse's hoofs had died away in the distance, before she sought Lucy. Finding her, she kissed her and clung to her, like a happy child, and though they both were silent, Lucy had scarcely seen her smile since she came to the Hall.

"What is to be done?" said Lucy to her-

self. "People would call me very dishonourable if they knew; but what can I do? There is no forcing these things—and no preventing them."

THE NEW COLONISTS OF NORFOLK ISLAND.

The story of the Pitcairn islanders, the descendants of the mutineers of the Bounty, is well known. Having so multiplied that they have outgrown the agricultural resources of Pitcairn Island, they have lately been removed at their own request, at the expense of the British government, to Norfolk Island, a place hitherto only known as a crowded convict settlement—a horror of horrors. The following description is extracted from a pamphlet published by the Roman Catholic Bishop Ullathorne, about twenty years ago. It will be seen that the descendants of Adams are now planted on a fertile soil under a genial sun. We have a right to expect remarkable agricultural and horticultural results from their industry.

"Norfolk Island is one thousand miles from Sydney, about twenty-one miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, and one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

"Rising abruptly on all sides but one from the sea, clustering columns of basalt spring out of the sea, securing at intervals its endurance with the strong architecture of God.

"That one side presents a low sandy level, on which is, or was formerly, situated the penal settlement. It is approachable only by boats, through a narrow bar in the reef of coral, which, visible here, invisibly circles the island.

"The island consists of a series of hills curiously interfolded, the green ridges rising one above another until they reach the craggy sides and crowning summit of Mount Pitt, at the height of three thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"The establishment consists of a spacious quadrangle of buildings for the prisoners, the military barracks, and a series of offices in two ranges. A little further beyond, on a green mound, the mansion of the commandant, with barred windows, guarded by cannon and a pacing sentinel.

"Straying some distance along a footpath, we came upon the cemetery, closed in on three sides by close, thick, melancholy groves of tear-dropping manchineel; the fourth is open to the booming sea. The graves are numerous; most of the tenants have reached their last abode by an untimely end. I myself have witnessed fifteen descents into those houses of mortality: in every one is a hand of blood.

"Passing on by a ledge cut in the cliff that hangs over the resounding shore, we suddenly turn into an amphitheatre of hills, which rise all around until they close in a circle of the blue cloudless heavens above, their sides being thickly clothed with curious wild shrubs, wild flowers, and wild vines. Passing a brawling brook, and long and slowly ascending, we again reach the open varied ground: here a tree-crested mound, there a plantation of pines, and yonder below, descending into the very bowels of the earth, and covered with an intricacy of dark foliage, interluminated with chequers of sun-light, until beyond it opens a receding vista to the blue sea. And now the path closes, so that the sun is almost shut out; whilst giant creepers shoot, twist, and contort themselves upon your path; beautiful lories, parrots, paroquets, and other birds, rich and varied in plumage, spring up at your approach.

"We next reach a valley of exquisite beauty, in the middle of which, where the winding gurgling stream is jagged in its course, spring up a cluster of some eight fern-trees, with a clear, black, mossy stem, from the crown of which shoots out on every side one long arching fern-leaf.

"Ascending again through the dank forest, we meet rising on every side, amongst other strange forest trees, the gigantic pine of Norfolk Island; which, ascending with a clear stem of vast circumference some twelve feet, shoots out a coronal of dark boughs, each in shape like the feathers of the ostrich indefinably prolonged, until rising with clear intervals, horizontal, stage above stage, the green, pyramid cuts with its point the blue ether at the height of two hundred feet.

"Through these groves we at length reach the summit of Mount Pitt. Below us lies a wondrous scene in a narrow space—rock, valley, forest, corn-field, islet, alive with purple, crimson, snow-white birds of land and sea, in a light of glowing sunshine framed in the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

"Descending, we take a new path. After awhile, emerging from the deep gloom of the forest, amid glades and openings may be seen the guava and the lemon, the fern and the palmetto, rising to the height of twenty-five feet, and then spreading into a shade of bright broad green fans.

"Then parasite creepers and climbers rise up in columns, shoot over arch after arch, and again descend in every variety of Gothic fantasy—now form a high, long wall, dense, impenetrable; then tumble down in a cascade of green leaves, frothed over with the delicate white convolvulus.

"Our way at length becomes a long vista of lemon-trees, forming overhead an arcade of green, gold, and sunlight. Orange-trees once crowded the island as thickly, but were cut down by a former commandant, as too great a luxury for the convict.

"On the farms, the yellow hulm bends with the fat of corn; in the gardens, by the broad-breasted English oak, grows the delicate cinnamon-tree, the tea, the coffee-shrub, the sugarcane, the banana, with its long weeping streamers and creamy fruit,—the

fig. All tropical fruits in perfection; English vegetables of gigantic growth.

"The air is pure, ambient; the sky brilliant. At night refreshing showers of dew descend."

A DISCURSIVE MIND.

My mind is a discursive mind; a flitting, restless, jumping mind; a mind that rambles into such odd corners, takes such strange flights, and leaps with such suddenness from one subject to another, that sometimes I am at a loss to discover where my mind has flown to. I sit down this morning with the intention of writing an article; and, after chasing and dodging my mind for days, I have reduced it to something like obedience. The result of the victory is, that I have arranged the programme of a paper, to be called the History of an Article.

This article is not to be the history of any object that ministers to our creature comforts; for, honestly speaking, I have little or no sympathy with manufactures. It is a matter of indifference to me whether a cotton lord is made of Clarke's best sewing-thread, or Boar's Head knitting-cotton. I would much rather witness the drama of Punch, than be taken over a factory and have all the intricacies of its machinery explained to me. It is possible that this confession of an interest in Punch and Judy may be regarded as a symptom of an ill-regulated (in other respects than as being discursive) mind, seeing that it can extract amusement from that which is radically wrong in its teachings; for I contend that the moral of the play exhibited at our national perambulating theatres is utterly bad, and calculated to vitiate the taste of the audience. If we analyse the character of the hero, we find he is devoid of every good quality. It is true that, at the opening of the play, he is represented as a boisterous, rollicking blade, full of fun; but a few minutes suffice to show that, under the frolicking spirit, lies every bad passion that can disfigure human nature. As soon as an opportunity arises, these bad passions manifest themselves, and Punch throws his child out of window, murders his wife, beats his friends, quarrels with everybody, and when justice condemns him to death, escapes his just punishment by hanging Calcraft! Only once, in the whole course of the drama does he display anything like remorse, and that is when the ghost appears to him; but, even the turn excited by this unearthly visitant is of short duration, and the play concludes with the triumph of the unmitigated villain, who takes his leave of the audience in a ribald song.

A French writer has cleverly pointed out the difference that exists between our Clowns and Punches and their continental equivalents. He remarks severely upon the brutal element which is so strongly developed in our motleys, and asserts, that their fun never arises solely from an overflow of pure animal spirits, but springs from a love of devilry that can only exist in a depraved mind. The harmless mirth of the Italian Arlechino and the French Pierrot is very different from the mischievous fun of the English Clown and of Punch; the two former direct their satire against that which is considered inimical to the interests of the people; but the latter, with wanton cruelty, turn into ridicule and maltreat those who deserve our respect or appeal to our love and sympathy. Hence, I suppose, it is a question worth considering whether or not the wife-beating that we hear so much of, may be traced to the impressions made upon the juvenile mind by Punch. I would even go a step further, and ask if we may not attribute the committal of graver crimes to the same source. The Olympian games of the Greeks; the gladiators and naumachia of the Romans; the bull-fights of the Spanish; the military pageants of the French, are simply indices of the tastes of the people. Shall I not then cite the enjoyment of Punch's wickedness as indication of a want of healthy moral tone in our lower orders?

I regret to be obliged to be egotistical, and repeat most emphatically that my mind is as unstable as running water, as fleeting as the winds—and here let me ask, where you will find the author who is not egotistical? Goethe is the incarnation of "Ich;" Johnson is his English prototype; Bacon is as bad. Indeed, whether it is shown in a preface, in a particular character of a novel, or in pages of sickly verse, you will still find that "I" plays a very important part. I rise in the morning determined to work, energetically resolved to perform a certain duty, I breakfast with that determination strong upon me; and here let me observe, that breakfast with me is one of the most delightful meals in the world. I cannot be brought to regard it as a mere repast for the deglutition of a certain amount of aliment. I look upon it as a mental as well as physical meal; as an operation to be lingered over, and read over, and I have a number of books that I call my breakfast-table books, all of which I have chosen with an eye to promoting digestion. History (except Lord Macaulay's) and philosophy I find too heavy. They cause me to neglect my food until my coffee is utterly ruined and the buttered toast tastes like damp leather or those suckers which boys play in the streets with. Novels, on the other hand, can be skimmed over so rapidly that I find I consume my edibles at equal speed, and thus give myself a villainous indigestion. I therefore select those books that have just so much thought in them that the eyes can be taken from them, and one can pleasantly reflect on the last sentence, while you take a gentle sip of coffee or eat a mouthful of bacon. Of

this class are the Essays of Elia and Hazlitt's Table Talk I would willingly include Carlyle's French Revolution; but, despite its picturesqueness, it is so crammed with grand suggestive truths, that I dare not open it.

Imagine me then at the breakfast table. I calmly pour out my coffee, cut the top off my egg, prop up my volume against the sugar-basin, and commence a meal, which tires out the patience of the maid of all work, and would excite the ire of my landlady, but that I pay my rent regularly, and seldom grumble. If I am at all ruffled in temper, I take Hazlitt. There is something in the perversity of this author, that at such times strikes an harmonious note in my breast. His intense hatreds, his strong expressions, and his wilfulness, are delightful. Imagine the gratification it is to an angry man to read the following: "Most men's minds are to me like musical instruments out of tune. Touch a particular key, and it jars and makes harsh discord with your own." Where can you find any greater sympathy than these words convey to you, when you are ill tempered? They are not harsh discords to an angry man; but the most enchanting harmony, expressing to a nicety, what he in his savageness feels thoroughly: it is almost worth being out of temper to meet with such consolation. Whereever I come in contact with Hazlitt's works, I cannot help noticing how strongly he allowed his feelings to overcome his judgment. For twenty years, in nearly every essay that he wrote on art, he trumpeted the praises of a certain portrait by Titian in the Louvre, known as the man with the glove (which, by the way, Visconti only attributed to Titian). It was Hazlitt's master-piece; the picture that he swore by: Velasquez, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Sir Antonio More, Reynolds, Gainsborough, may all have painted portraits; but the man with the glove was *the* portrait, the ideal standard of this branch of pictorial art. But mark the change! My author was, as every one knows, a worshipper of Napoleon I., and when Hazlitt visited Paris again, after his hero had fallen, he regarded everything with so jaundiced an eye, that he could no longer appreciate the excellences of the man with the glove, and threw off his allegiance to it, by calumniously asserting that it must "have been painted upon!"

When I am in a gentle mood, I love Charles Lamb at my breakfast. There is something so kindly, so humanising in every word he wrote, and his humour never parades, or obtrudes itself, but ripples through his writings with a pleasant murmur, harmonising with the gentleness and good-heartedness of the sentiments. The simple and single-mindedness of the man permeate his writings and give them one of their most lasting charms, and one of the foremost of their graces; perhaps, in none of the essays are these more apparent than in "My First Play," and "Old China." These are complete Dutch pictures (much exalted) of the habits and tastes of a quiet, studious, and yet genial man whom you can love and respect. The quaint grace and kindliness with which he treated everything he touched led him to handle subjects that no one else would have cared to take up. We have had, Heaven knows! millions upon millions of songs, praising earth, air, and water, women and wine; but who, besides Charles Lamb, has recited the praises of chimney sweeps? Not the sweeps in their tinsel and dirty May-day finery, which a ray of the glorious sun that shone on May-days of the olden time might light up with a touch of fancy, but grimy young sweeps; Ethiopic dwarfs, dirty with soot, and tired with climbing. Charles Lamb has sung the praises of such as these, with a tenderness, a poetic and a graceful fancy, that washes the soot off their faces, and makes cherubims of them. Boswell's Johnson was one of my breakfast books, but I got to be a little tired of the sententious "Sir," and the sententious "I;" so I have shut out Boswell from my morning repast, and have placed the book on a high shelf in my library. Honest, gossipping Pepys is a favourite with me, but Evelyn is a greater. If Pepys gives me an amusing picture of his times, Evelyn affords me more food for reflection, and presents a portrait of manners and customs embracing a wider field.

But to resume, or I shall never get through my article or my breakfast. I say that when I have made up my mind to work, I hurry over breakfast, scald myself with the coffee, choke myself with dry toast, and gobble up my egg in a manner that afterwards shocks me. For, in the matter of eating eggs I am a true epicure. I consider that an egg should be eaten slowly, so that each spoonful yields its full amount of flavour. Indeed, I am not sure whether eating an egg is not an art upon which a treatise might be written with advantage to mankind. Having brought my breakfast to a hasty conclusion, I hurry to my writing-table and seize a pen, but unfortunately, just at that precise moment, the discursiveness of my mind is fatal to my plans, for I suddenly remember that last night a friend asked me where a particular couplet was to be found. I contended it was in Dryden: he asserted, with equal vehemence, it was in Cowley; my discursive tendency therefore at once compels me to look for the passage, and I mount the ladder and take down Dryden. Now, searching through the Annus Mirabilis is not done in a moment. But, the evil does not end there; for, no sooner have I found the desired passage, than I dip into other parts of the volume, and am lost for a time in the satire of Absolom and Achitophel, and only reclaim my mind from that, to spend the

morning in re-reading favourite bits from all my favourite poets.

I think I may trace most of this discursiveness to idleness. I grieve to have to make the confession, but that apprentice, Thomas Idle, whom I have read of in this journal, is a fellow completely after my own heart. I love to do nothing, specially when I know I ought to be doing a great many things. What can be more delightful, when I know work is waiting for me that must be done, than to lie flat on my back on the grass with the hot summer air fanning me into luxurious repose, while I dream such golden dreams, that they become hazy with their own gorgeousness? Or, what is more luxurious than to sit lazily before the fire with a book near me, which, as Doctor Folliot says in Crotchet Castle, "you may open if you please, and need not open unless you please," and, giving myself up to the thoughts that are gently wandering through my mind—thoughts that die away almost before they have made me aware of their existence. What dreams the idler dreams! He is the true mental vagabond; who can turn his rags and tatters into kingly robes, and can build palaces of the veriest hovels. He is the lotus eater of life, ever singing:

> Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil—the shore
> Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind, and wave, and oar;
> O! rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

I resume my subject: the history of an article, and the article in question this paper. I seat myself to reflect, and, to assist reflection, I take down the large German pipe that I bought at Frankfort; but, almost before I have lighted it, my wretched mind starts off at a tangent to Fatherland. Visions of the Rhine come stealing over me, and I recal a glorious sunset which I saw from the top of the Drachenfels, that bathed all the plains around Bonn and the town itself in a golden haze, that toned down every sharp angle, and gave a softness and an immaterial look to the whole landscape, lifting me away from every day life and sending me wandering through kingdoms of air, peopled with spirits divine in form and radiant in beauty. No sooner have I come down with a bump from this vision than, by an easy process, I slip away to Weimar, and, as a natural sequence, come face to face with the mighty Goethe. As a matter of course the sight of him calls to my remembrance his correspondence with Schiller, and conversations with Eckermann. The latter is an especially delightful book. For the life of me I cannot help taking a peep at it. Happening to open it upon the passage where Goethe gives his opinion of old fashioned furniture, my mind emits a feeble spark, and suggests for a subject that, as we have had histories of pins and walking-sticks, we might furbish up an interesting paper on the history of a chair. Forthwith with a start and a plunge, my mind impetuously rushes into an old castle to find a chair worthy of its attention; but, at that point, I fall foul of the buttress on the seat, and that brings to my recollection a picture I once saw at Cologne by one of the masters of the old Cologne school. The subject is Hades, and the lost human beings are represented as the strangest monsters out of creation; one with a boar's head and eagle's body, another with the legs of an ostrich, the body of a scorpion, and the head of a turkey-cock. The principal figure is a fish—a plaice, but unlike every plaice in creation; it is open down the front, with neat rows of buttons and button-holes to do itself up when it feels cold.

Thus I sat, one day last week, the victim of my wretched habit. I felt it was useless to endeavour that day to settle the question, and I began to doze and dream upon my misfortunes; and here let me remark, that I have never met with a satisfactory treatise on the psychology of dreams. I would gladly undertake the treatment, but my discursiveness totally unfits me for grasping so fleeting a subject. I feel certain that my labours would result in airy nothings. A dream, however, suggested to me a subject for this periodical. I dreamed of an old old story that I had half worked out, years ago: one of those fragments that lie dormant in my brain, growing mouldy with neglect, and gradually losing all the force and vitality that gave them their charms when they first dawned on it. I drew it forth, and a wretched, tattered, dusty fragment it was; like an piece of old finery that had lain by for years, being suddenly brought out, and all its faded colours and moth-eaten silk displayed. Although the idea was a mere dry skeleton, I conquered my troublesome mind sufficiently to force it to dwell upon the story; not merely during the time I was dressing, but even up to the fourth page of my writing; but I was doomed to disappointment, for just as I had penned one of the neatest turned sentences in the world, down the street came the organ man playing, to waltz time, the air Dame e mobile. Now, my story happening to be a modern domestic one, it was utterly impossible for me to continue writing it to the accompaniment of a tune from an opera, the story of which is in every way opposed to the quiet current of my novelette, and I found my mind gradually slipping into a mediæval train of thought in every way incompatible with Todd, the hero of my tale, and Laura Myddleton, the heroine, who loved and lived in Hyde Park Gardens.

What was to be done? I was determined to write the article; but my wretched mind stubbornly refused to yield to my resolve. It was a battle royal between Will and Habit;

and, for three mortal hours, the conflict raged until, with a sudden coup de main, Will upset Habit, and gained so decided a victory, that the conquered absolutely gave indications of servile obedience. It was, however, rescued from that disgrace by making a feeble digression on the sagacity of cats generally; and, of my own in particular, who was at that moment sitting on the table, calmly stealing the milk from the jug by putting its paw down the narrow neck of the vessel, and licking off the fluid with which it had saturated its coat. Will, with a tremendous frown, brought the desultory wanderer back to its allegiance, and to work I set, drew forth a dozen clean sheets, flourished my pen, and began to think about writing.

I thought of this and that; rejected this, and refused that; when, just as I had hit upon the most divine idea, the stupid servant entered with a letter, and forthwith the little notion dissolved into thin air. I opened the epistle, and found it was an invitation to dinner; but it mentioned a haunch of mutton, so my mind, with a wild lurch and a tremendous bound, shot clean into the middle of Goldsmith's Haunch of Venison. Vainly Will tried to keep it back—away flew Mind. Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, Johnson, Langton, all came out in a great mass, so mixed up with Fleet Street taverns, debating-clubs, fops and hoops, that I found it utterly impossible to write a line for the next half-hour. At length, with a sharp pull, I brought myself back to the nineteenth century, and, by way of commencement, I put the figure One on the blank paper. Figures are to me a very interesting study. I do not mean the contemplation of the total of an unpaid bill, or the acquirement of any rule of arithmetic; but the different methods of writing figures. The man of business never makes with his pen such a misshapen five, that it can be mistaken for an eight or a six. On the other hand, some artists and literary men make fives that may be taken for sixes, eights, or anything else. Indeed, I can generally judge from the distinctness or indistinctness of a man's figures, whether he be a man of business or not. There, you see, I cannot even page an article without my wretched mind cutting off, like mad, into a special little theory of its own; and my paper lies before me, a dull, white blank.

Again I resolve to write; I know the danger of delays, and remember that the wise Bacon quaintly says, "Occasion turneth a bald noddle after she hath her locks in front, and no hold taken." This exactly describes my case. I have the offer to write, and, if I neglect it, the occasion is gone. Once more I settle myself sternly to work. I begin to imagine that I have at last seized upon a subject! We have the histories of every manufacture; why not, then, the history of the manufacture of an article itself? Let me begin; let me revel in the goodly work.

I do begin; but, before the first sentence is finished, Mind has slipped off to the consideration of the hieroglyphic inscriptions of Egypt, and becomes confused in the company of hawk-headed gods, cow-faced Venuses, and papyrus columns, from which we may, perhaps, have derived our newspaper columns. I have no sooner taken leave of Thoth the god of letters, than, with a skip, I am burrowing amidst the ruins of Persepolis, and puzzling over the cuneiform characters of Assyria; and, in two seconds, Mind has stuck itself hard and fast amidst the illuminated missals of the middle ages, and leads me into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, by picturing myself following out Mr. Ruskin's idea of true happiness, by devoting the remainder of my days to the task of illuminating missals.

I rise from my chair in a rage, disgusted at my own folly, and resolved to make another effort; but Mind, with the greatest nonchalance and utter indifference to its own misconduct, at once plunges from the manual labour of writing, to the mechanical labour of printing; and forthwith I have before me Gutemberg, Faust, and Schœffer, with all their clumsy machinery, working manfully in the good cause. With the speed of lightning, I am in England, settled in Westminster Abbey with William Caxton—which naturally enough brings Richard the Third on the scene, and he as naturally suggests Shakspeare, and then I am utterly lost. With book in hand, and pen laid down, I read and read until I stumble on a passage in Richard the Second, which seems to me peculiarly applicable to my dilemma:

> If thou would'st,
> There should you find one heinous article.

Would that I could find one article, even though it should be heinous! but, do what I will I cannot; or, if I do discover one, it is gone again before I have had time to note its form or discover its fashion. I am the wretched slave of my discursive mind.

Let me make one more effort. All things perform their allotted work. Why should I be an exception to the golden rule? Cannot I learn a lesson from the insect in the fields and the bird in the air? Shall I be worse than the productive earth? Shame on me! I will take my staff in my hand, and go forth into the country, a humble reverential student of nature; and, in the pleasant silence of some leafy wood, I will learn from the weed beneath my feet and the waving wind-brushed foliage above my head, to work patiently and perseveringly. But, until I can master my mind, my history of an article must remain unwritten.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—SHAKESPEARE.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 400.]. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1857. {PRICE 2d. STAMPED 3d.

AT HOME IN SIAM.

At Singapore, we embarked on board the H. E. I. Co.'s new steamer Auckland, which was to convey us to Siam. The captain had received orders to cruise about in certain latitudes, in search of pirates, real or imaginary. Much to my comfort, they remained invisible. Upon our voyage, there occurred only one incident worth telling. One evening, just before sunset, we anchored off Tringam, the chief town of a small territory on the Malayan peninsula. A party was ordered off in search of fresh provisions, while the captain took us on shore in his gig, that we might enjoy the luxury of a walk and a peep at the natives. We were received by a crowd of half-clad men, women, and children. I believe I was the first Englishwoman who had ever been there; but as for our little girl of three years old, it was she who most mightily excited curiosity. We were informed of the Sultan's wish, that we should immediately proceed to the palace, or audience hall, where he was waiting to know why a war-steamer had anchored off the town, and more especially, for what reason so many officers and men had landed. Three boats had left our vessel; there were therefore six or more officers present, as well as the captain, C., myself, Maud, and her native nurse.

On arriving at the audience hall, followed by the rabble, we found his highness the Sultan seated on an elevated platform, at one end of his shed; around him knelt, or sprawled, his officers and immediate attendants, while about three feet lower, on a boarded floor, by which the building was surrounded, crouched the people, as if they were all playing at toads, for that was the effect of the peculiar manner in which they prostrated themselves. The captain and C. advanced first, side by side, while I, having no fancy to be left among the crowd, stole in between them, and the group of officers closed the procession. After every one had bowed, and the Sultan had solemnly signed each to a seat, he addressed C. in Malay, and inquired, naturally enough, who we were, and why we had come? There was some difficulty in making suitable reply, since I alone of the party knew anything of the language. But, I rose to my position, and informed his Majesty, that a treaty of commerce had been concluded between England and Siam, that a consul had been nominated, and that C. was on his way in the Auckland, to commence, in that character, his duties at Bangkok. The fact was new and of some interest to the Sultan, as his country is tributary to Siam, and he is bound yearly to present a golden tree to the King of the White Elephant.

Little Maud was much noticed and honoured by a place on the great man's knee. There she gravely sat throughout the interview, not a bit astonished or perturbed by the strange scene around her. The Sultan broke off, now and then, his endless string of questions, while he stroked her head or hands, and admired her complexion.

During the day his Majesty and his suite visited the steamer, by which they were received with a salute, that greatly shook their nerves. It was amusing to see the terror expressed in their faces at the quick succession of the loud reports. The Sultan earnestly begged of me to tell the captain, that he was quite sensible of the honour intended, but would rather not have any more. He had, however, the benefit of a full salute, which was continued by the sailors for the love of fun.

On the first of June we came to an anchor off the bar of the river Menam. The vessel lay at anchor nearly ten miles from the shore, which was so low and flat, that it could be scarcely traced, even with the aid of a glass. The bar is an extensive shoal across the entrance of the river, and there is generally a heavy swell on it during the greater part of the twenty-four hours. Here we remained tossing and rolling four long days, vainly expecting some means of conveyance up to Bangkok, the Auckland being a vessel too large for the river.

At length two paddle-boats came alongside. The royal paddlers, selected by his Majesty the King of Siam to transport us to Bangkok, were all clad in a kind of livery, consisting of scarlet calico jackets and caps, much the worse for wear, and terribly in need of soap and water. The boats were long narrow canoes, with a square platform exactly in the centre, for the accommodation

of the passengers. Forward and aft stood the rowers, sixty in number, ranged on either side. They rowed standing, and at each stroke of the paddle the sixty gave a stamp on the deck with one foot. The steersman occasionally varied the performance by uttering, in a high key, a prolonged yell, to which the other fifty-nine responded by a short sharp bark. Only kings and nobles have the right, in Siam, to indulge in howling boatmen.

For the first quarter of an hour we were amused by our new friends; but, as we proceeded, and the hours wore on, the natural effect was produced by such continued howling, and stamping on our wearied nerves and aching heads. When, however, at our request, the boatmen left it off, they also relaxed in their pulling, so that we, finding their exertions to depend upon the noise, submitted to the renewal of it; and, for ten mortal hours—the greater number of them endured under a burning sun—we submitted to be yelled and barked over.

At its mouth, the river may be about a mile and a-half in width, but it gradually narrows; and at Packnam, a military station about ten miles up, the distance across can scarcely be more than three-quarters of a mile. Here the scenery becomes charming. In the centre of the stream is an island, on which is a temple prettily decorated, gleaming like a pearl in its bright-green setting; while, on either side, are formidable-looking fortifications, which increase the picturesque effect. The interior of these fortifications is, however, so dilapidated, that they could not be made available as they now stand. The banks of the river are perfectly flat, and covered with jungle to the water's edge. Near the mouth, this jungle is composed of mangrove trees; but, a few miles higher up, the vegetation improves, and the eye is relieved by a great variety of foliage. The bread-fruit tree and cocoa-nut palm are the most numerous; the one, with its large, curiously indented leaf, offers a tempting shade from the glare of a tropical sun, while the other, with its feathery crown, towers aloft over its companions in the forest. The graceful bamboo, in all its beautiful varieties, also fixes the attention—seen at one time in short full clumps, then again with its drooping branches and long stem of lance-like leaves quivering in the breeze; the peculiar beauty of the picture is much enhanced by the variety and richness of tints of an eastern sky glittering in the sunlight.

Settled at the Siamese capital, the city of Bangkok, the fact of there being absolutely no roads, is certainly the one most immediately brought home, as I experienced ere I had been many hours established in my new abode.

"Boy, you must fetch some chickens, eggs!"

With many such orders, and a few oddly-shaped coins, the boy departed, only to return, however, in distress.

"Missis, how can go? No got boat; me no can walkee." This unforeseen difficulty obliged me at once to apply to my nearest neighbour for advice. The necessity of establishing a market-boat as a first step in housekeeping became evident.

This boat is very small, being, indeed, calculated to hold only one human being, and about a dozen chickens. At every turn, occurs the same wayfaring difficulty. Do you long for a chat with your next door neighbour (next door, but for a creek with no bridge across), you must needs order the boat, manned with eight, ten, or twelve men, or stay at home.

The markets consist of a number of boats moored together in certain quarters, each displaying its commodity. The floating houses line either side of the river for five miles, and they line, also, numerous creeks that branch off in every direction.

Bamboos lashed firmly together, form a substantial raft, some four or five feet in thickness, with a platform of from fifteen feet to twenty square. On this is built the house either of bamboos or thin planks. If the structure be intended for a shop, the front is left open, and the wares arranged on benches and shelves, are exposed to the public view. If it be a dwelling-house, it is closed in, and surrounded by a verandah. The raft is secured to the shore by ropes and chains, or it is fixed to beams anchored in the bed of the river. These latter have been known to give way when the tide has been unusually strong; and, in that case, the house of course, floats down the stream. A casualty of this nature occurred to a gentleman who told me his adventure. He had retired for the night, and was suddenly awakened by a rushing sound. On leaving his room, he found that the moorings of his domicile had given way, and a strong tide was bearing his house merrily towards the sea. Assistance was, with some trouble, procured, and the establishment again firmly tied to the shore, though at some distance from its former anchorage. Notwithstanding such risk, missionaries who had tried these houses told me, they were not unpleasant residences. Most of them are shops, inhabited by emigrant Chinese. Should a shopkeeper think that by removing to another situation he can benefit his business, he has only to unlash his moorings, and work up or down the river, until settled to his mind. The water-houses pay rent for the portion of the stream they occupy.

The river being thus the chief highway, boats of course abound; boats of all kinds, from the small market-boat, paddled by a little boy or girl, to the canoe of the noble, who, reposing at full length under the canopy, smokes, and chews betel, while his forty or fifty rowers vigorously move him

on, comforting him with the howlings already described. It was pleasant to see, in the early morning, women on their way to market. Love of gossip, so dear to us daughters of Eve, is not checked by any difficulties attendant on the steering of a small boat heavily laden, that it needs all the owner's skill to keep well out of harm's way, in the middle of the stream. Siamese women chat at ease upon their highway. Two and three, or even more, of their little boats may be seen fastened together, and thus floating along swiftly with the tide, their owners apparently indifferent as to the fate of their craft. But the indifference is only apparent; their skill being so great that a mere turn of the broad-bladed scull, from time to time, is enough to prevent any variation in their course.

Swimming is, of course, a general accomplishment. The Siamese spend three-fourths of their existence in the water. Their first act on awakening, is to bathe; they bathe again at eleven o'clock; they bathe again at three; and bathe again about sunset; there is scarcely an hour in the day when bathers may not be seen in all the creeks, even the shallowest and muddiest. Boys go to play in the river, just as poor English children go to play in the street. I once saw a Siamese woman sitting on the lowest step of a landing-place; while, by a girdle, she held in the water her infant of a few months old, splashing and kicking about with evident enjoyment. Were not these people expert swimmers, many lives would be lost; for the tide flows so swiftly, that it needs the greatest skill and care to prevent boats from running foul of one another; and, of course, they are frequently upset. On one occasion, our boat (an English built gig) ran down a small native canoe, containing a woman and two little children. In an instant they were all capsized, and disappeared. We were greatly alarmed, and C. was on the point of jumping in to their rescue, when they bobbed up, and the lady, with the first breath she recovered, poured forth a round volley of abuse. Thus relieved in her mind, she coolly righted her canoe—which had been floating bottom upwards—ladled out some of the water, and bundled in her two children, who had been meanwhile, composedly swimming round her, regarding with mingled fear and curiosity the barbarians who had occasioned the mishap.

But, there is land at Bangkok, and that land is built upon. The Wats, or temples, are the most conspicuous edifices; and, from a distance, appear—what they are not—very beautiful. The grounds around them are often prettily laid out, and planted with the banyan, which here, as in India, is the favourite tree. Salas, or buildings for the benefit of travellers and strangers, are likewise scattered here and there. The Siamese appear to be extremely fond of the carvings in stone, and other grotesque ornaments peculiar to China. At the entrance of a temple there often stands, on either side, a colossal figure in stone, or composition, brilliantly coloured, representing some enraged personage ready to demolish the intruder. Stone lions and dragons are also general; and, upon the ornamental rockwork around, miniature lakes and ponds, are to be seen figures of every animal and creeping thing. These are brought from China at a great cost, and the money and labour expended in such decorations must be very great; for all these religious buildings abound in them. One temple that we visited, when first observed, seemed to be painted, and we admired the skill and patience spent upon its walls; but, as we approached, we discovered the stars, large and small, with which the entire building was covered, to be composed of blue china plates (of the old willow pattern), fixed in plaster, and surrounded by a radiance of ladles of the same. Each star consisted of one plate with about twelve or fourteen ladles. There were also some pillars richly capped with soup tureens.

A temple generally consists of six or more distinct buildings, within a large enclosure; each contains a shrine, and is more or less decorated. Around the enclosure are situated the dwellings of the priests and neophytes. The number of these structures would be very surprising, were it not for the existing belief that any man building for himself a temple, insures to himself in Paradise a future of unequalled bliss, or a re-appearance upon earth in some highly desirable form. It follows, therefore, that few blessed with worldly riches, neglect the reward obtained by so simple a means, and such edifices are to be seen in every direction; usually placed in charming nooks, and planted with fine shady trees.

The system of the priesthood is peculiar. None are admitted into it before the age of twenty-one. Three times seven being in Siam, as in England, the age mystical. The consent of the parents is necessary before the novitiate is entered upon, and a vow of poverty is enforced. The priest leaves all his possessions, not excepting wife and children; but they may be resumed on quitting the sacred calling, and the priest may quit it whenever he pleases. His wife may, however, if she please, refuse to return. She may even contract another marriage, since, in the eyes of the law, he is a dead man who is a member of the priesthood. Each priest is compelled to beg his daily food, and this is the most distasteful of all his obligations. It is not uninteresting to observe the Siamese clergy, betimes in the morning, going by boat from house to house, to receive the appointed portions of rice, fruit, &c. It generally is the duty of the housewife to bestow the dole, and she sits quietly waiting for her pious visitor, with the bowl of rice by her side, and frequently a child upon her lap. On the appear-

ance of the priest she kneels and makes a low obeisance, while he haughtily presents his bowl or basket, into which her offering is emptied. The yellow-coated spiritual master then proceeds on his voyage, without vouchsafing her a word or sign of thanks.

For more knowledge than I might otherwise have had of customs relating to the priesthood, I am indebted to a young and intelligent noble who became intimate with us, and frequently joined our circle of an evening. He had himself been a priest, and was therefore familiar with the priestly duties. He had the ease and polished manners of a gentleman. He was a prince by birth, and had suffered much from ague and fever. Under the impression that he might escape future attacks, if he kept his feet dry, he usually wore a dilapidated pair of Oxford shoes, of course covering no stockings; and when his legs were weary—which was often the case—he tucked them up into the chair, frequently cuddling his knees with his long bare arms. In this manner he would sit for a long time, talking excellent English,—instructing us, amusing us, and winning our respect. To return, however, to the Chow-Kra-Tge's remarks on the priests.

The morning dole having much excited our interest, C. asked him if, while a priest, he likewise daily begged his rice. "Yes," he said, "it was so; but I always had my slave with me—also a priest—and the coarse and common rice I gave to him. I always went to my father's house to beg, and there they gave me such as I could eat."

Solid food is duly permitted the priest until noon, after which time they may eat nothing but fruit, and drink tea. The observance of this rule proved the worst trial to our friend, who, unable to gorge himself, as was the habit of his brethren, generally passed the afternoon and evening asleep; fasting produced a lassitude he could not overcome. The chief priest of each Wat, and the high-priest of the kingdom, hold their appointments from the king, and are unable to quit the priesthood. The high-priest is the only person exempted from the duty of making obeisance on his hands and knees. He stands in the presence of royalty; the king and he salute each other by folding hands. The priests employ their time in praying, chanting services, instructing others, or in reading bali books. They seem to be a less degraded class than my old acquaintances, the priests, in China. This probably is owing to the liberty of entering the brotherhood, enjoyed by all classes, who may do so when, and for how long, they please; such entrance being an act deemed meritorious in high or low. There is a striking similarity of appearance among all of them, for which I could not account till I discovered that they all shave off the eyebrows. The effect is most singular; the countenance gets an expression of perpetual astonishment; the head, face, and chin are likewise closely shaven. Their costume resembles that worn by their class in China; here a yellow scarf is loosely bound round shoulders and body. In China they have a long robe of the same colour. There are no schools connected with the temples, nor elsewhere; but boys under age enter their novitiate for the purpose of receiving instruction from the priests; and, during such time, act as servants to their spiritual masters. The vow of poverty may be really considered as a form only, for a trusty agent is appointed to carry on all money transactions, and the society depends little on alms. The number of priests in Bangkok is estimated at about three thousand; but it probably is greater.

I turn now to another subject. When the prospect of our living in Siam first arose, much pity was lavished on us by our friends; the general impression seeming to be that the climate of Bangkok is intensely hot and very damp, and that a poisonous miasma hangs over the shores of the river. Much to our surprise and pleasure these assertions proved unfounded. From my own experience, and from the testimony of others who had long been resident, I can state that the heat is not so great, even during the most unpleasant months, nor at any time, as that of the north coast of China, or even of Hong Kong, during two of the summer months. The hot season in Siam begins in March and lasts till the end of April. Both the missionaries and their wives informed me that the heat never is distressing. With May begins the rainy season, or monsoon. This is not an unpleasant time of year; the air is deliciously fresh and cool; everything seems visibly to grow, and even self-willed English constitutions appear as though it were incumbent on them to thrive and rejoice in the great huge washing-day of nature. The depth of rain falling at Bangkok during the year must be very great. I never saw it descend elsewhere in such determined torrents. The noise of its fall was at times so overpowering that it was scarcely possible to make oneself heard even when speaking round the dinner-table.

Rain-water is much prized by the Siamese, and carefully collected in large jars by the upper classes; sixty or eighty of them containing from twelve to fourteen gallons each, are considered to be about sufficient for the supply of a family until the next monsoon. The missionaries, hitherto almost the only foreign residents, have adopted the custom. They store the water in large rooms, under their houses, keeping it under lock and key as if it were good wine. The longer it is preserved in porous jars, the sweeter it becomes. Some which had been kept for three years had a clear pleasant flavour far surpassing that of any water I had ever before drunk. With so broad and rapid a river, capable of supplying the needs of three such cities as Bang-

kok, it may seem an unnecessary precaution to preserve rain-water. The river being, however, thick and muddy, its water cannot be used even for washing, until it has stood for a day. When the sediment has fallen it is bright and clear, and some people prefer it. The Roman Catholic bishop, Monsieur Pallegoix, told me he considered it the best, both as to taste and wholesomeness. If his reverence often partook of it, he must have ignored the fact that the entire population of Bangkok is perpetually bathing, and that the river also forms the one great drain of the city and surrounding country, so that the water must necessarily be impregnated with much noxious matter,—though, to be sure, the current is swift, and clean water is perpetually coming to be dirtied. Indeed, the natives own that drinking river-water causes diarrhœa.

The cool season begins in November. I had only experience of it for a few days, but throughout December and January the air is exhilarating and healthy; it resembles that of soft spring days in England, with the addition of the brilliant sky of the tropics. All the foreigners to be observed in and around the city, even those who have resided there for years, look healthier and more robust than the majority of those at Hong Kong or in the northern ports of China. Fevers, except in connexion with ague, are unknown; but one disease there is, peculiar to the climate or soil,—the much dreaded dysentery. If it attack the European here, it proves almost invariably fatal. Should the patient be removed in time, recovery may possibly result, but alarming symptoms seldom appear until it is too late for any change to restore health and life The natives hold it in like dread, but their fear does not prevent them from eating fruit without any precaution, and in unlimited quantities. The few foreign children in Bangkok, appear to enjoy health, and to feel less languor, than the generality of those in the hot climates of the East. The epidemic diseases incident to childhood, if known at all, assume their mildest forms, and occasion little suffering or inconvenience.

Small-pox is the worst scourge of the country, and vaccination has only been introduced lately by the missionaries. The difficulty in obtaining good vaccine matter, has been an impediment in their way; but, now that the communication with Singapore has become much more regular and easy, we may hope the use of lymph will become general. The two kings, with their favourite wives and children have been vaccinated, and the natives readily submit to the operation, under the impression, that the good derived from it is supernatural. The study of medicine is to some extent pursued, and the native doctors have no mean opinion of their own skill. Each selects some form of disease to which he devotes his sole attention. They use their own medicines, which are principally herbs; but I saw a prescription of which two ingredients were deer's horns and toads' skins.

It is always an interesting experiment to commence housekeeping in a new country, without the resources usually at command in civilised places. Of such experience I had the full benefit at Bangkok. The house required that every arrangement and appointment should be made in it for the comfort and supply of a family, and this without any one appliance or apparent means at hand. There were no pots or pans, none of the numerous conveniences the value of which is scarcely known or heeded till the want of them is understood. On first essaying to make some pastry, my dismay was great at finding that there was neither board nor roller to be had; and, when their place was, for the time, supplied by the lid of a packing-case and an empty beer-bottle, a new difficulty arose because there was no oven. In my necessity I was proud to invent one in which two large unbaked earthen pans were the main feature, and which did duty for six weeks in a manner not to be despised. To keep up a certain amount of appearance was, in our position, of course necessary, and it was impossible not to find interest and amusement in the absurd shifts to which we were sometimes reduced. The market, though abundantly supplied with necessaries, offered so little variety of food that the task of keeping a good table was no easy one Of chickens, ducks, eggs, yams, and fruit, there was unlimited allowance. Venison was also easily procured during a great part of the year; but the demand having been uncertain, the natives met it with a like uncertainty. On one occasion, when a dinner-party was in contemplation, I endeavoured to provide against any mishap, by seeking the assistance of the king's head cook (Angelina was her name). Through the interpreter—a Portuguese half-caste, named Victor—it was arranged that she should have a bullock killed, on condition of my taking one quarter of the animal—a formidable joint. Victor himself faithfully promised to bring a supply of pigeons; a friend on whom he could rely having engaged to catch them at daybreak. When the day arrived, the cook received his morning orders, with the list of dishes required—all, or nearly all, to be compounded of the beef and pigeons. At eleven o'clock I received a message. No meat of any kind had appeared. Victor was therefore immediately despatched to Angelina, also to his friend who was responsible for the pigeons. After nearly an hour's absence, he returned, highly excited, to announce that Angelina had forgotten her promise, but had just sent into the country to catch a cow! With regard to the pigeons, the friend had been unsuccessful in all efforts to catch them; in fact had been too idle to take the trouble. This was a dilemma for

me, with the prospect of guests who were to arrive soon after six o'clock, and no resource left me but chickens and the help of Soyer's Shilling Cookery Book. Were that little volume in need of recommendation, mine it should have, for never did the cunning of a cookery book come more nobly to the rescue of a distressed housewife. Every ingenious contrivance turned out well; and, of the eighteen people who sat round the table, two only knew how narrowly the others had escaped a fast.

Nor was it in the commissariat alone that ingenuity was taxed. Often I had to turn laundress; and even carpentering, cabinet-making, and the like, needed superintendence, for, ideas as to turning the legs of a table were none of the clearest among those professing skill in such matters. In Siam furnishing a house, even in the roughest and most primitive manner, is no easy task. One has first to find a carpenter—or rather a man who can use a saw and other tools without cutting himself. Having engaged his services for a certain number of days, at a stipulated price, one has to advance him money for the purchase of wood, nails, and other material, which are all brought into the house. This done, it is necessary to draw the Carpenter a picture, and to give him the exact measurement of everything, as he has no designs whatever of his own, and when instructed, commonly contrives to do exactly the reverse of what has been directed. Incessant watchfulness is required to prevent the article in hand from being altogether rendered useless. Once, when a cupboard had been finished under close superintendence, and our vigilance relaxed, the doors were securely nailed and glued together, under the belief that the whole work of art was intended to stand in the room merely as an ornamental piece of furniture.

The Siamese do not make good servants, for they are by nature intensely idle. They will serve for a short time, until, having earned a sufficient number of tirals (or half-crowns) to keep them in food for a few months, they declare that they are tired of work, and must go home and rest. Necessaries of life are so extremely cheap, that the natives can live on an incredibly small sum. Even one tiral (or half-crown) a month is said to be enough to keep a Siamese in food; having food, he is content, for anything in the way of tailor's bill can cause no very perceptible drain on the exchequer. The peculiar system of slavery also causes servants to be either hired or kept with difficulty. Every Siamese below a certain rank must be a slave, and, if not owned by anyone else, is the king's property. It is a mild form of slavery, and when cause of complaint exists, the slave can himself, at any time, change masters by bringing his purchase-money to the old one, who is compelled to give him up without a question. The missionaries and other foreigners accepted the plan of nominally purchasing any servant who wished to remain in his place and promised to be useful, by allowing him to work for his purchase-money until he redeemed himself. The plan is open to some obvious objections, but it seems to be the only security against the annoyance of incessant change. Slaves are allowed to hire themselves out, on condition that they pay the chief part of their wages to their masters, in the hope of ultimately working out their freedom. This hope owners frustrate by charging heavy interest upon the value of the slave and upon every loan that is made, so that the debt grows rather than diminishes. Owing to these circumstances, most of the domestic servants are the emigrant Chinese, who become naturalised and form a large portion of the population. They make excellent servants in all parts of the world, being unequalled in their readiness to learn; but they have the drawback of a like quickness in cheating their employers. The Siamese are hopeless. It may seem a singular demand for a servant, to be allowed, from two to three hours at noon for sleep; the Siamese will not give up this luxury on any terms, and simply decline continuing their work when the hour comes round for the siesta. They have a real fear of labour. I have frequently, on going into my bedroom, found the apology of a servant lying half-asleep against the wall, in a state of exhaustion: the unswept apartment testifying to the limited extent of her exertions. A remonstrance only met with the reply, "That it was very hot, she was tired, and could do no more." There was need, then, to turn chambermaid on the spot, while the poor overworked damsel sat coolly on the floor watching the broom. Had I known how to scold in Siamese, she would most probably have left, and the trouble would have been again incurred of teaching to make beds. The art of making beds, is an unfathomable mystery to these people, whose only bed is a mat spread on the floor. It seemed to be a vain labour day after day, to convince the obtuse maid, that the usual order of arranging sheets and blankets was essential to our comfort. She steadfastly looked upon it as immaterial, whether blanket or counterpane were placed first; and her favourite system was to smooth the blankets carefully over the mattrass, then to spread the counterpane with the sheets next over it, the pillows over these, and last of all, the bolster. Another daily cause of vexation to her spirit, was the dressing of her little charge—the child already mentioned. She looked down upon it as quite a work of supererogation; and the order in which clothes were worn, ever remained to her an inexplicable riddle. After some of her attempts the child would occasionally come down-stairs with her under garments over her frock; once, her

socks were carefully drawn over her shoes, although that was a feat not easy to accomplish.

Much of the healthiness of Bangkok, as a densely populated oriental city, may be attributed to the custom of burning the dead—general in Siam. Of the existence of this practice I had been ignorant, and it was first brought to my knowledge in a very odd way. On the morning after our arrival, while breakfasting at the house of the American consul, much stir and excitement arose among the servants. Chairs and tables were conveyed away; china and glass disappeared; and constant messages passed to and fro, apparently for the benefit of The Prince. Curiosity was natural in us, and we asked whether the nobles were in the habit of borrowing the civilised appliances and property of foreigners? "No," was the reply, "they do not generally do so; but the prince, being a near neighbour, considers himself privileged. He is about to burn his mother, and anxious to borrow any articles of service to him for the festivities usual on such occasions." Burn his mother! I found that the old lady being dead, her body was to be burned in the grounds of a neighbouring temple, where the funeral pile was already arranged. The preparations for the ceremony occupied many days, as there were three royal bodies to be consumed together, an uncle of the King's, and a princess having died at the same time. We were invited to the ceremony. I greatly feared lest our visit should be so timed as to oblige us to witness the actual burning, naturally imagining that such a sight could not be very agreeable. Notwithstanding my endeavours to the contrary, we arrived at the moment when the chief priest, with many prostrations and much form, lighted the pile. The three coffins were in the form of urns, about three feet high, covered with gold leaf, but not otherwise ornamented. in these the bodies, already embalmed, had been placed in a sitting posture, with the knees bent closely up. The urns were of iron, and the bottom of each urn was grated. The dead hidden within them were conveyed in procession, attended by a vast number of priests and mourners, to the spot on which they were to be burned. Here had been erected a large pavilion, adorned with flags and flowers, and hung with white and crimson cloth; in the centre there was a raised platform, perforated with three holes, and under each of the holes were laid the materials for a large fire. The urns having been placed over them, the fires were lighted, and the bodies rapidly consumed, the ashes falling down into the glowing embers. The empty urns were removed before we left, and no trace of their former contents was discernible. All unpleasant odour, probably, was overpowered by the fumes of incense used by the priests, and by the fragrant woods of which the fire was made. This was a grand ceremony of the kind, and was attended by both kings and all their wives: we were therefore fortunate in being witnesses. The priests and all those in the remotest degree connected with the deceased, wore white cloth, and girdles of the same, instead of the usual crimson and blue garments, the wives of the kings and all the women were also clothed in white without exception, but this was the only outward sign of mourning. Feasting and merriment succeeded, plays and amusements of all sorts being liberally provided for the people. The musicians in the immediate neighbourhood of the pavilion played a kind of dirge, which was beautifully plaintive, though of a wild character. The effect was increased by the melancholy tone of all Siamese instruments, which is not unpleasing even when quick and lively tunes are played.

On a public festival of this sort the kings and other members of the royal family present the invited guests with a small bag containing twelve or fourteen of the green limes peculiar to the country, into each of which is thrust the smallest of silver coins, called a fuang, in value about threepence halfpenny; sometimes, but very rarely, a gold fuang may be found. Similar limes are scattered by handsful to be scrambled for among the rabble. It frequently occurs on examination that many of the limes are empty, the coin or coins having been purloined by the officer entrusted with the responsible duty of concealing them in the fruit. One of the amusements provided was of a very simple and primitive description. The figures of many animals were cut, in by no means an unartistic manner, out of thick stiff leather, and placed at the end of long sticks of bamboo, and were made to dance up and down in such a way as to cast their shadows on a large white screen, behind which was a brilliant fire The spectators in front testified their delight by shouts and screams These rejoicings were continued for some days.

Another ceremony of the same kind occurred after we had lived about three months in Bangkok, and was conducted with like pomp and display. C.'s invitation was written in English by the first king himself; and, like most of his Majesty's notes, was oddly expressed. He requested that her Britannic Majesty's consul "would attend the funeral obsequiousness of his pore little dear son." Nearly all the foreigners in the city were present on this occasion; and a banquet was prepared for their especial benefit in one of the pavilions. Several of them amused themselves by walking around and watching the arrangements. Among these, a chief noble was suddenly seized with a violent irritation of the leg. For the relief of his annoyance, he, without hesitation, took a knife from the side of a plate, and with it deliberately scratched the offending member for several

minutes, after which he coolly restored the knife to its place.

The decoration of one altar, or rather shrine, at this funeral, was very curious. The entire platform and shrine were covered with flowers, and animals cut out of the skins of fruit; often the fruit itself was used as an ornament. One Indian lizard was particularly conspicuous, and might have been greeted as a brother by any bonâ-fide lizard travelling that way. It was formed of the skin of a water-melon, and the peculiar yellow streaks on the rind served to make the deception perfect. The railing around the shrine was composed of many hundreds of small pint decanters, placed mouth to mouth (one standing inverted on the other), and arranged in rows, the top being bound with a graceful wreath of flowers.

THE BEST MAN.

Passing, the other evening, along a street which offered a short cut to a spot we wished to reach, we happened to look up a narrow court, and saw a fight There was probably nothing remarkable in the mere fact of a fight occurring in that spot Indeed, the calm indifference with which a majority of the bystanders looked on, conveyed the idea that fights were rather the rule than the exception there. We ventured to inquire of a bystander what it was all about.

The individual whom we addressed (apparently connected with the costermongering interest) seemed rather surprised at our question. On our repeating it, he informed us—smiling at our simplicity—that there was no quarrel in the business at all; but, the combatants were, and had ever been, the best of friends. The present contest was simply to decide the question as to which of the two was the best man.

We have already confessed our ignorance of pugilistic technicalities, and therefore do not mind running the risk of being laughed at by admitting that this explanation seemed a strange one. The term "best," try it whatever way we would, could not be brought to suggest to our mind any other meaning than the superlative of "good," and how the greater or lesser goodness of two men could be decided thus, by fisticuffs, we were not able to conceive. The stronger man we thought might be thus proved, or the more ruffianly man, but how "the best"?

"How preposterously illogical!" we exclaimed, turning disgusted from the scene. "The idea of making knock-down blows a test of excellence! Judging of man's virtues or goodness by the power with which they use their fists! Well may we talk of the necessity of education."

Can there be anything more absurd? Yes, when my Lord This, and the Right Honourable Captain That, get up a fight between themselves, simply to decide which is the better man. For what is it when my lord seeks to prove his honour by discharging pistols at the gallant captain—what is it when the gallant captain endeavours to convince the world of his integrity by blowing out his lordship's brains, but a fight to prove which is the better man? The gentleman is no less logical in his proceeding than the costermonger; the only difference being, that the gentleman's tribunal is sometimes a more dangerous one to appeal to than the costermonger's.

A pistol-bullet through the head of him who has traduced your moral character; at any rate, it silences him on the subject for the future. So, in like manner, if the injured party falls, you may be sure all recollection of the injury is completely blotted out from his mind. But a sound thrashing settles a disputed point of rival excellence almost as finally. The costermonger who is hopelessly defeated grants the superior merit of his adversary, and ever afterwards acknowledges him as the better man.

True is it that the victorious pugilist may be a brutal husband, a more brutal father; a drunkard, a blasphemer, bad as a citizen, dishonest as a man—but he has gained the fight! His adversary may be his opposite in everything; and, until now, may have been thought a pattern to his neighbours; but then he got his head broken. No one denies his virtues, but the other is the better man. And so the slanderer, the betrayer, the seducer, has managed by superior skill to shoot the man he wronged. Well, he has given satisfaction. His honour is secured. He is the better man.

So lately as until the beginning of this very nineteenth century of ours, it was the law that questions affecting men's characters or property might be decided by hard blows. Before the passing of the Act, Fifty-ninth of George the Third, chapter forty-six, in the year of Grace one thousand eight hundred and nineteen, was it not written in the statute-book of England that any man might prove his innocence of crimes alleged against him, might establish his right to a disputed property, by fighting his accuser in the criminal, or his opponent in a civil action?—in other words, proving him (the accused or sued) the "better man." Yes; even within the lifetime of the present generation, Trial by Battle, as the legal mode of testing a man's character or probity by fighting was denominated, remained a portion of the English law.

In the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, —as we mentioned in a recent article on Duelling—Abraham Thornton, charged with the murder of a young lady named Mary Ashford, astonished everybody, and somewhat puzzled his judges by refusing to submit his case to be tried by a jury, and by availing himself of the long-since disused, and almost forgotten law which allowed him, instead, to

summon his accuser to a wager of battle, or trial by single combat. In vain was his right to do so questioned by the adverse counsel on the plea that the law of trial by battle was obsolete, not having been employed for some two centuries. The Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough at once decided that as the act had never been repealed, it still formed part of the law of the land. So, Thornton being a powerful athletic fellow, and his accuser—who was, by the bye, the brother of the murdered girl—a weak stripling not more than twenty years of age, the latter declined the proffered combat, and the suspected murderer was set at liberty; a result which, judging from the reported circumstances of the case, and the evidence against him, would hardly have been probable but for his opportune digging up of this long-forgotten law.

The unexpected termination of this trial led to the bringing into parliament the following year, of a bill, "to abolish all appeals of murder, treason, felony, or other offences, and wager of battle, or joining issue, and trial by battle in writs of right."

The wager of battle, like the old ordeals of fire, water, touching the murdered body, and other extraordinary and now obsolete modes of finding out the better or worse man, of course originated in the superstitious belief that Providence would in all cases give the victory to him who had the right upon his side; yet, in spite of this belief, we find some rather singular regulations provided to guard against the battle going too obviously wrong. Such, for instance, as that a party detected in the very commission of the act alleged against him, or under circumstances that left no possible doubt of his guilt, could not claim the right of trial by combat. It would have been so very awkward if he had been victor after all.

One important difference, however, existed in the conduct of the civil and criminal cases. In criminal matters, the accuser and accused met on the field, and fought it out in person; in civil suits the parties fought by proxy. Each employed a sort of physical force barrister. The reason for this, as given by Judge Blackstone, is, that if any party to the suit dies, the suit must abate, and be at an end for the present; and therefore, no judgment could be given for the lands in question, if either of the parties were slain in battle. Another reason was, that no person should be allowed to claim exemption from this mode of trial in a civil action, while there were many circumstances under which the accused party in a criminal charge, was deprived of his choice of trial, and compelled to submit the inquiry to a jury. The fact of the accuser being a female, or under age, or above the age of sixty, or in holy orders, or a peer of the realm, or any one expressly privileged from the trial by battle, by some charter of the king (as were the citizens of London amongst others), or labouring under some material personal defect, as blindness or loss of a limb: any of these, were sufficient ground for refusing the wager of battle.

A brief account of the solemnities observed on the occasion of judicial duels may prove interesting. In a civil trial of a writ of right—by which it was sought to obtain possession of lands or tenements, in the occupation of another—the tenant pleaded the general issue, that is to say, that he had more right to hold than the demandant had to recover, and offered to prove it by the body of his champion. This offer was accepted, the champion was produced, who throwing down his glove as a gage or pledge, waged or stipulated battle, with the champion of opposing party. The latter accepted the challenge by picking up the glove.

A piece of ground, sixty feet square, was set out, enclosed with lists, with seats erected for the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas; who presided at these trials in their full scarlet robes, and a bar was prepared for the learned serjeants-at-law. As soon as the Court had assembled, at sun-rising, proclamation was made for the parties and their champions. These were introduced by two knights, and dressed in coats of armour, with red sandals, bare-legged from the knee downwards, bare-headed, and with bare arms to the elbows. The weapons they were furnished with, though formidable were not deadly. Indeed a fatal termination to these civil combats was rarely if ever known. They were armed only with bâtons, or staves of an ell long, and each carried a four-cornered leathern shield.

On their arrival in the lists, the champion of the tenant took his adversary by the hand, and made oath that the tenements in dispute were not the property of the demandant, the champion of the claimant in precisely the same form, swore in answer that they were. Next, both champions took an oath that they had not made use of any sorcery or enchantment to assist them in the fight. The usual form of this was as follows: "Hear this, ye justices, that I have this day neither eat nor drank, nor have upon me neither bones, stones, nor grass (!) nor any enchantment, sorcery, nor witchcraft, whereby the law of God may be abased, or the law of the devil may be exalted. So help me God and his Saints."

Then the fight commenced, and they were bound to fight the whole day through, until the stars appeared, or until one was beaten. If the victory could be achieved either by the death of a champion (a very rare occurrence), or by either proving recreant; that is by yielding, and pronouncing the horrible word Craven; a word of no absolute meaning; "but," says Blackstone, "a horrible word indeed to the vanquished champion, since as a punishment

to him for forfeiting the lands of his principal by pronouncing that shameful word, he is deemed as a recreant amittere liberam legem, that is to become infamous being supposed by the event to be foresworn; and therefore, never to be put upon a jury or admitted as a witness in any cause!"

The proceedings in criminal cases were very similar to the above, only the oaths of the two combatants were much more striking and solemn. Blackstone gives the following as the form; the accused party holding the bible in his right hand, and his antagonist's hand in the other, said:—

"Hear this, oh, man! whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself John by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Thomas by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy father, William by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony, so help me God and the Saints, and this I will defend against thee by my body as this court shall award."

The accuser answered in the same form, making oath to his antagonist that he was perjured, which he will defend with his body, &c., as before. The same weapons were employed, and the same oaths, against amulets and sorcery as in the civil combat. If the accused party yielded, he was ordered to be hanged immediately; but, if he could vanquish his opponent, or maintain his ground from sunrise to starlight, he was acquitted. The same penalties of infamy and loss of citizenship awaited the accuser if he yielded, as fell to the lot of the recreant champion; in addition to which, the victor could recover damages for the false accusation.

Such were the laws which regulated the old institution of the wager of battle. But all these things have passed away, and it is left now for poor unlettered roughs assembled at street corners, or disputing in their tap-rooms, and for duellists, to fight by way of proving the best man. Yet not entirely so, either. When a despotic sovereign bent on self-aggrandisement lays claim to territories not his own: when other nations interfere, and tell him he has no right to back his claims, and when at last the question is put to the dread arbitrement of war. What is this after all, but a gigantic fight to prove the better man?

LUTFULLAH KHAN.

Among the Mahommedans of India, the definition of the word gentleman, as applied to a native, is of a very vague character. It may mean merely what is called a Bhula Admee, or respectable person; and that respectable person may exercise any calling not absolutely unclean or servile. Also, the gentleman may be a courtly noble of Delhi or Hyderabad, proud of his ancestry and refined manners, or a Moslem Zemindar, or a great Rajpoot landholder, compared with the antiquity of whose race the Bourbons and Hapsburghs are mere mushrooms. Lastly, the title of gentleman is given to those descendants of the kinsmen or companions of the prophet who are called Synds in Hindostan, and Emirs in Turkey, and whose right to wear turbans of the sacred colour is an inheritance, fruitful in the respect and contributions of less holy believers.

To this last class belongs a remarkable Mahommedan named Lutfullah—well educated, intelligent, and singularly devoid of prejudices, as compared with the majority of his brethren in the faith; and who, having seen much of his countrymen and of ours; having had experience of war, of diplomacy, and of adventure, has favoured the Faithful with his autobiography. This has been admirably edited by Mr. Eastwick, for the benefit of us Feringhee Unbelievers. The result is a book, which for every kind of interest to charm the reader who delights in eastern adventure and eastern manners, is not equalled in modern literature. Lutfullah's manners are polished, his learning unusual for an Asiatic, and his pedigree eclipses any which the Heralds' College could produce; for it commences with Adam, and ends, at the ninetieth descent, in Lutfullah himself. This distinction, however, is not very uncommon in Asia; where a Hindoo Rajah, a Tartar, or an Arab horse-dealer is always prepared to furnish authentic family trees, equine or human, extending to the first man or the first horse. Lutfullah's family was not only ancient, but had great pretensions to sanctity.

An ancestor had, in the fifteenth century of our era, not only been canonised as a saint, but was high in favour with a pious sultan. Accordingly, a superb shrine was erected over his ashes, and his descendants were appointed its guardians, and provided for by a liberal endowment. For three centuries the saint's posterity were rich and prosperous; but, when the Mahratta conquest occurred, Anno Domini seventeen hundred and six, the pagan intruders confiscated the property of the shrine. When Lutfullah, therefore, came into the world, at the beginning of the present century, he found himself heir apparent to two acres of land which had been left in possession of his forefathers, and of a share of such offerings as might be made at the tomb.

This heritage, miserable as it was, attracted to Lutfullah the hatred of his cousins; and their greedy envy, as we shall see, nearly proved fatal to him at the outset of life. His native place was a decayed city of Malwa, in Western Hindostan, a part of the country where Synds are less plentiful, and where they are more considered, than in the Delhi district. But the offerings of the faithful were still scarcely enough to keep the saintly family from starvation.

Lutfullah's father died, leaving him, at the age of four, to the care of his mother and uncle. Mother and uncle had enough

to do, as years went on, to provide for the sustenance of the family, and to keep in order that little Mussulman Pickle, the young Lutfullah. His mother's dowry consisted of jewels to the modest value of four hundred rupees (forty pounds), and the sale of these warded off actual starvation. Meanwhile, the uncle transcribed manuscripts for sale, and attended carefully to the shrine. One source of profit this pious family of Synds enjoyed, which illustrates strangely the morality of India beyond the reach of British power. Those were the palmy days of Pindhareeism. Vast bodies of horsemen used to assemble two or three times a year, but generally at the end of the rainy season, to make a lubhar, or foray, across the richest and most undefended provinces. Any chief of name and energy could raise an army in a month. The Pindharees had no baggage; they had no cannon; they had no infantry. Avoiding battles, shunning difficult mountains, they swept over India like a besom, and destroyed as much or more than they carried away. On their unshod horses they often accomplished eighty miles in a single day. The terror they spread, the damage they did, were only to be equalled by the difficulty of catching them. Our heavily accoutred light horse pursued them in vain. Our native sowars flinched from the sight of their forests of spears. Infantry could never reach them, except by surprise or ambuscade. Their cruelty equalled their cunning. Every torture, from the nose-bag full of hot ashes to the torments of Regulus, was used to extort money, though often the stubbornness of the Hindoo prevailed; the merchant died under the infliction, and the knowledge of his hoard died with him. Yet, these fierce marauders, being chiefly Moslems, not only respected the relatives of Lutfullah, but gave them presents.

Meanwhile, the little Lutfullah grew up, a clever and mischief-loving imp. He went through the approved course of a believer's education, though not many Mahommedans learn as much as he did, who was a Moulah's son, and almost a priest from the cradle. Koran chanting, to read and write Hindustani and Persian, with the rudiments of Arabic (for the Koran is learned by rote) were his accomplishments. But he played sundry pranks, which he relates with infinite glee. He sorely singed and blew up with gunpowder the white beard of a holy man, Sheikh Nusrullah, and for this he was beaten by his uncle and schoolmaster; while his mother threatened to burn him with red-hot pincers if he sinned again. He did sin again by hocussing his schoolmaster's coffee. Soon after this his envious cousins, who were well-grown lads, invited him to bathe, decoyed him into the deepest part of a tank, in front of a ruinous Hindoo temple, and left him to drown. He was saved by a benevolent Hindoo, the priest in charge of the pagan temple, one Rajaram, who hung him, head downwards, from a tree, and, in fact, tormented him in exactly the good old English fashion of recovering half-drowned persons. But Rajaram tended the child well, protected him from his cruel cousins, and refused all recompense, though he lived on alms. Lutfullah's health next became precarious; his relations told him that to eat meat was to die; he at once longed for meat, ate it, and recovered. He was then recommended to addict himself to the hookah. It would do him good, would be a tonic, an antidote, everything. So, at eight years of age Lutfullah became a smoker.

Not long after, the child accompanied his uncle to Baroda, where for the first time he saw some of those wonderful Europeans, whom he had so often heard abused or ridiculed as absurd unbelievers, marvelled at as white or "skinless" men, and reluctantly praised for the one quality of inflexible justice. The dress of the Europeans, tight fitting and unoriental, much offended Lutfullah's young eyes. To him it seemed ungraceful and indelicate. In after times this impression wore off in part; but in part only. In the course of a second journey, his mother was persuaded to marry a second time. Lutfullah's stepfather was a dark and portly man, an officer of the Mahratta Prince, Scindiah, but of course a Mahommedan, or he would not have been thought worthy a Synd's widow. Lutfullah never liked the subahdar, who, however, was kind to him at first, and taught him to ride and to handle arms. Soon after, the subahdar fell into disgrace, a guard was sent to secure his person and property, and nothing but Lutfullah's address and boyish cleverness saved his stepfather's life and money-bags. The subahdar rose again in his prince's favour; but soon after he had settled at Gwalior, as one of Scindiah's body-guards, and young Lutfullah had received a handsome mare, sword, spear, and shield, and was becoming a little soldier, times changed. The subahdar became cruel and exacting, and finally gave his stepson a merciless beating. The boy's mother was absent, his spirit was high, and he ran away, carrying with him a loaf of bread, a rupee or two, his little scimitar, and a beautiful copy of Hafiz, which was a gift from the Maharajah.

There is something strange and touching in the notion of the lonely little Moslem boy threading the jungle paths, and venturing out into the world alone. His first encounter was with a kind shepherd, who gave him milk; his second was with a pretty Rajpoot maiden, drawing water, who gave him to drink, but could not suffer a Mussulman to touch her pitcher. His third acquaintance was a Thug, named Jumaa, or Friday, who tried to induce the boy to join his murderous gang. It is very rare for a Thug to be found quite alone like this Jumaa; who was probably the decoy-duck, or Sothae, of a band. The

strangler was, however, very communicative, told many anecdotes of crime to Lutfullah, and tried to dazzle him by exhibiting one hundred and twelve gold mohurs, which he poured out from a bag. He spared Lutfullah, as being penniless and useful. It is not a little to Lutfullah's credit that this recruiting sergeant of murder failed to enlist him, for so plausible are the ringleaders of Thuggee, that the magistrates who are employed in the suppression of the system have repeatedly avowed their conviction that a single adept is capable of inoculating an entire district with the views of Bhowaneeism. Jumaa exacted a solemn oath on the Koran that his young acquaintance would never betray him; but Lutfullah, although well aware that perjury was wrong, ran breathless into the nearest town, and gasped out "Jumaa, the Thug," to the soldiers on guard, at the same time pointing towards the ruined temple where the unlucky worshipper of Bhowanee was yet asleep. In a very brief time the wretched Jumaa, bound, bruised with clubs, and gashed with sword-cuts, was dragged before the Rajah, and straightway blown from a great cannon. Although Orientals are but too much used to lying and deception from the cradle, Lutfullah felt some remorse for his broken oath. Pity for the criminal he never thought of.

Enriched by ten golden mohurs, part of the booty of the executed Jumaa, presented to his young betrayer by the Rajah, Lutfullah pursued his way to Agra. There he was hospitably cherished by the relations of his father's first wife, for five years, during which he pursued his studies. The hakim, or native physician, of one of Scindiah's brothers-in-law, at length took Lutfullah into his service, as superintendent of his household. Under this learned person's protection the boy, now grown a handsome youth, visited Delhi, and was much impressed by the grandeur of the buildings, the politeness of the inhabitants, and the rich cultivation of the district through which the caravan traversed. Lutfullah was, for a Moslem, anything but fanatical, yet he cannot, even now, suppress a sigh of bitter regret for the vanished glories of the Mogul empire and the decay of that capital which was the trophy and bulwark of Islamism.* In fact, to a Mahommedan, Delhi is what Rome is to an Italian, the humbled queen and mistress of cities, a perpetual reproach, and a dangerous memento of ages of conquest and splendour.

Lutfullah was reconciled to his stepfather; but never quite forgave his former ill-usage. His wish to see his mother once more, made him quit his employment, and he travelled to Ujjain, where he found his only surviving parent living in unwonted comfort. Soon the secret of this prosperity came out. The subahdar and his brother-in-law were robbers, and the house of Lutfullah's mother was the receptacle of their booty. Lutfullah, reluctant to live on ill-gotten gains, set off once more in quest of adventures. He fell in with a party of twenty-five Pathans, or Affghan soldiers, a race eminent for valour and strength. The chief, who professed to be in military service at Poona, offered to take the clever young Lutfullah as secretary and accountant of his troop. The salary was tempting, the chief, Musa Khan, a civil spoken personage, and, in an evil hour, Lutfullah complied. The band journeyed through a wild country, until, among rugged mountains and tangled ravines, a Bheel village lay before them. Then Lutfullah discovered how pitiably he had been entrapped. This village among the mountains of Candeish was the camp of Nadir, a Bheel robber chieftain, who commanded five hundred marauders of his own tribe, and under whose orders, also, were the band of Affghans. Poor Lutfullah, in fact, like Gil Blas, had fallen among thieves.

To do the savages justice, they did not spill blood unless when heated by resistance. But they deprived their captives of all their possessions, even to their clothes; and, presenting them with a cotton cummerbund as a substitute, allowed them to depart. When one of the robbers was disabled by wounds, his comrades put him to death at once, and, carrying back his head to the mountains, burned or buried it. In this manner they avoided any chance of awkward recognitions. In none of these forays did Lutfullah share, though, on one occasion, the freebooters, in high glee, rewarded their young secretary with ornaments and cash to the value of four hundred rupees, which were at once buried under a rock. Retribution soon fell on some of the guilty. The Affghans, glutted with spoil, wished to leave the wilderness and enjoy their hard-won gains. The Bheel chief agreed willingly enough, but declared he would not suffer them to depart until after a mighty feast to be held on the fourth day. For three days fat sheep, opium, sweetmeats, and the like, were plentifully supplied to the Affghans.

On the fourth morning Lutfullah, who had gone abroad before daybreak, was returning, when he suddenly heard yells and cries, and crashing blows of swords and axes, and the well-known war-shout of the Bheels. It was the old drama of savage treachery. The Affghans were being murdered in their huts. A wounded man—one Ibrahim Khan—came running swiftly towards where Lutfullah stood, cold and horror-struck. The Affghan cried out that all the rest were dead. Lutfullah would have fled with the Affghan, but the latter declined having a companion. They separated, and Lutfullah plunged among the savage ravines, scaling heights, pushing through bushes and creepers, ignorant of the road, and knowing nothing of the geography of the country. But the yells of the triumphant Bheels rang behind him,

and spurred him on, panting, bewildered,—without food or weapons—into a region only trodden by robbers and wild animals.

Lutfullah, even if he had been an expert Shikaree, had no gun or other weapon, than a pellet-bow, which an old Bheel had given him, and which the boys of the tribe use against feathered game with amazing skill. These pellet-bows are shaped like an ordinary European bow, but have two strings, between which a slip of network sustains a pellet of hard clay, about the size of a schoolboy's marble. This curious contrivance requires a peculiar twist at the moment of discharging, to prevent the pellet's hitting the sportsman's hand, and Lutfullah missed every shot, until he gave up the hope of maintaining himself by the chace. Luckily there were sufficient wild figs and other fruit, hanging from the dense boughs he threaded his way among, to preserve him from absolute starvation. Water, too, was often to be procured. But he suffered much from fatigue; for, if he sank down for awhile to rest or to snatch a little sleep, the horried war-cries of the Bheels were in his ears, and fancy represented every rustling leaf as the tread of an enemy. Lutfullah, therefore, pushed on, among clouds and crags, and through thickets, until evening came on. With the darkness new fears assailed him. The long, whining howl of the jackal, and the snarl of the dholes, or wild dogs, reminded him that he was an involuntary trespasser on the domains of the wild beasts.

The pellet-bow at length brought down three sparrows and a parrot. The sparrows were lawful food, but the parrot—the parrot was an unhallowed thing! Necessity has no law, and parrot, after all, is not pork; so poor Poll was plucked, roasted, and eaten. Glad was Lutfullah Khan when he caught sight of human forms and faces once more. But, as Robinson Crusoe, after longing for communion with his kind, was yet obliged to shrink away from his first savage visitors, so Lutfullah felt very ill at ease as he approached a party of poor men and women, of the Bheel race, gathering firewood. To his great joy, after some miles of marching, he beheld the gardens and roofs of a civilised community. The village was Hasilpoor, and Lutfullah found food and shelter with that identical Sheikh Nusrullah whose beard he had, in his boyish mischief, so wantonly singed. But the good old Mussulman bore no malice, and tended and fed his guest, very poorly, it is true, but to the best of his power. Here evil news greeted him. His step-father, the subahdar, had quarrelled, at Holkar's capital of Indore, with his brother-in-law. The two robbers had fought, and the subahdar was killed on the spot; his murderer being shot by one of the persons who tried to apprehend him. Then followed one of those memorable sentences, so common among native governments, and which the admirers of Oriental justice would do well to notice. As the two brothers-in-law had broken the peace, and died in a quarrel, the widows and children of the deceased were deprived of all their heritage, and all the property was seized by the peons of Government. Lutfullah found his mother impoverished and dying. Physicians were consulted: the sufferer was removed to her native town; her son tended her with anxiety and affection, but she died soon after her arrival at Ujjain, leaving her little boy to Lutfullah's care. Lutfullah's purse ran dry at the end of the funeral ceremonies, and he was very thankful to obtain the postmastership of a village called Dharampoor, at the foot of the Sindua Pass. Thus, for the first time, Lutfullah ate the salt of the English Government. But in four months the post ceased to traverse Dharampoor, and Lutfullah's employment was at an end.

Finding his way to different European stations, he procured employment of a nature suited to his abilities, becoming a Moonshee, or language-master, to various European officers. He continued, with a few interruptions, to give instruction in the Oriental languages until the year eighteen hundred and thirty five. At Surat he learned our language, which he styles the most difficult in the world, after eight years' study of it. He dived with eagerness among the treasures of our literature, enjoyed our poets, was enlightened by our philosophers, and even translated part of Goldsmith's Natural History into Persian. Sometimes he was the instructor of some young officer in Hindustani, sometimes a clerk or translator in the Company's pay, sometimes the confidential servant of a titular Nawab or Mahratta Rajah. He never failed, however, to tire speedily of the meanness and depravity of his native employers, and to return to his favourite masters, the English. Under British protection he marched with armies, explored almost untrodden mountains, made repeated sea voyages, and shared, as a noncombatant, in several campaigns.

Lutfullah's first experience of actual war was in a skirmish between the detachment he accompanied and a body of Scindians. The latter were surprised and signally defeated; but turned out afterwards to be friends, and, in fact, allies, whom a crafty native had avenged some old grudge upon by pointing them out as enemies to the British. The second expedition was against the revolted islanders of two sacred places, Dwarka and Bet. Here Lutfullah beheld some sharp fighting, for the idolaters possessed cannon and a strong fort. The place was taken, but the garrison died sword in hand, showing the most stubborn courage. On exploring the sacred islands, Lutfullah was surprised and affected at discovering the shrine of a Mahommedan saint, one Pir Patta, of beatified memory, "a light of Islam," as he says, "shining lustrously in the

heart of the darkness of paganism." There are few nations in the world who resemble the Hindoos in the strange but decorous reverence they show to every worship and creed, however hostile. The Buddhist shrines, it is true, were destroyed during the long struggle between Brahminism and its world-embracing offshoot, the faith of Buddha. But to pollute or injure a Mahommedan minor or musjid, to deface a Moslem saint's mausoleum, or to tear away the relics that decorate a mosque, does not ever seem to present itself to the imaginations of the worshippers of Siva. They have endured, but, in this respect at least, they appear to be wanting in the very wish to retaliate.

On a third foray, directed against an outlaw tribe, the Kattis, who were to be hunted up and down the Ghir mountains, Lutfullah beheld one of those Hindoo hermits, whose fame for sanctity is so great, and who are assuredly no hypocrites, for they receive no alms, and refuse all human intercourse. Many, in fact the majority, of the Fakeers of India, Hindoo or Moslem, are a mere noisy gang of bawling impostors, who take up their trade simply to live in idleness and luxury, and to whom the superstitious ryots, male and female, can deny nothing. Others are mild and tolerant in their conversation with a passing European; it is seldom that any but a bellowing impostor greets a foreigner with a curse or a scowl, and they often refuse money, and even food, scrupulously accepting enough for each day's sustenance, and giving the rest to some hungry wayfarer. One day, as Lutfullah and his pupil for the time, Lieutenant Spencer, were riding among the mountains, the small force of soldiers being in advance, they were surprised by finding a deserted fire. On inquiring of their syces, who ran beside the horses' heads, to whom the fire belonged, the trembling Hindoos replied that the fire must have been kindled by one of the Aghori Babas, or Omnivorous Fathers, and that he would be angry if the party lingered. A few paces farther on, the travellers came to the edge of a prodigiously deep valley, and saw the hermit, already at a great distance, and hurrying down the steep declivity with the sure-footed swiftness of a mountain goat. He often looked round, and Lutfullah's English pupil, being very anxious to converse with one of these extraordinary personages, beckoned and shouted lustily, but the holy man only fled the faster. The hill-side being frightfully steep, the monk was not followed, except by the telescope, which revealed him as a noble-looking old fellow, with a long white beard and shaggy hair like silver falling over his shoulders, keen, sparkling eyes, and no clothing, save a coating of wood ashes, which are some protection from the cold of winter. The detachment fixed its head quarters at Tulsi Sham, a Hindoo monastery among the mountains. Here the camp-followers and non-combatants suffered much from hunger, but threats of sacking the monastery induced the Hindoo abbot to open his vast granaries. It should be mentioned, however, that the worthy superior, when once frightened into producing grain at all, produced it as a gift; refusing any money payment, and feeding the whole of his unwelcome guests, gratis, while he declared the corn was not his, but entrusted to his stewardship to relieve the needy.

The expedition lasted three months; by which time the rebellious Kattis were utterly broken and destroyed. Lutfullah's pupil being now a proficient in Hindustani, the Moonshee returned to Surat, which, during all the later part of his life, he has considered as his home. His sojourn there, on this occasion, was brief, but his curiosity—a rare quality with a Moslem—prompted him to visit by stealth one of those curious cemeteries where the Parsee fire-worshippers expose their dead in roofless towers, to be picked to the bone by vultures and hawks. The Guebres are very jealous of the sanctity of these places; and Lutfullah, who, after clambering to the summit of a tower full of skeletons, scattered bones, and half-decayed corpses, had the ill-luck to fall from his perch with a noise that alarmed the warder, was glad to escape without being stoned or beaten to a jelly. Leaving Surat, Lutfullah next took service with a young Mahratta prince, to whom he was Persian translator. His salary was small, but his duties were light, being chiefly to play chess with the prime minister, and to lose every game. But, the shabby conduct of his new masters—who deprived him of the presents given him by Scindia at a grand ceremony—made him once more abandon them for his old friends the English. He again taught languages, never ceasing to learn as well as to teach; and, after some time, finding that his servants cheated him, he married, as he very naïvely relates, that he might have a housekeeper. Marriage, however, by no means appeared to suit him, and he indulged in many sage remarks on the futility of human wishes. His conscience, however, more tender than those of most of his co-religionists, forbade him to divorce his wife on slight grounds; but he complains bitterly of the expense and responsibility of the married state.

About this time he went, with some of his English pupils, to witness a suttee. His English friends did their utmost to dissuade the young widow—a handsome girl of fifteen—from the sacrifice she was bent on; but public opinion, fanaticism, and the powerful stimulants secretly administered by the Brahmins, made the victim defy reason, and even pain; for, before mounting the fatal pile she actually wrapped her finger in oiled rags, and setting it on fire so that it burned like a candle, triumphantly exhibited it to the Europeans; who having no authority, as

at present, to interfere by force, reluctantly withdrew.

Lutfullah's memory is wonderfully tenacious of acts of kindness, and alas, of affronts, especially when offered by a foreigner. Indeed, he judges the English by a stricter standard, in all their dealings with himself, than he applies to his own countrymen; and every hasty word of a testy commandant, every instance of neglect by a governor or envoy, is minutely registered at the distance of a quarter of a century. Yet Lutfullah, so sensitive in his dealings with his Christian masters, was not disposed to tolerate familiarity from the inferior classes of his countrymen; and on one occasion, when a tired pedestrian, in mean clothes, with a valise on his shoulder, accosted him at the door of the Scinde Residency, Lutfullah roughly repulsed him as a beggarly traveller. However, seeing the man sit down very humbly under a tree, and begin to eat a crust of bread, Lutfullah relented, and sent him some curry by a servant, who brought word that the shabby pilgrim had vanished. Lutfullah was summoned to the Residency, and there, wonder of wonders! sat beside the Resident, that ragged Moslem adventurer, in a scarlet British uniform. The supposed poor pilgrim was merely an admirable linguist, making his way from India to Constantinople on foot, and disguised.

On his return from Scinde, Lutfullah took service with Mír Jafir Ali Khan, a son-in-law of the old Nawab of Surat; and when the old Nawab died, and a decree of Lord Ellenborough's abolished the titular dignity and pension of the family, it was resolved that Mír Jafir Ali Khan should repair to England, to urge his claims in person. Accordingly, in eighteen hundred and forty-four, Lutfullah accompanied his chief on board a steamer that the young prince had chartered, to convey himself and his suite from Bombay to Ceylon, where they were to be transferred to a packet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company. Besides Lutfullah, an Englishman had been engaged as secretary and interpreter, and a grave old physician, Badr'uddeen, accompanied the party.

The voyage to Ceylon was rough but short, and our Mahommedan voyagers were delighted with the island; though fairly driven out of an English hotel in Colombo, by the agonising sight of a herd of the unclean beasts that were grunting and wallowing in the yard. Of swine, Lutfullah had, in fact, a still more rabid hatred than his countrymen in general; and tries very hard to prove, by the Old and New Testaments, that pork is prohibited meat for Christians.

He was charmed with the comforts he met on board the Bentinck; but, in spite of all the attention of the officers and the excellence of the vessel, his English friends distressed him. They were too great eaters, and could make, he declares, six meals a-day. In India he had been used to look on them as a gluttonous race, and to call them the "omnivorous" English, the "carnivorous" English, and so forth; but the sea-air had apparently sharpened their appetites to a shocking extent.

At Aden, when the Arabs brought donkeys for the passengers to ride from the jetty to the town, the travellers were scandalised. To ride an ass in India is a still more disgraceful act than it is reckoned among Spanish hidalgos; and Mír Jafir Ali Khan, who weighed seventeen stone, lifted up the little animal, as the Arab driver asked him to mount, and called all the imaums to witness that he was fitter to carry the beast than the beast was to carry him.

On the voyage up the Red Sea, at the hour of evening prayer, Lutfullah, more learned than his comrades, turned to the east to repeat his Namsy. This was too much for the more unlettered Indians. It was in vain that Lutfullah pointed out the Arab pilot, who was praying, with his bronzed face turned eastward. Jeering and reproach greeted the absurd heresy which dared to assert that Mecca could be at any point of the compass, save the west, as in India. Lutfullah must be drunk—must be mad—must be turning Kafir. However, the rough old Arab pilot ended the dispute by bidding the Indians turn eastward, like every true believer in Egypt, or else "prepare themselves for hell-fire," for saying Mecca lay to the west.

In Egypt the voyagers had an interview with Mehemet Ali, at his palace of Shubra, and were much impressed by the sight of a man so renowned. And, on the fourteenth of May, they landed at Southampton, and set out from their hotel to see the town. The curiosity of the crowds that collected annoyed them so much that old Doctor Badr'uddeen was desirous to pelt stones at the inhabitants, but was checked by Lutfullah. The journey by railway to London delighted the young Nawab and his followers. They did not know which to admire most,—the verdure of the country or the method of travelling by which fatigue was avoided.

During their stay in England, the Nawab and his attendants saw as many lions as possible, and were pleased with what they saw. They gave themselves up for lost at the Diorama, believing themselves in a wizard's cave; they were charmed by Herr Dobler, while justly declaring the superiority of the jugglers of India; and when Lutfullah descended in the diving-bell, at the Polytechnic, his sorrowing countrymen mourned him as one drowned until by magic he was restored to them. To describe how the Orientals were hospitably entertained, night after night, how they were introduced to people of high rank, how Lutfullah was enraptured by the view of St.

Paul's, and by the courtesy of a personage whom he calls the "Abbot of Westminster," how he was scandalised by the Italian Opera, and delighted by the Hunter Museum, it would take up too much space to narrate. The young Nawab obtained compensation for the loss of his father-in-law's pensions and dignities, and the party returned to India, where Lutfullah, being now a widower, married a second time. He lives with his family at Surat, in a green old age, respected by Europeans and natives, but not, unfortunately, as rich in worldly goods as his many excellent qualities and services would seem to have deserved. His opinions about India, and its condition, are certainly entitled to respect. He was one of the first to point out the cowardice, sloth, and pampered arrogance of the high caste sepoy of Bengal. The cruelty that lay hidden under that sleek exterior he does not seem to have suspected.

LYNDON HALL.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

What had passed into Lyndon Hall? or rather, what had passed from it? The very birds seemed to sing more cheerily in that hoary beech-row, and the Colonel himself forgot his drill manners. Lucy's fascination over him was more potent than ever, and smoothed him to such pleasant serenity that even Norah was included in the general amnesty, and her chain lengthened by a couple of links at the very least. The young men, of course, proposed to leave; but the Colonel, prompted by Lucy, would not accept their dismissal, and insisted on their remaining some weeks longer.

The walks and drives about Lyndon were very lovely. Norah had always taken great delight in them, in her little, quiet, silent way; but she thought them more beautiful than ever now. But the hedgerows looked greener, the dew lay more brightly on the glittering grass, the flowers were more numerous, the birds sang more sweetly this year, than on any preceding years: there was a life, a freshness, a luxuriance she had never noticed before: it was nature without her mask of clouds. She did not know that the change was in herself, not in outward things, and that the light which lay so bright and loving on the world, was the light of freedom, not of heaven. Every one noticed the change in Norah. The very servants discussed it in their hall.

Norah and Edmund were frequent companions. This was by Miss Lucy's manœuvering. Having made up her mind that that they were the two Halves of which the Germans speak, she did her best to fit them together. She hoped to accomplish her moral marquetry before Gregory's return: when it would be too late to "hark back."

"This is pleasant, Lucy," said Norah, suddenly. She and her friend were sitting on the lawn; Edmund, half-lying at their feet, reading aloud. Launce was away with the Colonel, inspecting some improvements.

Lucy looked down at Edmund. She saw his face flush, and his eyes grow large and dark.

"Yes, very enjoyable," she answered. "What do you say, Edmund?"

"I think enjoyable too cold a word," said Edmund, raising his eyes to Norah.

"Take my advice," said Norah hastily. "Do not despise coldness. Do not strain after excess of expression or unbridled feeling. There is nothing like self-command. Mr. Thorold, believe me."

Lucy and Edmund exchanged looks; but Edmund's was full of pain; in Lucy's was a slight sneer, as she thought what a shameful trick Fate had played them all, to throw Him at the feet of one who had not strength or power enough to love him: to waste all that fire and energy in watering desert sand. Ah! if that same fate had but given Gregory to her—his love would have met a far different return.

"My view of life, and of love, is sympathy," said Edmund, gently. "Sympathy certainly cannot change our natures; it cannot make the passionate cold, or the cold passionate; it cannot bend the strong, or nerve the weak; but it can modify. If our uncontrolled impulses wound the one we love, it seems to me the manifest duty of the man, who is the stronger, to fashion himself, so far as he can, into such form as his friend would have him wear; and to check for her sake, all outward expression of what he may not be able to destroy within him. I understand no self-assertion in the man who loves."

Norah did not answer. While Edmund spoke, she looked at him earnestly and sorrowfully, with something very like tears in her eyes. But Norah's tears seldom passed the boundary of her lids.

"Not many men are like you," at last she said, with a gentle sigh.

"O! he is such a gentle, loving creature!" said Lucy to her, when they were alone. "Edmund always reminds me of that statue of the youthful genius you are so fond of; and, by the bye, he is not unlike, in feature; so gentle, so kind, so considerate to others, so full of rare right feeling." She bent her eyes on the little creature earnestly.

"Yes, he is a very interesting boy," Norah answered cordially. "I never knew one I liked to be with so much, or who put me so entirely at my ease. And that is no slight praise from such a nervous person as I am!" she added, half laughing.

Lucy reported her words to Edmund, and cost him a night's rest thereby. It was not only the fulfilment of his own love—for he knew he loved her—that he sought, but her deliverance from a man who held her by force, and made her very life a burden to

her. We all know what a terrible lever to love is fanaticism, and the belief that love is duty.

Norah saw nothing. She had been too long accustomed to the fiery noon of Gregory's passion to see what forms were floating in the soft dim twilight of Edmund's tender affection. Unconsciously she encouraged what she did not recognise. By her gentle kindness and her evident preference; by her silent friendship; by her girlish confidence, she aided hourly in consolidating the fatal fancy she would have destroyed at once, had she known of it. But it never occurred to her that he meant love when she meant only kindness, or that she was answering a passion when she gave back mere kindness. Then, he was so young—such a mere boy!—only just her own age!

Gregory had now been away three weeks. He wrote letters daily that might have been traced in fire: so fiercely loving and so full of burning anguish. They were less painful to Norah than his presence; but, though only letters, they were singularly trying to her. She dreaded them in a weaker degree, but in the same manner as she used to dread his visits and his passionate prayer: "Norah, let me speak with you!"

He said nothing of his return, and nothing of his business. The Colonel alone knew what that business was; and was discreet. Thankfulness at his absence swallowed up curiosity in Norah, and hope in Lucy; so that days and days wore on, and no mention was made of his return. And still Lucy's brothers stayed at Lyndon Hall, and Edmund's soul went deeper beneath the waves which give back nothing living.

But Launce? O! good-tempered, genial, soft-hearted Launce looked on and wondered; and, when he did not wonder, laughed. As for the Colonel, he thought his way was clear before him. Surely he had secured all the approaches! Surely she had not an inch of ground left for defence or for retreat; but, more surely than all, she was willing to capitulate, and did not seek for defence or retreat. And he—he would be proud of his beautiful prize; he would parade her before the eyes of the world, as a priceless gem in a gorgeous setting. He was satisfied there were no flaws in the jewel, and that he would not be disgraced by wearing it. So, the sooner it was set upon his hand the better for her, and the happier for him. But this was just what Lucy did not want. It was premature and disorganising. The explanation must be delayed at least till Norah's affair was settled; and yet the Colonel had grown so pressing. What should she do? Foolish girl that she had been!—why had she heaped up the coals so high? What she had lighted for amusement in the first instance, threatened conflagration now to all around; and no one was to blame but herself. She could have wept at seeing her mine sprung too quickly, and at her inability to stave off the dreaded hour. But weeping her spiteful tears, or smiling her most blandishing smiles, it was all one to Fate and the Colonel: the hour came on inexorably. Colonel Lyndon of Lyndon Hall made her a formal offer of his hand and fortune, in the bay-window of the drawing-room; sitting on the ottoman, and offering this precious prize in such a tone of provoking certainty, that Lucy could have boxed his ears with good-will. As she could not afford herself that satisfaction, she accepted him.

"At all events," said Lucy to herself, "if Gregory and Norah do marry, and I do not wish to tie myself to this old gentleman—but Lyndon is a fine place!—I can always break it off when I like. Better that chance, than refusing him, and being obliged to leave Lyndon and to have all my plans destroyed." "But no one was to know of it," said Lucy, cosily. "It was their dear little secret, and they would keep it sacred for a few days yet." And the Colonel assented. Thus Lucy gained more breathing time.

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"See, how beautiful it is," said Edmund, standing on the flight of steps leading to the lawn. "Will you not come out into the garden, Miss Lyndon? Pray do! it is so delicious, and it will do you good."

He asked her earnestly; and Norah smiled, and stepped through the open window. They strolled on the lawn, Edmund talking as she loved to hear him, in that deep, gentle, half poetic, half metaphysical, and wholly vague and dreamy way of his, which, by its very vagueness, seemed to open new worlds to Norah. She listening quietly and with a certain absorption to which poor Edmund gave a warmer parentage than simple intellectual pleasure. Interested and unconscious, Norah by degrees drew towards the shrubbery. Still listening, she passed through the narrow path, and up the long walk, to the garden-chair beneath the beech-trees.

"Let us sit here," said Edmund.

Norah disregarded the omen of place, and sat down. He stopped speaking. Surprised at his silence, she looked up. The look which met her's—the plaintive, long, beseeching look—surprised her still more. But she did not read it correctly.

"May I speak to you candidly and without reserve?"

"Yes," answered Norah, perplexed.

"Miss Lyndon—" he began; but his voice failed him. "I am afraid of displeasing you," he then said anxiously.

"O, no! you cannot displease me, Mr. Thorold. What have you to say? I am not afraid of any explanations with you," and she smiled.

"Thank you—thank you for that word! Then you will hear me patiently and quietly and without anger, whatever you may reply?"

"Yes," said Norah, with a frank but still perplexed expression, saying to herself; "what can he mean?"

"Have I deceived myself?" he then began; "have I read your heart only by the light of my own? But, no! it cannot all be only the reflection of myself! You do feel for me kindly, affectionately, with sympathy—is it not so, Miss Lyndon? You do!"

He spoke earnestly, but O! so gently—his soft voice falling like music on the air, his manner so controlled, so respectful!

"Yes," said Norah, looking frightened, "I do feel all this for you."

"No more? Must I be content only with friendship? O, Norah! I can keep my secret no longer. Promised though you are to another—but promised to one you do not love, and with whom you are unhappy and ill-assorted—it is no dishonour to seek to free you. If you can gain sufficient strength to break off your present engagement, Miss Lyndon, the whole study of my life will be how best to make you happy; how best to shape my life to yours."

He took her hand: it was cold and trembled.

"I am sorry you have said all this," Norah answered in a low voice, "for now I have lost my companion. I do not love you, Mr. Thorold, and I did not know that you loved me. You were a prized companion—the first I have ever had—and I liked you and felt grateful to you; but, indeed, indeed, I do not love you."

Edmund made no complaint. He only shivered, and turned paler than Norah herself, his forehead and upper lip standing thick with heavy drops.

"Then you love your cousin, who is expected back so soon—perhaps this very day—to claim you?"

Norah was silent.

"I did not know that," continued Edmund, "I did not believe you loved him."

Still she did not speak; she only shuddered slightly and looked down.

"But you forgive me for my presumption?" said the poor youth grievingly, doing his best to prolong the conversation—the last he might ever have with her alone, or on that dangerously dear topic.

"Forgive you?—yes!—but it is not presumption. I have been to blame for not having understood your feelings better. Forgive you? Indeed, yes! but there is no forgiveness needed!"

She spoke fast for her, and almost with warmth.

He raised her hand to his lips, without any show of passion, in a quiet subdued manner only, then left her—very sadly, but patiently and calmly—Norah looking after him sadly, too—feeling as if she should never see that young slight form again.

She was still looking after him when Gregory stood before her. Livid, haggard, worn, with a light in his eyes as in those of a panther about to spring, he stood before Norah like an evil spirit. Norah screamed, and started to her feet. Then, summoning all her self-possession, she sat down again, slowly stiffening into the statue-like, passive, painful immobility which was all that Gregory knew of her.

"I have heard your conversation," said Gregory, bitterly. "Is this the way you keep your vow, Norah? Answer me at once, and without subterfuge, is this what you call faithfulness?"

"I have broken no vow," said Norah.

"No? Then perhaps my ears have deceived me; perhaps I have heard nothing; perhaps it is a dream—a fancy—and young Edmund Thorold has made you no offer of his love. Am I mad, Norah? Am I dreaming? Have I my actual senses, and yet you dare tell me to my face that you have kept your faith with me?"

"If you have heard all, cousin, you will know that I have done so."

"Proof of which, I find my rival pouring out words of love to you! That looks like woman's faith, surely. O Norah, Norah!" he cried, dropping this bitter satire of his manner for the wild love natural to him, "is it not maddening for any man to have the thing he loves profaned by the love of another? Is it not torture, think you, on returning home to claim the treasure of one's life, to find a rude hand laid on the casket, and one's very title disputed? Norah, what did I hear when my eager blood had flown to my heart for joy to find myself so near you, —what did I hear? A boy telling you that you did not love me, and you suffering the lie to go forth uncontradicted! Not love me!—not love me! Ay, before God and man, you do! I have come for you, Norah; I have come to bid you fly with me to-night; to leave all, and follow me, as you swore you would do; to be mine—indissolubly mine—before heaven and the world; never more to be taken from me—never more to be separated. Norah, Norah! I call on you now to fulfil your promise, and to come!"

"To-night, cousin? Secretly! Without my father's knowledge? No, no!" said Norah, terrified.

He seized her in his arms.

Despair and terror nerved Norah. "No, cousin, no," she said, "I cannot do this without my father's consent."

"Then that lad spoke true. You do not love me," groaned Gregory. "O! what prevents my killing you now, as you lie back upon my arm? What better death for both?" he muttered, passing his hand inside his vest, and laying it on the handle of a dagger always worn there.

"You may kill me if you will, cousin," said Norah, her terror lending her the semblance of courage.

"Kill you! Not a hair of that golden head should come to harm by me!" cried

poor Gregory, pressing his lips upon her head. "My life! my love! Harm from my hand? Never! Never! Harm to myself first. But you love me, too?"

"No," said Norah, "I do not love you, cousin."

"You do not love me? Then you love him? Woe to him!"

"Cousin," said Norah, faintly, "I do not love him. I love no one."

Norah never knew, in after years, how much was true, and how much fancy, of what she thought she remembered of the time when her cousin leapt the meadow-hedge, and she told him, with the courage of despair, that she did not love him.

Twilight was drawing on. In a distant part of the park, Edmund Thorold was seen by a pair of watchful eyes to walk by the river-side. The youth was thinking of the scene beneath the beech trees, lamenting over his ill fortune, grieving that he had tempted fate too soon, but above all, grieving that he must leave the first and only woman he had yet found to realise his ideal; that he must leave her to slavery and misery, while he went out to desolation and despair. He sat down on the branch of a tree overhanging the river, just where it ran most rapidly, through the arches of the bridge,—where it was deepest, wildest, and noisiest. A stealthy step crept up to him as he sat, but he saw nothing: his face was pressed upon his arms, and these were laid against the tree, and the rushing water deadened every sound. Suddenly he heard a cry. He started up. A dark face glared over him, a hand was on his throat, and he was swung through the air like a child, then dashed heavily upon the rocks below. A slight moan, a faint stirring of the limbs, the broken eddy boiling and roaring for a moment, then closing again; and the river ran reddened over a bleeding corpse.

That night Lucy Thorold eloped with Gregory Lyndon.

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

The next day Lyndon Hall was in confusion. Edmund missing,—not at home all night; Lucy flown; Norah like a ghost; Gregory seen stealing about the place in a mysterious and burglarious fashion,—all these wild reports met Colonel Lyndon as he descended to the breakfast-room, where Launcelot Thorold, agitated and abashed, was the only one to greet him. Norah had not yet come down. It was with great effort that she came at all, for she was painfully ill.

"What does this mean?" said the Colonel, angrily. "Is all the household in league to bewilder me? Do you understand it, Mr. Thorold? Where are your brother and sister? Where, too, is Norah? What" (an untranslatable expletive) "is the meaning of all this, sir?"

"I do not know where my brother is," replied Launcelot. "He has not been at home all night. My sister, I grieve to say——" He hesitated.

"Well, sir, what? Speak, Mr. Thorold! Your sister?" The old Colonel looked stern, pulled up his stock, and scowled, as if Launcelot had been the cause of it all.

"My sister——" began Launcelot. But here he was interrupted by a servant bringing in a small scented note, written in violet ink.

"If you please, sir, this is for you," said the man. "Justine, Miss Thorold's maid, gave it me. Miss Thorold left it for you on her pincushion."

The Colonel tore it open.

"My dear Uncle," it began, "for so I may soon come to address you at last, [illegible]. Your nephew Gregory has, at last, understood that poor little Norah did not love him [illegible] dear child, she did [illegible] but heart [illegible] sometimes [illegible] shall I say it [illegible] he has loved me [illegible] I have [illegible] some time; but though [illegible] to you, dear uncle, [illegible] you misunderstand [illegible] to you and [illegible] dear Colonel [illegible] Lyndon. When [illegible] have no kind of doubt [illegible] to [illegible] your blessing [illegible] Norah I [illegible] she will find a husband more to her taste and more similar in nature, and perhaps the two families will [illegible] united [illegible]. As for Edmund, [illegible] Lyndon [illegible]. When Gregory and I come home to the [illegible], I shall be very [illegible] you, and I shall hope to see you often.

"Your affectionate niece,

"Lucy.

"P.S.—I enclose a note which dear Gregory has just given me for you. All [illegible] L. T."

Gregory's note was shorter, and more to the point. It ran thus:

"Dear Sir,—My cause is lost. In searching among the papers which my father left sealed up in his lawyer's hands we found—not a certificate of his marriage, but a confession, under his own hand and seal, which has left me a beggar, and the declared illegitimate son of a Nubian slave.

Yours truly,

"Gregory Lyndon."

The reason of his marriage with Lucy was clear now.

Few persons would have recognised the Colonel after he had read Lucy's insolent and Gregory's defiant letter. His self-possession vanished. Based on pride, not on self-control, it could not bear so rude a shock as this. His military bearing broke down, as if it had been a pasteboard mannikin paraded before the world. He stormed, he swore, he raved and raged, and called Lucy naughty names, and threatened to shoot Gregory

through the head, and insulted Launcelot, and abused Norah in really gross language, and said that if Edmund came near the hall again he would have him horsewhipped by his groom. In short, he was a wild, mouthing madman, much too occupied with his own disappointment to feel any thankfulness at Norah's escape, or at his own. He did not remember this, nor think how he would have felt, had Norah been married before the crash and exposure came. He only remembered that his bewitching mistress had betrayed him, and that she had been deceiving and laughing at him during the time of her sweetest blandishments. Poor starched Colonel, it was a rare fall for his dignity!

At this moment of supreme anger little Norah stole into the room, deathly pale and broken, but bearing up in the wonderful way proper to frail little women, who support trials which would destroy the robust. The sight of her renewed the Colonel's passion. He advanced to her menacingly, his hand uplifted. That gesture, and Norah's patient, timid, half-crouching attitude revealed a family secret to Launcelot. It seemed no new thing to the girl to have her father's hand turned against her; indeed, it was so usual, that she neither resented nor wondered at it. But Launce started forward and drew her hastily to his side, holding her, quite unconscious of appearances, with his left arm round her waist, while prepared to defend her with his right, even against her father.

The nearest approach to love which Norah had ever felt was then, when Launcelot Thorold took her on his arm. It was the first time in her life that she had ever known the real protection of a man — that protection of superior strength which is so sweet to women to receive. Her father had beaten and subdued her into mechanical submission; Gregory had overwhelmed her with his passion and overcome her by the force of his love; young Edmund had worshipped and reverenced her; but no one had ever before protected her, no one had made her feel her weakness a claim to aid and care. If Launcelot had read her heart at this moment, perhaps he, too, would have mistaken and hoped.

The Colonel baffled in his assault on Norah, turned against Launcelot, and a painful and undignified scene was the result; when in the midst of their highest altercation a small knot of men, bearing a body in the midst, was seen crossing the park. Both Launcelot and Norah were struck with the same foreboding.

"Stay here — you are safe," whispered Launce, rushing from the room, judging correctly that the Colonel's attention would be diverted, and that Norah was therefore left in no peril.

She saw him cross the lawn, and almost meet the men. But one of them, the head gamekeeper, stept forward and spoke to him, laying his broad hand on his arm in the honest equality of sympathy. Launce thrust him aside, hastily but not ungently; and then she heard an agonised cry, as he recognised his fair young brother, with a deep wound on his forehead, lying stark in the arms of his bearers. That beautiful young face! Even in death the glory of the love and genius which had animated it in life lay like a light across it. Beautiful young boy! What a fearful quenching of so much excellence, of so much rare promise and rich beginnings.

"God bless my heart and soul!" said the Colonel, when he heard the particulars. "How very unpleasant for me. It will be in all the newspapers."

The verdict of the coroner's inquest was, "found drowned." Norah told no one what she knew and what she suspected. Her evidence would have been priceless to the jury; but no one dreamed that she could have enlightened them. She had not been observed walking with Edmund through the shrubbery; and the gamekeeper was the last man who had seen him alive. It was possible that he had missed his footing and fallen headlong into the river; where, the blow having stunned him, it was not difficult to be drowned. There was no mark of struggling on the bank, no sign of personal violence: he had not been robbed; it was not known that he had an enemy in the world.

But, Launce was not satisfied, and Norah felt nearly certain of the truth. Launce, however, could do nothing. He could not bring his suspicions home to their object, or concentrate them into any intelligent act; and it never occurred to Norah to say to living soul what she thought or knew. She had been too well drilled into silence and reticence to get into trouble by too much talking. So the tragedy paled into the grey indistinctness of the past, and the precise circumstances were soon obliterated and forgotten.

Launce went back to his own home; the only one of those three joyous young creatures who had set out, so full of pleasure, for a mere ordinary conventional visit. But what a terrible ending to that ordinary visit! What a household wreck was swept back to them by the storm that had shaken Lyndon to the base. Poor Launce! he who had been, perhaps, the happiest of them all, and the most helpful to them all, now left alone, as the sole comfort of the wretched parents. How often he went over the old walks, and sat in the old seats, and lived again and again over every happy hour of that pleasant family life, which had had few equals in the county for beauty, hope, and affection!

The Colonel never rallied after the shock. He sank rapidly into the old man: less stern, and violent, but more peevish and irritable; more wearisome but less terrifying. He would not allow Norah to quit his presence for half-an-hour, and he found fault with her,

in a querulous way, all the time she was there. But she lost all personal fear of him. It was a duller life even than formerly, but not so violent; more wearisome, but not so destructive. Norah wore her fetters as patiently as she used in old times when they cut deeper and made scars, but were less heavy. She changed in nothing; she glided through life always the same pallid, timid, silent, retiring creature; more like a slave purchased by money than the heiress of the great Lyndon estates.

In a dirty garret in Paris lived Mrs. Gregory Lyndon and her husband. How they lived, indeed, no one could have told; not even themselves. He was a furious gambler, and as furious a drunkard; passing days, and nights, and weeks from home; not jealous, or solicitous for his wife, because profoundly indifferent to her. He would have been thankful for any act of hers which should have allowed him to get legal, if shameful deliverance from her. But poor Lucy's day of thoughtlessness had gone. A slatternly, neglected woman, she was a virtuous, if a wretched one; and, though she had long ceased to love her husband, she had both pride and early principle remaining. None of her family knew where she was. They had tried to trace her, but Lucy having thrown every possible obstacle in the way, after months of weary search, they were forced to leave her to her self-appointed fate. And what a fate! Drunken orgies, squalid misery, vice, crime, starvation, brutality—these were the matins and the vespers of Lucy's marriage altar. She never knew how her husband gained his money—for all did not come from the gaming-table—but she dared not question him. Gregory had learnt his uncle's habit with women, and Lucy had more than once had reason to know that her husband's hand was hard, and her husband's arm strong. At last, a more than ordinarily daring outrage on the public code of private possession, threw Gregory into the hands of the police. False coinage will not always ring, and false notes will sometimes betray unskilful writing. He was arrested as a forger, and condemned to the galleys for life. But, before he had been twenty-four hours in prison, the latent malady, always near, broke out; and so Gregory was sent to Charenton instead of to the Bagnes,—to the hospital for the mad, not to the stronghold of the criminal.

When Lucy heard of this, and knew that in any case she was practically divorced from her husband, she wrote home to her mother; besought forgiveness and aid, and—would not Launce go to see her? They were too glad to be able to forgive her, and Launcelot set off for Paris ten minutes after the letter reached the house. In a few days, Lucy was once more under her father's roof; and, by the time she was thirty, not a trace of her terrible experience was left on her. She was handsomer than ever, as worldly, as self-possessed, as luxurious. No one who saw the beautiful young widow as she lived and moved in the calm state of home, would have imagined that she had once lived in a Parisian garret, cooking her own food—when she had any—but more often going without; bruised and trampled on by a forger and coiner; with sometimes only a ragged gown as her sole covering; sometimes indebted for the bare necessaries of life to the poor charbonnier and the poorer portress—to the chiffonnier in the room next to hers, to the little grisette a stage lower—obliged for dear life, to people whom she would have passed by, now, as loftily as if her misery and theirs had never come together. But, she used to talk grandly of her Parisian life, and often quoted the time "when I lived in that bewitching Paris." Which sounded well.

A short time after Lucy's return, Colonel Lyndon died, and Norah was left sole heiress and proprietor. Launcelot, at her request, went over to the Hall to advise and assist her. She had no friends and no relatives, and she remembered that Launcelot had once put his arms about her and shielded her from her father.

DOWN AMONG THE DUTCHMEN.

III.

It is Sunday among the Dutchmen—Sunday morning fresh and clear. So fresh, that to stand upon a bridge and look down along the rows of houses brings floating Canaletti reminiscences. It must be some day of extra festivity, for from an early hour bellmen — or whatever title professors of those instruments rejoice in—have been hard at work, discoursing all manner of tunes, high up in the steeple. That excellent barcarole in Masaniello—or the Fish'oman of Naples, according to the latest reading—where the fishing men make mysterious gestures and entreat of the pescator for his life to be silent, has been rendered innumerable times with excellent effect. But for another manipulator, engrossed with Life let us Cherish in a contiguous steeple, the enjoyment would be unmixed. Still, for them, it must ever be a spasmodic and uneasy task; for they must be always haunted painfully by the idea of being tripped up by the quarter or half-hour chime, and, like special and parliamentary trains, have to be unceasingly drawing up to one side to let the regular traffic go by. The Fish'oman of Naples was many a time and oft thus cut short prematurely, and more than once run into and cruelly damaged.

The streets are crowded with population, all worship-bound, looking the very reverse of the famous Johnsonian leg of mutton. Unlike that joint, they are well-fed, well-kept, well-dressed, and, for aught I know,

may be as good as good can be. Unmistakeably well-fed, with glossy, shining skins. Unmistakeably well dressed in festival garments. Father o' family (as good a word as Pater-familias any day)—Father o' family, toiling on in front, with the stout Family Bible, shouldered as it were; children, maids, servitors, Dutchmen and Dutchwomen crowding on behind, pell-mell. Dutchwomen, ah! upon that text might be spun a homily of infinite length. When first I saw Sweet Peggy (of Dutch life that is), 'twas on a market-day, curiously enough—more correctly speaking, upon a washing, cleansing, and purifying day—and, to say the truth, I was not disposed, like the gentleman in the song, to envy the chicken or other poultry Dutch Peggy might choose to prepare for table. My little Dutchwoman, on weekdays, when she is busy working her pumps, or scouring her house-steps, or busy with her herrings, will scarcely tempt the wandering man to halt by the wayside and look again But, take her of a Sunday, when house and steps are off her mind, when all about her is snow-white and crimp with starch, and I will lay an anker of schiedam with any man that she will not be matched on either side of the British Straits. My little Dutchwoman hath a face fair and fat, fleshy, yet, by no means, inclining to the dewlap; clear, yet tinted with a marvellous delicacy; fresh, as though newly come from an English hay-field, yet without Molly Seagrim's blowzabel hue, whose cheeks shine coarsely with pippin-like red. With her neatly-frilled cap and delicate gold ear-rings, her snowy cape coming down peak-shaped to the waist, her white linen gloves reaching up to the elbow, I declare she did a man's heart good to look upon, as she tripped along to worship that Sunday morning.

My old little Dutchwoman is also unmatched of her kind, and I am ready with another anker to stand up for her against all comers. Against the horrible thing that, in France, sits and shrivels up into old age over the charcoal chauffe-pied; against the ancient Irish crone, that is coiled into a terrible bundle by the cottage-door, drawing life and oblivion from her short black pipe; against the blear-eyed, palsied creature, clothed with infinite respectability in black, that chatters at you from the almshouse windows of Old England; against the whole world; I say again, the claim of the original Dutch hag! The revolting whiteness of the skin retained to the very last, shrunken jaws, impending junction at no remote period of nose and chin nut-crackerwise—or, more appropriately, after the curved lines of lobster-claws—go to make up an appalling apparition, such as one might look for, on a stormy night, on Pendle Hill, taking We fly by Night exercise on a wooden steed trained to carry a lady. Such, as in the fine old days, would have put to proof her swimming powers in a mill-race; such, too, as both now and for ages back, have been looking out upon travellers and admiring connoisseurs from acres of canvas in many great picture collections. Truly curious is it what friends and familiar faces have I among my old and my young Dutchwomen. It is but one tide of recognition, and I am being periodically inclined to start and uncover respectfully as at meeting well-known features. That shrivelled head, all lines and crumples, all knots and gnarls like an ancient walnut, I have surely met before now, with a huge frilled collar about its neck, on some gallery wall, worked up cunningly by that famous master Ferdinandus Bol. So, too, in our British collection hangs a noted Mieris woman, busy peeling carrots, with a little child in a skull-cap at her knee, admiring how the carrots are peeled. Now, I vow and protest, that round the first corner I have come upon that Mieris carrot-woman and the admiring child, hand in hand, and cheapening pears at a stall. I have other old friends from the Dulwich Gallery, chiefly among the robustious women that bring in jugs of punch to boors of irregular habits. They present themselves in the most surprising and unexpected manner, and at all sorts of places—at tavern doors, at street corners, selling you stale fish, questionable poultry, stewed pears of pink complexion, and other edibles.

More of my little Dutchwomen live out in the suburbs, on board barges, or far out in the country, and come in only of Sundays and festival days. Over such is therefore spread a thin varnish of unsophistication, which makes their presence doubly welcome to the curious stranger: I am dazzled with their suburban magnificence; dazzled with that golden belt running across over the eyes, like the forehead-band of a horse; with the huge flowering rosettes, one at each side, of the same precious material; with the broad lace lappets hanging so gracefully; and with the yellow ear-rings of Indian pattern; all of which pretty things become my little Dutchwoman amazingly—saving, perhaps, the forehead-band, which looks a little savage. With another of my little Dutchwomen I am less satisfied, she being possessed of the idea that those great silver scallop-shells—covering her head up like the Polytechnic diver's helmet—are becoming to her (which, beyond mistake, they are not, even though glittering through a thin lace skull-cap). Unflattering, too, is the little straw cap, with the droll coal-scuttle twist, which fits just over the forehead, and is known as a Zealand bonnet. And why, O! little Teniers woman—you that have journeyed hither per treikschuit or canal boat for a day's pleasuring—say, why persevere in wearing those spiral volutes over the region of the ear, suggestive of only one thing in the world—patent appliance for defective hearing? Much more grateful is the aspect of our little

Amsterdam Orphelines, all fed, clothed, and provided for at the city's charges. Fed unto shining—being of all little buxom women, buxomest—and arrayed in the quaintest raiment that can be. The Kalvat Straat is alive with them this Sunday morning, and I meet them in twos and threes tripping on to worship. Quaint and picturesque certainly, if there be quaintness in a tight lace skull-cap cut to a point upon the forehead, in the hair, shaved close and turned up under the cap; in the snowy linen capes and black body, the white gloves up to the elbow, and, above all, in the parti-coloured skirt—right half black, left half rich red, of the hue affected by the French army in its pantaloons. Pretty creatures, Trim, as my uncle Toby said of the Beguims, chequering the streets pleasantly with gay colouring. I did not near so much fancy the Orphan-boy—companion picture—whose coat and supplemental garments were after the same Josephan pattern—one half of him red, the other half black—to be only likened to Punchinello at a masked ball.

Putting away such profanities, it is full time to think of Sabbath orison. But at which house of worship, Bezonian? At what hour enter; under whom sit? All which questions may be resolved by consulting the Religious Bill of Fare,—a neat tabular statement, wherein is set out, time, place, and individual,—published hebdomadally; duly framed, and hung out at the doors of booksellers' shops, for the information of the spiritual world. A few moments' consultation with the tabular statement, puts me quite au courant with the Sunday dispensation. I find that there is the Nieuwe Kerke and the Oude Kerke, just as we had the old Doelen and the new Doelen, to which belong the brick towers, black steeples, and carillons before mentioned. Where, too, is to be found doctrine of pure evangelical tint. Near the Jews' quarter is the great Moses uns Aarons Kerke, where those of the old religion have their grande messe every Sunday, with full orchestra, and great pomp and circumstance. There is the synagogue, with long Hebrew inscription over the door; and there is a host of minor temples, dedicate to every hue and shade of doctrine. From the same source I gather, that in the matter of preachers, I may have my choice of Spyker—thus irreverently set down,—of Lesly, of Van Kampfen, of Meulen, and many more besides. Under which, I ask again, Bezonian, am I to sit? Who shall decide betwixt Spyker and his brethren? What if I go round them impartially, or enter at the first open door I come to, and trust to that interior being a pattern for the rest? Therefore do I take the road across the Grand Platz—of which Hollanders are mightily proud, but which, on the true faith of a Christian, hath no greater comprehension than a moderately-sized yard—aiming at the porch of the New Kerke just opposite; not to be attained, however, without knowledge of another feature of the country's economy; for, on turning my eyes to the ground, to note the peculiar paving, of a smooth and grateful order, the prospect is shut out by four huge black brushes, held out by four arms quite as black. To my surprise, I find myself attended by a whole army of gentlemen connected with the shoe-black interest, each bearing with him the instruments of his profession, and preferring his claim in low menacing accents. By the aid of signs, I imperfectly convey to them my regret at not being able to avail myself of their good-natured assistance. I am answered with more angry growling and fierce gesticulation of brushes, together with a purpose undisguised, of waiting on me to the church door. I find myself gradually working up to redness and to wroth, and unhappily allow a popular English imprecation to escape. Instantly, one of the following, gifted with a turn for foreign languages, addresses me in my own native tongue. "Clean de boots, clean de boots," says he, many times over; "Clean de honor's boots beautiful," says he, perseveringly; the others hearkening with wonder to their brother's great gift. For long after, I am to have that raven's croak sounding hoarsely in my ear; when, after wandering through many alleys, I emerge unconsciously on the Platz, gazing dreamily at the huge palace, I am cruelly awakened by the hateful burden, "Clean de boots beautiful, oh!" So that I am driven, at last, to go round by private ways, and inconvenient routes, all to avoid this crying nuisance. Was it too sinful to pray many times over, that the grave of the nuisance's father might be defiled? The whole Dutch world is perpetually having its leathers made resplendent at the hands of these burrs; and once I saw a whining mendicant who had solicited an alms of me but ten minutes before, with his foot up, and submitted to one of the lacquering fraternity.

A great waste of unspotted snow—unspotted whitewash, that is, without fleck or stain—arched vaulting overhead, pure white also, forming a sky of pure whitewash; huge swollen pillars of glaring whitewash, which no three men could span (who had best not try such experiment, the guardians looking carefully to this purifying element); whitewash to the right, to the left, down the middle, in perspective; this is the favourite tone of the Nieuwe Kerke, and mostly of every other kerke in the country. It is as though it had been snowing within the sacred edifices. There is a craving for the whitening fluid. They thirst for it, ecclesiastically, through the length and breadth of the land; and at short intervals, periodically—when the bloom is beginning to turn, and vigilant eyes have noted a few specks—a rush is made for the pails; ladders of prodigious extension are brought in; men in

besplashed garments go to work busily; and within a short period, the temple is given back to its congregation, spick, span, and resplendent.

On this cheerless background, the rows of old black oak benches, ranged in amphitheatre shape between the pillars (dirty and rickety they were), the gaunt pulpit, with its prodigious overhanging sounding-board, threatening to fall and crush the congregation; the sharp verger and pew-opening tribe, noisily rattling their huge bundles of keys, and literally touting for stray worshippers; the tall attenuated organ, fitted funereally with black and silver mountings, the swollen Dutch Bibles; the stray tomb, here and there; all these things stood out upon the bald white background, making a cold and dismal show. This will be pretty much about the complexion of every church, orthodox and dissenting, down among the Dutchmen, into which it will be the inquiring traveller's fate to enter.

One fine evening—it was on a Wednesday—after having gotten, by some accident, into an alley entirely in the hands of the Israelites, and after long struggling for some mode of extrication, and after cruel usage by the unsavoury men and women of that tribe, all shrieking, hustling, and importunately obtruding their wares, all gesticulating and wrangling: with the light from stray lamps and candles falling on an ivory Hebrew conformation, bending over a stall, with quite a Rembrandtish effect—after buffeting vainly with these unclean billows, I was at last set free, and found myself in a sort of lonely little yard, hard by to a bridge, opposite a large open door, like the entrance to a vault. Here were all manner of little structures, laid up, as it were, against the wall, round about the open door. Entering cautiously, it came to be the old whitewashed waste over again, the heavy, clumsy-ish pillars, and huge vaulting as before—only being now dimly lighted with a few candles up and down, the white pillars cast awful, straggling shadows, and got lost afar off in a great, dark void. There was a terrible solitude in the place, no one being present, beyond the touting vergers, still rattling their keys vainly, through pressure of the old habit. In ten minutes, say these gentlemen, service will commence, and the congregation arrive: which last remark is by way of encouragement to the inquirer, whose lineaments wear a puzzled expression. Presently enters, first old woman shuffling in sabots; after a decent interval, first old man. To them, in course of time, enter three more older women, with pendants of the other sex. And, after a short delay—the congregation, now amounting to full eight or ten persons—an ancient minister appears suddenly in the pulpit, and the service commences.

Dreary and undevotional the whole scene, looking at the gaunt howling wilderness itself, or at the ancient minister whose feeble accents barely travelled beyond the circuit of his own pulpit. Dreary and undevotional it was to note the touting vergers afar off on remote benches, fast bound in slumber, and pillowed on a Dutch Book of Prayer. Dreary, certainly, but undevotional was it, to catch sight of, through an opening in the wall, a snug kitchen and blazing fire, with something simmering on the hob, and housewife bustling about, intent on supper. Homestead, no doubt, of slumbering verger! which being mere conjecture, grows into positive certainty, as the housewife issues forth, bearing a large tray, laden with tea equipage and steaming things, taking her way across the church, in the rear of the pulpit. On which a remote verger is seen to lift his head, and withdraw in a gentle and unassuming manner, wishing not to disturb the congregation. Dreary, certainly, but more devotional in its intent, if not effect, was when all the old men and women lifted up their voices together, and gave out a hymn in feeble and quavering accents. With certain relief, however, in the famous old organ set up centuries ago, and which now proclaimed itself in flowing tones, mellowed by years into rich and exquisite sweetness. Needless to say how the cracked and quavering voices were drowned and swallowed up, and swept away down the long aisle, among the whitewash pillars, in at the warm kitchen whence came the verger's tea, and back again by way of the whitewash clouds, and the high vaulting. Great, soul-stirring, satisfying sounds! Worth an hour of solitude and cracked voices! Glorious, too, the prospect of the great instrument itself, rising with stateliness, from marble gallery, with bunches of glittering pipes, crowded together in clumps, and bound in silver fasces, until lost overhead in wild exfoliation, in griffins, and grotesque monsters; with its supplement gathering of pipes, detached and hanging over the gallery in front, like the heavy poop of an old Spanish galleon. Altogether, well worthy of being removed and set up in a corner of a cathedral piece from the hand of David Roberts, R.A., and most famous master.

It went to rest at last. The vergers dozed, and the ancient minister piped and chattered feebly, as before, all for the span of a good hour and a half. Finally, he tottered from his pulpit as he came, the service ended, and the aged elements of the congregation shuffled away. Who the ancient minister was—he bore a skull-cap, like an old Calvinist portrait—I never cared to inquire. Perhaps, I had been hearkening to Spyker, or to Meulen, or to some pillar of the Presbytery. Who shall tell?

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"*Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS.*"—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 401.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

WANDERINGS IN INDIA.

It is impossible for an English gentleman to take his departure from the house of a native of India, without giving a number of testimonials, in the shape of "letters of recommendation," addressed to no one in particular. Nena Sahib* had a book containing the autographs of at least a hundred and fifty gentlemen and ladies, who had testified in writing to the attention and kindness they had received at the hands of the Maharajah, during their stay at Bhitoor. Having expressed my satisfaction as emphatically as possible in this book, the khansamah (house-steward) demanded a certificate, which I gave him. Then came the bearer, the men who guarded my door, the coachman, the grooms, the sweeper. For each and all of these I had to write characters, and recommend them to such of my friends as they might encounter by accident or otherwise. It is a fearful infliction—this character writing; but everyone is compelled to go through it.

I was now on my road to Agra, to pay a visit to a schoolfellow, who was then in the civil service, and filling an appointment in the station. It was in the month of September that I made the journey—the most unhealthy season of the year. Opposite to the first dak bungalow, some twelve miles from the station of Cawnpore, I was stopped by a set of twelve palkee bearers, who informed me that a Sahib, whom they were taking to Alleyghur, had been seized with cholera, and was dying in the bungalow. I hastened to the room and there found, stretched upon the couch, a young officer of about nineteen years of age.

His face was ashy pale, and a profuse cold perspiration stood upon his forehead. His hands and feet were like ice, and he was in very great pain. The only person near him was the sweeper, who kept on, assuring me that the youth would die. As for the youth himself he was past speech, and I was disposed to think, with the sweeper, that he was beyond cure. I administered, however, nearly a teaspoonful of laudanum in a wine-glass half-full of raw brandy, and then took a seat near the patient, in order to witness the effect. Ere long the severe pain was allayed, and the youth fell into a profound sleep, from which, I began to fear, he would never awake. To have administered a smaller dose, at that stage of the disease, would have been useless, for the body was on the very verge of collapse. Nevertheless, I began to feel the awkwardness of the responsibility which I had taken upon myself. Presently, a palanquin carriage, propelled by bearers, came to the bungalow. An elderly lady and gentleman alighted, and were shown into a little room which happened to be vacant. [A dak bungalow has only two little rooms.] To my great joy I discovered that the new arrival was a doctor of a regiment; who, with his wife, was journeying to Calcutta. I was not long in calling in the doctor; and I had the satisfaction of hearing him pronounce an opinion that the young ensign was "all right," and that the dose I had administered had been the means of saving his life. How readily, to be sure, do people in India accommodate each other. Although the doctor and his wife were hurrying down the country, and albeit the youth was pronounced out of danger, they remained with me until the following afternoon; when, having dined, we all took our departure together—the youth and I travelling northward, the doctor and his wife in the opposite direction.

The night was pitchy dark; but the glare from the torches rendered every object near to us distinctly visible. The light, shining on the black faces of the palkee bearers, they appeared like so many demons—but very merry demons; for they chatted and laughed incessantly, until I commanded them to be silent, in order that, while we moved along the road, I might listen to the ensign's story, which he told me in the most artless manner imaginable:

"I have only been six weeks in India," he began, "and, at present, only know a few words of the language. How I came into the Bengal Army was this. My father was in the civil service of the company, in the Madras Presidency; and, after twenty-one years' service, retired on his pension of one thousand pounds a-year, and his savings which amounted to twenty thousand pounds,

* See page 457 of the present Volume.

and which was invested in five per cent. government securities; so that his income was two thousand a-year. We lived during the winter near Grosvenor Square: a house of which my father bought the lease for twenty years, and the summer we used to spend at a little place in Berkshire, which he had bought. It was only a good sized cottage, and the land about it did not exceed three acres. But it was a perfect gem of a residence, and quite large enough for our family; which consisted of my father and mother, myself, and a sister who is a year and a-half older than I am. I was at Harrow. My father intended that I should go to Oxford, and eventually be called to the bar. My sister had a governess, a very clever and accomplished girl, and the most amiable creature that ever lived. We were not an extravagant family, and saw very little company; but we had every comfort that a reasonable heart could desire, and I fancy that we lived up to the two thousand pounds a year. You see the education of myself and my sister was a heavy item. The governess had a hundred pounds a year, and then there was a singing master and a drawing master. About two years ago my father died, and my mother became almost imbecile from the excess of her grief. She lost her memory; and, for days together, knew not what she was doing. Under my father's will she was entitled to all that he died possessed of, and was appointed his sole executrix. The house in South Street was given up, the unexpired portion of the lease disposed of, and the little place in Berkshire became our only home. My father's pension, of course, expired when he died, and we, the family, had now to live on the interest of the government securities. My mother, who was as ignorant as a child on all matters of business, was recommended to sell her government securities, and invest the proceeds in a joint-stock bank which was paying, and for more than a year did pay, eight per cent. But, alas, one wretched day the bank failed, and we were reduced suddenly from comparative affluence to poverty. The cottage, furniture, and all that my mother possessed, was seized and sold. This happened only two years ago. Fortunately for me, my school education was pretty well completed; but, of course, the idea of my going to Oxford, and subsequently to the bar, was at once abandoned. My sister was obliged to take a situation, as governess, in the family of a director of the East India Company; and, through that gentleman's influence, I obtained an ensigncy in the Native Infantry. The loss of her fortune, the parting with my sister (who is now on the Continent with the director's family) and myself, had such an effect upon my mother, that it was deemed necessary to place her in an asylum; where, at all events, she will be taken care of, and treated with kindness. But I have my plans!" exclaimed the young man who had just escaped the jaws of death. "In ten years I will save enough to take me home to them; for, if I study hard—and I will do so—I may get a staff appointment, and——"

Here the bearers of my palkee informed me that two other travellers were coming down the road. They saw the light in the distance, more than a mile off, and they—the bearers—began to talk loudly, and argue that it was impossible for me to hear what the ensign was saying; and all attempts to silence them were vain. They were discussing, as they carried us along, whether they would exchange burdens with the down-coming bearers, insomuch as they were nearly midway between the stages. This is very often done by arrangement between them, and thus, in such cases, they get back more speedily to their homes. It was decided that the exchange should take place, if the other party were agreeable; for, on the down-coming travellers nearing us, the bearers of us—the up going travellers—called a halt. Forthwith the four palkees were gently lowered till they rested on the ground. And now the chattering of the bearers became something awful. A native of Hindostan can settle nothing without a noise; and, as each palkee had twelve men attached to it besides the torch-bearers and those who carried our boxes, the number of voices, whooping, shouting, asserting, contradicting, scolding and soothing, exceeded sixty. I and my companion, the ensign, shout to them to "go on!" At length I got out of my palkee in a rage, and not only screamed at, but shook several of the black disputants. Whilst thus engaged, the doors of one of the downward palkees were opened, and a voice—that of a lady—thus greeted me, very good humouredly:

"My good sir, depend upon it that you are retarding your own progress, and ours, by attempting, so violently, to accelerate it. Pray let them settle their little affair amongst themselves."

"I believe you are quite right," I replied.

"Have you any idea of the hour?" she asked.

"Yes. It is about a quarter to twelve," said I.

"I have lost the key of my watch. Perhaps the key of yours would fit it."

I hastened to my palkee, brought forth, from beneath the pillow, my watch and chain; and, taking them to the door of the lady's palkee, presented them through the opening.

"Thanks," said the lady, after winding up her watch, "thanks. It does very well," and she returned the watch and chain. I saw, by the light of the torch, not only her hand—which was very small and pretty—but her face, which was more bewitching still, being lovely and young.

"Is there anything else you require," I asked.

"Nothing. Unless you happen to have with you some fresh bread. My children—who are asleep in the other palkee—are tired of biscuits, and I imagine we shall not reach Cawnpore before mid-day to-morrow."

It happened that I had a loaf in my palkee; and, with all the pleasure of which the heart of man is capable, placed it in the hands of the fair traveller. On this occasion she opened the doors of her palkee sufficiently wide to admit of my having a really good gaze at her beautiful features. She was enveloped in a white dressing-gown, and wore a hood made of black silk, and lined with pink. Her hair was brushed back, off the forehead; but the long dark tresses came from behind the ears and rested on her covered shoulders.

"Are you going to Agra?" she inquired.

"Yes." I replied.

"Perhaps you would be good enough to return two books for me to the wife of the assistant magistrate. They will, no doubt, afford you as much amusement on your journey as they have afforded me. I finished them this afternoon, and they are now an incumbrance." With these words she handed me the volumes, which I faithfully promised to return. By this time the bearers had settled their affair, and were ready to lift the palkees. I bade the fair traveller "good night, and a safe journey." We shook hands.

The reader may ask, "Who was your friend?" I did not know at the time. It was not until I had arrived at Agra that I was informed on this head. The books which she entrusted to my care I had not read; and, after parting with the ensign at the dak bungalow at Bewah, they were, indeed, most agreeable companions. I have mentioned this little episode in my journey, not because there is anything in it worth recording, or because there is anything romantic therewith connected; but simply to show how readily we (Christians) in India obliged one another (albeit utter strangers), and how gladly we assist each other, whenever and wherever we meet. Such an episode in the journey of a traveller in India is one of its most commonplace incidents.

Since the news of the recent deplorable disasters has reached this country, many persons have expressed their surprise that a lady should be suffered to travel alone with her children, or be accompanied by no more than one female servant. The fact is (or rather was), that, on any dangerous road, a lady, utterly unprotected, was safer than a gentleman. The sex was, actually, its own protection. During my stay in India, I knew of at least a score of instances in which officers and civilians were stopped upon the roads, plundered, assaulted; and, in one or two cases, murdered, in the upper provinces; but I can only bring to mind two instances of European ladies having been molested. This is not to be attributed to any ideas of gallantry, or chivalry, on the part of marauders in the East; but simply to the fact that they knew the perpetrators of an offence committed against a lady would be hunted down to the death, while the sympathies entertained for the sufferings of a Sahib, would be only those of an ordinary character, and soon "blow over." Even the palkee bearers knew the amount of responsibility that attached to them when they bore away, from station to station, a female burden; and, had the lady traveller been annoyed, or interrupted, by an European traveller, they would have attacked and beaten him, even to the breaking of his bones and the danger of his life, had he not desisted when commanded by the lady to do so. This has happened more than once, in the upper provinces of India.

In December, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, the road between Saharunpore and Umballah was infested by a gang of thieves. Several officers had been stopped, robbed, and plundered of their money and valuables. I had been invited to Lahore, to witness the installation of Sir Walter Gilbert and Sir Henry Elliot as Knights Commanders of the Bath. The danger, near a place called Juggadree, was pointed out to me by a mail contractor; who, finding me determined to proceed, recommended me to dress as a lady for a couple of stages. I did so. I borrowed a gown, a shawl, and a night-cap; and, when I came near the dangerous locality, I put them on, and commanded the bearers to say that I was a "mem—sahib," in the event of the palkee being stopped. Sure enough, the palkee was stopped, near Juggadree, by a gang of ten or twelve armed men, one of whom opened the door to satisfy himself of the truth of the statement made by the bearers. The moment the ruffian saw my night-cap (a very prettily-frilled one it was, lent to me by a very pretty woman), likewise a small bolster, which, beneath my shawl, represented a sleeping baby, he closed the door, and requested the bearers to take up the palkee, and proceed!—aye, and what was more, he enjoined them to be "careful of the mem sahib!"

I have incidentally spoken of the installation of Sir Walter Gilbert and Sir Henry Elliot, in December, eighteen hundred and forty-nine. Eight years have not yet elapsed, and how many of the principal characters in that magnificent spectacle have departed hence! Sir Walter is dead. Sir Henry is dead. Sir Charles Napier and Sir Dudley Hill, who led them up to Lord Dalhousie, are dead. Colonel Mountain, who carried the cushion on which was placed the insignia of the order, is dead. And Sir Henry Lawrence is dead; and poor Stuart Beatson.

Alas! how many of that gay throng—men and women, husbands, fathers, wives, and daughters, who had assembled to witness the ceremony, have perished during the recent revolt in the upper provinces of India! Those who were present on that sixth of December, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, and, who, in eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, quietly reflect on what has occurred since, will scarcely believe in their own existence. It must appear to them—as it often appears to me—as a dream: a dream in which we saw Sir Charles Napier, with his spare form, his eagle eyes, his aquiline nose, and long, grey beard, joking Sir Dudley Hill on his corpulence and baldness, and asking him what sort of figure he would cut now, in leading a forlorn hope? and Sir Dudley, proudly and loudly replying, that he felt a better man than ever. Presently, the meek civilian, in a white neckcloth, and ignorant of Sir Dudley's early deeds, was so unfortunate as to put the question:

"*Did* you ever lead a forlorn hope, Sir Dudley?" a query which induced Sir Dudley Hill to groan, previously to exclaiming:

"Such is fame! A forlorn hope, my dear sir, I have led fifty!"

This was, of course, an exaggeration; but I believe that Sir Dudley Hill had, in the Peninsular War, led more forlorn hopes than any other officer in the British army.

I have wandered away from the high road to Agra, and must return to it. I parted with the ensign at Bewah, and commenced reading the books which the then unknown lady had entrusted to my care. The day towards noon became hot, damp, and extremely oppressive; and there was no dak bungalow, or other abode, within nine miles of me. Before long, I heard thunder in the distance; and, presently, the bearers communicated to me that a heavy storm was approaching, and that, in order to escape its fury, they wished to halt at a village just a-head of us. I consented, and was now hurried along the road at the rate of five miles an hour. My palkee was placed beneath a shed, and the bearers congregated around it. One of the number lighted his pipe (hubble-bubble), and passed it to his neighbour; who, after three whiffs, passed it to the next; who, after three whiffs, sent it on, until each had partaken of the smoke.

The little village, which was a short distance from the road, contained about sixty or seventy inhabitants, and about double that number of children, of various ages. My presence excited no small degree of curiosity; and the whole of the villagers approached the shed, to have a look at me. The men and women, of course, were not alarmed, and looked on simply with that stupidity which is characteristic of the cultivators of the soil in the upper provinces of India. But it was otherwise with the more youthful, the children. They held aloof, and peeped from behind their parents, as if I had been some dangerous wild animal. My bearers wished to drive them all away; but I forbade this—partly, because I had no desire to deprive the villagers of whatever pleasure a long inspection of me might afford them, and partly because I wished to sketch the group, and listen to their remarks, which were chiefly of a personal character, and for the most part complimentary, or intended so to be.

A vivid flash of lightning, and an awfully loud clap of thunder, accompanied by a few large drops of rain, speedily dispersed the crowd, and I was left to myself and my bearers, who now huddled themselves together for warmth's sake. The air had become chilly, and even I was compelled to wrap my cloak and my blanket about my thinly-clad limbs. Another vivid flash of lightning, and another awful clap of thunder; then down came such hailstones as I had never seen before, and have never seen since in the plains of Hindostan. In size and weight they equalled those which sometimes fall in the Himalaya mountains in June and July. With these storms the rains usually "break up," and then the cold weather sets in; and with this season of the year what climate in the world is superior to that of the upper provinces of India? When the thunder, lightning, and hail had ceased—and their continuance did not exceed fifteen minutes—the sun came out, and the face of heaven was as fair as possible; but the earth gave evidence of the severity of the storm. Not only was the ground covered with leaves and small branches, intermingled with the hail, but cattle and goats had been killed by the furious pelting of the huge stones; whilst the electric fluid had descended on one of the mud huts of the village in which I had taken refuge, and had stretched out in death an old man and two of his grandchildren, a boy of six years of age, and a girl of four. The parents of these children were absent from the village, and were not expected to return until the evening. On being informed of the accident, I expressed a desire to see the bodies, and was conducted by several of the villagers to the hut in which they were lying. I recognised at once the features of the old man, who was a prominent figure in my sketch, and of one of the children, the little girl, who held the old man so tightly by the hand, while she peeped at me. The face of the boy had not struck me. There they were lying dead, but still warm, and their limbs, as yet, devoid of rigidity. The matter-of-fact way in which the natives of India regard the death of their relations or friends, is something wonderful to behold. It is not that their affections are less strong than ours, or their feelings less acute. It is that fatality is the beginning and end of their creed. They are taught from their childhood

to regard visitations of this character as direct and special acts of God; as matters which it is not only futile, but improper to bewail. None of the villagers, men, women, or children, exhibited any token of grief while gazing on the lifeless bodies they surrounded. And, on asking my bearers, whether the parents of the children would weep when they returned and found their offspring thus suddenly cut off? they replied, rather abruptly: "Why should they weep at God's will?"

As I was preparing to leave the village, a middle-aged woman came up to me, and said:

"Sahib, the parents of the dead children are very poor, and the expense of burning of their remains will press very hard upon them. The wood for the old man will cost eight annas, and the fuel for each of the children four annas; in all, one rupee."

I placed the coin in the woman's hand, and left, besides, a donation for the bereaved parents who were absent; having previously called several of the villagers to witness the proceeding. This I did at the suggestion of the palkee bearers; who entertained some doubts of the woman's honesty. We had not proceeded far, when I descried a small encampment, beneath a clump of mango trees. It consisted of an officer's tent, and two long tents for native soldiers—sepoys. One of these long tents was for the Hindoos; the other for the Mussulmans. When we came opposite to the encampment, I desired the bearers to stop, and put some questions to a Sepoy, who was standing near the road. I gleaned from him that the encampment was that of "a treasure party," consisting of a lieutenant, and a company of native infantry, proceeding from Mynpoorie to Agra.

"Won't you go and see the Sahib?" asked the Sepoy.

"I don't know him," said I.

"That does not signify," said the Sepoy. "Our Sahib is glad to see everybody. He is the most light-hearted man in Hindostan. His lips are the home of laughter, and his presence awakens happiness in the breast of the most sorrowful. His body is small, but his mind is great; and, in his eyes, the Hindoo, the Mussulman, and the Christian, are all equal."

This description, I confess, aroused my curiosity to see so philosophical a lieutenant, and it was not long before my curiosity was gratified; for he made his appearance at the door of his tent; and, observing my palkee, bore down upon it.

The lieutenant wore a pair of white pyjamahs, which were tucked up to his knees, no shoes, or stockings; a blue shirt, no coat, no jacket; a black neck-tie, and a leather helmet with a white covering, such as one sees labelled in the shop-windows "for India." His person was very small certainly, and the calves of his legs not bigger than those of a boy of twelve years of age. In his mouth he had a huge (number one) cheroot, and, in his hand, a walking-stick, with a waist nearly as big as his own. Resting his chest upon this walking-stick, and looking me full in the face, perfectly ignorant, and seemingly indifferent, as to whether I might be a secretary to the government, or a shopkeeper, he thus familiarly accosted me:

"Well, old boy, how do you feel after the shower?"

"Very well, I thank you."

"Come in and have a cup of tea, and a round of toast, if you are not in a hurry to get on. It will set you up, and make you feel comfortable for the night." This offer was so tempting, and so cordially made, that I was induced to accept it.

"Bring the Sahib into my tent, in the palkee," said Lieutenant Sixtie to my bearers, and then addressing me, he remarked: "Don't get out. You'll wet your slippers."

The bearers followed the lieutenant, and put down my palkee upon two tiers of small boxes, which were spread over the space of ground covered by the tent.

"I was obliged to resort to this box dodge," said my host, "or I should have been drowned. I wish I owned only a quarter of this rhino we are treading on. If I did, catch me at this work any longer, my masters!" It was the treasure that the boxes contained, in all about twenty-five thousand pounds. "Look here, old boy. Forego, like a good fellow, the tea and the toast. My servants will have such a bother to get a fire and boil water. Have some biscuits and cold brandy-and-water instead. You should never drink tea while travelling. It keeps you awake; and, what is more, it spoils the flavour of your cheroots. By the bye, have one of these weeds."

I thanked my host; and, without any sort of pressing, yielded to his every wish—even unto playing écarté with him, while smoking his cheroots, and drinking his brandy-and-water. The stakes were not very high. Only a rupee a game. During the deals my host would frequently exclaim:

"By Jove! what a god's send it is to have some one to talk to for a few hours! I have been out for five days; and, during that time, have not uttered a word in my own language. Haven't had the luck to come across a soul. This escorting treasure is the most awful part of an officer's duty, especially at this season of the year."

"But it must be done," I suggested.

"Yes. But why not by native officers?"

"Would the treasure be safe with them?"

"Safe? Just as safe as it is now, if not safer; for, although I am responsible for the money in these boxes, I don't know that the whole amount is there. I didn't count it; and, if there was any deficiency, I should say

so. Now, a native officer would satisfy himself on the subject before he took charge. Don't you see?"

Here our conversation was interrupted by a havildar (native sergeant), who appeared at the door of the tent, saluted the lieutenant, and uttered in a deep and solemn tone of voice the word Sa-hib!

"Well. What's the matter?" said the lieutenant.

"Maun Singh Sipahee is very ill."

"What ails him?"

"He has fever."

"Then I will come and see him in one moment." With these words the lieutenant threw down his cards, and invited me to accompany him to the tent wherein the patient was lying.

Maun Singh Sipahee was a powerful Brahmin, who stood upwards of six feet two. He was a native of Oude, and had a very dark skin. When we entered the tent, he attempted to rise from the charpai (native bedstead) on which he was reclining; but the lieutenant told him to be still, then felt the sick man's pulse, and placed his small white hand across the broad black forehead of the soldier.

"Carry him into my tent The ground is too damp for him here," said the lieutenant, and forthwith the bedstead was raised by half-a-dozen of the man's comrades In the tent medicine was administered—a small quantity of tartar emetic dissolved in water, and given in very small doses—until nausea was produced, and a gentle perspiration stood upon the skin of the patient.

"You are all right, now, Maun Singh," said the lieutenant.

"No, Sahib, I am dying. Nothing can save me."

"Then you know better than I do?"

"Forgive me, Sahib."

"Listen. Lie very quiet; and, before we march, I will give you another sort of medicine that will set you up."

The sepoy covered his head over with his resaiee (counterpane), and lay as still as possible.

"They always fancy they are going to die, if there is anything the matter with them," said the lieutenant to me. "I have cured hundreds of fever cases by this treatment. The only medicines I ever use in fever, sir, are tartar emetic and quinine. He has taken the one, which has had its effect; the other he shall have by and bye. I wouldn't lose that man on any account. His death would occasion me the greatest grief."

"Is he a great favourite?" I asked.

"Not more than any of the rest of them, who were with the regiment in Affghanistan, where they not only proved themselves as brave as the European soldiers; but where they showed themselves superior to prejudices most intimately connected with their religion —their caste. That man, whom you see lying there, is a Brahmin of the highest caste; yet, I have seen him, and other Brahmins now in my regiment, bearing upon their shoulders the remains of an officer to the grave. Of course, you are aware that to do a thing of that kind—to touch the corpse of an unbeliever—involves a loss of caste?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, these fellows braved the opinion and the taunts of every Hindoo in the country, in order to pay respect to the memory of those officers whose dangers and privations they had cheerfully shared. You are aware, perhaps, that at last the government found it necessary to issue a general order to the effect that any sepoy of any other regiment who insulted the men of this regiment, by telling them they had lost their caste, would be severely punished and dismissed the service? Such was the case, sir; and many courts-martial were held in various stations for the trial of offenders against this order; and many Hindoo sepoys and Mussulman native officers were very severely dealt with. And the thing was put down, sir; and nowadays there is nothing more common than for the Hindoo sepoys, in all the regiments, to ask permission to carry the remains of a popular officer to the grave. Indeed, ladies are often thus honoured, and children. They seem to have agreed amongst themselves that this does not involve a loss of caste—so much for caste, if it can be got over by an understanding amongst themselves! Caste! More than four-fifths of what they talk about it is pure nonsense and falsehood, as any straightforward native will confidentially confess to you. I don't mean to say that some Hindoos are not very strict. Many, indeed, are so. But I mean to say that a very small proportion live in accordance with the Shasters, and that when they cry out, "if we do so and so we shall lose our caste," it is nothing more than a rotten pretext for escaping some duty, or for refusing to obey a distasteful order. There are hypocrites in all countries, but India swarms with them more thickly than any country in the world. And the fact is that we foster hypocrisy. Our fellows, and most of them Brahmins, released a good many cats from the bag, when they were taunted with having lost their caste! If you are not in a frightful hurry to get on, stay till we march, and go with us; and I'll tell you and show you something more about caste. You can send on your palkee and bearers to the next encampment ground, and I'll drive you in my old trap of a buggy. It is not a remarkably elegant affair, but it is very strong and roomy. By the bye, we shall have to travel 'three in a gig;' for I must put Maun Singh, my sick sepoy, between us; and you will find him a very intelligent fellow, I can tell you, and the dose I intend giving him will make him as chirpy as possible."

The conversation and the manners of

the lieutenant—free and easy as were the latter—had fascinated me, and I accepted his invitation.

NATURE'S GREATNESS IN SMALL THINGS.

To the imagination of man, magnitude presents itself as one of the noblest and most impressive attributes with which material objects are clothed. The colossal grandeur of the Alps, amid the wonders of nature; or of the Pyramids among the master-pieces of Art, affects the sensuous nature of the beholder with unmingled reverence and awe. But the refined intelligence seeks for a higher standard of value than size can afford. Sense bows before the majesty of sublime proportion; reason first seeks to investigate all the relations of material things, and, in the end, exalts to the highest place those which a searching test has declared to possess the loftiest significance. Not unfrequently it is seen that forms the most minute are most essential. They were the Titanic forces and grander features of nature which evoked the admiration and the worship of the earliest tribes of men. As we descend along the stream of time, we may discover a growing perception of the greatness of small things; the marvellous power of minor organisms to work immeasurable changes, and the exquisite beauty of minute structures.

Many centuries ago, thoughtful men foreshadowed the full expression of this ripening truth, and anticipated the results of modern science in a profound axiom—tota natura in minimis—in smallest things is nature greatest. It was reserved for this century to develop a saying of the schools into a household precept. This age has cast down barriers that walled round the human vision, and has spread out before us a whole universe of created things, of which no man knew before our time. We see now, by the aid of the microscope, that greatness has no existence but as composed of infinite littleness. Who that bowed before the oak could have thought the lord of the forest to be a compound mass of many millions of independent organisms, of which thousands are combined within an acorn? Who that looked upon the mountain chains of western Asia, or the white cliffs of Dover, could surmise that they were the handiwork of infusorial animalcules, whose shells make up the mass in numbers of thirty millions to a cubic inch? These are the revelations of the microscope.

Gifted with this new power, the naturalist has traversed the material universe as though armed with a magician's wand; and beneath all diverse shapes, amid all various structures, he has found one simple and invariable unit, the beginning of all form; the first and main element of attenuated organisms. It is the organic cell. The loftiest trees have bowed their heads, and confessed this strange secret of their structure.* The stubborn rock has not withheld the same tale of antediluvian lore. The highest animal, and the lowliest plant have narrated the same self-imprinted story of their birth. Flowers have whispered it,—the rustling leaves have breathed it. The butterfly has borne it on the dust of its wings, the fish upon its scales. It is written in the blood that circulates in our veins,—it is imprinted on the muscle which gives motion, and the bones which afford support to our frame. All nature testifies to it. One secret that is the key of all shapely beauty, or deformed ugliness. A hidden unity amidst all variety. A common type for every form. One word which all creation perpetually utters; a witness to the one source whence all derives.

The waters teem with dissimilar forms of life. The air is darkened with inhabitants, not one of which has its exact counterpart. The mind actually shrinks from the contemplation of endless dissimilarity, and apparently inharmonious difference. What a chasm gapes between the shape and function of the stately old chesnut-tree of Etna, whom time has not subdued and age has not withered, and the ephemeral fungus that springs up to-day; flowers to-morrow, and dies ere another sun has visited it! A wider interval appears between the noble form of man himself and the green mould that clothes his tomb. But the microscope resolves this complexity, and bridges easily this chasm. It resolves them alike into simplest elements, and finds beneath all the same type of creation. It shows always, at the foundation, that common origin in cell-growth which binds all created things in one sublime connection; and proclaims a common law of growth, and a pervading fiat of creative power as vice-regent over organic nature.

It was our own distinguished countryman, Robert Brown, who initiated the observations whose fruitful results have led to the perception of this universal law. But not until the researches of Schleiden, in eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, was any useful generalisation obtained. The efforts of naturalists had, before that time, been chiefly directed towards the perception of differences, and the creation of species. But Schleiden saw that the philosophy of nature was darkened by our ignorance of the laws of natural development; and bravely devoting himself to the patient study of growth, and the laws which control it, he travelled through a tangled forest of prickly and entwined facts, till at last he saw the light, and could proclaim it. He watched the secret processes of plants; traced them in their reproduction and their birth, analysed their structures, and observed the process of their functional activities.

At the end of a long course of labour, he was able to tell to the world, that, as the

* See Household Words, Volume the Eighth, pages 354 and 483.

minor organisms, which are the lowliest members of the vegetable kingdom are each in themselves an individual cell, having life and activity, nutrition and reproduction, so the highest plants are only congeries of such individuals, heaped one upon another, moulded into a thousand shapes, and adapted to different purposes. It was then that he enunciated the principle, that the life-story of a plant is to be studied through the vital history of its composing cell-elements; and, proclaiming the microscopic vegetable cell as the unit of vegetable creation, exalted it to the place of honour among the objects of microscopic research. It was no small thing that this key to the cabinet of vegetable physiology should be so discovered, and placed in our hands; but his researches led to yet another result,—for Schwann proceeded to apply to the animal world, the same method of inquiry which Schleiden had inaugurated among plants; and, at the close of two years, he made known, in his turn, the sublime truth that the law of formation and reproduction which prevails in the vegetable, rules also over the animal creation. He showed that the scheme is the same, and the cell still the primordial element of being. Bones, cartilages, muscles, nerves, and every tissue, were traced to their origin in cell-growth; man himself appears as a congeries of cells: his growth the expression of the sum of their growth: the vital processes of his body carried on by cell action. secretion, absorption, exhalation, nutrition, chemical change, and vital change; so many names which only indicate phases in the history of cell-life, that epitome of all organic life. These splendid researches were the result of observations made with very imperfect and inoffensive instruments; they should encourage the poorest and simplest student of microscopic nature to think and to examine for himself. They should inspire an abiding faith in the noble simplicity of the innermost mysteries of nature, and the power of the human intellect to master the difficulties of all mere material problems in the exercise of its heaven-descended reason. Greatly should the microscopist rejoice to find, in his favourite instrument, a facile power of unveiling these high secrets. The most inexpensive microscope gives him the power to interrogate all surrounding objects on this head, and to draw from them the confession of their obedience to cell-power. Sitting in the poorest room, even on the dullest day, he may cut a chip from the floor, take a leaf from a flower, a thread from the carpet, a hair from the chair, a fragment from his food, a coal-chip from the fire, or a drop of blood from the finger, and they will all speak to him in this same language. Their variety will show up a higher uniformity, their complexity a simple cellular unit. Their multiform shapes will betray one common type. Uttering many voices, they sing one grace and canticle of the same purport; the vastness and variety of the results produced by modifications of the same unvarying means; the universality of cell-power; the pervading existence of cell-growth, the million development of its resources, its shapes, its functions, its labours, and its value.

This high law of unity stretches yet further. It has other applications, and has found other as illustrious exponents. While Schleiden and Schwann were working humbly in their vocation amid the mysteries of structure in far parts of Germany, our own countryman, Owen, was studying the law of form here in the heart of London. The one was busied with his microscope and his needles, searching into the tissues of plants, questioning their stem, their fibres, and their pollen. The other, arranging ill-smelling bones, dissecting neglected carcases of wasted creatures, scorning nothing that once had life, and still possessed organisation; making light of labour when it promised a new fact, or a fresh illustration: looking for order amidst confusion; waiting for light in the darkness. At either end of the web, patient workers were unravelling the plaited thread of science; each followed a widely separate clue, but in the end, as they held fast to the right, their paths have met, and they stand, centrally amidst the toiling, scattered crowd of scientific labourers, the apostles of a great truth.

What Schleiden had done for structural anatomy, Owen did for the anatomy of form. The man, the bird, the reptile, and the fish, the uncouth saurian, and the strange griffin of pre-Adamite times, seemed to be separated by as wide an interval as any that distinguished the structure of the lichen from that of the palm-tree. But, the secret once fathomed, and the type established, their visible connection is read off from them as from Nature's own primer. Owen has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the world, that, by changes of one form alone, the archetypal vertebra, all world-wide varieties have been effected. This is the key of the mammoth frame—it is the secret of the shape of the fishy tribe. Those are expanded vertebræ which inclose the brain of man; they are vertebral appendages which wall round his heart, which afford levers of action for the arms,—which supply bases of support, and cavities of protection for the organs of motion and sense, so multiform and variously endowed. The paddle of the seal, the wing of the bird, and the fin of the fish, are new forms of the same element. Thus it is, that truth harmonises with truth, and law combines with law.

This grand demonstration of unity in creation is a new bulwark to religion. The proofs of design have long been a potent weapon of defence, and an earnest source of delight in the hands of rational and religious men. But there were many things in nature

which it failed to explain. What of intelligent and economic design could be traced in the half-dozen bones hidden beneath the skin of the seal's flapper. Those joints were useless, and those pieces unavailing. A solid, single-hinged mass were apparently far more to the purpose than this difficult complexity of unused joints. We begin now to see that the apparent anomalies bear reference to economy of type, and not of instrument. They wear the livery of archetypal servitude, they are the servants of a double wisdom.

Thus, beyond and above the law of design in creation, stands the law of unity of type, and unity of structure. No function so various, no labours so rude, so elaborate, so dissimilar, but this cell can build up the instrument, and this model prescribes the limits of its shape. Through all creation, the microscope detects the handwriting of oneness of power and of ordnance. It has become the instrument of a new revelation in science, and speaks clearly to the soul as to the mind of man.

THE NIGHT PORTER.

A gaunt man in a gaberdine sleeps during the winter months on a mattress placed for him in a cupboard near the entrance hall of The Charles in the Oak Inn; which, by right of him, inscribes upon one of its door-posts, this charm, indicative of constant business: "A Night Porter — Always in Attendance." When I first read the inscription it appeared to me as odd a confusion between town and country as "Bill Stickers Beware," on a banyan tree.

John Pearmaine is the night porter's name. By day he is half-witted; perhaps he is on that account shrewder than most people at night. His only relation, a brother, is an idiot in the county lunatic asylum; but the half of his wits left to John enables him to live at large. He digs and goes on errands for a market gardener close by, receiving food for his labour; and, at rare intervals, a shilling. The poor creature is homeless; and, in summer time, uses his master's greenhouses as sleeping rooms; or, in fine weather, lies amongst the cucumbers, it being his charge to watch them and the fruit. He is an exceedingly light sleeper, and deserves more pay than he receives, for this part of his service. Should these lines by any chance come under his master's eye, let him say, Dowsie (they call John, Dowsie, which means, in these parts, half-witted—daft, as the Scotch say), Dowsie shall certainly be better paid next summer, if he lives to see it.

Some years ago the life of this afflicted outcast must have been very distressful in the winter season. There was no fruit to be watched, and little work provided by the market garden. The gardener, indeed, was not unkind, and the people of the neighbourhood did not shut up their hearts. He never felt the want of food except when times were hard, and then the hand of common charity among poor people being closed perforce, Pearmaine took refuge in the workhouse. But when free during cold weather, the unhappy creature wandered always in no little uncertainty as to the whereabout of the good Christian who would next open to him a barn or an outhouse for the night, or generously welcome him to a warm horsecloth and the right of lying down before the ashes of the house-place fire.

The railway station claiming to belong to the next town, lands passengers at the distance of about a mile from it; and, on the roadside between town and station, stands The Charles in the Oak. Passengers to and from the trains go by the door of this modest inn, in omnibuses, which unite the railway to the Biffin's Arms Hotel. All the nightwork that the railway brought us, in the first year after its establishment—and a pretty piece of work the landlady considered that—was caused by one passenger from the mail train passing at four in the morning, who, having missed or scorned the omnibus, knocked up the house for a glass of hot gin-and-water; and even this customer appears to have regarded the demand as a mere passing joke. But, in the second year of the railway, nightwork was brought by it to The Charles in the Oak, in the shape of a gang—mine host considers that it must have been a gang, comprising the select of London burglars—who broke into it; and, without disturbing a mouse, stole from the bar six teaspoons, a rummer (vulgarly known as a tumbler); a crown punch-bowl, several hareskins, a dish of mutton-chops, and a pepper-castor. The rest of the glass was fortunately locked up in a chimney cupboard, and the bulk of the plate was under the host's bed; where it is always kept of nights. I take for granted that no London burglars are among the readers of the journal which contains this revelation.

After the burglary, both landlady and chambermaid expressed, after dark in winter time, unusual alarm. A house-dog was, for their satisfaction, turned loose in the passages at night; but he kept the whole establishment awake for a month, chambermaid informs me, by continual howling. Then, every one who tells the history claims for himself or herself the merit—which belongs truly, I think, to the ostler—of having brought into discussion the superiority of such a watch-dog as poor Dowsie John. It would be Christian charity, said that somebody, to give him settled lodging in the winter, and he was so light a sleeper that the footfall of a cat would wake him up as surely as the biggest gun. The only fault to be found with him as a watcher, was that, if some tales were true, he had been known once or twice to say that he had heard and seen such things as

were not to be heard and seen by any of his neighbours—that he had, in fact, like other dowsie people, his delusions. "We all have our delusions," quoth the landlord, looking towards his wife; and, straightway pluming himself on his own infallible acuteness, he engaged Pearmaine to sleep on his ground-floor during the winter season. Then it was that, by a happy stroke of wit, and as a potent charm to allure the traveller or scare the midnight thief, mine host of the Charles in the Oak Hotel, and—no, not Posting House (the railway had scratched that off the sign)—caused to be written in small black capitals upon its door-post,—"A Night Porter—Always in Attendance."

I regarded this unhappy night porter, whenever I passed him in his cupboard, with a certain awe; and, when I had him up into my room—*he* had no awe of anybody—and sat looking blue, and cold, and hungry, with his feet upon my fender, and his knees scorched by the fire, a glass of punch in one of his long bony hands, and a great rump-steak in his stomach, he scarcely seemed to be a man of common flesh and blood. A shimmer of something more or less than reason played over his face; and, as I won upon his confidence, he sometimes made my flesh creep with the things he said.

He thinks there is plenty of good life in him for a Night Porter's business, though (turning up his elbows) his bones are so sharp. He sleeps in his clothes, and knows when a step is coming; so that he can spring up at once, and have the door open as soon as the bell is touched; or sooner, for the matter of that. Sometimes people look surprised; and once, a man who had not rung, took to his heels and ran. It was supposed that that man was a London burglar. Knowing that they can get in easily on winter nights, and have a light struck, or a kettle made to boil at any hour by the quick hands of Dowsie John, belated neighbours often come at strange hours to the Charles in the Oak; and so the good fellow conducted a little branch of business that earnt at least his right to a good supper all the winter through. The house and all within it was, indeed, of nights wholly at his disposal; the entire district being assured of John's trustworthiness. He is a man to lie down and die starved upon the floor of a full larder, if the owner of the larder does not say to him, Fall to and eat!

Yes, he had seen some curious things, he says, as a Night Porter. There did come a thief once—only once—he came under pretence of being a traveller; but John soon throttled him. Master came down and dragged him off; but only in time to prevent the vagabond from being throttled before his time. But that was nothing. He would tell me, as a secret, an adventure that he often dreamed over again after it happened, and still dreamed about, and feared he always should dream about to the end of his days.

One December night, several years ago, it was bitterly, bitterly cold. It had been snowing for two days; but it was not snowing then. The earth was white, and the air was black, and it was bitterly, bitterly, bitterly cold. Dowsie John lay in his cupboard, and was kept awake by the stirring of a cruel wind among the snow. By and by the wind fell. There was a dead calm, and John slept till a sound of voices at a distance—beyond anybody else's earshot; but his ears were so very ready—woke him up again.

"God avenge this!" said a man.

"This way to the Charles in the Oak, I think," said another.

And then one of the two shouted out: "John Pearmaine, put a light in the window. We can't see the house."

John's light was on the window-sill, and the shutter was thrown back in an instant. They were the voices of two neighbours—stout young farmers, brothers, who lived with their father, and had been, as he knew, to a distant market-town with cattle. They came slowly, with heavy steps. The candle sent a ray of light across the road; and, through the ray, passed at last the arms of one young man; then, suddenly, the gleam flashed over the pale, still face of a woman whom the two were carrying, tenderly, reverently, dead as she was. They brought her in with blessings upon Dowsie John's quick ears.

"Lost in a snow-drift; cold and stiff as ice. There may be life in her yet. Quick is the word, Johnny, quick!"

The night-porter dragged his mattress from its cupboard to the feet of the two brothers, and they laid the body down upon it, just within the threshold of the inn. One brother darted out again, to bring the nearest doctor to the rescue; and the other, when he saw that Dowsie John had rushed as matter of course to the tap in search of brandy, hastened up-stairs to alarm the house. So, when John brought his brandy to the corpse, he and it were alone. In stooping down to it, he moved aside the shawl, the folds of which enclosed long strips of snow; and, under it, saw that there lay fixed in the woman's rigid arms a cold white baby. The half-witted man knelt down—he never could tell why—and picked away a lump of snow that lay unmelted on its little bosom. "Pretty bird," he said, and put his gaunt face down, and kissed it on the mouth. Then he turned to the mother with his brandy, and spilt it; because, suddenly, she opened her large eyes, and looked at him.

The eyelids crept down over the eyes again, and covered them. John turned away to fill the empty glass. At the same moment landlady and landlord, chambermaid and cook, were hurrying down stairs, the cook with an arm-load of blankets. The body was moved, fires were lighted, bricks were made hot, the set teeth of the dead were parted. To no purpose.

The doctor came and declared that life had been for many hours extinct; putting aside John's evidence to the contrary as a delusion of the senses. The woman might have died of hunger and exhaustion before she was buried in the snow. He could not tell. There was a wedding-ring upon her finger, and the child, which, as it seemed to him, had expired several hours later than its mother, was of about seven months old. The rags that covered them had been good clothing once. In the hope that somebody would recognise this woman, she lay with her child during a whole week at the inn; and the Charles in the Oak itself, by the desire of its landlady (who would hear nothing about parishes) gave her decent burial.

A week afterwards, a young man came to the neighbourhood, obtained leave to have the grave opened, and was distracted when he looked inside the coffin. He said she was his dearest sister; his bright Phœbe: that she had gone away with a bad husband, who had ill-used and deserted her; that he had lost trace of them till he heard that she had set out from a distant place to seek him in some town in this direction; and when upon this followed news of the bodies of a woman and an infant having been found here, he came at once. This man, though he looked poor enough (and was indeed a yeoman of small means, named Thomas Halston) paid all the expenses incurred by the host of the Charles in the Oak on account of his dead sister, and gave Dowsie John ten shillings, as insane an act in poor John's eyes as the free gift of a million would seem to you or to me, if suddenly made to us by some chance capitalist.

"I shall face the villain yet," said Halston, as he galloped out of the inn-yard.

"I would not be in his shoes if you do," muttered the ostler.

"I would not be in his shoes if you don't," said Dowsie John. "I wouldn't go out of the world like him, with such a score chalked up behind my door, and never have met with a man willing to rub it off for me before I went."

Two months afterwards, at about ten o'clock on one of the last nights of February —it was a dull night, with mizzling rain, that had accompanied a rapid thaw, and the Charles in the Oak was gone to bed for very dreariness—John Pearmaine, before retiring to his cupboard, was at work over his last purchase of a halfpennyworth of new ballads by the kitchen fire. Intent upon The Soldier Tired, he did not notice any sound outside until he heard a shot. It came from the road, but was not very near. He was on his feet instantly, and made all haste to the front door; but, after the first bound into the entrance-hall, he stopped. Across the threshold, just as it had been on that night in December, lay—or seemed to lie—his mattress, with dead Phœbe and her infant stretched upon it. The white snow gleamed among the folds of the dress. All was as it had been once before, except that the dead face, rigid and white, with the eyes closed, was turned towards John, and one hand was lifted from the baby, and fixed in a gesture that appeared to bade him stand and listen. He did stand and listen. After the shot, he heard words uttered by persons in the distance so rapidly that he could not catch their purport; then a sudden sharp cry, followed by a voice that moaned "Heaven, avenge!" The spectre's hand flickered slowly, moved and pointed to the door. Its opened eyes shone full into the face of Dowsie John.

After some minutes a step was heard in the wet road. It approached the door of the Charles in the Oak, but John, fixed by the woman's gesture, stood immoveable, candle in hand, his face aghast. The door had not been bolted for the night. The stranger pulled the latch; and, opening it, briskly entered. The spectre vanished; but the last part of it that vanished was the pointing hand. The person who suddenly had come in damp out of the mist, stood where its form had lain, and shivered suddenly, as though a cold blast from the ground had whistled through his bones.

"Idiot!" he said, fiercely; "why do you stare?"

It was evident to him, at a glance, that no one else was stirring in the Charles in the Oak; and John was for the time an idiot indeed.

"If you have any sense," said the stranger, "remember what I tell you. A man will be found dead in the road to-morrow. It was I that killed him; but his blood is not upon my head. He waylaid me in my road from the town to the station, shot at me, and was slain by me in self-defence. That is my name," he added, throwing down a card; "I am known to many people in the town. To-morrow I must be in London. If an inquest be held, give evidence before it, as well as your wits will allow, and say that if they will adjourn over another day, I shall appear to answer for myself before the jury. Take this to keep your memory alive."

The stranger, who was a good-looking, brawny man, advanced towards Dowsie John, and, tossing a half-sovereign into the dish of the chamber candlestick, turned on his heel and went into the road again, closing the door tranquilly after him.

The man had brought much dirt into the hall with him; but, where he had been standing longest, was a stain over which John bent till he assured himself that it was blood. He tried it with a corner of the card, and, sickening at the bright red colour, slunk trembling and cowed into his lair.

Wonderment followed wonderment next morning at the Charles in the Oak. The night-porter had gone to bed, leaving the outer door unbolted. His candlestick was on the floor of the entrance-hall, with the candle

burnt out in the socket. There was blood on the floor; the name of Mr. Robert Earlby on a visiting-card, marked with a blood-stain in the corner; a piece of money was found afterwards, embedded in the tallow that had guttered down over the candlestick; and John Pearmaine, who could have explained all this, lay on his mattress with the sound half of his wits astray.

Furthermore, on the same morning, a body, pierced through the breast, was brought to the Charles in the Oak—the nearest inn—and identified by the people there as that of a man, Thomas Halston, who had come into those parts two months before. A discharged gun was found in the lodge near him, and there were obvious signs of a struggle in the muddy road. An inquest was held in the inn parlour, at which everything was told and shown that could be told and shown. The card was declared by a jury-man named Philips to be that of a gentleman of good character and most amiable disposition, living near London on a freehold farm that yielded him a comfortable income. "He had been at his house," said this juryman, "on the preceding night, and had left at about a quarter before ten, in the best of tempers, to walk to the train that passes at ten thirty."

"How long had Mr. Philips known this gentleman?"

"Only six months, but he had, before that time, made the acquaintance of his eldest daughter, Mary, when she was in town last Spring upon a visit. As her accepted suitor, he had been lately a frequent visitor at his house, and in his character he had reason to place the utmost confidence. He would not fail to write to him at once upon this business."

"Is your friend bachelor or widower?"

"A bachelor."

The jury went to John Pearmaine as he lay tossing in his cupboard; but no kind of information could be had from him. His mind rambled over a great number of wild subjects; but he said not a syllable, insane or sane, of anything that could be supposed to have happened on the previous night.

While they were thus engaged, news came that Mr. Earlby had descended from the omnibus at the inn door, and was in the parlour waiting for the jury. He was pale and faint, he said, from loss of blood. Pressing business, as well as the desire to submit his wound at once to the attention of his own surgeon, had caused him to persevere in his purpose of returning home on the night in question; but he was so anxious to avoid every appearance of a desire for secrecy or mystery upon the subject of the unfortunate affair, that he had come back, weak as he was, without even a day's delay. He had been the more anxious to do this, because he had doubt whether the message left by him at the Charles in the Oak would be delivered by the person whom he saw there. He explained satisfactorily all that had been seen that morning in the Inn: the blood was his own, set flowing by a shot which only grazed the ribs, though it had been aimed at his heart by the man whose body he had on his arrival gone up-stairs to see. The person was a perfect stranger. He must have been a man well known to the police: for so desperate an assault as that which had, in the case, led to the death of the assailant, must have been committed by a footpad of no ordinary sort. After firing at him from the hedge, the fellow had leapt down into the road upon him, and would, as the deponent firmly believed, have killed him, had he not been provided with the sword-stick, which he used in self-defence.

Every circumstance helped to support the statement of the witness; who after the return of a verdict of Justifiable Homicide, was complimented by the coroner for the high-minded way in which he had come forward, despite all risk to himself, and for the valour which he had shown in the defence of his life against a desperate assassin.

Mr. Earlby went to the house of the Philipses, and was sought after as a lion by the townspeople. He made light of his wound; which was soon healed. The ball, he said, had rebounded from a rib; his surgeon had found nothing to extract. He was confined indeed to bed for a few days at Philips's house with sharp pain on the wounded side; but this was for a few days only, and then all went well again.

Halston was duly buried in unconsecrated ground; and, in a place where nobody had known him, there was nobody to take his shame to heart; except, perhaps, our ostler. This worthy, who cut out a large cross on a piece of an old manger, scrawled under it, with irregular incisions, "Thomas Halston, His Mark," and set it up by the neglected grave. His only assigned reason was that he *must* pity a man who had no luck in shooting vermin. To the cook alone the ostler would confide all that he thought about the matter; but she, too, was mysterious, and all that she could say was, that she *must* pity poor Miss Philips. Other misgivings were soon set at rest; and, for a time, I f[illegible] hostess was to be caught now [illegible] regretting the new linen of her ow[illegible] she had given to "the burglar's sister" [illegible] her grave-clothes.

The poor night-porter said [illegible]ing, and knew little more upon this [illegible]. His illness continued till the Spring, [illegible] must say of our hostess that, if ever she reg[illegible]ed kindness after it was spent, she never grudged it in the hour of need. The Charles in the Oak promoted John to a commodious bedroom on the upper-floor, and, by good nursing, helped him to regain his former health with a fair portion of his former wit. Nobody spoke of the affair which had produced the painful effect upon his mind.

Although, incessantly, as I believe, tormented by phantom shapes and such delusions as are common to disordered minds, a strange instinct kept all speech about them from our poor night-porter's tongue. He lived alone with his ghost world; and, it is only by chance, or upon the strength of a rare confidence, that any one or two of his experiences were revealed. I may here state that there was one especial reason for preserving silence with Daft John upon the present matter. For the market-garden, in which he found summer-employment, lay between the Inn and the town. Fifty paces down the road—measured from the gate of the garden, going town-ward—is the spot where Phœbe and her child were found; and against the very bank near which he had been told that she lay covered by the snow-drift, Thomas Halston, when he had tracked her destroyer, stood to shoot him down.

Happily ignorant of this, Pearmaine worked at his summer duties among nectarines and roses; gaunt as ever. He planted, pruned, and gathered, with the same unearthly shimmer on his face. February long since gone, July was come, and John was capering in his uncouth way down a gravel-walk pursued by little Tabby Foll his master's youngest girl, and a few other olive-branches. The children were all dancing to the tune of wedding bells that rung through the pure morning air from more than one of the town-steeples.

They were arrayed in muslin, very clean, except Tabby, who had twice been on her knees, embroidering herself with gravel. All in good time, came more little girls in white; and one or two girls of a middling-size appeared by ones and twos, and threes, to swell the group. Finally, in the very nick Mr. James Foll, the master-gardener, in a white waistcoat, established himself as a telegraph-station at his gate, and began working in a lively manner.

Obedient to signal, all the fairies disappeared within the great conservatory, each quickly to re-appear with a bouquet. Mr. Foll, in his character of Generalissimo, then formed his troop, and animated them with this harangue: "Now, girls, the happy pair are coming. Show yourselves worthy of your fathers and mothers. Honour the brave and fair, your dear companion. Mary Philips—Mrs. Robert Earlby, now—wife to our noble and courageous friend—shall—the wheels, ladies; they are coming. Now's your time; form line across the road, hand-in-hand, and advance. Pearmaine, take this bouquet—*my* token of affection to the bride—tell her so, when you give it through the carriage-window."

The damsels, bent upon their wedding-freak, formed a white chain, like a living wreath of snow across the road; then marched forward some fifty paces before meeting the carriage that contained the bridegroom and his bride. Of course, the postilions stopped and, straightway there appeared at either window a group of smiling eyes and lips speaking confusedly a babel of sweet language, while dimpled hands were raining bouquets down upon the laps of the much-honoured pair. The bridegroom leaned forward, laughed, then looked for half a minute stern; and in the mind of Dowsie John, who stood aside under the hedge, with the great nosegay of the morning in his hand, a wild memory was startled into life. Unconsciously, his lips uttered the cry that had been wafted to him on the night of his great terror. He moaned it faintly just as it had floated to him through the February night, but struck its very note upon the bridegroom's ear. "Heaven avenge!" Earlby sank back in the carriage. It was not the voice of a gardener's man in a gaberdine; it was the voice of a dead man, as he believed, or of his blood, crying aloud from the place where he had fallen.

The girls and the bride in their glee had not noticed this. Their happy riot was nearly done, and it was now time for John to do his master's bidding. He stepped, therefore, to the carriage-window, and, leaning with his weird face before Mr. Earlby to present the flowers to the bride, who sat upon the other side, said, true to his text:

"I am bidden to present these to you as a token."

"Beautiful!" cried the bride. "O do tell me who sent them?"

"As a token from ——" Between bride and bridegroom suddenly appeared to his sick fancy a spectral face,—"from—— Phœbe Halston!" he screamed, and recoiled as a man who had been stung. A blow from the bridegroom, who had risen in wild fury, overtook him as he shrunk away; and the poor creature, staggering back, fell under the hedge.

He rose almost directly. Earlby was coughing violently, with a wedding handkerchief before his mouth. It was drenched with blood.

The horses' heads were turned, and the bridegroom was conveyed without loss of time to the sick-chamber. The ball that had not been extracted, had indeed glanced against one rib; but it had been only so diverted as to lodge behind another rib. The wound, healed externally, had made only the more certain way within. Sudden emotion, and the strong exertion of the chest necessary to strike Dowsie John, had caused the ball to make a fatal plunge into the lung and to set the red blood flowing.

Hopeless illness, which endured for months, intervened, as you might suppose, between this accident and death. Those months were not ill-spent by Robert Earlby. So fully did he take upon himself the shame due to his crimes, that while unable to restore, even by his fervent prayers and ardent repentance, the brother and sister and the innocent

tendril whose lives were either directly, or indirectly, on his head, he did the best he could, as I learnt afterwards, to keep Dowsie John out of the poorhouse for the remainder of his life.

THINGS WITHIN DR. CONOLLY'S REMEMBRANCE.

Most of our readers know that one of the best achievements of the present century is a complete reversal, in the treatment of madness, of opinions and practice which had previously been in force for five-and-twenty centuries at least. The change has been justified in a most striking manner, as we have shown from time to time, and illustrated not very long since by a sketch of the present state of Bedlam. The blessing of it has been secured to England—and, by the example of England, more widely and certainly diffused among civilised nations—mainly by help of the wise energy of DR. JOHN CONOLLY.

The change of which we speak began in France and England almost at one time. To dark cells and desolate courts, sufferers from mental disease were remitted as their fitting place of habitation; terrible men, armed with whips, were not their servants, but their masters; they were dressed in chains and manacles; they who most needed human care, rotted on filthy litters, with the rats for their companions, by whom they were sometimes attacked and wounded. Such care as was had of the insane was better in England than in France before the time of the first great French Revolution. The two large asylums of Paris were the Bicêtre and the Salpêtrière, of which the former was the worse. Wretched and filthy beings crouched in cold, damp cells no larger than was necessary to contain their bodies—six feet square—to which air and light came through the door only: in which there was no table, no chair, no bed, but a dog's litter of straw, seldom renewed. The patients, loaded with chains, were defenceless against the brutality of keepers, who were selected from among the malefactors in the jails. But it happened, in the days of the great Revolution, that three sensible men—named Cousin, Thouret, and Cabanis, all of them friends of the physician PINEL—were administrators of the hospitals of Paris. They deplored what they saw at the Bicêtre, and they had faith in their friend Pinel, whom they appointed the physician to that institution. Towards the end of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-two, he entered on his duties there, and "with him entered pity, goodness, and justice."

That was the first faint ray of hope for an improved condition of the lunatic in France. It is curious that at precisely the same period the first step in this path of reform should have been made—one might say, accidentally—in England. It happened that in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-one, a Quakeress was placed in the York Asylum by friends living at a distance. They requested some acquaintances to visit her; but to these admission was denied, and in a few weeks the patient died. The management of the asylum had been falling into some discredit; but the Quakers said no evil of it,—they simply resolved to establish an asylum of their own, and founded the Retreat at York, which, in a few years, they opened. Of this institution the late WILLIAM TUKE of York, and his grandson, SAMUEL TUKE, have been the chief promoters. It was the first in Europe—the first in the world—at which the right treatment of the lunatic was clearly indicated. Five-and-forty years ago, Samuel Tuke told his countrymen, in an account of the Retreat at York, not very much less than they have now learnt to believe upon the subject. ESQUIROL was at that time in Paris the successor of Pinel. He had succeeded him in the year eighteen hundred and ten, and, after visiting almost every asylum in France, represented, in the year eighteen hundred and eighteen, that he found the insane naked or covered only with rags, littered in straw upon damp pavements, fettered and bound in iron belts and collars—chains being preferred to strait-waistcoats by reason of their greater cheapness—fastened sometimes to the wall by a fetter eighteen inches long; a method of treatment which was extolled as being peculiarly calming. Esquirol vigorously used his influence for the abatement of these evils, and he was the first who gave practical instruction to students of medicine in the management of mental disorders. His name ranks therefore with the foremost in the history of the reformed treatment of lunacy.

The need of it was almost as great in England as in France, long after the first reform in the Bicêtre and the founding of the York Retreat. Nearly forty years afterwards, in a large private asylum near London, several of the pauper women were chained to their bedsteads, naked, or only covered with an hempen rag; and this in the month of December. One towel a week was allowed for the use of one hundred and seventy patients, and some were mopped with cold water in the severest weather. Seventy out of about four hundred were almost invariably in irons. Only seven years ago, there were some licensed houses in our provinces where patients, male and female, were confined at night in outhouses, without fire or any means of warmth, without light, attendance, or protection; there were no baths, there was no medical treatment. Again, in a report of the Commissioners in Lunacy not more than eleven years old, we read of licensed houses which fed lunatics upon from four and a-half to six ounces of bread, with skimmed milk, for breakfast and supper, and gave them for dinner on three days in the week what was called a meat and potato pie; the proportion of meat being less than an ounce for each patient. On two days in the week soup and

suet pudding, and on the other two days what was called a meat dinner, the allowance of meat to each patient being only about one ounce and a-half. Firing and other necessaries of life were supplied on the same scale. Even at this day, there is the utmost need for the continued vigilance of the Commissioners in Lunacy.

But we must go back to recover the thread of our story. While the York Retreat was demonstrating the excellence of the right system of treating the insane, the old York Asylum, which by its misdeeds had brought the Retreat into existence, was as conspicuous for the repulsive form which it gave to the wrong. In the year eighteen hundred and fifteen, two little works appeared at York. One of them by Samuel Tuke, explained instructions for the building of the Wakefield Pauper Lunatic Asylum, and illustrated his principles of treatment. "Chains," he said, in his preface, "which seemed to identify the madman and the felon, are discarded from some of the largest establishments; and maniacs who for many years were manacled with irons, are on a sudden, under a more mild and vigilant system of management found to be gentle and inoffensive. But, though much has been done—much still remains to be effected." Of violent patients, the same public teacher says in his pamphlet, "the worst patients require most attention, and are most likely to irritate their attendants. A distinct, or very remote building, exposes them to all the evils of neglect and abuse; and there is, generally speaking, more to fear for them than from them. The evil of noise is not so great as those of filth, starvation, and cruelty. I have no doubt, however, that it is possible so to construct rooms as to avoid the annoyance of the many, and the injury of the few." The founders of the Retreat believed that the well-being of an Asylum very much depended on the open doing of all that was done in it. "The regulations of an Asylum," says this tract, "should establish a system of espionage, terminating in the public. One servant and one officer should be so placed as to watch over another. All should be vigilantly observed by well selected and interested visitors; and these should be stimulated to attention, by the greatest facilities being afforded to persons who, from motives of rational, not idle curiosity, are desirous of inspecting such establishments."

When this was written, there was written by another pen, also for publication at York, an account of the old York Asylum, reformed only a few months before, of which the substance is thus briefly sketched by Dr. Conolly, in his recent book upon the Treatment of the Insane. "Secrecy had long been the protection of the officers. The physicians administered medicines of which the nature was concealed. Visitors were, as much as possible, excluded. The committee of managers were equally arrogant and ignorant. Every abuse reigned uncontrolled. The poorer patients were half-starved. There was no classification within doors, or without. Cleanliness and ventilation were disregarded. Numbers of patients were huddled together in small day rooms. Some slept three in a bed. The use of chains seems to have been very general. The actual disappearance of many patients was never accounted for; and some were supposed to have been killed. In reporting the number of deaths, several—sometimes a hundred out of three hundred—were taken from the list of dead, and placed in the list of cured. A general system of dishonesty and peculation prevailed. The physician was dishonest; the steward falsified his accounts and burnt his books; and the matron, a worthy coadjutor, made a profit on the articles purchased by her for the use of the house. Pending the inquiry into these and various other acts of impropriety and cruelty, an attempt was made, very consistently, and evidently with the knowledge of the officers, to destroy the whole building by fire—books, papers, and patients. To a certain extent, the design was successful. Much of the building was consumed, with most of the books and papers; and several of the patients—it was never ascertained how many—perished at the same time. It was not until eighteen hundred and fourteen, that the iniquities of this bad place were finally put a stop to. It was not even until that year that secret cells were first discovered by Mr. Godfrey Higgins, one of the most indefatigable of reformers—cells, many in number; and, as his report represented "in a state of filth, horrible beyond description." The very existence of these cells had been kept from the knowledge of the committee, up to that time."

Then began, also, the reform of Bethlem. Fifteen years later, lunatic asylums were still places of dread, and it is hard now to conceive the force that went with the arguments urged by Dr. Conolly, in an "Inquiry concerning the Indications of Insanity," when that, his first work on a subject with which his name is now indissolubly bound, was published. It appeared in the year eighteen hundred and thirty, when its author was the Professor of Medicine in London University. Its argument was mainly for the complete removal of asylums for the insane from the hands of the private speculator, by placing them all under the control of the state, and for the combatting of that grave error which places in lunatic asylums, men who could easily and happily be cared for in their families; many, even, who could be active and useful members of society, requiring only some humouring of this or that harmless delusion. Thus, there is an old, and pretty well known story of a gentleman of fortune, who believed Queen Charlotte to be in love with him. His friends sued for a Commission of

Lunacy in his case. The Lord Chancellor dined with him, and was so much pleased with the clear wit and wisdom of his host, that at parting he alluded with ridicule to the absurd allegation made against him. He could now, he said, be sure of its falsity. Thereupon, the gentleman bravely took up and defended his position. Why, he asked, was it absurd for him to believe the evidence of his own eyes? The Queen watched him, and smiled at him in the opera, noticed him significantly in the parks, &c. This gentleman was proved a lunatic, and placed in an asylum. Yet, when his estate in Chancery became embarrassed, he was the only man able to disentangle all the knots, and get it out of trouble; afterwards he was appointed steward over it, wholly trusted with the management, and with the keeping of the accounts. With very many such instances, some of them very curious and interesting, Dr. Conolly fortified his position, that all lunatics ought not —merely as such—to be immured in madhouses.

At about the same time or a year sooner, it happened that in the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum a patient died in consequence of being strapped to the bed in a strait waistcoat during the night. This accident led to the establishment of a rule, that whenever restraints were used at night an attendant should continue in the room, and the consequence of the rule was a great diminution of the use of such restraints. In the same asylum Dr. Charlesworth, the physician, gradually felt his way towards the abandonment of such restraints as could be found unnecessary, and in August, eighteen 'thirty-four, it was reported that for many successive days not one patient had been in mechanical restraint of any kind. At that time Mr. Hadwen was the house-surgeon of the asylum. He was succeeded in the year following by Mr. Gardiner Hill, who was soon able to say that not one patient had been in restraint for four-and-twenty days. In the year 'thirty-six at the Lincoln Asylum no instrument of restraint was used for three successive months, and in the year following Mr Hill expressed his confident opinion that mechanical restraints might be abolished altogether.

The new practice is not yet accepted on the continent of Europe. To the medical practitioners of England belongs the honour of having led and won the battle against a prejudice that had been rooted in society for upwards of two thousand years. Side by side with them have marched their brethren in America, who have here and there carried gallantly a strong advanced position by themselves. Such an achievement — in such achievements French and Germans also have excelled us—was, for example, the establishment nine years ago of the Massachusetts school for idiotic children.

When Mr. Gardiner Hill first cut himself adrift from the whole system of restraint in treating lunacy it was most difficult for the great body of society to accept the idea that mechanical restraint could be dispensed with in all cases. "Indeed," he says in a recent book published for the just assertion of his claims, "for many years I was stigmatised as one bereft of reason myself, a speculator, peculator, and a practical breaker of the sixth commandment, by exposing the lives of the attendants to the fury of the patients. The system was called 'a piece of contemptible quackery, a mere bait for the public ear.' As regards the Lincoln Asylum, it was most extraordinary, that notwithstanding the many expedients previously resorted to with the avowed purpose of diminishing the number of restraints, so great was the opposition, both within and without the institution, that despite the constant and strenuous support of Dr. Charlesworth, I was ultimately compelled to resign my appointment. In fact, it was impossible to remain. The attendants were encouraged in acts of disobedience, and all control was lost. Had I retained my appointment, I must have sacrificed my principles."

The first to adopt, freely and fully, the principles laid down at Lincoln was Dr. Conolly at Hanwell. Mr. Hill, who gives this honour to Dr. Pritchard of Northampton, says: "Next after Dr. Pritchard, came that 'great and good man' Dr. Conolly; and, perhaps, but for him, the system might have been strangled in its birth. It was ordained otherwise. Mr. Serjeant Adams, whose attention had been directed to the new system at Lincoln, was in the habit of visiting the Lincoln Asylum when on circuit, and the result was, that when Dr. Conolly received the appointment of physician to the Hanwell Asylum, Mr. Serjeant Adams, who was one of the visiting justices at Hanwell, recommended Dr. Conolly to visit Lincoln. Dr. Conolly did so, and was so pleased with the quiet and order which he observed there, that on his return to Hanwell, he set to work vigorously, with a view to abolish restraint in that giant establishment."

We believe it to be quite true that, but for this helper, Dr. Conolly, the system indeed would have been strangled in its birth. His help was all powerful, for he was not only the ablest man enlisted upon its behalf, but he was prepared for it by all his previous reasonings and observations. The good principle derived also from his support this great advantage, that he worked it out most wisely and vigorously in one of the largest institutions of the country, and in the immediate neighbourhood of London, to all intents and purposes in London under the eye of the ablest and most influential men who could be usefully impressed with a sense of its importance. We take nearly all the present history of the non-restraint system from Dr. Conolly's book "on the Treatment of Lunacy without Mechanical Restraints," in which he is concerned very much to prove

the soundness of the plan, and with a rare modesty concerned very little about his own claims to reputation in connection with it. He gives to every other man his due, and is for himself content that he has been a faithful labourer. Of the beginning of his work at Hanwell he himself writes: "Although the phenomena of insanity and the character of asylums had occupied my mind for many years before I was appointed to the charge of the Middlesex Asylum at Hanwell, in 1839, and the defective management of insane persons had been commented upon in a work published by me about ten years before assuming such duties, I was still deeply impressed with the responsibility of what I had undertaken, and my anxiety to avoid the abuses which I had freely condemned, was largely mixed with solicitude as to the possible dangers to be incurred in the attempt in an asylum containing eight hundred patients. The perusal of Mr. Gardiner Hill's lecture" (on the Management of Lunatic Asylums, delivered in June, eighteen hundred and thirty-eight, and published April, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine) "had almost convinced me that what was reported as having been done at Lincoln might be accomplished in other and larger asylums. . . . . Much interested by these details, I devoted the few weeks intervening between my appointment to Hanwell and the commencement of my residence there, in visiting several public asylums; in all of which, except in that of Lincoln, various modes of mechanical coercion continued to be employed. My visit to the Lincoln Asylum (in May, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine), and conversations and correspondence with Dr. Charlesworth and Mr. Gardiner Hill, as well as frequent communications with the late Mr. Serjeant Adams, at that time a member of the Hanwell Committee, and who had been much interested by the proceedings at Lincoln, more strongly inclined me to believe that mechanical restraints might be safely and advantageously abolished in an asylum of any size; and I commenced my duties as resident physician and superintendent of the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell, on the first day of June. In various asylums some attention had been drawn to the subject of Mr. Hill's lecture; but I had observed that his views were received unfavourably, and sometimes in a spirit of hostility, or even of ridicule; and I found them by no means favourably regarded by the medical and other officers at Hanwell. The agitation, however, of so novel a question as that of abolishing instruments of restraint which, from time immemorial had constituted a part of the daily treatment of numerous cases of insanity, had led, at Hanwell at least, to a somewhat less extravagant employment of coercive instruments than had before been common. After the first of July, when I required a daily return to be made to me of the number of patients restrained, there were never more than eighteen so treated in one day—a number which would seem reasonably small, out of eight hundred patients, but for the facts that after the thirty-first of July the number so confined never exceeded eight; and after the twelfth of August never exceeded one; and that after the twentieth of September no restraints were employed at all."

Those are quiet words, but how much energy do they express! Mr. Hill arrived at his opinion, and unable to enforce it satisfactorily, resigned at last his appointment in the Lincoln Lunatic Asylum. The lecture, expressing Mr. Hill's extreme views, was printed in April, of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. Dr. Conolly, then about to be placed in charge of the Great County Asylum at Hanwell, and being strongly disposed against the prisoning and fettering of the insane, read the lecture at once, and almost believed that its case was made out as well for the great asylums as for the small.

In the month following he went to Lincoln, made observations for himself, and came away convinced. In the month following that, he entered upon his office at Hanwell, resolved to conquer quietly and quickly all the strong prejudices he encountered there, and to establish, against the opinion of his colleagues and subordinates, against ridicule and abuse, the extreme position that he had accepted. He did not urge it theoretically in an uncomprosing way; he did not like Mr. Hill to deny that there might be cases to which his principle was inapplicable. He said little, and did all. When he had been a month in office he was receiving daily returns of the number of patients put under mechanical restraint. He had urged his general opinions in the meantime and the restraints were not numerous. He watched cases and pointed out the conclusions to which they led. In one month more, the use of such restraints — before small — was reduced by more than half. In twelve days more it was reduced to the occasional binding of one patient in the course of a day, and after a few more weeks—by quarter day—it was abolished altogether.

Dr. Conolly's predecessor, at the Hanwell Asylum, had been Dr. Millingen, a strong opponent of the non-restraint theory. In the year during which Dr. Milligen's rule lasted, instruments of coercion multiplied. There had reigned before Dr. Millingen, Sir William Ellis, a wise and kindly man, who is entitled to distinction in this history as the reformer who, first at Wakefield and afterwards at Hanwell, made the experiment of introducing labour systematically into our public asylums. "He carried it out at Wakefield," says Samuel Tuke, "with a skill, vigour and kindness towards the patients, which were alike creditable to his understanding and his heart. He first proved that there was less

danger of injury from putting the spade and the hoe into the hands of a large proportion of insane persons, than from shutting them up together in idleness, though under the guards of straps, strait-waistcoats, and chains."

At Hanwell Sir William had been faintly supported by the officers of the Asylum. "When I began to reside in the Asylum," Dr. Conolly writes, "a year after Sir William Ellis's residence there had ceased, the use of mechanical restraints was by no means limited to cases of violent mania. Instruments of restraint, of one kind or other, were so abundant in the wards as to amount, when collected together, to about six hundred—half of these being leglocks or handcuffs. The attendants had abused, as usual, the latitude of permission allowed them as to having recourse to such methods, and employed them for frivolous reasons, chiefly to save themselves trouble. On the female side of the asylum, alone, there were forty patients who were almost at all times in restraints; fourteen of these were generally in coercion-chairs. All these patients were freed from restraints in September, eighteen hundred and thirty-nine; and, on a careful examination of thirty-seven of them, who remained in the asylum two years afterwards, all were found improved in their conduct. Some, who had before been considered dangerous, were constantly employed; and the rest were harmless and often cheerful."

The details of personal experience given by Dr. Conolly, are often such as cannot be read without emotion. The doctor's strong heart (God bless and reward him!) was in his work, and the hearts of his readers follow him in his account of it. To carry on a great labour of civilisation in a wise and tender spirit, to be in every high sense a good physician to the broken-minded, watchful on their behalf, made happy by the happiness created for them, is to live above the need of praise. Nevertheless, it is a noble thing for any one to win the deserved praise of all his countrymen, and to be appreciated and respected most perfectly by those who, had they competed with him on a meaner course, would have been called his rivals.

In the book of which we speak, as in his former work, upon the Indications of Insanity, Dr. Conolly interests his reader by the most abundant store of anecdote and illustration, chiefly drawn from experience, partly from reading, with which he defines every point of his argument. The practical tone of his own mind suggests this manner of writing, and it is the most effectual that can be used by any one who would at once interest and convince the English public.

For several years after eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, the progress of the non-restraint system in England was slow, and, as we have said, a certain amount of strait-waistcoating is still advocated by physicians on the continent. Under the new system, a patient when unmanageably violent is placed, with every limb free, in a light and cheerful padded room where no harm can be done, and is watched through an eye-hole in the door. The consequence is, that the violence rapidly abates for want of exciting objects to sustain it; the patient frequently lies down and sleeps, and, when quiet,—that is to say, usually in an hour or two—is taken out, washed, soothed, well fed and trusted. The opponents of the system make a bugbear of the padded room and preach that patients are more soothed by strapping up in a straitwaistcoat. So, in the early days of the reform at Hanwell, "physician and superintendents of the asylum wrote against it, reasoned against it, expressed themselves angrily against it; but scarcely any of them devoted any time to observing it. A few reflecting men were happily found who did devote more than an hour or two, or than even a day or two, to watching the results of non-restraint. One of these," Dr. Conolly writes, "was Mr. Gaskell, now a commissioner in lunacy; and it is well known that he adopted the system, and carried it out with singular ability and success in the large Asylum of Lancaster, where he had to control many patients whose provincial character was proverbially rough and brutal. There—as at Hanwell—walls were lowered, iron bars removed, the means of exercise and recreation increased, so as to introduce the whole system of non-restraint into an asylum then containing six hundred patients."

Equally good work was done also by the late Dr. Anderson in the lunatic asylum attached to Haslar Hospital. In that place "the view of the sea, of Portsmouth harbour and of the Isle of Wight, was shut out by very high walls. Dr. Anderson had not been long there before everything underwent a favourable change. Restraints were entirely abolished, iron bars disappeared, the boundary walls were lowered, the patients were allowed to walk upon the grass, summer-houses were built and pleasant seats provided commanding a view of the sea, and the cheerful scenes most congenial to the inmates; knives and forks were brought into use, and the whole of this noble asylum assumed an air of tranquil comfort. The patients soon had a large boat provided for them, in which their good physician did not hesitate to trust himself with parties of them, in fishing-excursions. In the first of these little voyages a patient, whose voice had not been heard for years, was so delighted with his success that he counted his fish aloud."

No inconvenience or accident followed upon these changes. Violent patients became quiet, and recovered bits of their wrecked minds; the useless and hopeless became trustworthy and industrious, all exchanged misery for happiness. At Glasgow, Dr. Hutcheson proved the immense importance of the new system, so thoroughly, that when the new asylum was built at Gartnavel, near Glasgow,

an inscription on the foundation-stone recorded that into that institution mechanical restraint was never to be introduced. When Dr. Davey and Dr. Hood took charge of Colney Hatch Asylum, they managed an institution for the reception of twelve hundred lunatics, without thinking it necessary to have a single straitwaistcoat or any other instrument of restraint in the building. We have shown already how the system is now worked by Dr. Hood, at Bethlem. Dr. Hitchman, in Derbyshire; Dr. Palmer, in Lincolnshire; Dr. Hitch and Dr. Williams, in Gloucestershire; Dr. Bucknill, in Devonshire; Dr. Thurnam, in Wiltshire; Dr. Parsey, in Warwickshire; Dr. Diamond, in Surrey; are among those who have publicly carried out with the best skill, and to most unexceptionable results, the system now established in this country by the experience of eighteen years.

Except, that after seeing Hanwell, Dr. Everts and Dr. Van Leeuwen established the non-restraint system, under some disadvantages, at the Asylum of Meerenberg, near Haerlem; and except also in the case of Dr Hübertz, at Copenhagen; the whole body of physicians on the continent appears at present disposed, as we have said, to resist the complete adoption of the English system. Simple experiment has overpowered opposition here; abroad, experiment remains yet to be made.

MARIE COURTENAY.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century, Lord William Courtenay, the young Earl of Devon, a descendant of the ancient imperial family of Constantinople, having been convicted of felony, having had his estates confiscated, and having been outlawed, left Powderham Castle, near Exmouth, and fled from his native land. A short time afterwards, a young stranger arrived upon the coast of France, near Lesparre, in the department of La Gironde, and took up his residence in the village of Saint Christoly. This foreigner, who lived in great seclusion, was first known by the name of Thomas; and afterwards was called citizen Thomas, or William Courtenay.

While Thomas Courtenay was living at Saint Christoly, the great French Revolution of seventeen hundred and ninety-three broke out; and his English accent having betrayed his foreign birth, Thomas Courtenay became an object of suspicion and persecution. At length, he was arrested as a supposed aristocrat, and conducted to the Convent of Beysac, which had been converted into a prison, and which the Reign of Terror had peopled with the noble families of the county. Although Thomas Courtenay declared himself to be an Irishman, he stood in a very perilous position. Happily for him, however, he had excited the interest and compassion of a young and beautiful woman, named Marguerite Titau, who was the widow of a peasant, named Jean Orry. Marguerite Titau walked six miles, from Saint Christoly to Beysac, every two days to carry clean linen and fresh food to the unfortunate young prisoner. In those days to be poor was to be powerful, and Marguerite Titau, by exerting her influence with the local authorities and the country people, after some time obtained the release of Thomas Courtenay.

Gratitude, it may be easily imagined, soon gave place to more tender sentiments in the breast of Thomas Courtenay, especially as his devoted liberatrice united to goodness of heart, the charms of youth and beauty. The simplicity of the republican forms making marriage easy, the youthful betrothed in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-five, repaired to Bordeaux; where their union was celebrated by Ysabeau, a representative of the people, under the flags (sous les drapeaux). Marriage under the flags, was the only existing form of marriage during "the Reign of Wisdom." It consisted in the appearance of the contracting parties at the head of a regiment, under the flags; where, in presence of a representative of the people, their union was announced by bugle blast and tuck of drum. These marriages were afterwards legalised by the Code Napoléon.

Two children were the fruit of the union of Marguerite Titau and Thomas Courtenay: Jean Courtenay, born upon the twenty-first Floréal, year V., and Marie Courtenay, born upon the twentieth Thermidor, year IX. of the Republic. Thomas Courtenay brought up his children modestly and respectably; and, when the Reign of Terror had passed, and tranquillity was restored, he announced to his friends that he was Lord William Courtenay, the outlawed Earl of Devon. This announcement procured him admission as an equal into the best families of the neighbourhood; and he henceforth signed his name, William, or Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon.

Napoleon the First having been proclaimed First Consul, M. de Courtenay, after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, was suspected of being a spy of England and the French princes, the brothers of Louis the Sixteenth; and was obliged once more to seek his safety in flight. He wished to take his family with him; but his wife, having had a daughter to whom she was much attached, by her first marriage, and who was settled in her village, refused to accompany him. Courtenay on embarking alone for England or America, promised to provide for his family, and to return to them as soon as the political horizon had somewhat cleared up.

On arriving in England, Courtenay wrote to his wife, saying, that his family having repudiated him, he was living with a tailor in Oxford Street; but, would, as soon as he could, return to France, to pass the remainder of his days with his dear little children. He

appeared to be particularly fond of little Marie; who, strikingly resembled her father. Sometime, after the receipt of his first letter, Courtenay wrote from America, announcing a remittance, through a third party, of eight hundred francs; which, however his family never received. Marguerite Titau, or Courtenay, heard no more of her husband after that letter; and, at length, believing herself to be once more a widow, and resigning herself to her misfortune, continued to bring up her children as well as her feeble resources permitted. The eldest, Jean Courtenay, as soon as he was able to handle an oar, became a sailor; and Marie assisted her mother in her household occupations.

Years rolled on; and, after the peace of eighteen hundred and fifteen, Lord William Courtenay appeared in England, and had his estates restored to him. A rumour floated over the county of Devon, about this time, to the effect, that the noble Earl having disguised himself as a common sailor, had gone to one of the principal hotels in Exeter, and mingled in the conversations of the bar and tap-rooms, with a view of finding out the sort of reception he might expect, if he returned publicly to his estate and lordship of Powderham Castle. Learning, however, that stoning, or tarring and feathering, would be deemed the most appropriate welcome, Lord William Courtenay, thinking it imprudent to venture, returned immediately to France. The restored Earl of Devon took up his residence in a sumptuous hotel, in the Place Vendôme in Paris; and bought a most beautiful and agreeable country-house, situated near Corbeil, in the little village of Draveil. In this country retreat he soon won for himself the name of the Bear of Draveil. His only associates were his steward, Mr. Woods, and his family. He went out seldom, and was generally accompanied by Miss Woods, the steward's daughter; and, of course, Lord William Courtenay was not spared by the evil tongues of his neighbourhood.

In eighteen hundred and thirty-five, the Earl of Devon died, leaving by his will all his property to Mr. and Mrs. Woods, and their three children, George, Henry, and Jane. After going through the necessary legal formalities prescribed by French law, Mr. Woods came into possession of the furniture of the hotel, at number eighteen Place Vendôme, and the country seat of Draveil. After disposing of the Chateau of Draveil to a Monsieur and Madame Dalloz, and after realising the sum of eight thousand pounds by the sale of the furniture, which was rich in objects of art vertu, Mr. Woods on receiving the proceeds of these sales, hastened back to England with his family.

We must now return to humble life, and the little village of Saint Christoly. In eighteen hundred and thirty-six, Marguerite Titau, or Courtenay, was dead. Her son, Jean Courtenay, had gone to sea, and never more been heard of; and Marie Courtenay was supporting herself by her labour, when, one day, she received a letter from Paris, written in English. Now Marie, so far from knowing how to read English, could not speak French, knowing nothing but the patois of her department. Luckily, however, she knew an Englishman who had lived twenty years in her native village, and who translated the letter for her. It was from an unknown person, informing her of the death of her father, at number eighteen or nineteen Place Vendôme, leaving a large fortune, and advising her to take the steps necessary to inherit it.

Marie, believing the letter to be an ill-timed jest, and putting it into her pocket, kept it there until the edges became chafed, and the letter destroyed. Nevertheless, in eighteen hundred and forty-one, a M. Falempin, a lawyer, having business which called him from Saint Christoly to Paris, Marie begged him to make inquiries respecting the particulars mentioned in the mysterious letter; but, soon after his arrival in Paris, the lawyer fell ill, and died. Some time afterwards, the Maire of Saint Christoly wrote to the English consul at Bordeaux, to enquire the fate of Lord William Courtenay, but he never received any answer to his letter. At length, in eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a lawyer who happened to be passing some time at Lespaire, heard the story of the poor woman, said to be the daughter and heiress of Lord Courtenay. Incredulous at first, after seeing and questioning Marie, now Madame Baty, and after having made inquiries in the neighbourhood, the lawyer became convinced that the story told by the poor woman was perfectly true.

Of course he was entrusted with the case, and went up to Paris, where, after having ascertained the particulars of the death of Lord Courtenay, he commenced legal proceedings, for the purpose, in the first place, of proving the legitimacy of Marie Courtenay, and, in the second place, of claiming, in her name, the only property of the late Earl which Mr. Woods had not taken to England, namely, the estate of Draveil. The estate had gone into the hands of third parties, Monsieur Dalloz having sold it to Monsieur Séguin.

On the eighth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, the case was tried before the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine. Henry Woods, the only surviving member of his family, did not answer the summons of the court. M. Limet, the advocate of Madame Baty, in her name begged the court to declare her the legitimate daughter and heiress of Lord William Courtenay, and to condemn Henry Woods to restore to her a third part of the movable and immovable property of the late Lord

Courtenay, and to declare nul the two successive sales of the estate of Draveil.

The third parties raised up two objections to the appeal, demanding, firstly: Is Thomas Courtenay the same person as William Courtenay, the Earl of Devon? and secondly: If Marie is the legitimate daughter of the Earl of Devon, can she legally claim her inheritance?

In answer to the first objection, he produced the written testimony of six respectable inhabitants of the village of Saint Christoly, namely, Jean Servant, aged seventy-seven years, formerly Maire of the village of Saint Christoly; Guilaume Grand, aged sixty-three years; M. Bénillan, aged sixty-five years; Arnaud Courrain, aged eighty years and six months; Pierre Curat, aged seventy-three years; and François Normandine, aged seventy-two years;—who all affirmed, upon oath, that they had known Thomas Courtenay; that they knew for certain, that he remained in the village of Saint Christoly from fourteen to fifteen years, until the year ten of the French Republic; that during his stay at Saint Christoly they saw and spoke to him daily; that he was about forty or forty-five years of age when he left Saint Christoly to return to England; that during his sojourn at Saint Christoly he married Marguerite Titau: that Marie Jeanne Courtenay was born of this marriage, and that M. Thomas Courtenay caused himself to be called in the country William or Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon, &c.

The next document produced was the only piece of writing which could be found with the signature of Thomas Courtenay. It was a promise to pay the sum of four hundred and fifty-nine francs eleven sous, written in bad French, and signed Thomas Courtenay, Earl of Devon. This document was compared, by M. Limet, with the will of Lord William Courtenay; and he found, he said, a manifest analogy between the two handwritings, by making an allowance for the difference thirty-five years must make between the handwriting of a young man and the handwriting of an old man.

M. Limet having thus tried to prove the identity between Lord William Courtenay and Citizen William or Thomas Courtenay of Saint Christoly, went on to prove the legitimacy of Marie Courtenay. He presented to the court the declaration of her birth, made to the Maire of Saint Christoly, in which she is declared the legitimate daughter of Marguerite Titau and Thomas Courtenay, an Irishman.

Great doubt having been thrown by the adversaries of Marie Courtenay on the truth of the romantic story of the marriage of her father and mother, M. Limet procured the testimony of a lady who had known Marie Courtenay from her childhood, who had often played with her, and whose grandmother had been imprisoned with Thomas Courtenay in the convent of Beysac. Madame Mazel said, her grandmother had frequently told her the history of the romantic courtship and marriage of Marguerite Titau and Thomas Courtenay, and certified to Marie's striking resemblance to her father. And she herself had seen the letters which Thomas Courtenay had written to his family. All this evidence not being considered conclusive, the tribunal decided that there was no proof of the identity of Thomas Courtenay, mentioned in the certificate of the birth of Marie Courtenay, with William Courtenay, the Earl of Devon, who died upon the twenty-sixth day of May, eighteen hundred and thirty-five; and the court accordingly rejected the appeal of Madame Marie Baty, and condemned her to pay all the expenses to all parties.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

I suppose we are all born with a mission. Those who do not find one ready-made to their hands, are never happy until they have created one; and therefore it comes to the same thing in the end, whether we are born with a mission or without one. My mission has been to give credit. I am the successor of the late John Smirker. In whatever books of account my name stands, you will always find it on the right side, with a balance in my favour. My father thought the best thing he could do to settle me in life was to buy the goodwill of the west-end business of the late John Smirker, with branches in both the great University cities; established in seventeen hundred and fifty, and largely patronised by the aristocracy. I entered upon my new sphere in a calm and dutiful manner; neither desponding nor enthusiastic. I am naturally of a quiet and meditative turn of mind; given to inquiry, and, perhaps, rather quick in perceiving necessary reforms, though the last man in the world to have the robust energy to carry them out. My predecessor, the late John Smirker, in giving over the long list of book-debts that my father had purchased, dilated very warmly upon the immense value of customers who quartered, Heaven knows what, upon their shields, and never took less than five years' credit. "What is a business," he inquired, "without book-debts? A thing without root, sir,—wholly without root. You have no hold upon your connexion. In fact, you *have* no connexion. Without book-debts, they come to-day, and they go to-morrow." I did not dispute this position, for I never argue. He was the born tradesman, and acted upon his precepts. Dear me, what trouble he took to plant the roots that foliated and branched off into every ramification of book-debts! How he watered, and dibbled, and forced them! How he nursed them up at compound interest, till the right time came for him to fell

an oblivious debtor with a post-obit, or to cut down a slippery one with a summary judgment! With what a bland smile he would refuse the early tender of a green young debtor, for fear that, once set free, he would transplant his custom to another establishment! What decoy-ducks he let fly among rich young university and military noodles, to get them enticed to his shop! Yet, when he got them, and any of them did not pay—which was not often; (for old Smirker had a keen scent, and seldom put his fashionable commission-agents upon a wrong one) how he raved at the looseness of the law! Well, I rave at it too, sometimes, and with good reason.

For a man need not leave the world for the church or a monkish seclusion to learn patience and to mortify the passions, while the ranks of trade are open to him. Neither need a man who wishes to see the world, as it is called, and study his fellow-men, spend his money in travelling through Europe, and his nights in the streets, while the ranks of trade are open to him. Neither need a reflective law-reformer retire with his ponderous tomes to some eremitical and inaccessible nook in the innermost of all Inner Temples, there to perfect principles which, when forced upon the world, shall promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number, while the ranks of trade are open to him. Christian recluse, student of the world, and ardent Benthamite, may all take their places behind the glass of my countinghouse-door, and find their time not unprofitably expended.

The greatest difficulty that I labour under is infants—sturdy infants. They bristle up in every other page of my costly ledger (costly, I call it, because it is nearly all I got for my ten thousand pounds); they are more costly under the head of Cambridge than London; and more fruitful under the head of Oxford than Cambridge. Physically they seem to be a very fine family of robust, responsible young men; legally they are held to be weak, and irresponsible idiots. Visually they stand before me as a race of palpable, moustached, solid giants; but when I try to touch them with the strong arm of the law, like the spectres of the Brocken they melt into thin air, and the strong arm of the law becomes strangely paralysed. Young Lord Merthyr Tydvil is a fair average specimen of the infant debtor. Let him sit for his portrait under two phases,—out of court and in court. Out of court, then, he rides a fine, high-spirited horse, which he manages with the ease and grace of an old patrician horseman. In the cricket-field he bats like a young Hercules, and bowls with the velocity of the catapult. On the river it is a sight to see him pull the stroke-oar against wind and tide; and he is the reverse of contemptible when he puts on the gloves with a bargeman of the Cam. He wrestles and does the back-fall better than any man in all Illyria. His age is twenty years and nine months. His muscles are well set, and he looks older. He handles a skilful cue at the billiard-table, and makes an occasional bet upon horse-races with a good deal of judgment. Intellectually he seems to know pretty well what he is about. I don't think his name is across any accommodation bills, but what he has received half the cash for. As to the amusements and vices of the metropolis, he is one of the best judges of them upon town, and acts as mentor to many other infants. His taste in wine is considered good, and his verdict on the merits of a new ballet-dancer is held to be final.

In court, Lord Merthyr presents a very different appearance. That collar, which used to stand up with such unbending parchment-like stiffness, the admiration and envy of Piccadilly, is now, in the eyes of the law, turned down over each shoulder with infantine grace, and fastened with a ribbon of most becoming simplicity. That Chesterfield, poncho, sack, outer-garment, coat, cloak, or whatever it is called, which had such a mature, distinguished, Tattersall, club-like air in Regent Street and Hyde Park, is now, in the eyes of the law, converted into a juvenile pinafore, fastened round the waist with a schoolboy's belt, and conferring on its wearer the much-coveted gift of perpetual youth. That embroidered cigar-case—suspicious gift—filled with the choicest products of Havannah, at costly prices, vanishes, in the eye of the law, or becomes transformed into a box of sweetmeats, provided by the thoughtful care of a mother or a sister. That onyx-handled bamboo-cane, which taps the neatest of boots on the lounge in Rotten Row, is now, in the eyes of the law, a mere rounder stick, or an implement used in guiding a hoop.

Those rooms in Jermyn Street, decorated with pictures in the chastest taste, and littered with boxing-gloves, broken pipes, and champagne corks, are, in the eyes of the law, the cradle of a child—a child who possesses a charmed life, invulnerable to the shafts of the hateful sheriff. Poor, young, innocent, neglected, infant nobleman—type of some hundreds of children that I find upon my books, or rather the books of the late John Smirker, my predecessor—when I hear that thy aristocratic father, Earl Merthyr Tydvil, is in Italy with —— no matter, I will not dwell upon the painful subject, and that the paternal acres are safely lodged in a dingy office in Lincoln's Inn Fields, I feel a sense of pity for thee springing up in my snobbish tradesman's heart. I have fed thee, and I have clothed thee, and I look upon thee as my own. Even if the law did not throw its protecting shield before thee, I would not touch a hair of thy patrician, infant head; although thy ingratitude were ten times greater than it is. I am not unreasonable, and can make allowance for the feelings of a

boy whose ancestors were descended from the earliest Normans; I do not ask for positive affection, but only for a slight diminution of contempt. Spoiled child of trade, and chosen one of the law, let thy commercial father know thy wants and wishes, and he is content.

But Shadrach, junior, when you stand up in court, pleading infancy with all the childish grace of an Israelite that knows no guile, I am amused at so clever an adaptation of Christian customs, but I am astonished at the learned credulity of the Bench. It is true that your people have no registry of baptisms, and everything, therefore, depends upon your own assertion; but I have known you so many years about town, I have watched your fully developed frame standing out prominently in most places of public resort; I have witnessed your intellectual keenness in places where keenness was no rare quality, that, in my eyes, your back is beginning to bend, and your hair becoming silvered with grey, and I marvel much that a paternal law gathers you as a trusting, trusted innocent in the folds of its sheltering arms. There are many octogenarian debtors upon my books, or rather the books of the late John Smirker, my beloved Shadrach, who are more in need of legal protection than your youthful self.

The next rose which the law has planted in the path of debt—the next thorn which it has planted in the path of credit—is the Statute of Limitations. A man of untutored reasoning powers, whose faculties had not been sharpened into an unnatural state of acuteness by legal study, would suppose that the longer a debt stood unpaid, the more would the obligation be increased. He would be astonished, therefore, to find that just at the moment when he was about to claim an old debt with interest, simple and compound, and was probably going to reproach the debtor with keeping out of the way so long—that what he considered to be a moral crime was an act of well calculated thriftiness, having the effect of annulling the claim according to act of parliament. It would be difficult to explain to such a man upon what principle an act was framed, that allowed every debtor to go free who contrived to keep out of the way of his creditor six years. The wonderful doctrine that the more you wrong a man in trade the more you may being embodied in a statute having legal force, is encouraging to that large class that I call debtors; but is not so encouraging to that other large, and very useful, tax-paying class that I call creditors. The inference is, that the State wishes to cultivate the first at the expense of the second. Or, perhaps, it is only a masked movement intended by discouraging the second to destroy the first? When the Right Honourable Lord Battleaxe, K.C.B., takes, as a rule, from his tradesmen, five years' credit, he has only to stretch the period one year more to carry it into eternity.

I certainly was delighted to find the Reverend Origen Bilk, M.A., whom I—or rather the late John Smirker—had nursed through the different stages of fighting Oxonian, plucked undergraduate, crammed B.A. down to the living of St. Vitus-in-the-Fens, pleading "statute run," and declining to pay for the college extravagances which he had indulged in with such vigorous prodigality. It is a good sign when a man—especially a clergyman—so far reforms the errors of his youth as to turn his back upon his early dissipations, even to the extent of repudiating payment for them. If ever the protecting shield of legal mercy was righteously extended over the prostrate form of the suffering debtor, it is in the case of the Reverend Origen Bilk, M.A. He has suffered much from the ruthless hands of the importunate creditor, who insisted upon clothing him with the richest purple and the finest linen, feeding him with the daintiest viands, and nourishing him with the rarest wines, and who now would seek him out in the calm seclusion of his clerical hermitage, and who—did not a considerate law most benevolently interfere—would destroy the unruffled serenity of that meditative mind, which now dwells upon things that are higher than the tailor's bill which perisheth.

The same tenderness to debtors who keep out of the way, distinguishes even some of the severest laws which have been the product of our recent legislation. The debtor is the darling of the law, and it cannot find it in its heart to deal harshly with him. The new Bills of Exchange Act, which allows me the tyranny of a judgment in the short period of twelve days, supposing that my victim has no valid plea or answer that he is not indebted to me, breaks down entirely if my victim keeps out of the way for six clear months; and my thirst for vengeance is tantalised with the tortures of the old, tardy, and expensive mode of proceeding. If I apply for the more humble assistance of the County Court, I find I have still many weeks to wait before the pressure of business will allow of my obtaining a hearing. When my victim comes up and tells a plaintive story of his inability to pay in less than a given time of very long duration, the judge, imbued with the proper spirit of the law, inclines his ear to the dictates of mercy, checks the eager tyranny of the heartless creditor, and grants an order to pay in twelve easy instalments. When the time for the first and second payment has long passed without my victim making any attempt to keep to his bond, I have then the option of procuring what is called a judgment summons, which, if I am fortunate enough to get it served personally upon my victim, within a certain time, will fix another remote day for a new trial, when my victim will have to show cause why he failed in his contract. If the claim should be under twenty pounds, and my victim be a single young man victim, residing in fur-

nished lodgings, with no estate, properly so called, he has merely to state this fact to the willing ear of the court, and leave me, like a baffled tiger, howling for my prey. If my victim thinks proper to set sail for the Cocos Islands, or some other land, where creditors cease from troubling, and the debtor is at rest, I can watch him go on board his bounding bark, and, like Calypso, mourn for the departure of my Ulysses; but alas! I can do no more, for he only owes me nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence. Twopence more, and—shades of Solon and Lycurgus—I am avenged!

When I turn over the old unpaid bills of exchange of my predecessor, the late John Smirker, and find amongst them many under five pounds, I am reminded of an old act passed in the time of George the Third, and never yet repealed, that is a perfect triumph of protective legislation. The bill of exchange—the pride and glory of modern commerce—is looked upon as a luxury intended only for the enjoyment of the wholesale trade, and only granted to the retail under the most praiseworthy precautions. Poor Smirker's bills, I need not say, are so much waste paper; for he had no idea of the requirements of the law touching the implements he was dealing with. A bill of exchange, according to George the Third—I say according to him, because he was anything but a royal nonentity in the state—if under five pounds, must not be drawn at a longer period than twenty-one days; it must be paid away on the same day as that on which it is drawn; its endorsement must set forth the name and address of the person to whom it is endorsed, and such endorsement, with every name upon it but the acceptors', must bear the signature of an attesting witness! If any one of these requirements is neglected, it is fatal to the validity of the instrument. When this cautious clause was perfected, the old king must have felt that although he had entrusted a dangerous squib in the hands of the small ignorant traders of the country, he had taken every precaution to issue directions for letting it off, so that the case might not burst and injure their fingers. Our present rulers must be of the same way of thinking, as they allow the clause to remain unexpunged from the statute-book, and deny the benefits of bills of exchange as proofs of debts and negotiable instruments, to all transactions under five pounds.

The next thing that troubles me is a lingering remnant of feudality. The haughty baron of the nineteenth century does not despoil his humble retainer, the tradesman, but he takes credit, which is nearly the same thing. If the haughty baron is a member of the royal household, the feudal element is increased. The haughty baron rides roughshod over all human feelings, and wears out patience of the most endurable kind. The haughty baron keeps me at bay to the very verge of the Statute of Limitations, and, in self-defence, I am obliged to have recourse to the law. The law informs me that I can do nothing without the written sanction of the lord steward of her Majesty's household. I go to Buckingham Palace, and after the usual delay and trouble, I obtain an interview with an under-secretary, who tells me that my application for permission to sue must be made in writing, accompanied with full particulars of my claim; and he kindly advises me to make it upon folio foolscap, with a margin. I send in my claim upon the haughty baron in the required form, and in a few days I receive a reply from the lord steward, stating that if the money be not paid within a certain liberal specified time from the date of the lord steward's communication, I have the lord steward's permission to take legal proceedings against the haughty baron. It is amusing to find a royal palace converted into a sanctuary for haughty but insolvent barons. It is possible that if the rude emissary of the law was allowed free entrance to the sacred precincts of the household, the royal banquet in the evening would be graced with at least one gold stick in waiting less than the royal eyes had whilome been accustomed to look upon.

I believe that the best authorities on government hold that taxes are paid for protection to person and property. I will admit that my person is fairly protected; but if my heroic statesmen can spare a little time from those brilliant employments of ornamental government,—Indian annexations, colonial extensions, military campaigns, diplomatic subtleties, and foreign legations—for the more homely task of protecting my property, by looking into the relations of debtor and creditor, the successor of the late John Smirker, the next time the collector calls, will pay his taxes with a more cheerful countenance.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 402] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

MY LOST HOME.

In the still hours of the night; in the evening rest from labour—when the twilight shadows darken my solitary room, and oftentimes in the broad glare of day, amongst the eager busy merchants upon 'Change—it comes before me: the picture of my lost shadowy home. So dim and indistinct at times seems the line that separates my past from my present self; so dream like seem the events that have made me the hunted outcast which I am, that, painful as my history is, it is a mental relief to me to go over it step by step, and dwell upon the faces of those who are now lost to me for evermore.

It seems but yesterday—although many years have passed away—that I was in a position of trust in the counting house of Askew Dobell, and Picard. A quaint, old, red brick house it was; standing in a court-yard, up a gate-way, in a lane in the City leading down to the river. I see it as plainly as if it stood before me now, with the old cherubim carving over the door way; the green mossy stones in the yard; the twelve half-gallon fire-buckets hanging up, all painted with the City arms; the long, narrow windows, with their broad, flat, wooden frames; the dark oaken rooms, especially the one where I used to sit, looking out into the small, square, burial-ground of a church, with half-a-dozen decayed, illegible tombstones; frail memorials of old Turkey merchants, who were born, who lived, and who died under the shadow of the one melancholy tree that waved before my window; the long, dark passages, with more fire-buckets; and the large fireplaces, with their elaborate fluted marble mantel-shelves and pilasters.

I entered the service of those old merchants about the age of sixteen, fresh from the Blue-Coat School; a raw, ungainly lad, with no knowledge or experience of the world, and with a strong letter of recommendation from the head master, which procured me a junior clerkship. Our business was conducted with a steady tranquillity—an almost holy calm—in harmony with the place; which had the air of a sacred temple dedicated to commerce. I rose step by step; till at last, about the age of thirty, I attained the position of a first-class clerk. My advance was not due to any remarkable ability that I had displayed; nor because I had excited the interest of any member of the firm, for I seldom saw the faces of my employers. It was purely the result of a system which ordained a general rise throughout the house when any old clerk died, or was pensioned off. Old Mr. Askew, the founder of the house—a man, so tradition said, who had once been a porter at the doorway which now owned him for a master—had practically retired from business to a similar quaint old mansion at Peckham. He never came to the City more than twelve times a year, to inspect the monthly balances; and then, he only remained about an hour. He did not even know the names of half the people in his employment. Mr Dobell, the second partner, was twenty years younger than Mr. Askew; active, decisive, and retiring; a man whose whole mind was devoted to his business, and who looked upon us all as only so many parts of a machine for carrying out his objects. The third partner in the firm, Mr. Picard, was a man of a very different stamp from the other two. At one period he had been our managing clerk, and he obtained his share in the business in the same year that I entered the house. He was of French extraction, thin, sallow, with small grey eyes, and light sandy hair. His age, at the time I am writing of, must have been near fifty. Although his origin was very obscure—some of our old clerks remembering him walking about the Docks in an almost shoeless state—his pride was very great, and his harshness, sternness, and uneasy, fretful, and ever-conscious attempts at dignity, were a painful contrast to the quiet, off-hand manner of Mr. Dobell, or the venerable and dreamy calmness of old Mr. Askew. He was a bad-hearted, cold, calculating man,—a man with a strong, reckless will; who allowed nothing to stand between him and his self-interest. When he came into authority, and had his name put up as one of the firm, his humble relations were removed to a distance; and a poor old Irishwoman, who had kept a fruit-stall upon sufferance under our gateway for many years, was swept away, because he felt that she remembered him in the days of his poverty.

My position and duties required me to live in the house, and to take charge of the

place. When I married, I took my wife, Esther, to our old City home, and our one child, little Margaret, was born there. The child was a little blue-eyed, fair-haired thing; and it was a pleasing sight to see her, between two and three years of age, trotting along the dark passages, and going carefully up the broad oaken stairs. On one occasion she was checked by the order of Mr. Picard for making a noise during business hours; and, from ten to five, she had to confine herself to her little dingy room at the top of the house. She was a great favourite with many of the old childless clerks, who used to bring her presents of fruit in the summer mornings. Scarcely a day passed but what I stole an hour—my dinner hour—to play with her; and, in the long summer evenings, I carried her down to the river to watch the boats. Sometimes, on Sundays, I took her out of the city into the fields about Canonbury, and carried her back again loaded with buttercups. She was a companion to me—oftentimes my only companion, with her innocent prattle, and gentle, winning ways—for my wife, Esther, was cold and reserved in her manners, with settled habits, formed before our marriage. She was an earnest Baptist, and attended regularly three times a week, a chapel for that persuasion, in Finsbury. My home often looked cheerless enough, when little Margaret had retired to bed, and my wife's empty chair stood before me; but I did not complain—it would not have been just for me to do so—for I knew Esther's opinions and habits before I married her; yet I thought I discerned, beneath the hard sectarian crust, signs of a true, womanly, loving heart; signs, amongst the strict faith and stern principles, of an affection equal to my own. I may have been mistaken in her, as she was mistaken—O how bitterly mistaken—in me! Her will was stronger than mine, and it fretted itself silently, but incessantly, in vain endeavours to lead me along the path she had chosen for herself. She may have misunderstood my resistance, as I may have misapprehended her motives for desiring to alter my habits and tone of thinking. There were probably faults and errors on both sides.

Thus we went on from day to day; Esther going in her direction and I going in mine, while the child acted as a gentle link that bound us together.

About this time Mr. Askew finally retired from business, and there was a general step upward throughout the house: Mr. Picard getting one degree nearer absolute authority. The first use that he made of his new power was to introduce an only son into the counting-house who had not been regularly brought up to the ranks of trade; but who had received, since his father's entrance as a member of the firm, a loose, hurried, crammed, half-professional education, and who had hovered for some time between the choice of a lawyer's office and a doctor's consulting-room. He was a high-spirited young man, whose training had been of that incomplete character, which had only served to unsteady him. He had his father's fault of a strong, reckless will, unchecked by anything like his father's cold, calculating head; though tempered by a virtue that his father never possessed—an open-hearted generosity. As he had everything to learn, and was a troublesome pupil, he was assigned to my care. His writing-table was brought into my office, and I had plenty of opportunity of judging of his character. With all his errors and shortcomings—not to say vices—it was impossible not to like him. There is always a charm about a free, impulsive nature that carries the heart where the judgment cannot follow. Surrounded, as I had been for so many years, by the restraints imposed by persons who made me feel that they were my masters, and with little congeniality and sympathy in my domestic relations, I gave myself up, perhaps too freely and unreservedly, to the influence of young Mr. Picard's society. Although more than ten years his senior, I held and claimed no authority over him; his more powerful will and bolder spirit holding me in subjection. I screened the fact of his late arrivals, and his frequent absences, by doing his work for him; and, for anything that Mr. Dobell or his father knew, he was the most promising clerk in the house. Little Margaret soon found him out, and took a childish liking to him. He was never tired of playing with her; and, seldom a week passed, that he did not bring her something new in the shape of toys or sweetmeats. My evenings at home, which used to be solitary, were now solitary no longer: either he came and kept me company, unknown to his father—who would have been indignant at his associating with one of the ordinary clerks—or (which was most frequently the case) I accompanied him in his evening rambles about town. The gulf between me and Esther was greatly widened.

Thus our lives went on in the old city mansion, with little variety, until our child completed her third year.

Young Mr. Picard had been absent from the office for more than a week, and illness, as usual, was pleaded as the cause. In about four days more, he returned, looking, certainly, much thinner and paler than usual. I did not question him then as to the real cause of his absence; for there were arrears to work up, and he did not seem in a communicative humour. This was on a Saturday. On the following Monday, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, he brought in a cheque for five hundred pounds, drawn by the firm upon our bankers, Messrs. Burney, Holt, and Burney, of Lombard Street. This, he told me, was an amount he had got his father and Mr. Dobell to advance him for a short period, to enter upon a little specula-

tion on his own account, and he gave it to me to get changed when I went down to the bankers' to pay in money on the same afternoon. In the meantime he induced me to give him two hundred pounds on account, out of the cash that I, as cashier, had received during the day. Shortly afterwards he went away, saying he would receive the other portion in the morning. I went to the bankers' that afternoon, cashed the cheque for five hundred pounds, returned the two hundred to my cash charge, paid it in to the credit of the firm, and returned to the office with the three hundred pounds in my possession, in bank notes, for young Mr. Picard when he came in the morning. I never saw him again, and never shall, in this world.

As to the cheque—it was a forgery. The bankers had discovered it later in the evening, and I was taken into custody, with the bank notes in my pocket-book, by a Bow Street officer, acting under Mr. Picard senior's orders. My wife was not at home. Casting, therefore, one hurried glance at my poor, unconscious, sleeping child—a glance in which were concentrated the love and agony of a lifetime—I turned my back upon the old house to go with the officer to the appointed prison.

The next morning, at the preliminary examination before a magistrate, the charge was made out. I gave my explanation; but young Mr. Picard was not to be found, and unsupported, as I was, by any evidence; with a string of circumstances so strongly against me, what could I expect? I was fully committed, and removed to Newgate to take my trial at the ensuing sessions.

Prostrated with grief and shame, I passed the first night in my dismal cell, in stupor rather than sleep; broken by thoughts of my lost home. My poor dear child seemed to me to be removed to an immeasurable distance—to belong to another world—and even my cold, passionless wife appeared in warmer and more wifely colours, and my heart was softened towards her. I felt as if I had left her, in the morning, full of health and strength, and had returned at nightfall to find her dead. I had gone carefully back through my past life, recalling opportunities that I had purposely avoided for reconciliation; magnifying little tendernesses of hers into acts of great and loving kindness, and dwelling with self-reproach upon those bitter hours when I resented what I thought was cold indifference.

In the morning I was fully aroused from my dream to the horrors of my position. I was innocent in the eyes of Heaven—innocent in the eyes of the law; but, for all that, I had met by anticipation the fate of the commonest felon. I was innocent, at present, in the eyes of the law; but I was herded without discrimination with the vilest outcasts of society. My short diurnal walk was taken in the common prison-yard with burglars, pickpockets, and all the varied dress of crime, and I was thankful when I was not dogged by the bloody footsteps of the murderer. Although innocent, at present, in the eyes of the law, I had to take my share in administering the internal economy of my prison. I had to scrub and wash and keep cleanly a portion of the gaol, lest any physical taint should come where there was so much moral pollution. I had to take my turn in sweeping the yard, that the dainty feet of the professional thief might not be soiled with his morning's promenade. Even now, after the lapse of years, worn down as I am by sorrow and long suffering, when I think of the treatment I received while awaiting my trial, my blood boils.

The first morning, at the visiting half-hour allowed by the prison regulations, from twelve to half-past, I was stopped in my short impatient walk by hearing my name called by the turnkey: my wife had come to see me. I went to the grating where stood many of my fellow-prisoners talking to their wives and friends, and, making room against the bars, I brought myself face to face with Esther. There, outside another barrier, between which and my own walked the officer on duty, she stood with her cold, passionless face looking sterner and paler than usual; her thin lips firmly compressed, and her keen grey eyes fixed upon me with a searching, dubious expression. Thinking of the place I was in, and the character of my companions, whose voices, without one tone of sorrow or remorse, were busy around me; feeling cold, dirty, and miserable, and looking from all this upon Esther as she stood there before me in her Quakerish dress, and neat, clean respectability; I wavered for a moment in the belief of my innocence, and felt that there was an impassable gulf between us, which my desponding heart told me would never be bridged over.

"Esther," I said, "has young Mr. Picard been heard of? Is little Margaret well? Do my employers really believe me guilty?"

"Randall," she answered, in a calm, clear voice, "your own heart must tell you whether young Mr. Picard will ever be found. Our child, thank God, is well, and too young to know the great grief and shame that have fallen on us. Mr. Dobell has carefully avoided speaking to me upon the subject of your suspected crime, but Mr. Picard believes you guilty."

Though I could not clearly see the expression of her face, broken up as it was into isolated features by the double row of intervening bars, I felt that her eyes were fixed curiously upon me, and the tone of her voice, as she said this, told me that I was suspected—suspected even of crime far deeper than forgery! A cold shudder passed across my heart, and the old feeling of antagonism came back again to harden me.

"Randall," she continued in the same emotionless tone, "some money that I had saved for the child, I have devoted to your defence, and to procuring you certain comforts which you will sadly need here. If you are guilty, pray to be forgiven: if you are innocent, pray—as I and Margaret will pray—that this dark cloud may pass from us."

Her voice lingered in my ear, although she had left the place. I returned to pace the stone yard of the prison. At night, as I lay awake upon the hard bed, those cold words, so full of duty but so wanting in love, still rang in my ears, resting like bars of lead upon my heart. In a neighbouring cell were two cheerful rogues, free from all mental care, calmly planning crimes yet unperpetrated. A dark, defiant spirit was on my soul. I thought, perhaps, I should have been as happy, if I had been as guilty, as they. I fell into a short, uneasy sleep, in which little Margaret appeared to me standing at the gateway of the old mansion, with her slight dress fluttering in the wind. She was looking up and down the lane, and crying for a missing friend who did not come; and the faces of the cherubim in the carving over the gate were turned in pity upon her.

Twice again Esther visited me: still with the same story; for young Mr. Picard had not been found—still with the same tone—still with the same look. At length, the day of trial came. As I stood in the dock the first person my eye fell upon in the Court was Mr. Picard; his sallow face looking sallower than ever, his small grey eyes peering quickly and sharply about him. He was there to watch over his family honour; to obtain a conviction at any cost, and to favour the belief that I had either murdered his son, or had compelled him to keep out of the way. Esther was there, too, following the proceedings with quiet intensity; her face fixed as marble, and her eyes resting upon me the whole time without a tear. It was over at last, the long painful trial, and I was convicted; sentenced to transportation for life. I saw the triumph on Mr. Picard's features; and, with glazed eyes I saw Esther leave the Court with her dark veil closely drawn over her face. She stooped, and, I thought, sobbed; but I saw her no more. In a few weeks I was on the high seas, proceeding to a penal settlement. Often in the dead of night the vision of my fatherless child weeping in the gateway of the old mansion passed before me, and sometimes I heard her little gentle voice in the wailing of the wind. The veil had fallen over my lost home never to rise again—never but once—years after.

Our vessel never reached her destination. She was wrecked in the third month of our voyage, and all on board, except myself and another convict, were lost. We were picked up by an American vessel; and, keeping our secret as to what we were, we were landed safely in New York. My companion went his way, and I entered the service of a storekeeper, and worked steadily for four years—four long years, in which the vision of my lost home was constantly before me. Any feeling of resentment that I may have felt at the suspicions of my wife, and at her seeming indifference to my fate, was now completely obliterated by the operation of time and distance, and the old love I gave to her as a girl came back in all its tenderness and force. She appeared to me as the guardian and protector of my dear fatherless child, whom I had left sleeping innocently in her little bed on the night when the door of my lost home closed upon me. My dreams by night, my one thought by day, grew in intensity, until I could resist the impulse no longer. Risking the chance of discovery, I procured a passage, and landed in London in the winter of the fifth year from that in which I had left England.

I took a lodging at a small public-house at Wapping, near the river; and I neglected no means to escape observation. I waited with a beating, anxious heart impatiently for night; and, when it came, I went forth well disguised, keeping along the line of docks and silent warehouses, until I reached the end of the lane in which the old mansion stood. I did not dare to make any inquiry to know if Esther and the child were still at the old home; but my knowledge of the character and prospects of my wife, told me that, if the firm had allowed her to stay, she would have accepted the offer, as her principles and determination would have sustained her under any feeling of disgrace. I walked slowly up the old familiar lane, until I stood before the gateway. It was near eight o'clock, and the gate was closed, but it looked the same as it did when I first knew it as a boy; so did the quaint oak carving, and the silent court-yard, seen through the small grating. There were no lights in the front, and I went cautiously round, up a side lane, and along a narrow passage that ran between the churchyard and the back of the house. At that moment the church clock struck eight, and the bells chimed the Evening Hymn, slowly and musically, as they had done, perhaps, for centuries; slowly and musically, as they had done in the days gone by, while I sat at the window with little Margaret in my arms, nursing her to sleep. A flood of memories came across my heart. Forgetful of the object that had brought me there, I leant against the railings and wept.

The chimes ceased, and the spell was broken. I was recalled to the momentous task that lay before me. I approached, with a trembling step, the window of what used to be our sitting-room on the ground-floor. I saw lights through the crevices of the closed shutters. Putting my ear closely

against the wall I heard the hum of voices. Faint, confused and indistinct as the sound was, something—perhaps the associations of the place—made me feel that I was listening to my wife and child. I was startled by the sound of footsteps; and, turning my eyes in the direction of the entrance to the passage (it had but one entrance), I saw approaching, an old man, who had been in the service of the firm, as house porter for fifty years. He was called blind Stephen; for, though not totally blind, his eyes had a stony, glazed appearance. He had lived so long in the house that he would have died if he had been removed; and, in consideration of his lengthened service, he was retained, by Mr. Askew's special commands. This was before I left, and I presumed from finding him there, that he was still at his old duty; coming round to see, or rather feel, that all was secure before retiring for the night. I shrank against the wall with the hope of avoiding discovery; not that I feared the consequences of being recognised by Stephen—for I had many claims upon his kindness and sympathy—but that I dreaded, although I longed, to hear what he might have to tell me. He came directly towards me, as if by instinct, for I was perfectly, breathlessly, still, and paused immediately opposite to where I was partially hidden, under the shadow of the wall. He seemed to feel that some one was there, and his glazed eyes were directed full upon me, looking now more ghastly than ever, as they glistened in the light of the moon, which just then had passed from behind a cloud. Unable to restrain myself I uttered his name.

"Good God! Mr. Randall, is it you?" he exclaimed, with a start, recognising my voice. "We thought you were drowned!"

"It is, Stephen," I replied, coming forward. "Tell me, for Mercy's sake, are Esther and the child well?"

"They are."

"Are they here?"

"In that room, Mr. Randall," pointing to the one at which I had been listening.

"Thank God!"

"They are much changed, Mr. Randall, since you ——, since you went away," he continued in a sorrowful tone.

"Do they ever speak of me in your hearing, Stephen, when you are about the house?"

"Never, now, Mr. Randall."

There was something in the tone of Stephen's voice that weighed upon my heart. He always was a kind old fellow, with a degree of refinement above his class; but now, his voice was weak, and sad, and tremulous; more so than what he told me seemed to demand. I conjured him to tell me all. With considerable hesitation and emotion, he complied.

"None of us in the office thought you guilty of the forgery, sir, not one; and the principal clerks presented a note of sympathy and condolence to your good lady. Mr. Picard became, as he is now, more harsh and disagreeable than ever; and, at one time, we thought Mrs. Randall would leave the place; but Mr. Dobell, we fancy, persuaded her to stay. She was always, you know, sir of a very serious turn, and she now went more frequently to chapel than ever. She took on a great deal, we fancy, at first; but she is a lady, sir, of great spirit and firmness, and she concealed her feelings very well, and held herself up as proudly as the best of them."

"And poor little Margaret, did she miss me much?"

"Indeed, sir, she did at first. Poor little dear, I often heard her crying after you in the morning; and, for many weeks, not even the fear of Mr. Picard could keep her from going down in the daytime to the gateway and standing there looking up and down the lane, until she was fetched gently back by me. God forgive me for the many falsehoods I told her, sir, about your coming back! But I could not bear to see her crying about the great lonely house. And she always asked after you in such a loving, innocent, sorrowful way."

Poor old Stephen's narrative was here stopped by tears; as for me, I sobbed like a child.

"Many of the gentlemen, sir, would gladly have taken her to their own homes; but your good lady would not part with her. I used often to go up to her little room at the top of the house and play with her as I had seen you do, sir, in the middle of the day. She was always very glad to see me; and sometimes she would take me to the window when the noonday chimes of our old church were playing, and, pointing up to the sky above the tower, would fancy she saw you there. By degrees her inquiries after you became less frequent; and when the intelligence of the wreck of your ship arrived, and your good lady put her into mourning, supposing you dead, she had ceased to ask about you."

"Has she grown much?"

"Very much, sir. She is a dear, sweet, gentle thing. we all respect your good lady, but we love little Margaret; and although I lost my sight entirely, four years ago, and am now stone blind, I know her height to a hair, for there is not a night that she does not kiss me before she goes to bed, and I have had to stoop less for the kiss every week all that time."

"Has young Mr. Picard ever been heard of?"

"O yes, sir. We believe he was found murdered in some low house in a remote part of the town; but Mr. Picard senior hushed the matter up, so that we never clearly knew the facts."

"I thought he would never have allowed

me to suffer for him," I returned; "if he had been on this side of the grave."

"No, that he would not," replied Stephen.

I felt from Stephen's manner that there was yet some disclosure which his nerve was scarcely equal to make. Painful or not, I again conjured him to tell me all. After much entreaty I learned from him the dreadful truth that my wife had married again. It was many minutes before I recovered from the shock. My lost home stood before me, and I was an outcast wanderer on the wide earth.

"They have been married about a twelvemonth," continued Stephen, "and, although I can only feel what kind of a man he is, I don't think they are happy."

"Is he kind to the child?" I inquired, almost sternly.

"I don't think he is positively unkind; but he is very strict. He was a member of the chapel that your good lady used to go to, and he tries to mould little Margaret after his own heart. I fear they are not happy. Your good lady is less reserved before me as I am blind, and I feel sometimes that when she is reading she is thinking of you."

"Stephen," I replied, sadly and firmly, "I have only one more request to make of you before I leave the country again for ever. Keep my secret, and let me for one minute see Esther and the child."

"I will," returned Stephen, weeping bitterly, "that I will; and may Heaven sustain you in your trouble."

He threw the old wooden shutter back, which was not fastened on the inside, and exposed the long, deep, narrow recess, closed in at the end with red curtains glowing with the fire and light within.

"I will now go into the room," he said, "and deliver my keys; and, while there, I will contrive to hook back the curtain."

I thanked him with a silent pressure of the hand, and he went. Just then the deep church bell struck nine, and every stroke sounded like a knell upon my beating heart. I watched — O how intensely I watched!—grasping the window-sill with my hands. At length the curtain was drawn back, and the vision of my lost home stood before me. They were engaged in evening prayer. My child—my dear lost child—now grown tall and graceful, was kneeling at a chair: her long golden hair falling in clusters over her slender, folded hands. Esther was also kneeling with her face towards me. It looked more aged and careworn than I expected to see it, but it was still the old pale, statue-like face that I had cherished in my dreams, and that had nestled on my shoulder in the days gone by.

He who now stood in my place as the guardian of my lost home was kneeling where I could not see his face; but I heard his voice faintly muttering the words of prayer. Did anyone in all that supplicating group think of the poor, wrecked, convict outcast? God alone knows. The curtain closed, and shut out my Lost Home from my dimmed sight for evermore.

HARD ROADS.

Monsieur Gobemouche, in his interesting work upon Japan—which ought to be in the hands of at least every one who can read—has an important chapter on Japanese roads. The substance of it was communicated, as he states, by the Père Canardeur, a worthy Jesuit, who penetrated into the island of Niphon in the character of a ship-wrecked Chinaman, and passed three years there, partly in the service of an attorney at Jeddo, and partly in the situation of clerk to a landsurveyor at Meaco.

It appears that the good father, whose talents as a traveller were soon recognised, was much employed in affairs in different parts of the island. On his first expedition into the interior, he was much surprised at the system of road-management, so different from anything he had seen or heard of in any European country, and he determined to investigate it fully, an object for which his occupations gave him peculiar facilities. Hence the chapter of M. Gobemouche.

The traveller in Japan, we are told, no sooner attempts to leave a town than he is met by what the Père Canardeur calls a barrier, and which he describes as a high and strong fence of timber, reaching across the road, with a gate at one side, through which passengers, whether in palanquins or on horseback, are slowly filtered. By the side of the gate stands a man, generally of the lowest or Cooly class, whose business it is to receive from each passing vehicle or horseman certain small coins, equivalent to the cash and candareen of China. On his first expedition the Père took it for granted that this was a kind of Custom House, though he was much struck, he tells us, by the unofficial appearance of the personage to whom the Imperial Government had delegated the ticklish business of collecting the duties. However, as he had nothing which by any possibility could be considered contraband, he proceeded with a fearless mien to undergo the ordeal. To his surprise, no search was made, no questions were asked, except a demand for money, with which his companion at once complied. The reverend Père, who seems at first to have considered the whole proceeding little better than highway robbery, was informed that it was not his baggage, but himself and his horse that were contraband, and could not pass without paying duty. Moralising on the inconvenience of the thing, but comforting himself

with the idea that it was only once in a way, he proceeded on his journey. But what was his astonishment when, after riding about a mile, they were stopped by a similar obstacle? In fact, he soon discovered that these stations were planted all over the country at distances of two or three kilomètres apart. At each of them they were stopped and had to produce a kind of receipt which had been given them at the previous barrier. Sometimes this exempted them from paying again, but at every second or third station a new payment was necessary. As the national dress consists of a great number of loose gowns of silk, or cotton, or oilskin, fastened round the waist by a girdle tied in numerous knots, and as money is always carried in the loose sleeves of the innermost gown, which are sewn up so as to form pockets, the ceremonies of untying, and unfolding, and hunting for cash in the recesses of the dress, become rather tedious by frequent repetition, especially during the violent storms of hail and lightning which prevail in the islands. Sometimes, too, a fretful or vicious horse will insist on charging the gate, and many fatal accidents have thus taken place. In the vicinity of populous towns, where the traffic is very great, the crowds of horsemen, and palanquins, and elephants, and droves of oxen, swine, and buffaloes, all of which have to pay the tax, cause the greatest confusion at every stopping-place. An inconvenience, says M. Gobemouche, that would be intolerable in any country where wheeled carriages are commonly employed.

This tax, the Père Canardeur was informed, professed to be collected for the maintenance of the roads. But roads have existed in Japan for many hundred years, while this system of taxation is comparatively novel. Neither the ancient laws of the Dairo dynasty, nor the enactments of the great king Tay Koy, who reigned about three hundred years ago, make any mention of it. On the contrary, they provide that roads should be made and maintained by the proprietors of land in the districts through which they pass. But these proprietors, impatient of the burden, prevailed on one of the later emperors to lay this tax upon passengers. Had they carried out their object by imposing a tax upon animals of all descriptions, to be levied once in the year, the people would probably have submitted to it quietly. But the perpetual annoyance of the present system must always make it unpopular. It is as if an European state, instead of collecting a duty on tea at the port of entrance, were to impose a tax of a half-penny on every cup drank, and were to send an official to every tea party to count the cups and collect the half-pence.

The number of officials, too, who are necessary to carry on the business, greatly increases the absurdity of the whole affair. The management is generally in the hands of the quans or mandarins of the fifth class, who possess most of the land, and who derive part of their revenue from the tax, in return for having contributed towards the establishment of the roads. These petty lords let out the proceeds to a publican. He employs men to collect for him, and spies to see that all that is taken at the barriers is brought to him, and informers to catch any one who evades passing by the barrier. Considering the number of barriers and houses to be kept up, and the number of publicans, and spies, and informers, to be fed at the cost of the public, we may well believe that, out of every thousand pounds of copper collected, two hundred and fifty go in expenses. A result even more satisfactory than that obtained in the States of the Pope, where little more than one fifth of the revenue sticks to the fingers of the officials.

It is true that there are some exemptions from the tax, at least in theory, and in the neighbourhood of towns there are many roads not subject to it. But the publicans are careful not to admit the exemptions, and not to let any one use the other roads with impunity, unless he first pay at one of their stations. Hence disputes are continually arising. But, as the tribunal for settling these disputes is the yamun, or meeting of the provincial mandarins, who are at the same time generally the managers of the impost, it is easy to see which party is likely to be successful. And, as every great abuse has its little abuses, which cluster about it like the parasites on Sydney Smith's famous blue-bottle; so the spies and informers exercise a petty tyranny on their own account, and extort small sums by threatening to accuse people of evading payment.

Altogether, one can hardly imagine any system more subversive of justice and honesty. Indeed, the Jesuit's statements have met with but slender belief in his own country. "We venture to affirm" (this sentence is translated from the *Journal des Chemins de Pierre*) "that the worthy Canardeur's notorious facility of belief has been imposed upon. The ridiculous impediments to free vehicular circulation which he describes, could only be endured by a people reduced to the lowest state of besotted slavery." A German critic, also, occupies four hundred and seven pages of a celebrated Review devoted to light literature, to prove that such a state of things is simply impossible. These critics, it is plain, were themselves deceived in consequence of their never having crossed the Straits to the country typified by the trustworthy Jesuit under the name of Japan; to which, as is well known, his Propaganda specially accredited him (disguised, in fact, but as a cattle-driver), for the purpose of converting

turnpike-men and country magistrates to his way of thinking,—a mission in which this Catholic missionary miserably failed. A notorious Scotch Pagan has been equally energetic and equally unsuccessful in the same object.

CHIP.

ONE OF SIR HANS SLOANE'S PATIENTS

In The Universal Magazine of this month of September, a hundred years ago, we find a curious statement of the case of one of Sir Hans Sloane's patients, contributed by some friend of her family, the lady in question being then deceased. It is an illustration of the way in which persons deprived of one sense, or of more senses than one, can receive double help from senses that remain. This lady was recovering from confluent small-pox, when, after the last dose of a final course of purgatives, she had pain and convulsions, which, after a time were subdued, but returned again at eleven o'clock on the day following. The fits, which were accompanied with violent contraction of the muscles, a complete twisting of the head, change of the features, and pulling of the feet in at the instep, returned daily at about the same hour. Remedies were tried, and among them, the cold bath, but the daily fits continued, and moreover the patient became first blind, then deaf and dumb. Also there was a spasmodic stricture in the throat, so permanent that the sufferer lived upon food chewed, or retained for some time in the mouth, from which some of the juices filtered down the throat, when nothing could be taken by an ordinary act of swallowing.

While this lady lived in such affliction, the privation of her powers of sight, hearing, and speech was partly compensated by an exaltation of her powers of touch and smell. We have ourselves often seen a blind friend join in a rubber of whist, sorting and recognising his own cards easily by the touch, and simply asking to be told what cards are played by his companions. This lady could tell by touch the colours of a piece of silk, or of a flower, and could instantly detect the presence of a stranger, as a dog can, by the smell. She talked by the finger alphabet, her friends using one of her hands to form the letters on, instead of forming them entirely with their own. A cousin who was wearing an embroidered apron, asked her what its colours were. She fingered the embroidery attentively, and answered rightly. The same lady had a ribbon on her head, which was found by the touch to be not red, but pink.

This cousin once went up into the sick lady's chamber, and begged her to come down and sit for a short time with the family, no strangers being present. A strange visitor had arrived in the meantime. Though blind and deaf, the patient, at the moment when the parlour door was opened, hurried back, complaining bitterly that she had been deceived. Her cousin cleared herself of the suspicion of a trick, and asked how the presence of a stranger could have been detected? By the smell.

The sense of smell, however, was but an imperfect helper. It was chiefly by the exaltation of the sense of touch that the lost senses were in part made good. She distinguished her friends by the touch of their hands. The general shape and size, and the degree of warmth commonly sufficed for recognition; but sometimes she would also span the wrist, and measure the fingers. Once, a lady, who was an old friend, came in from walking on a hot day, and, as usual, gave her hand. The patient felt it for some time, and seemed to be in doubt. Then, after spanning the wrist, and measuring the fingers, she said, in her way of finger-talking, "It is Mrs. M., but she is warmer to-day than ever I felt her before."

The same acuteness of the sense of touch allowed this lady the solace of both needle and pen. Her needlework was usually neat and exact; and, after her death, many pieces of it, especially one delicate pincushion, were treasured in her family. Her writing was not only neat and pretty—all the lines even, and the letters placed at equal distances—but by running a finger-tip over the words she had written, she could detect even the omission of a letter, and would write it accurately over the place to which it belonged, marking the omission with a little caret. She had been sent, for change of air, to Bath, where the convulsions were less frequent, and her pains were less acute; but she never recovered, in the least degree, voice, sight, or hearing.

Experiments were often made by friends who could not but think that she had some glimmering perception of sight or sound to help her. She allowed Sir Hans Sloane to make what experiments and observations he thought proper, and the issue of them was, that he pronounced her to be absolutely deaf and blind. But she was very sensitive of being made a subject of experiment by her acquaintance, and mental excitement generally brought on an attack of her convulsions. A clergyman found her, one evening, sitting at work at a table, on which was a single candle. He placed his hat between the candle and her thread, in such a way as to keep all the light off: she continued working, ignorant of what was done; but presently, raising her hand to her forehead, she struck accidentally against the hat, and at once felt that she was being suspected, and became convulsed. Her family had ample means of knowing the reality of her affliction. Unconscious evidence was constantly before them. Once she sat tranquilly at work, facing the window, during

a fearful storm of thunder and lightning; although, when in health, she would have been greatly terrified by such a storm.

PRATTLETON'S MONDAY OUT.

I AM Isaac Prattleton, stonemason and dealer in monumental effigies, at Sixteen, Longshore Street, Limehouse. My wife was Catherine Boroo, and we were married at Poplar Church, on the sixteenth of March, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one. My wife's mother, Widow Boroo, lives with us, but pays her lodgings. I have one daughter, Kitty, twenty-three years old, and one boy, Albert, named after our gracious prince, aged ten, surviving out of a family of eight; but there is my son Jack at sea.

The object of my addressing myself to your valuable journal—of which I have been a subscriber since the commencement—is because I see you wish to do good, and I ask leave to place before the public and my fellow workmen certain observations. I had just completed an original design of my own for a monument to Mrs. Alderman Swallow—two angels weeping over the tureen supposed to contain the defunct, and inscribed with the one word Lucy Jane (the sentiment was much admired)—when I proposed to my good people a Monday out. I will not trouble you, sir, with a description of the interesting contents of the British Museum, where we spent our morning, though I could say something about the monumental stones of the Egyptians. What premises the mason must have had who turned out such an article as Ramshackle the First! But the Egyptian masons clearly overdid the thing, and what with Ramshackle here and Ramshackle there, the public, I think, must have been stoned to death. I will throw together for you some remarks upon this subject at a future day. We were all very much interested with what we saw at the British Museum, except Mrs. Boroo, who had saved herself for the evening treat, and only joined us at five p.m., near Hungerford Market, where we had tea at a cake-shop, and bought a large crab and a pint of shrimps, to take home as a delicacy to my wife's sister, Mrs. Starks, who is a great invalid. Mrs. Boroo carried the crab in her large pocket, and my son Albert put the shrimps into his jacket, as I believe we are not allowed to carry parcels in at the South Kensington Museum, and I did not think it safe to trust a crab with the officials at the door.

This museum, sir, was established after the close of the Great Exhibition, 'fifty-one. Part of it is what used to be at Marlborough House for the help and support of those Schools of Design which the Exhibition showed to be a sort of food that English manufactures needed. Part of it is gifts from foreign governments of articles contributed to that same exhibition in illustration of their industries. Part of it was collected by the Society of Arts through the help of Professor Solly. Part of it is given or lent by private persons, mercantile and royal. Part of it is contributed by an association for the advancement of architecture, part by an association of the sculptors. Part is the bequest of pictures left by Mr. Sheepshanks to the nation, on condition that use should be made of it in the education of the public taste, through schools of design and by way of exhibition. The whole stores of the museum make an exhibition often varying. One part, after travelling about the provinces to diffuse the ideas that belong to it, comes back into barracks at Kensington, to take the place of another part that sets out in its turn. Pictures shift in their frames. Statues and casts from them constantly change, and there is a rule that ensures a complete change within every three years. Such is the exhibition. At seven it opens, sir, and till ten it remains open, and fourpence is the fare from Charing Cross by all the omnibuses. Mondays and Tuesdays free, evening as well as morning; also Saturdays. But, O! Mrs. Boroo! We went in at the entrance, and I gave up my stick, and she gave up her umbrella, and my daughter Kitty gave up her parasol to a civil person, and we went in among the curiosities, when Mrs. Boroo, she stood stock-still and crouched up at a wall as if there was a spider coming.

"Prattleton," says she, "what's that?"

"Mrs. Boroo," says I, "that is a dustman. He has washed his face, that's certain, and has exchanged his shovel-hat for a four-and-ninepenny silk; but them's dustman's boots, them's dustman's corduroys, and that's a dustman's gaberdine, with the dust still powdered across the shoulders."

"Let us go home," Mrs. Boroo says; "this is no fit place to bring your wife and daughter to, to say nothing of me, who, when I was a girl, refused a master baker doing one hundred and eighty sacks a week."

"Well," says I, "he seems quiet like, slouching about with his hands in his pockets, and he looks this way and that with as much of the air of admiring nothing, as if he were a gentleman."

"Perhaps," says Kitty, "he's a lord in disguise." He had just looked at Kitty with the air of admiring something. "His coat's wonderfully clean, though it is dusty on the shoulders."

"Monday, child!" says grandmother Boroo, with disgust. "See him on Saturday."

My daughter looked as if she wouldn't mind, for certainly he was a proper fellow. We soon found that among the throng in this museum on Monday night a dustman was no oddity. But I do say a line ought to be drawn. I like improvement of the mind, and I do try myself to elevate the taste of my own family. But a line ought to be drawn somewhere above dustmen. Is a respectable

householder to be expected to consort with such? I have my doubts of you, sir, though it is through you I make—by the wish of my wife's mother—this objection public. You're the sort of person, I fear, who would say it's right that after he has been ferreting all day long, in dust-holes, the nation should invite such a man, if he will take the trouble of a walk to South Kensington, to give his eyes a rest over bright rainbow thoughts hung in gilt frames—over a sight of the free gifts of nature and the hard-won earnings of art. You are a man to ask that he may have something to see worth seeing when he comes out of his dust-hole for the day, and to say to him, when you come across him at South Kensington, "God bless your bit of well-spent holiday!" You'll tell me that this dustman striving quietly to get thoughts beautiful or wise into his head is, in such act, the equal of a stonemason, the equal of a prince. The equal of a prince, no doubt. I've often said something to that effect at our Mutual Instruction Club; but that he is fit company for anyone in our sphere I deny. Were he to ask for admission at the Mutual Instruction, I don't say he would be black-balled, because question of his admission never would be put to the vote. We'd laugh, and between him and us there'd be a Ha-ha fence that I should like to see him leaping over.

Then when we were entering the architectural department, where there are building stones and tiles of all ages, what should we meet but a couple of hodmen? Let them go up the ladder of learning, if they please, but not while my wife's mother is upon it. We came upon a man more nearly assimilated to our sphere, who was all by himself among the modern tiles and drains, at work with a monstrously sharp eye. He was having close regard to the main chance, I saw, although he hid his eagerness of study by getting out of our way until we had left him the coast clear again.

Now, I will tell you, sir, a wonderful thing that struck me as a professional man more than anything. The modern sculptors, my contemporaries, have liberally contributed to the South Kensington Museum a fine show of their works. I should have liked to see among them a few specimens of monumental art: a broken pillar, a rose or lily or so parted from the stem, a tureen or a teacaddy; but as to the perfection attained in that branch of art, our cemeteries will speak to posterity. Prattleton, Limehouse, at the foot of many a stone will be observed by our children's children. Non omnis moriar, as I was once ordered to carve. Our works, too, are all sacred to memory, announced and admitted to be such; but as a professor of the sacred branch of our art, I do not feel it necessary to slight the profaner sculptors. I wish to encourage by my approbation Mr. Baily, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Theed and others of that class. I like their works, and now I come to the wonderful thing that I observed on Monday evening at Kensington,—nobody has eyes for them. In Kensal Green, on a Sunday, I have stood at the foot of my own masterpiece, and heard it warmly praised by hundreds of couples who perambulate the grounds, examine the designs of tombs, and criticise inscriptions. There is a great deal of attention paid to sacred sculpture by the public, I am proud to say. But here at South Kensington is a gallery of sculpture by men who have a rare cunning in expression of all that is most beautiful in form; the statues and groups are arranged where each can be seen to good advantage; and there are comfortable settees from which they can be admired in comfort. The settees were all occupied, but the occupants were talking to each other, resting, doing anything but looking at the works of art. Though every sitter had a statue fully placed to excellent advantage opposite him, her or, if a baby, it, I made a point of looking for a pair of eyes employed upon a statue, and did not see one. Two or three thousand people moved about the building while we remained in it. I went to the sculpture gallery from time to time, and once only succeeded in discovering that anybody paid heed to the statues. Then it did happen that there was a man in a complete suit of corduroys, who passed gravely and thoughtfully from work to work, before each one settled himself at ease, and stood gazing for some minutes, until, in fact, he had drunk in through his eyes all its proportions, before passing on. I like to see our art, in any of its branches, duly reverenced, and I said to my wife, "Well, for that fellow's sake I shall say that to-night the statues have not been exhibited in vain. He carries a precious sight of stone off in his head." And nobody shall say that our modern sculptors fail to command attention, because they produce puny efforts. Their efforts are not puny. I wonder indeed how many brethren of the profane branch have achieved so much upon so little encouragement. Look there, in the middle of this exhibition towers—a gift from the Grand-duke of Tuscany—a cast of Michael Angelo's David. Is that puny? At the foot of it are anatomical wax models designed by the great master himself when preparing for the work. There the work is. I claim Michael Angelo as head of our branch of the profession. Look at his tomb-stones! Well, there's his heroic David, with the mighty power and the nervous hands that are to slay the Philistine; there's a work for a poor stone-mason like me to fall down and worship; there's by far the biggest thing in the whole exhibition, and I did not perceive a single glance, even of curiosity, turned up at it; I watched in vain for a man, woman or child who would take the trouble to look David in the face. Had the statue been

absent, there could scarcely have been less heed paid to the empty space than to the space now so gloriously filled. Two of those preternaturally sharp London boys, whose eyes take everything in, glanced up at a join in the cast and cried, "I say, he's got a plaister on his back," and that was all the notice David got.

Yet, there's taste enough for figures, too, when they are coloured. All honour to the memory of Mr. Sheepshanks, whose collection of the cabinet works of modern painters, delights and refines the people. The collection consists mainly of those works which an untrained public can enjoy before it understands their highest claims upon attention. The crowds are all before pictures made up of figures that tell some story to the eye. Those that touch the domestic feeling are the most attractive. I think that among the landscapes, those which contain sea were most sought and dwelt upon. I know that I couldn't tear my Catherine away from that picture of fresh sea in the bay, looked at from the cliffs at Seaford—William Collins painted it—and I know well that my wife stuck to it, because she had found over it a road for her heart to our son Jack away upon the waters. I pull her along. She looks at me, and points to an old woman in a corner, an old woman in black, who is rooted before one of Cope's pictures; a very simple little thing, only a mother hushing a child off to sleep upon her shoulder. To please Catherine we stand and look at the woman, a very poor old woman—poorer, her dress tells us, than she was a year ago. She is rooted permanently down before the picture and looks at it fixedly through her spectacles. Five or ten minutes pass, and then others who come press against her, she moves aside a few steps to make room for others, and again stands looking at the picture from afar.

"She has lost a daughter and a grandchild, too," Catherine whispered. "She will look at nothing else, she will go home when she leaves that picture."

So she did, but how my wife could know she would do that, I can't imagine.

Kitty and Albert as we had not been moving, were gone from us. We found Kitty looking at a desperately romantic scene, called Disappointed Love—a white girl among greens—no doubt because I had forbidden the house to a green-grocer's young man, who has no prospect of getting into independent business. Albert was in a corner eating his aunt Starke's shrimps, which he swallowed with heads, legs, and tails attached, in order to avoid collision with authorities.

Let me remark that for a long time, nobody looked at Turner's picture of the Yacht Squadron at East Cowes. Between a crowd, before the pictures to the right and left of it, it shot out its rays clearly, as the moon does through a rift in clouds. In all the shiftings of the throng about the room, no sign of any interest in that picture appeared until a well-dressed gentleman and lady stood some time before it, and a crowd then gathered to enjoy what they enjoyed.

"Where's mother?"

Mrs. Boroo was lost. After a wild hunt in which Albert led, we found her among the Animal Products—she is herself an animal product of considerable magnitude—before a pair of cavalry boots of the present period, the legs made from solid leather of ox-hide. I quote from the catalogue compiled by Mr. P. L. Simmonds—what a pleasant catalogue! Mrs. Boroo took to the Animal Products. As there's a museum of useful stones in Jermyn Street, a collection of plants at Kew, and there was a collection of animal products nowhere, that is one of the things they have begun establishing at Kensington, where you see carefully arranged all sorts of woven goods in wool, alpaca, and mohair; manufactures of all manners of hair, bristles, and whalebone; domestic articles of bone and ivory, horn and hoofs, tortoise-shell, any shell; the oils and fats of commerce (Mrs. B. greatly interested in the same), animal paints and dyes, animal physic and perfumes, and animal's waste, used in men's business, even down to a selection of prepared manures. I gave but sixpence for the catalogue of this department of the Kensington Museum, and Albert has been reading it to his grandmother ever since, between tea-time and supper-time. I know all about sheep-washing, about cloths, and different kinds of carpets. I know all about silkworms and we are now buried in furs, as we have been for some time, thanks to the liberal contributions to the museum made by Mr. E. B. Roberts and Mr. Nicholay. The catalogue will send me to South Kensington again, because it has made all of us curious about some things we didn't see at all, and some we didn't understand when we first saw them. So will Mr. Redgrave's sixpenny guide to the pictures, which tells interesting facts about each painter, and shows ways of enjoying all the pictures that we missed on our first visit. There's a penny guide to them, too, and there's a penny guide to the entire museum, which tells the chief facts relating to history and mystery. These guides are wonderfully cheap, but any one who doesn't choose to pay a penny, gets a handbill with a plan of the building, and particulars of classes held in it—for there are classes and lectures, too—for nothing. The classes are not for nothing, but the handbill is. Classes are cheap. There are some meetings on two evenings a week for schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, and pupil teachers, which cost only five shillings for the session.

Passing by the library of books, and the educational models—over which I saw two or

three pale-faced governesses making observations for themselves—and a glass-case full of mathematical instruments, whereof an eager boy was taking down some of the prices in his note-book, and the anatomical plates at which a bevy of young women were squinting from afar, I satisfied the desire of my boy Albert, by getting into the space set apart for models of patents, and a full register of specifications. There is the steam-engine first taken in infancy, then growing and working, as it gets up somewhat in years, and I found that my son might possibly have a soul capable of better things than longing after shrimps. I was obliged to promise coffee to our whole family, before I could get him out of the machinery. Obedient to promise, we went, therefore, to the refreshment-room, where a cup of good coffee is supplied for two pence, and comforted ourselves before taking an omnibus, for the return to Limehouse. We left Brompton at ten, and were all home by twenty-seven minutes past eleven. With renovated spirits, I was merrily at work on a Death's Head, at six o'clock next morning.

PARIS ON LONDON.

It is a pleasant novelty to meet with a book of travels,* written by a Frenchman, in which the Lord and Lady Alleash of Fra Diavolo are not assumed to be veritable types of Britannic high society. It is almost a startling discovery to read at the very outset, as here we read, the candid confession that "England, across which I have made several excursions, is often badly appreciated and, it must be allowed, little known amongst us. At the actual moment, the truth is that international prejudices are much stronger on our side than they are to the north of the Channel. The French rarely quit their country, and when they do venture out of it, they travel too quickly. Our retired and domestic habits leave an empty gap in our education. Hence arise prejudices, difficulties in our relations with other nations, our maladroitness in colonising, the limited extent of our commerce, the narrow bounds of our historical erudition, and the greater part of the misapprehensions which hamper our foreign politics. The statesmen of England are acquainted with the habitable globe, much as our police-agents are acquainted with the quarters of Paris. If there is an example calculated to inspire us with more adventurous tastes, it is that of a people who, although endowed with a national sentiment amounting to superstition, have nevertheless chosen the whole world for their country." From such a prelude, we may hope to receive a little fair dealing. The English, although somewhat tender and even self-laudatory in respect to insularities of which they have no reason to be proud, are neither greedy of flattery from foreign visitors, nor over-sensitive to a little sharp criticism from the same; still, they may reasonably wish to find their faults to be considered faults, and their merits, merits, instead of vice versâ; nor can they highly respect the acumen of those who attribute to them faults and merits, both purely imaginary.

There is a little defect, pervading this book of travels, which, although it belongs rather to the French literature of the day than to this individual author, is not the less open to remark. He is fond of chopping up his composition into short sentences, after the manner of that worthy Eugène Jacquot, commonly called De Mirecourt; each sentence being intended to be an epigram, but mostly proving a platitude or a common-place, and also, what is worse, a would-be hard-saying, which is simply stupid. To give a single instance, we are told that Richard the Third, Henry the Eighth, and Charles the First, are the princes best known to the cockneys of London. It (England) is a country where blood refreshes the memory. But, is there a country, including France, where blood does not refresh the memory? Are the deaths of Louis the Sixteenth, or of Marie Antoinette, forgotten? Or the Terror? Or St. Bartholomew? Are the martyrs of our common Christianity forgotten? Will not the memory of Cawnpore remain fresh for centuries, in consequence of the innocent blood shed at that far-distant butchery? Scores of similar schoolboy-sayings might be quoted from the English at Home. With increased experience, M. Wey will prefer writing like a historian, to pointing (query, blunting?) periods like a feuilletonist.

Like every other newly-arrived stranger, M. Wey is struck with astonishment by the Thames, which is an arm of the sea as far as Gravesend; which from Gravesend to London is a port wherein the ships of all nations are ranged by hundreds; which from London to its source is an Arcadian river that gambols amidst meadows, distributing grace and freshness to the shady parks that slope to its margin. He sees that it is impossible for London to have the calm beauty and the imposing regularity of the quays of Paris; because, with such a vast amount of commerce the river itself is obliged to serve both as a quay and a magazine; the vessels unlade at the very warehouse door, as if they were perfectly at home; while the jetties and landing-places are necessary for the use of innumerable water-omnibuses, the steam-boats, which run up and down that vast noiseless street, the Thames. For, life on the Thames is a pantomime. No countenance laughs; the lips are mute; not a cry, not a voice; everyone remains isolated in the crowd. The artisan does not sing. The passengers who pass and repass regard each

* Les Anglais chez eux, by Francis Wey. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1857.

other without curiosity, and scarcely articulate a word.

M. Wey acquired a more accurate acquaintance with English social etiquette than is ever attained by ninety-nine out of a hundred even of his travelled countrymen; while our language so nearly approaches an unknown tongue, that there is hardly a newspaper or a novel that can cite three words of English, or mention an English surname, without the most absurd mistakes. There is no occasion to search for examples; the first that come to hand will do. A romance, open on my table, makes a charming young lady, one Miss Lucy, say, "John! bring me my album, if yeou pleasse;" and to-day's Courrier is very learned about the Dig Diggings, meaning the Dry Diggings, in California. Nor is our author faultless in this respect. Not is good, is not good English; neither are boarding-scool, or scool-room. It might be difficult to find the town of Herneby at the mouth of the Thames. A waterman is not the name of a steamboat in general, though there be steamboats with Waterman inscribed on their paddlebox. But those are trifles.

One of M. Wey's friends had given him a letter of introduction to an English merchant, William P, esquire, for whom he left it with his visiting card at the bureau of the Reform Club, in Pall Mall. Two hours afterwards, Mr. P. called at the stranger's lodging, to find him absent. He returned the same evening, and as no one was at home, he wrote a note, in the superscription of which M. Wey found himself dubbed Esquire. All the letters which he afterwards received bore the same title, with which it is the courtesy to gratify every bourgeois who is placed above the conditions of trade, that is of little commerce. The shopkeepers are not esquires; but the merchants who operate in their cabinets, the speculators, the bankers, in one word every one comprised in the world of affairs, in business, is received esquire by condescension and by civility.

England is the country of legal equality; but that kind of equilibrium has no effect upon the national manners; and although our (French) fondness for distinctions appears puerile to the English, it is easy to demonstrate that they are not exempt from the same weakness. They have not, like Frenchmen, a passion for uniforms, epaulettes, embroidered coats, or decorations; their buttonholes, often adorned with a flower, are never, either in the street or the drawing-room, dressed up with rosettes or knots of ribbon; but the rules of etiquette, in respect to the titles which mark the hierarchic degrees established between the different classes, are inconveniently strict and intolerant.

Custom, in this matter, carries with it so many minute observances, that they always escape the notice of strangers. Amongst the English themselves, the commission of certain mistakes constitutes a marked boundary line between vulgarity and high fashion. No branch of knowledge is less cultivated in France than the precepts of the puerile courtesy of the other side of the Channel. French romancers, comic writers, and editors of journals, commit, on this subject, mistakes which greatly injure them in the eyes of the English. One of the most common of these consists in investing with the title "Sir" (exclusively attributed to knights and baronets) the members of the House of Commons, in virtue of their temporary mandate. In the melodrama of Richard d'Arlington, they are liberally bespattered with this dab of soft-soap. But the heaviest of these offences is to place before a family name the title of "Sir," which ought never to be immediately followed by the surname. "Sir Paxton," "Sir Reynolds," are hideous gallicisms. Do not suppose that this is nothing but the caprice of custom. Let us go on, and we shall have to signalise a series of shades more delicate, more unknown, and very variously significative in respect to the distinctions of caste.

Formerly, whoever was above the servile condition, without being provided with a title, was confounded under the designation of "Master," which now is applied to none but children. Master Lambton is the young son of Lambton Since the time of the Stuarts, when one has to write to great people, the expression "master" ought to be abbreviated thus, "Mr." To write it at full length, in so many letters, would be uncivil. In speaking, you still pronounce "master" for children; but, under pain of incongruity, it is essential, when a man is in the case, to say "Mister." "Mistress" is never written in all its letters; they put "Mrs.," and pronounce "Missis." The title of "Miss" has still more characteristic anomalies to show us. In general, they say "Miss Sarah," "Miss Mary," &c. But it must be observed: first, that the eldest daughter of a family cannot, without impropriety, be designated by her baptismal name. Even a betrothed lover, on the point of marrying Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Siddons, would call her Miss Siddons, and not Miss Jane. Secondly, the eldest daughter of a family of "gentry" never bears her baptismal name. Before she is weaned, she is already "Miss Crawford" or "Miss Burdett." Thirdly, the eldest daughter of a younger branch loses the prerogative of being designated by her surname whenever she is in the presence of her eldest female cousin of the elder branch. She suffers a sudden transformation, and everybody considers her as simply "Miss Julia," or "Miss Isabella." When her cousin retires, she is Crawford again. The younger sons of titled families receive (and it would be a great fault to omit to give them) the qualification of Hon. (honourable) Mr., Mrs., or Miss ——. In good houses, no sort of title whatever is given to domestics of either

sex. Valets are called by their Christian names; chamber-women and female attendants by their family name, short and plain. Thus, to address a female servant, you say, Weber, Smith, Wilcox. Such is the usage. [How would they manage with a maid from Jutland, where the peasantry are not allowed the luxury of surnames, and a girl is simply known as Gertrude, the daughter of John?]

The wife of a knight or baronet joins the title of "Lady" to her family name, and never to her baptismal name, under pain of incurring the censure due to the most shocking usurpation. To the daughters of lords, counts, viscounts, and dukes appertains the privilege of being Lady Louisa, Lady Lucy, &c. They take the title of lady from their cradle. The daughters of lords are only qualified as "Miss" at the Théâtre-Français. This privilege of birth is indelible; a young "lady" does not lose it, even by marrying a commoner. Nevertheless, the tendency of manners towards equality struggles against the vanity of customs.

For the last five-and-twenty or thirty years, well-mannered people abstain, in conversation, from mentioning almost at every sentence, as is the practice in France, the titles of the persons whom they are addressing. In reply to the questions of a lady, a lord, of a minister, or even of the queen, people limit themselves to saying "Yes," "No," without adding anything further. The grace of the intonation takes the place of the titular vocative, which is understood. It is this laconism of speech which causes the French to regard the English as haughty and disdainful. French politeness would be considered in England as ignorance of fashionable usage. In writing to a great personage, it would be equally vulgar to repeat more than once or twice the titles of "my lord," or "your lordship." The quality once mentioned, the writer resumes the "you" which is common to everyone. Let us pursue a little further this chapter, which is curious, perhaps, but certainly useful, and which we are far from being in a condition to exhaust.

The English language furnishes us with a singular mark of the decided line of separation between the two castes of the country. Flat, nasal, and unrhythmical in the mouths of the populace, the language takes, with people of quality, a delicate and expressive accent, a measured lightness, and an elegant firmness. Now, it is impossible for an Englishman of low birth, were he even a professor of oratorical style, to attain the accent of well-bred persons. The most careful education cannot reach that point without the frequentation of the grand monde, which alone conserves and perpetuates purity of pronunciation together with elegance of language. Thus, on the neutral ground of equality, where there is an entire abstinence from outward distinctions, where everyone is dressed alike, it suffices for you to utter three words, to be classed instantly. One of the most notorious of these differences, as delicate as ineffaceable, consists in the manner in which the nice aspiration of the letter *h* is given. The common people either suppress it or displace it. Its omission is nothing less than intolerable; its displacement is monstrous. Consequently, scarcely more than three-fifths of the population are thus distinguished.

In what regards the habits of social life, everything is regulated according to rank, even in the intimacy of families, with the most rigid etiquette. The precedence of rank does not yield even before a foreigner. If you dine out, await a signal which shall set you in motion in the direction of the dining-room; then do not hesitate, and eschew those ridiculous ceremonies to which French provincial gentlemen abandon themselves in the vicinity of doors, especially when ecclesiastics or gentlemen of the long robe are present. In England, all is ordained, all foreseen, all regulated, all limited; which is the reason why nothing is starched and stiff, and things seem to follow their natural course. It is uncertainty which is the cause of confusion; it is hesitation which chills a friendly meeting. An idea is scarcely entertained of the minutiæ to which usage descends. Thus, the number of taps which it is proper to give with the street-door knocker, when you pay a visit, is, as near as may be, determinate. Nothing appertaining to trade or domestic service will presume to knock at the principal door. The postman is the object of a solitary exception; and everybody knows that, under pain of reprimand, he ought only to give a couple of knocks. A man comme-il-faut, if he respects himself and does not wish to pass for a careless fellow, will strike five, solidly planted. Ladies are announced by seven little taps following each other rapidly. The subject might be continued without ever coming to an end. Moreover, a meritorious Frenchman is permitted to be ignorant of some of these despotic laws on his entrance into the English world. He will meet with pardon through his quality of foreigner; but, if he were ignorant of all, and had not the talent to guess them, he would run great risk of passing for a clown.

The invariable foundation of an English dinner consists of a fish and a roast; the surplus is accessory. A character is given to the ceremony, much more by the dimensions of these two joints than by the multiplicity of other dishes. To a guest of note, there would be served a salmon or a sturgeon a yard in length—for the fish is always presented first—with divers sauces and spicy seasonings, whose flavour is highly relished by the English. To the French, they have the taste of a display of fireworks that you had taken care to set light to before attempting to swallow them. Even the gingerbeer made Monsieur Wey fancy he was drinking

lemonade seasoned with pepper and allspice instead of lemon. This fashionable beverage is a combination of sugar, seltzer-water, and ginger—amongst the most combustible of spices. The refreshment sets your palate in a blaze. After the fish succeed entrées à la Française, consisting of game too much roasted, poultry too much done, or pastry too heavy. The roast, proportioned to the quality of the guests and their number, is worthy of the Homeric epochs. The acme of luxury consists in serving several different fish at the same time, and several roasts. The hors-d'œuvre (supplementary dishes, such as cold ham, tongue, &c.) are numerous, and the entremets (kickshaws which serve as interludes to the solid dishes) are singular. One of the most common is a cake illustrated with sourish herbs, which are the stalks of rhubarb, or perhaps mackerel gooseberries, gathered green, which are the object of a considerable sale. Frequently salad is offered on a dish, in the shape of a lettuce-heart cut in two. Some people eat it in this way with their fingers, simply dipping the extremity of the leaves in salt. The vegetables are generally boiled and offered without any seasoning; they are delivered over to circulation about the table, at the same time with the roast meat. At dessert, enormous Chester and Stilton cheeses make their appearance, and boats'-load of fresh butter; fruit and melon succeed to them; after which, everything is cleared away, to the very cloth; and glasses and wine are brought.

Wine alone enjoys the privilege of being placed upon the table. For beer and Scotch ale, family drinks, there is a special ceremonial. One of the domestics who wait at table comes and presents to you an empty tray, and if you are not warned beforehand, you will not fail to be a little surprised. [In the beer and cider-drinking departments of France, these liquids are placed on the table in carafes—large glass decanters without stoppers—and everyone helps his neighbours and himself. It is polite to fill your neighbour's glass. In the south, where beer, bitter ale, and porter are much dearer than ordinary wine, they are placed on the table respectfully, and with a certain degree of state, in the black bottle.] If such a thing should happen, reader, to yourself, and you bear no animosity to hops, take your glass, place it upon the tray, and the servant, after having filled it at the sideboard, will offer it to you. Without this ingenious combination, your tumbler, O, reader! would suffer the contact of a valet's fingers, which would shock both modesty and strict propriety.

A dinner at the Trafalgar Hotel, Greenwich, to which Monsieur Wey and several of his compatriots were invited, greatly astonished them by its thirty entrées of fish. This culinary Odyssey interested them from being such an exhibition of new, unknown, or unrecognisable dishes, that it possessed all the charm of a museum. Like the tongues in Æsop's dinner, the fish underwent innumerable disguises; every species appeared in several costumes; turbot, salmon, sole, and sturgeon were bedecked with the most splendid sauces; pepper, phosphorescent gravies [curry, possibly,] and incendiary piments, excited wonderment and thirst. But these dishes of energetic condiments paled before a certain friture or fry, composed of little fishlings which, in point of volume, bear the same proportion to the bleak that the pike does to the whale. The whitebait are caught only in the Thames before Greenwich (?) While analysing these various dishes, certain conscientious tourists took notes, unwilling to neglect any subject of study; and, with the fork in one hand and the pencil in the other, they stuffed themselves with documents which, at the same time, were gravely annotated.

England produces three objects which are met with everywhere; but, which, in this island, are remarkable for their marvellous beauty; the women, the trees, and the horses. Moreover, every place which raises a race of horses worthy of admiration, is also peopled by pretty women. What is the cause of the coincidence, it is not easy to say; but this strange correlation is not the less real. Georgia rears the best horses of the East. The plains of La Camargue, in the neighbourhood of Arles, famous for its lovely girls, preserve the blood of the Moorish coursers in a state of nature; the Andalusian maid attains her perfection of form by the side of the most symmetrical steeds of the Peninsula; at Mecklenburg you behold the purest blood of Germany; and, when a phalanx of amazons gallop along the avenues of the London parks, the dazzled eye cannot fix itself with indifference either on the écuyère, or the animal on which she is mounted. Let a young girl draw up her horse beneath a lofty tree, and you will contemplate, grouped into a single picture, the three marvels of Angleterre. [Please observe, that young girl, is not tautology, in French. French females are filles till they get married, no matter what their age; the same of garçon, and even of jeune homme. The funeral of a jeune homme, turned of seventy-two has just passed in the direction of the cemetery. An old maid in England becomes an old girl in France.]

Beauty under a different aspect was to be gazed at, at the late Covent Garden theatre, which was as gay and pretty as Her Majesty's theatre is cold and sombre. It was the evening after a drawing-room, though the traveller did not seem to know it. Court etiquette, he tells us, requires that the ladies should be coiffed with one or two marabout plumes, mostly placed in a reversed position, and falling back upon the neck, like the ears of a frightened spaniel. Few persons are less interested in the observance of this usage than Queen Victoria, whose visage is round,

with the nose to the wind, although aquiline; but the curve finishes too abruptly; the nose, beginning à la Bourbon, finishes à la Roxelane. The caprice is not accomplished without raising the upper lip, which ordinarily allows a couple of white teeth to be seen.

The queen, whom every one saw at Paris, has a lively eye, a bright complexion, and prompt gestures; she becomes animated while speaking, and shakes her marabouts, which gives her more of merry gracefulness than of royal dignity, especially as her forms, rounded by a nascent embonpoint, are better suited for tranquillity. The expression of her look is singular, and pre-occupied by a mixture of blunt simplicity and of compressed raillery. Although short, she appears tall when seated. She frequently changes colour; has beautiful hair, long eyelashes, and fine eyebrows, which melt into the satin sleekness of her skin. There is a vague aspect of the plump Parisienne, with an Anglo-Germanic head. Her portraits, clumsy flatterers, in order to endow her with the inert beauty of the vignettes, have robbed her countenance of all its character and vitality.

On each side of her was a lady, chosen with too much discernment; and, at the back, the Prince Albert. His complexion grows lighter and lighter, in proportion as embonpoint raises and stretches the tissues of the skin; at the same time, his forehead loses its locks, and the flower of youth is giving place to prosaic maturity. You are less struck with the regularity of his features than with the air of good nature which distinguishes his countenance. The husband of the queen is esteemed; he was altogether sympathetic before the commencement of the Russian war; he interests those who behold him for the first time, as would any man placed in a difficult position in which he acquits himself with honour. He is reported to be affable; and, far from seeking to make himself of importance, he resists every temptation to put his influence in a conspicuous light. Finally, he takes pains to show that his attention is occupied with the progress of the Fine Arts, as well as of every institution that bears on social economy; and to seek nobody's favour on any other grounds than those of his modesty and his personal merits. Such conduct evinces great talent, and something better than talent. In England, the position given to Prince Albert is more gravely appreciated than in France, on Salic ground; and yet, in France, especially, is there a gallant man, if only he be married, who is not more or less the husband of the queen?

Monsieur Wey has doubts whether the English take repose; but London never sleeps—except once a week, as he afterwards observes, on Sundays. At every hour of the day, the workshops are full, and the haunts of idleness are thronged to overflowing. One knows that the town contains three millions of souls; and, nevertheless, one is surprised to see so many people everywhere at the same time. The streets are crowded, whole populations wander backwards and forwards on the Thames, the parks are overscattered with promenaders, the monuments with curious inquirers; the gardens and the great houses of the environs are invaded by nomad visitors, and the movement never stops as long as the week lasts. They eat at all hours, in all places, and without cessation. The iron constitution of these complaisant stomachs permits them to repair their fatigues, by means of an alimentary regime which would satisfy the appetite of wolves and lions. The bill of fare of a fair and pensive young girl would prove the delight of a couple of Parisian porters.

Parisians don't eat, don't they? Nor Parisiennes either? If you entered a restaurant, after a day at the Exposition, did the parties of French ladies and gentlemen, who joined your company there, partake of merely a Barmecide feast?

Those strange places, the London, St. Catherine, and West India Docks, are the theatre of a prodigious movement. It seems as if, to make such enormous piles of all sorts of wares, they must have exhausted the fecundity of the earth. There are spots where you walk on sugar of the isles, (contrasted, in the French mind, with beet-root sugar); and the honied odour of the saccharine produce, in this degree of concentration, seizes you by the throat. Moreover, there are preserved fruits, spices enough to convert the Lake of Geneva into gravy, and logwood enough to dye it purple; spirituous liquors and cottons; perfumes and evil-smelling drugs. In short, the nose meets with its spectacles and its surprises.

You contemplate this commercial fairy-land, beneath the shade of a forest of masts, wending your way amongst clerks, casks, and cables, on a path paved with plates of iron, which are polished and sometimes broken by the wheels of drays. It is here, especially, that you form an opinion of the splendour, the preponderance, and the wealth of this nation, a monstrous polypus, whose suckers absorb the substance of every country, and whose body is here. But, almost immediately, you meet with contrasts; a couple of steps from this superabundance of everything, you behold the deprivation of everything. After the prodigies of mercantile luxury, comes the hard and compulsory indolence of want. The quarter Wapping, from the London Docks to the Tunnel, is abandoned to frightful indigence. You catch glimpses, in courts full of filth and fetid sheds, of whole families, haggard, in rags, out of health, and in a state of uncleanliness which turns your stomach. After you have seen the rags of London, Callot's sketches look like plates from the Journal des Modes. A man enters, head-first, by some hole or other, into a network of rags; he finds some point of issue

for each of his four limbs, and he is fitted with a suit of clothes. Of a pair of trowsers, there is sometimes nothing left, except a single button-hole; the garment is philosophically put on; the skin of these miserables is so bronzed, thickened, and tanned, that it serves them as a vestment, as far as the eyes are concerned, and gives the illusion of dress to the passers-by. Providence, who, in this country, has put an ingot of gold into so many breasts, has clad its children with a skin of serge. Every mortal, accoutered in this fashion, and showing his naked flesh, would take it as a derogation to wear a night-cap, or a cap. They are crowned with a little bit of hat; the same of women, even of beggars.

Admire, on the cushions of that carriage-and-four, conducted by a postilion in silk, admire that young duchess, radiant with elegance. Give a rapid glance at her spangled velvet cloak, a master-piece of Parisian art. In a fortnight the cloak will be made over to her children's governess. (Query, whether the lady's maid would allow of such an irregular transfer?) Fourteen months afterwards, the cook will sell it for old clothes; the article gets greasy while becoming more popular. Some stall-keeper will turn it, and display its brilliant wrong side. Then it will become faded, torn, unravelled, with fluttering wings, like a wounded bird. In this state, a mendicant will pick it up in the gutter, and while holding out her hand to the duchess for alms, will show her grace something which she will not recognise. But the poor creature has received three-pence. That will buy bread? No; it will buy gin; and, in the evening, you will see her children naked, and grovelling on a heap of offal, gnawing outcast vegetables, raw carrots, and cabbage-stalks; and then the whole family will go to rest upon a scanty layer of pulverised straw. The national delicacy banishes such scenes of famine to the distant shades of unseen quarters. An insufficient remedy.

Before penetrating into the Tunnel, the subterranean bridge which passes under the Thames, we entered a tavern to cool our exterior, and to warm our interior with a cordial dram. People drank, standing around the counter; and a woman offered in the same basket, by way of refreshments, little Malta oranges, as well as cold sheeps' feet, half-cooked, which she presented on the point of an iron fork, with a little salt in a paper. These light pastimes for the stomach are intended to charm the interval between meals; judge from this of the sufferings which hunger must inflict on such magnanimous appetites as the English possess.

In the Tunnel—to which you descend by a round hole some hundred feet in circumference, decorated with bright coloured paintings, and flanked by a couple of staircases—the necessity of earning a livelihood gives rise to painful industries. When you have entered the double gallery, whose vaults describe three quarters of a circle, the air becomes thick and chilly; a cold and humid vapour, laden with sepulchral miasms, shuts in the view at twenty paces' distance, in spite of the light of a hundred and twenty-six gas burners. It seems as if one would be sure to die, if one spent a couple of hours in these hypogées (that is, under-earths; but what will the Academy say to the word?) which distil water drop by drop, till it collects in black and slippery puddles. Between each pillar, there are shops, kept by quite young girls thus buried alive. Smiling and pale, they offer you glass articles, enchanted lunettes (kaleidoscopes, perhaps), panoramas of London, lots of small tinware, and foreign gewgaws. There are puppet-shows and performances on the accordion and the serinette in this subterranean passage; in short, they contrive to exist in this dwelling of death. What maladies unknown to the land of sunshine, must germinate here! What a capital greenhouse for the production of morbific rarities! But liberty is opposed to the closing of these stalls, a measure in which the solicitude of the government would be doubly justified, in the interest both of the public health and the public morality; for commerce here is only a pretext for something less respectable.

At this humane proposition to close the Tunnel bazaar, we take our leave of Monsieur Wey, with thanks and good wishes.

RE-TOUCHING THE LORD HAMLET.

There is a novel called the Hystorie of Hamblet, printed in sixteen hundred and eight for Thomas Pavier, the stationer in Corne-hill, of which only one known copy exists, and which novel or hystorie had been originally published, as we are credibly informed by Mr. Payne Collier, "considerably before the commencement of the seventeenth century."* It is to this novel that Shakspeare is believed to have been partly indebted—in other part, to the older play, generally attributed to Thomas Kyd, and which was acted and printed before fifteen hundred and eighty-seven. This novel, or rather hystorie, is a considerable improvement on the rough chronicle of Saxo-Grammaticus, and shows how the refining hand of time ameliorates the incidents of old manners in the process of historical repetition, and that a tale thrice told is in very many respects a different thing from one told only once. How the tale was told in Kyd's Hamlet, we have now no opportunity of knowing; but it must have presented much gentler features than the draught of it in the rude pages of the Danish chronicler, since this

* See an article at page 372 of the present Volume, entitled Touching the Lord Hamlet

second version of the story has received much softening in its details, and much philosophical illustration in the super-added reflections—in fact, had evidently been touched up for the sake of a moral application. It is preceded with an argument, and attended with marginal indices, all affecting the profound and solemn—setting forth how "the desire of rule causeth men to become traytors and murtherers," with "the miserable condition of such as rule over others," and how "Romulus, for small or no cause, killed his brother:" adding thereto, the opinion of Cicero, the ambitious and seditious orator of Rome, who, in his Paradoxes, "supposed the degrees and steps to heaven, and the ways to vertue, to consist in the treasons, ravishments, and massacres committed by him that first layd the foundations of that citty." All this is but the prelude to other classical statements, concerning Tarquin the Elder, Servius Tullius, Absolon and David, and the Sultans Zelin and Soliman; concluding with pertinent remarks on "the slowness of God's judgments," ventured on the authority of Plutarch Opuscules, and which may be accepted as an apology for Hamlet's own tardy manner of taking revenge for his father's murder.

I will now mark a few of the differences between the statements of Saxo-Grammaticus and those of Belleforest, from whose Histoires Tragiques the aforesaid novel or hystorie is taken—premising that the novels of Belleforest began to be published in fifteen hundred and sixty-four, and included the story of Amleth, under the following title: "Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horvvendile, occis par Fengon, son frere, et autre occurrence de son histoire."

The assumption of madness on the part of young Hamlet is dignified by the novelist with classic references. Accordingly we are instructed, that though the apparently demented nephew of the usurper "had beene at the schoole of the Romane Prince, who, because hee counterfeited himselfe to bee a foole, was called Brutus, yet hee imitated his fashions and his wisdome." He made indeed "sport to the pages and ruffling courtiers that attended in the court of his uncle and father-in-law;" nevertheless, "the young prince noted them well enough, minding one day to bee revenged in such manner, that the memorie thereof should remaine perpetually to the world." For the justification of Brutus' conduct we are then referred marginally to Titus Livius and Halicarnassus, whom we are directed to read. Whereupon to this instance, the author adds the example of King David, "that counterfeited the madde man among the petie kings of Palestina to preserve his life from the subtill practices of those kings." I note these particulars because in them are suggestions to the poet, whether Kyd or Shakspeare, for the dramatic elevation of the subject. Shakspeare derived from such his notion of the famous scene between him and Ophelia (act three, scene one). Those who were of "quicke spirits," and had begun to suspect that under Hamlet's seeming "folly there lay hidden a greate and rare subtilty," lost no time in counselling "the king to try and know, if it were possible, how to discover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, than to set some faire and beawtifull woman in a secret place, that with flattering speeches and all the craftiest meanes she could use, should purposely seek to allure his mind." But Hamlet had a friend, who, by timely warning, saved him from the snare. "He gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any meanes he seemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman sent thither by his uncle. Which much abashed the prince, as then wholy beeing in affection to the lady, but by her he was likewise informed of the treason, as being one that from her infancy loved and favoured him, and would have been exceedingly sorrowfull for his misfortune, whome shee loved more than herselfe." In all this (and more that I do not quote), we have the two episodes of Horatio and Ophelia distinctly foreshadowed. The scene of this incident is a solitary place within the woods, the one evidently in which Saxo Grammaticus locates the absurd equestrian adventure related by him, but for which Belleforest, like a true Frenchman, appears t have substituted an amorous temptation. That of Hamlet's interview with his mother immediately follows; but there is, in his account, no Hamlet "dancing upon the straw, clapping his hands, and crowing like a cock," but the unfortunate counsellor of the king hides himself behind the veritable arras of the play.

Yet the imitations of chanticleer are not altogether omitted; they are cunningly modified Hamlet, "craftie and politique," according to Belleforest, when "within the chamber, doubting some treason, and fearing if he should speake severely and wisely to his mother touching his secret practices, he should be understood, and by that means intercepted, used his ordinary manner of dissimulation, and began to come like a cocke, beating with his armes (in such manner as cockes use to strike with their wings) upon the hanging of the chamber; whereby feeling something stirring under them, he cried, A rat, a rat!" &c. The speech thereafter made by Hamlet to his mother is, in the novel and improved version, quite a finished oration, extending to several pages, and, with some coarseness, containing not a few poetic suggestions. The following paragraph is good; and reminds us of a passage in Milton, as well as of the comparison between the two brothers in Shakspeare's tragedy.

"It is licentiousness only that hath made you deface out of your minde the memory of the valor and vertues of the good king, your husband and my father: it was an unbridled desire that guided the daughter of Roderick to imbrace the tyrant Fengon, and not to remember Horvendile (unworthy of so strange intertainment), neither that he killed his brother traiterously, and that shee, being his father's wife, betrayed him, although he so well favoured and loved her, that for her sake he utterly bereaved Norway of her riches and valiant souldiers to augment the treasures of Roderick, and make Geruthe wife to the hardyest prince of Europe; it is not the part of a woman, much lesse of a princesse, in whome all modesty, curtesse, compassion, and love, ought to abound, thus to leave her deare child to fortune in the bloody and murtherous hands of a villain and traytor. Bruite beasts do not so, for lyons, tygers, ounces, and leopards fight for the safety and defence of their whelpes; and birds that have beakes, claws, and wings, resist such as would ravish them of their young ones; but you, to the contrary, expose and deliver mee to death, whereas ye should defend me. Is not this as much as if you should betray me, when you, knowing the perverseness of the tyrant and his intents, ful of deadly counsell as touching the race and image of his brother, have not once sought, nor desired to finde the meanes to save your child (and only son) by sending him into Swethland, Norway, or England, rather than to leave him as a pray to youre infamous adulterer? Bee not offended, I praye you, Madame, if transported with dolour and griet, I speake so boldely unto you, and that I respect you lesse then duetie requireth! for you, having forgotten mee, and wholy rejected the memorye of the deceased king, my father, must not be abashed if I also surpasse the bounds and limits of due consideration."

The queen's reply to all this is not without a certain dignity. She assures her son that she had not once "consented to the death and murther of her husband;" and Shakspeare credits her with this assurance in the second draught of his tragedy. Further, she complots with Hamlet in his purposes of revenge.

The story of Hamlet's voyage to England; his behaviour there, and his return, with the other matters to the end of his story, is much the same in both accounts: that, I mean, of Saxo-Grammaticus, and Belleforest. But one thing must be especially noted. The melancholy of Hamlet is in the novel-historie treated of by name, and the philosophical cause of it assigned—namely, his inclination for the supernatural. "For that in those dayes, the north parts of the worlde, living as then under Sathan's lawes, were full of inchanters, so that there was not any yong gentleman whatsoever that knew not something therein sufficient to serve his turne, if need required: as yet in those days in Gothland and Biarmy, there are many that knew not what the Christian religion permitteth, as by reading the histories of Norway and Gothland, you maie easilie perceive; and so, Hamlet, while his father lived, had bin instructed in that devilish art, whereby the wicked spirite abuseth mankind, and advertiseth him (as he can) of things past." Here is, manifestly, the suggestion of the ghost, and of the hero's suspicion, that

"The devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me."

The following is the passage that cites his melancholy:—

"It toucheth not the matter herein to discover the parts of devination in man, and whether this prince, by reason of his over great melancholy, had received those impressions, devining that, which never any but himself had before declared, like the philosophers, who, discoursing of divers deep points of philosophy, attribute the force of those divinations to such as are saturnists by complection, who oftentimes speake of things which, their fury ceasing, they then alreadye can hardly understand who are the pronouncers," &c.

Here we have the melancholy and philosophical prince and supernaturalist depicted to the life; and, furthermore, in passages which we have no room to cite, the subject enlarged upon and enforced by extended reasonings, and historical examples in reference to magical operations. Here, too, is drawn out at full, what Shakspeare only hints at in the matter of Ophelia; that is, the want of self-control in Hamlet with regard to women. "This fault," adds the novel-historian, "was in the great Hercules, Sampson, and the wisest man that ever lived upon the earth, following this traine, therein impaired his wit; and the most noble, wise, valiant, and discreet personages of our time, following the same course, have left us many notable examples of their worthy and notable vertues." In a word, the tragedy of Hamlet is written in the very spirit of the Hystorie; the events being restricted within dramatic limits, and the action sublimated by the working of the poetic genius dealing with prosaic and merely didactic materials, extracting their essence, and re-embodying it in a new and artistic form, of which beauty was the principal and a necessary feature.

It may thus appear that it was not at a leap that the author of the tragedy of Hamlet effected his transit from the chronicle of Saxo-Grammaticus, but that there were intermediate stages, by which rude history became purified into philosophy, and was prepared for the high poetic purpose for which

it was finally destined. We thus see the spirit of Shakspeare, and perhaps of his predecessor Kyd, working not alone, but in communion with the spirit of the epoch in which they lived; while that spirit itself acknowledged its relationship with the past, and the various changes to which it had been liable in its progress towards the state of perfection in which our poets found it. And this consideration serves to explain the immortality of those works which were the results of such influences, not by arbitrary creation of the poet, but as the growths of time, and the products of nature in the appointed order of her manifestations.

SAND AND ROSES.

Not many years ago, there came to take up his abode in one of the most unfrequented streets of the city of Cairo, between the Kara Meydan and the Tombs of the Kings, an individual of somewhat mysterious appearance and deportment. It did not even clearly appear to what country he belonged. A tall cap of a peculiar shape, and a long gown of scarcely any shape answered, in a certain degree, to the popular conception of a Persian; and as The Persian he was usually described by neighbours who took an interest in his proceedings. Zarouk, the black coffee-house keeper, used, it is true, sagaciously to remark, that the yellow and sleek aspect, dreamy eye, and sensual lip of the sons of Ajem, were all wanting in the stranger; that his countenance might have belonged to a true Masre (Caireen), and that his acquaintance with the subtleties of Arabic, and, indeed, with Egyptian slang, would be something marvellous in a foreigner. As Zarouk spoke with an unmistakeable Suidan brogue, and interlarded his talk with phrases that seemed borrowed from the language of birds, these critical observations were never received without sarcasm; though in the end people admitted them to be correct. The neighbouring barber several times wittily observed that there was on record a story of a blind man who offered himself as guide in a strange city, and accidentally went to the right place; which anecdote, and an allusion to the infinite power of Allah, were considered exquisite satire on Zarouk. He had been too many times, however, shaved on credit by the barber to be able to get in a passion.

The Persian—for so we may call the stranger until we get behind the scenes, and discover whether or not he merited the title—seemed to be suspiciously anxious to avoid public notice. He accosted the landlord of the house he ultimately occupied in a bazar-shop, came with him to inspect the premises, examined whether it was possible for neighbours to overlook his court-yard, complained that a full view could be obtained from the gallery of a neighbouring minaret, was scarcely reassured when told that the said minaret belonged to a ruined mosque; and, in short, took no pains to conceal that his chief object in living in that out-of-the-way place was concealment. The little luggage he possessed was brought on a camel from a distant wakalah; and the porters who came with some simple articles of furniture were not admitted beyond the door, except in the case of one who had charge of a heavy divan, and who was almost insulted by a mob of inquisitive neighbours for saying that he saw nothing extraordinary in the house.

The Persian was not alone. He came accompanied by a child some two or three years old, a negress, and a sturdy, stout Egyptian servant, about the middle age.

"If he will not speak himself," observed the barber to Zarouk, "it is quite certain that garrulity will be a quality of one of the retainers; even when the child grows a little older it may also be made to talk."

All this sagacity was disappointed. The negress never appeared again, except when she leaned in her red jacket from the roof, looking towards the sunset; or stood and chaffered for bread-cakes at the door. The child, also, was almost constantly confined, and only came out now and then to take a few steps up and down in the narrow shade of the house, holding on by the long, thin finger of the Persian. As for the Egyptian servant, by name Saleh, you might as well have tried to extract information from a tortoise, for, when questioned directly or indirectly, he became as silent as that meditative reptile; and curiosity was abashed by his grave, reproving glance. In other respects he was sensible enough, going regularly to Zarouk's coffee-house, being sedulously shaved every three days, and, in general, behaving like a man who wished to become popular. He might have aspired to the tyranny of the quarter, if he had not indulged in the criminal luxury of a secret.

By careful computation, the barber, who was a wise fellow in his way, and bore the name of Mohammed, discovered that there were current sixteen different answers to the question, "What is the mystery of the Persian's house?" Without counting the absurd suggestion of the seller of melon-pips, that he might be the pasha himself, desirous of ascertaining what was the condition of his good subjects of that quarter, with a view of making them all a handsome present; or the romantic idea of the bread-woman, who had six children, though only twenty years of age, that he was a man of cannibal tastes, looking out for infants to satisfy his morbid appetite. As is usual in such cases, however, none of the guesses in which idle neighbours indulged were anything like the truth.

Let us enter the dwelling of the supposed Persian, and examine what goes on there; and if, with this additional information not vouchsafed to the barber, nor to Zarouk, nor

to the seller of melon-pips, nor to the bread-woman, we find it impossible to arrive at a rational conjecture as to the mystery, the existence of which is evident, we shall have received a great lesson in modesty and reserve of thought.

In the first place, it was quite evident that the Persian had no occupation by which to gain his living; and the inevitable inference was, that he must be a man of means. These means, however, were small. The meals served up, morning and evening, by Saleh and the negress to the Persian and the boy (whom we do not call his son) were very frugal; for, although one said Aboni, and the other Ibni, it was easy to see with one eye that their relations were quite different. Even when the boy was only two or three years of age, the Persian treated him with marked respect, and always served him first, under pretence of affection, but in reality from a feeling of duty.

There was little else beyond this circumstance to notice in the actions of the inmates of the house. In all other particulars, matters went on there very nearly as in other families similarly composed. Morning, noon, and evening brought their meals; and after the last the boy was undressed and put to bed, whilst the Persian smoked his pipe and looked on at that ceremony. Then, however, there did seem something odd in the circumstance that, instead of retiring to rest, this said Persian had his lantern lighted, and invariably sallied forth, not to return for many hours. Such neighbours as were awake to observe his movements, saw the lantern go away in the direction of the Kara Meydan; and learned, from the club-armed watchman, at what time it reappeared

Before he went, the Persian said to Saleh: "Keep a good guard, Saleh, and sleep with one eye open and one ear."

"Hader," replied the Egyptian. "May this night be more fortunate than the last!"

Then the Persian went forth and performed his errand, and came back.

"What news, O master?" inquired Saleh, as soon as he had taken the stick and the lantern from the Persian's hand.

The question always excited a slight movement of irritation; but, a little while afterwards, the answer would be given in a cheerful voice:

"God is great and merciful! The longer the time of sorrow, the brighter will be the joy when it comes."

Saleh on this would shake his head, sigh, and repair silently to his couch.

"I know that curiosity is forbidden, and that chastisement waits on it," the negress sometimes said to the Egyptian servant, "but I cannot help wondering what interest you can have in this conspiracy." The negress was left in her ignorance by Saleh; who did not deign to open his lips to satisfy or rebuke her.

In this way time passed on; not merely weeks or months, but years. The Persian never pretermitted his nightly excursions; and, although Zarouk once tried to follow him, no one ever learned whither he went. Indeed, up to the present day, the gossips of that quarter know much less about the whole story than many inhabitants of distant places; because very few professionals have as yet become acquainted with the whole details. Mohammed-ibn-Davod Es-Rasheedi seems indeed the only one whose version can be depended on.

The boy harboured and protected by the Persian, was, without doubt, remarkable in every respect. The beauty of his countenance and grace of his demeanour were undeniable even from the earliest years. As he grew up, moreover, new perfections disclosed themselves every day. By the time he was ten years old the negress had come to view him as wisdom itself. Saleh admired him: even the Persian was sometimes astounded at his remarks. When he reached the age of fifteen he looked quite a man; and was distinguished by gravity of mind and elegance of manners.

All this time the same mysterious way of living was persisted in. The whole family seemed perpetually in expectation of some event that did not happen. Saleh remained taciturn with the neighbours; and the Persian, regularly every evening, went out with his lantern, and returned disappointed.

From a very early period the youth, who was called Hassan, perceived that there was something abnormal in the way of life led in that house; and at once, with childish frankness, questioned the Persian, and endeavoured to ascertain the truth.

"Ibni," was the reply, "it is not proper that thou shouldst know the secret yet. In good time I shall be eager to tell thee. Have patience, and indulge not in profitless curiosity."

The Persian was in every respect a good man, but his sagacity did not equal his goodness. He felt the importance of concealment; but knew not how to repress the eager desire for information natural to Hassan's age. He should have turned the youth's attention into other channels.

These things did not suggest themselves to him. Hassan was allowed or compelled to pass the whole of his time in reading or meditation; and no one observed that his fondness for the first occupation gradually diminished, and his propensity to indulge in the other became stronger every day. Woe to him who, on the threshold of manhood, suddenly pauses in the study of the instruments of future action, and begins to anticipate life, and to conquer obstacles in thought, which he may, perhaps, never venture to confront in reality! Dreams should be fragments of the past, not yearnings for the future. He who prophesies delight to himself may be recompensed by perpetual sadness.

Hassan began then to indulge in this dangerous occupation: and was constantly disturbed by recurring curiosity as to his own history and prospects. After one or two attempts, he abandoned the hope of obtaining information from the Persian, and turned to Saleh; from whom he received a grave rebuke. Being a youth of virtuous mind, he was not much offended, and easily persuaded himself to admit that what was not told him it was not fitting he should know.

It is much easier, however, to make such an admission than to act upon it. The thought that there was a mystery in his existence, perpetually recurred to Hassan. It made him miserable. What if his own existence were concealed with an evil motive? What if some dreadful conspiracy were in progress, in which he was ultimately to be made an instrument? The restlessness natural to his time of life found occupation in the discussion of this great topic. By degrees, encouraging in himself a suspicious frame of mind, he began to see everything in a very different light from formerly. All the actions of the Persian and of Saleh he jealously scrutinised. The discretion of the servant was taken to be an admission of crime; and the meditative hours of the master, often interrupted by a sudden start, were evidences of the workings of a guilty conscience. Every act and every word of these two men were made to conceal a poisonous meaning.

The Persian and Saleh had often confidential conversations on the altered demeanour of the young man. They thought they distinguished the symptoms of incipient love; and wondered to themselves who could have been the object that aroused it.

"This, indeed, would be a misfortune," said the Persian, sadly.

"It is better not to speak to him of anything; but to contrive that he should remain still more closely confined," replied Saleh.

The increased unwillingness exhibited to allow him to move abroad, gave fresh impulse to Hassan's suspicion; and at length he resolved not to remain prisoner any longer, but to find out by what dark projects he was surrounded. The means which Hassan chose to attain his object were characterised by great cunning, and a certain perverseness which could scarcely fail to lead to evil results. Having once convinced himself that the Persian was his enemy, he felt it to be lawful to employ all means to over-reach him. He began by feigning to be ill; and accepted, without remorse, the kind attentions and unmurmuring devotions of those who had so long protected him. Hassan felt the bad effects of want of faith; and was surprised and disturbed by finding his heart harden toward those he had once so loved.

He did not, however, desist; but continued to feign illness; until the learned doctor who was called in—having ascertained that there was no disease of the body—wisely inferred there might be a disease of the mind, and recommended that Hassan should be sent abroad, to wander in the desert and among the hills. This was what the youth wanted; and he immediately took advantage of the permission granted to him.

We need not follow him in his walks amidst the Tombs of the Kings, and in the direction of the Valley of the Wanderings. They often lasted the whole day, and sometimes until late in the evening. Hassan wished to accustom his friends not to expect him at any precise hour, and without regard to him, to resume their ordinary course of life. He had noticed that the evening expeditions had been suspended during his illness; and, for his purpose, it was necessary that they should be continued.

At length all things fell into their usual places: except that Hassan, not without some misgivings on the Persian's part, became almost a stranger in the house.

"We shall not restore him exactly as we wished," said he, sadly.

"Youth is difficult to guide," replied Saleh; "and it is no wonder Hassan begins to long for action. When placed on the level for which he is destined, he will have enough to think of."

"Blessings on thee for saying so," said a gentle voice, coming Saleh knew not whence. He turned pale, and his teeth began to chatter; for he thought he was in the presence of some supernatural being. Both remained a long time silent, and as no other words were uttered by the strange voice, the Persian said:

"She has departed; but I must now confess to thee, Saleh, what thou dost not know. I should have confided in thee long before, had not my tongue been tied by a binding oath."

From this it appears that, up to that time, Saleh had known but a very small portion of Hassan's history. Yet, when the story of Hassan was told, it did not seem so wonderful as Saleh had expected. The lad was the son of a great princess whose name is not usually mentioned by the narrator. She had secretly, in the absence of her father, married a young man who had no other quality than goodness. When her imprudence was discovered—or rather confessed; for she fell on her knees before her parent, and presented him with a new-born babe,—terrible was the anger which it excited. Her father seized the husband she had chosen, cast him into a dungeon, and denied that there had been any marriage. He would have slain the boy Hassan had not her confidant, whom we know as the Persian, contrived to take him away, and convey him for a time to a foreign country. In a couple of years he came back, and hired the house, where we have seen him living ever since, waiting for the accomplishment of destiny.

Hassan's mother was a woman of strong resolution; but she could not over-ride her father's will. What else could be done, however, she did. Whilst the Persian was away in Syria with her child, she maintained a constant secret correspondence with him. At length a letter was intercepted by her father, in which she expressed a longing desire to behold Hassan, and commanded the Persian to return. His anger was great; but he did not show it except some time after, by saying:

"Fatneh Hanem, go down on thy knees, and swear never to speak to that child of sin, or its father shall be at once slain in his dungeon. Let us make a covenant together. As long as the child is not spoken to by thee, and is ignorant of its parentage, he shall live. If thou deceivest me, the order of death shall be given."

In obedience to this compact, the Lady Fatneh abstained from speaking to the little Hassan when he was brought, according to her orders, by the Persian back to Cairo; but she hired a house adjoining that in which she lived, and caused an opening to be made through the party-wall high up, so that she could come and look through, and gaze at her child.

Thus had she seen him grow up. It was partly by her influence that the doctor had been impressed with the idea that exercise was necessary to Hassan. She first had divined that his mind was troubled, but it was not given her to divine what was the cause of his trouble.

"Wonderful are the ways of Providence!" said Saleh, when he had heard this story; "and it is possible that happiness may yet be the sequel to misfortune. But now that I know so much, may I not know the secret of thy nightly wanderings?"

"When we were on our way back from Syria," replied the Persian, "we rested at a caravanserai. I sat with the boy on my knees in the light of a lamp, and amused myself by watching the smiles that rose from his young dreams. Suddenly an old man, with a beard white as a flake of snow that has not yet touched the ground, came and stood near, and looked at him and at me, and after a time, uttered a cry of wonder and love, and asked me my story, and prevailed on me to tell it. I was fascinated by him, and could not resist his wishes. He listened patiently, now and then struggling with great inward emotion; and when I had ended, said to me, 'There is no need for despair. All will come right at last. Go thou to Cairo, and obey the orders of the mother; and promise me this, that every night without fail, thou wilt go and sit for two hours after the ashè under the shadow of the Bab Yuweileh. I will come at last; and joy shall succeed to sorrow.' So saying, he stooped and kissed the child on the cheek, and went his way."

"And thou hast waited, O master, all this time?" exclaimed Saleh.

"And the old man has not come."

"Perhaps the separator of companions has visited him."

"He did not say, 'I will come if I live,' but 'I will come;' and as he was evidently a pious person, there is no doubt he was assured thereof."

These waiters on Providence then separated; and it being now near the ashè, the Persian went forth in the direction of the Bab Yuweileh.

It happened that that was the very evening on which Hassan had determined to put in practice his plan of espionage. He was hiding under a porch when the Persian came forth; and having waited a moment came forth, also, and followed like a shadow.

Another time the Persian, who was of a cautious temperament, would have looked around, and seen that his footsteps were dogged, and thus avoided coming disaster; but he was more than usually absorbed in meditation. He remembered that during several evenings, when Hassan was ill, he had omitted to go to the rendezvous; and he feared that the old man, in whose word he profoundly believed, might have come on one of those evenings. However, having prayed with his heart as he walked along, he became more calm; and arriving near the Bab Yuweileh, sat down on the stone seat, which he had occupied at the same hour for so many years.

His patience was at length rewarded. He had not sat many minutes before a tall negro bearing a huge lantern, appeared, coming very slowly down the street. Near behind him, supported under the arms by two servants, was a very old man, whose white beard reached below his waist, and who looked to the right and to the left with keen, bright eyes. The Persian stood up, crossed his hands on his breast and waited. Presently the old man looked at him, and said, with a loud voice.

"This is the hour I have wished for. Come forward, O, my friend!"

Hassan, who had concealed himself in a dark place, wondered at what he saw, and strove to hear the words that were uttered. After a while the old man drew the Persian out of hearing of the servants, towards the place where the youth was, and said, thinking himself in a desert place:

"Come here again to-morrow; and we will go to the postern-gate of the harem; and when we have said 'Sand and roses,' he who opens will conduct us into the presence of the boy's mother. Then we will discuss what further it is necessary for us to do."

Hassan was at once convinced that it was of his mother they spoke, and felt marvellously indignant that he should have hitherto been kept in ignorance of her very existence. "I will go and say 'Sand and roses,' at

the gate," said he to himself, "and enter, and throw myself at her feet, and say to her, 'Mother, why hast thou deprived me so long of thy embraces?'"

Full of the idea Hassan returned to the house, and, having arrived there before the Persian, retired to rest. No one suspected that he had become possessed of a portion of the great secret, not even the mother, who leaned forward as soon as he was asleep, and threw dear, loving glances and blessings upon him.

Next evening Hassan was at the foot of the great wall of the harem waiting breathlessly for some one to come and open. He remained there until patience was nearly exhausted. At last he saw a light coming along the street. Presently it stopped and went out, and he knew that the old man and the Persian were approaching cautiously. At that moment the postern door was opened suddenly.

"What is the word?" said a voice.

"'Sand and roses.'"

"Then come in quickly," said the voice, "for there are inquisitive people skulking along the wall." The door was closed just as the Persian and the old man came up.

"This is very strange," said the old man. "I begin to be afraid. Some one went in just now."

"Let us wait," replied the Persian, whom long experience of disappointment had made patient.

They sat down and waited. Time passed, and no one came, nor was there a sound of living thing within.

"This is the time for me to tell thee who I am," said the old man, in a sad and foreboding tone, "otherwise thou mightst never know."

"Is there misfortune coming?" asked the Persian, wrapping his cloak around him, for either the night was cold, or he began to shiver with fear.

"The boy Hassan, whom thou hast watched over," proceeded the old man, "is the son of my son, who now, for twenty years, has been a prisoner within those walls. We were separated long—long ago; and there was a prophecy against our meeting——"

The old man was about to tell the story of his separation from his son, when a loud shriek of pain resounded within the harem. Soon after, as they looked up, a red light flashed from a terrace on the summit of the lofty wall, something was hurled over, it fell heavily to the ground. Then all became dark again, and silent.

"We had better light our lantern and see who it is that has fallen," said the old man calmly. "I think that all is over."

They lighted the lantern and went towards an object that lay at the foot of the wall. It was a human form. The face was uncovered, but unmutilated. It seemed to have belonged to a man in the prime of life.

"It is difficult even for a father," said the old man, "to recognise in manhood the offspring he has left in early youth; but my heart tells me this should be my son. I have laboured and schemed, and prayed, and had visions, in vain. This should have been the night of our re-union, and we are re-united indeed, but not as was promised. Some accursed one has crossed our path and blighted our hopes."

As the old man spoke to the Persian, who looked on in speechless amazement, the postern gate was once more opened, and some one was violently thrust forth. It was Hassan, who threw himself on the dead body, weeping, and not uttering a word. The old man now made a signal, and his servants, who had been waiting near, came forward. They took up the corpse and moved away with it. All remained silent, and, if their movements were watched, no one made a sign.

An hour afterwards the servants and the Persian, and Hassan, and the old man, entered, bearing the body, a large mansion in a distant part of the city. No one cared to enquire of the wretched son in what manner this ill timed curiosity had been betrayed to the prince. It was evident that an interview had taken place between him and his mother, who had broken her oath, carried away by affection. The long threatened revenge had followed immediately.

The story does not say that Hassan was reproached in words for the misfortune his untimely inquisitiveness had caused, but it does say that his father and grandfather were buried in one tomb on one day. Shortly afterwards there was a magnificent funeral for the daughter of the princess of the country. Hassan looked upon all these misfortunes as punishments by Heaven, justly inflicted upon him. He retired with the Persian to a lonely place in the desert and spent the rest of his life in devotional exercises, by which he hoped to atone for the recklessness with which he had jeopardised the existence of all who were near and dear to him.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North Strand. Printed by Bradbury & Evans, Whitefriars, London.

"Familiar in their Mouths as HOUSEHOLD WORDS."—Shakespeare.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 403.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1857. {Price 2d. Stamped 3d.

RIDING THE WHIRLWIND.

My railway carriage this night is not the padded saloon with the six chocolate-coloured cloth compartments, the blue and white binding, the wicker hat-rail, the cauldron-shaped oil-lamp (reminding us of the street lights of our early childhood), the Scotch shawls, the Templar caps, the sandwich-boxes, the wine-flasks, the fur rugs, the light literature, the latest newspaper, and the languid Corinthian first-class passengers. It is not that worn, dusty, drafty, bare wooden carriage, which in winter is an ice refrigerator, chilblain nourisher, and rheumatism cherisher, and which in summer is an oven of baked varnish, whose walls are decorated with that highest effort of advertising art—the picture of the man with the excruciating toothache, who would not use the ointment of the Druids, and who looks at you and your companions, the commercial travellers, piteously through the long hours of the night. It is not that large, roomy carriage, with the high wooden sides and the extremely narrow doorway, provided by the thoughtful care of a paternal parliament, at the rate of one penny per mile, in which the agricultural body is conveyed from place to place, smelling very strongly of beer, of cheese, and onions, and from which the agricultural face smiles curiously at every station out of those small, high, barred windows, which remind one of the travelling caravan which contained the tigers, or a private lunatic asylum of very severe aspect. It is not that breezy, open truck, in which a group of rough, cheerful, vocal navvies are conveyed with pickaxes and shovels to and from the scene of their daily labours. It is not that large, red, saloon carriage, emblazoned with the national arms, in which busy men are always sorting letters, and sticking them into pigeon-holes, and making up and sealing leathern mail-bags. It is not that large condemned cell, or travelling warehouse-looking carriage, in which fat carpet-bags, hat-boxes, tin cases, and corded packages are all huddled together in close companionship. My railway carriage to-night, which is a compound of the coal-cellar, the bakehouse oven, and the fiery dragon, is the conductor, the ruler, the guardian, and the leader of all these—it is the engine.

I have exchanged the comfortable warm interior of my first-class carriage—with the companionship of a German baron, looking out from the depths of a cavernous cloak, like a veritable Esquimaux, and an eminent French banker indulging in moody memories of the hateful sea—for a position on the edge of the coke-tender, sitting with one foot upon the sand-box, and the other upon the handle of the coke-shovel,—a position which no money could purchase, comfortless as it may seem, but for which I am indebted to my esteemed friend, Mr. Smiles, who, honourably known and distinguished in the ranks of literature himself, is always ready to serve a brother-labourer, without inquiring too curiously into the motives of his eccentric whims and fancies.

My companions are Tom Jones of Wolverton, driver, and John Jones of Lambeth, stoker; men not naturally taciturn,—but whose occupation combining constant care, vigilance, and attention, with the fact that, on an engine in full motion, you cannot hear a voice above the roar of wind and steam, and the clatter of iron,—have made them averse to conversation. The large clock at the station is at the time for starting—half-past eight P.M.,—the carriage-doors are finally slammed to, a sudden silence pervades the place, the guard blows his shrill whistle, Tom Jones answers it with a responsive shriek from the engine, and we start, slowly and gently from London, with our mail express train for Dover. The lights are just being extinguished at that strange-looking Tooley Street Church—union of the ecclesiastical and the gas-works order of architecture—as we emerge from the iron shelter of the station into the outer wind and darkness. Not yet into the darkness, for in front of us is a brilliant galaxy of red, green, and white lights, looking like a railway Vauxhall—a display of fireworks—an illumination—a fête in honour of our departure, or a large variegated orrery suspended in mid air. Further on, as we leave the discs and semaphores and outbuildings behind us, passing the tan-yards, and branching out on the network of rails into the country, about New-Cross, we appear to chase a solitary coloured lamp with lightning speed, and my imagination pictures us running towards a

surgery for a doctor, in a very energetic manner. I can allow my fancy full play in looking at these signs; but to steady, patient Tom Jones, the driver, they are as the leaves of a book in which he often reads a lesson of life and death to himself and his heavy responsible charge—signal lessons of danger, caution, and safety.

The roaring of the wind and the throbbing of the engine increase as our speed increases, until I—who am seated on the edge of the coke-tender, with my head above the screen which protects the driver and stoker—become buffeted and deafened, and find it difficult to keep my seat. The whole country lies under a thick veil of dark grey mist, and the black trees and hedges rush past, casting a momentary shade upon the vision. On either side the white telegraphic posts pass in rapid and regimental succession the whole way through the journey. The small frail stations seem to totter as they go by, and we greet them with an additional roar, like a tiger howling for prey. When we rush through an arch we are covered for an instant with a circle of fire, and we leave behind us wreaths of light, white, curling smoke. I look forward and I see a faint glimmer hovering round what my reason tells me must be the funnel of the engine, but what my imagination pictures as the real driver of the train, a stout, round-shouldered individual, with a short, thick neck, and a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, like the stage coachman whom I remember in my youth. He sits up in front, as if upon a box, tooling with a quiet dignity worthy of a whip of the old school and the first water.

We dart across the country—between high banks—through valleys of chalk and sand—past trees—past roadside houses lighted up with the fires of a November night—starting away from twinkling villages like a skittish horse, or rushing madly across the quiet street with a roar and a whirlwind. While I am watching and speculating, steady Tom Jones and his mate, the stoker, have never moved from their posts, looking through their two large glasses in the screen before them for the various signals. Before me is the shining brass, and steel, and iron of the engine, a tin teapot with a long narrow spout full of oil, a small bundle of cotton and wool, the stops and valves, a hand lamp with a red glass, and the partly opened doors of two glowing, evercraving ovens—the bowels of our steed—whose fiery hunger John Jones, the stoker, is constantly trying to satisfy with coke. When the doors of these ovens are open it is useless to look at anything in front, for the eyes are blinded with the glare, and I, therefore, amuse myself by watching the chromatic effects of the light upon my garments as John Jones shovels in the coke from the tender behind me. My brown trousers turn green, and my reddish-brown, -ed overcoat turns first a whitish drab, and by the time the ovens have become nearly choked up with fresh coke, it has changed again to a dark rifle green.

A shrill whistle is given and we enter our first tunnel. The roar and clatter are louder than ever, and the round-shouldered, thick-necked driver in front sits in holy calm with a halo of steamy glory round his head. The light seems to fall in streams on each side from the top of the arch; and when we emerge with another whistle into the open air, the sky spreads out suddenly before us like a fan.

I cast a look back at our train and see a sheet of light stretching out on each side like a couple of wings, yellow as a field of ripened corn, and divided by black bars—the reflection of the spaces between the carriages—falling as regularly as the oars of a state barge. I fancy in that limekiln-shaped shadow which is thrown across the light, and which runs up the chalk cliff as we go through the deep cuttings, I trace the familiar outline of my friend the German Baron, who is sleeping luxuriously in his warm carriage; while the thin, uneven line that darkens the cliff on the other side must represent the form of the French banker, who is probably dreaming of the Crédit Mobilier, and forgetting, for a few moments, the memory of the hateful sea. I turn to look again at steady Tom Jones, the driver, and find him wiping the steam off his glass, and keeping his never ceasing, vigilant look-out a-head. At all hours of the day and night he is ready to ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm, to cast into the shade the performances of the genii of Arabian fables, and career through the air at the rate of a mile a minute with tons of animate and inanimate matter, for the very humble reward of from forty to fifty shillings a week. The unwavering faith of the public in Tom Jones is something more than wonderful. They do not know him—they do not require even to see his face, but the mother trusts him with her first-born, the children trust him with their father, the brother trusts him with his sister, the husband trusts him with his wife, and, what is perhaps a greater mark of confidence, trusts him with himself; and they all believe that while they sleep he will watch—that fog and rain and sleet will not blind him—that fatigue and exposure will never cause him to close his eyes—that frost and snow will not benumb his faculties—that desperation, excitement, or mental disease will never shake the steady concentration of his thoughts and senses—and that where the swerving of a finger's breadth, or the carelessness of an instant, would send the whole precious freight to utter destruction, he will steer safely through all difficulties, and punctually deliver his charge at the appointed place at the appointed time. And the public confidence is worthily placed. As he stands there before me in the glare of the

coke oven, or the flickering light of the station in the middle of the night, carefully oiling the joints of his engine, he is the model of an honest, conscientious workman, dutiful, orderly, and regular. May his shadow never grow less, and his engine never grow rusty!

The increased force of the wind and freshness of the air denote an approach to the sea-coast, and in a few minutes we are before the coke ovens of Folkestone, which remind one more of South Staffordshire than of Kent. A run through the glowing tunnels, and round the cliffs, carries us safely into Dover, where we part company with the Esquimaux German Baron, and where the French banker is given up unconditionally and shudderingly to his natural enemy the hateful sea. I wish Tom Jones and his mate good-night, and I sink for a few hours into numerical insignificance as Number Two hundred and four, or something equally high, at the Lord Warden Hotel, trying in vain to sleep, with the roaring wind, the hissing steam, and the clattering engine ringing in my ears

Punctually at eight next morning, I again take up my position by the side of Tom Jones, on the engine of the London express. The morning is fine and clear for November, the sea is breaking quietly over the sand and stones upon the beach, and the sea-gulls are flapping their long wings, and circling round the funnel of our engine, which does not look so like a stage-coach driver of the old school as it did in the night-mist. The round shoulders stand revealed in the morning light, as the brass, beehive-shaped manhole, the broad-brimmed hat is nothing more than the overhanging scroll top of the engine chimney. We start out of the station, along the coast-curve, at a fair speed, and rush towards what appears at first sight to be two upright letter-box slips, cut at the base of the high, steep cliff, but which develope, as we draw nearer, into two, narrow, pointed arches, like the entrance to some old monastery, or cathedral. They are surely too narrow to admit the round, broad shoulders, and the low-crowned hat, and yet we are rushing towards them, reckless of consequences! Tom Jones did not appear unsteady last night, but now he increases the steam when he ought—or at least I think he ought—to apply the brakes, and John Jones seems equally careless. I see before me the prospect of being jammed up in the centre of a chalk-cliff, and dug out at the end of a few centuries, a petrified mass, like those hares which the newspapers tell us the woodman sometimes finds imbedded in the brave old oak, or the toad which the geologist discovers in one of the formations. It is useless for the cold mathematical fiction-crusher to cry "Fudge," and say that I knew very well we were making for an ordinary tunnel, traversed by some sixty trains a day. Let him put himself in my position, on the tender of an engine, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, towards what appears to be a common rat-hole, at the foot of a hill, with certain strings issuing from its mouth, and he will find even his sluggish imagination stimulated. Destruction or safety, there is small time for reflection. In an instant we are at the portals of the cliff, which widen at our approach, and I involuntarily shrink as we plunge through them into the thick, black darkness.

The roar increases, and the hissing is as if our way lay through Pandemonium, and over the prostrate bodies of a thousand serpent fiends There is not a glimmering of light now, it being day, except when the white steamy smoke is beaten down upon us from the roof. I, who look out a-head, can at last discern a very small open church-door, and through it I can see the faint grey-blue outlines of the country. The doorway appears to be rapidly advancing towards us, increasing in size, and the country becomes more distinct, looking like a bit of valley scenery, seen from some large old cathedral aisle. I have scarcely time to admire the setting of the picture formed by the sharp, well-defined outline of the arch, when, with a whistle, we find ourselves out of the tunnel amongst the sea-gulls and the hills. I now enter into the excitement of the whirlwind coach, which dashes with me on the tops of high level mountains, passes over iron bridges that answer the never ceasing rushing noise, with a responsive roar, rushes down again into a deep valley with the sandy hills almost closing overhead; past groups of white-shirted labourers, looking like a flock of sheep, past pastures, in which the quiet, grazing cattle, grown wise in their generation, allow us to rush by without displaying either fear or wonder.

We now make for another cliff at increased speed, guiding our course towards a small, round, black, target mark at the base, about the size of a penny piece. As we draw nearer, it assumes the proportions and appearance of the entrance to a gas-pipe. Although I admit that our success was very great in going through the cathedral aisle, still I cannot help thinking that the round shoulders are rather too venturesome in trying the passage of such a circumscribed tunnel. But the railway architect delights in a close shave. He sends us round curves, and under bridges within a foot of the top and sides—perhaps a yard, but, as I look at it from my point of view, it seems about an inch. He sends us past walls, past stations, past houses, in the same spirit of economising space; and although, by a strong effort of the mind, we arrive at the conclusion that it is all mathematically correct, still it is very difficult to convince the unreasoning senses of the fact, especially from the outside of an express engine. We near the mouth of the tunnel, which opens like the jaws of a whale

to receive us, and with a wild shriek of the steam whistle, we are again in utter darkness. I do not feel my hat battered in, and I therefore conclude that the round shoulders have received no injury. I can pardon the imagination for performing any freak, while the body is careering through such a place. Where are we? Where are we hurrying to? Are we in a main sewer, or a dark passage leading fathoms deep under the sea? Is that rushing, hissing sound the cry of the great waters as they pass us in headlong fury on either side, full of strange and novel life; full of prickly star-fish, and dull-eyed, large-mouthed fishy monsters; full of a wondrous net-work of animal vegetables, and vegetable animals; and do I, with a sense of suffocation, resign myself to the embraces of the clasping polypi? Should I be astonished at a merman asking for tickets? Certainly not; nor should I be astonished at seeing a lurid glare coming from half-opened iron doors across the darkness, and agonised, hard-featured, red-faced men, standing to give a grim welcome to the awful realms of——

I look out a-head, against the whirlwind, and in the far distance I see a small light yellow disk, the termination of the tunnel, which appears like a full moon resting on the waters. As we advance, the sides of the tunnel glisten with a faint light, and I appear to be flying through a gigantic telescope.

The scene changes again, and the yellow circle at the end becomes as the reflected disk of the large microscope at the Polytechnic. Two specks pass across the circle, like the insects in a drop of water; they are railway labourers crossing the mouth of the tunnel. The disk becomes larger, and the outlines of country are seen through the blue mist. They increase in distinctness, and the colours fill themselves in, one by one, until the whole stands revealed as a perfect landscape, into the midst of which we are suddenly shot, as if from the mouth of a cannon.

On we go, out of the sun-light into the mist, and again out of the mist into the sunlight; past undulating parks, rich with the red-brown trees of autumn; past quiet pools and churches in among the hills; past solitary signal-men, and side stations, where weary engines rest from their labours; past hurrying down-trains with a crash and a whirl; and at last through arches, in amongst the crowd of trains, each making for the London terminus. Then come the churches and chimneys, the line of docks and houses, the market-gardens, the tan-yards, and on the line, the signal-houses, the coloured semaphore arms, extended like the variegated sails of a windmill; the men waving red and green flags, as if in honour of our approach; the other men, standing motionless, with projecting arms, like raw recruits under exercise, or a mesmeric patient in a state of catalepsy; the disks hanging like enormous pairs of spectacles across bare poles; the ringing of bells, the crowd of people, the final whistle of the engine, and grinding screech of the train.

My trip has been short, but it has shown me something of the organisation of a railway; and the order, regularity, care, vigilance, and subordinate habits of the officials. When our evening train in future is ten minutes late at the Claypool Station, and Mrs. Contributor hinted that the dinner is again getting cold, I shall not write an indignant letter to the Times, but I shall say to her in my blandest tones, "Better late than never, my dear. I might have been punctual to a minute, but as there was danger on the line, I am sure you would rather have the mutton spoiled, than have me brought up the lane on a stretcher, with my lever watch beaten several inches deep into my ribs, and my usually handsome countenance in such a state that it would frighten the baby."

THE SUN-HORSE.

We often make a great blunder when, snatching up an old fairy-tale book, haphazard, we fancy we can revive those pleasant days of our childhood, in which we thought that the absence of a supernatural godmother was a serious defect in modern christenings; that a gentleman's second wife was sure to persecute the progeny of the first, who were (or was) always pretty, and equally sure to bring into the family an ugly brat—the result of a former marriage on her own part—whom she spoiled and petted, less from motives of affection, than from a desire to spite all the rest; that where there were three or seven children in a household, the youngest was invariably the shrewdest of the lot; and that no great and glorious end could be obtained without overthrowing three successive obstacles, each more formidable than the obstacle preceding.

It is not to a vigorous freshness of imagination, but to a total absence of critical comparison, that the delight with which a child will wade through a thick monotonous book of fairy-tales is to be attributed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, neither the imagination that creates the tale, nor the imagination that is appealed to, is of a very lofty kind. Ordinary fairy-land, far from displaying a wide field for the capricious sports of the fancy, is under laws of the strictest and most fettering kind. As the ancient Egyptian sculptors were obliged, under pain of death, perpetually to execute the same figure of a man, without being in the slightest degree influenced by the individual peculiarity of the person intended to be represented, or rather symbolised, so do the concoctions of fairy-tales all over Europe and Asia seem compelled to follow certain normal

types, very limited in number, the essentials of which must never be departed from. If, for instance, the tale-teller wishes to make the services rendered by certain grateful animals, in return for the preservation of their lives, the subject of his fiction, he may indeed vary the description of animal, and make use of a cat where another prose bard has preferred a salmon; but throughout all tales on this subject, the preservation must be effected in the same way, and in the same way must the grateful service be rendered. The uniformity, indeed, seems too prevalent to be accounted for by tradition; for the same story, repeated without essential modification, will frequently be found among peoples of whom there is no proof that they ever intercommunicated with each other. Hence a theory has been maintained, to the effect that, by some inherent law of the human mind, the same combination of incidents is framed by independent nations, without any borrowing at all.

Whatever was the origin of the staple fairy-tales—whether they were invented by some one nation, and then diffused by appointed missionaries over the rest of the habitable world, or whether they sprang up spontaneously and simultaneously in various localities, as so many fungi of the human brain—certain it is, that he who has mastered about a score of these fictions will find the fairy-reading for the rest of his life, however serviceable for antiquarian purposes, the most decided failure, as a source of amusement, that the imagination could conceive. Whether the personages have been clad in the rude attire of German peasants, by some forgotten author of Märchen, or whether they have been handsomely provided with court-dresses by the Countess d'Anois (we beg pardon—"D'Aulnoy," Mr. Planché), they remain, for the most part, the same personages still, and they do the same things. Occasionally, indeed, comes some one particular story, that stands out from the rest, as, for instance, the renowned Countess's Rameau d'Or; and this is the choice bit of citron that the searcher for fanciful delights must accept as an equivalent for huge mouthfuls of exceedingly insipid cake.

Now, such a bit of citron, we flatter ourselves, we discovered the other day, while turning over a heap of Sclavonic tales, and finding ourselves bored to death by the constant reappearance of Northern, Arabian, French, and German friends, who, because they gave Bohemian names to their articles of clothing, would fain pass themselves upon us as something new and surprising. The morceau in question is entitled The Sun-horse. It makes its appearance as a product of the Slovacks, and we are indebted for its preservation to the learned J. Rimavski, with whose name all our readers are, of course, perfectly familiar.

It appears, on the authority of this Slovack story, that there was once a country so peculiarly situated that the sun never shone upon it at all. "What was the cause of this effect, or rather say the cause of this defect," is not explained; but we are consoled by the information that the absence of the sun was, in some measure, compensated by the king's possession of a certain horse, with a bright star in his forehead, that sparkled in every direction with a light equal to that of day. That the people might enjoy the benefit of this inestimable treasure, the time of the horse was occupied with a perpetual tour from one end of the land to the other. Whatever nook or corner he approached was immediately illumined, but it grew dark as soon as he had left it, so that the good folks had but a spasmodic sort of day-light after all. Let us hope that the national pursuits were in accordance with this singular order of things; that the people did not read very bulky volumes, or cast up very long sums, or visit very large crystal palaces; but that they had the wisdom to catch opportunity by the forelock with all rapidity as often as it presented itself, and as speedily to let it go again.

Let us resume. Once upon a time the horse was missing; and great was the terror spread over the land. The spasmodic system of labour was brought to a stand-still, and no work was done by anybody. Revolutionary meetings were held, but they led to no immediate result, for as nobody could see anything, there could be no show of hands. However, they served to alarm the king, who at last adopted the only course that seemed conducive to practical utility. Accompanied by a picked body of retainers, he set out to search for the horse.

After he had reached the boundary of his kingdom, riding through pitchy darkness all the way, he came to the sunlit part of the globe, which was at first rather foggy, but brightened as he proceeded. Nothing, however, was to be seen but a thick wood that extended in all directions. For miles did the king travel, but still there was the wood, and only the wood. So tired did he get of looking at trunks and leaves, that he almost regretted his own country where he could see nothing whatever.

At last, in the thick of this wearisome wood, he found a miserable cottage, and, opening the door, perceived a middle-aged man absorbed in the perusal of a huge volume that lay open before him; but not so utterly absorbed as to prevent him thus volubly addressing the king, as soon as the latter had saluted him with a bow:

"I'm reading about you. You are looking for the Sun-horse. It's no use; you'll never find him; but trust to me, and I will. Go home as fast as you can, and take your followers with you, with the exception of one man, whom you will leave with me."

"Oh, wisest of the human race," grandi-

loquently began the king "great, indeed, shall be your reward——"

"I don't want any reward," replied the inhabitant of the hut, somewhat peevishly. "I only want you to go home, and leave me to get through this job as well as I can."

On this hint, the king departed with a bow, which the sage—as we shall henceforth call him—did not return, being re-absorbed in his big book, from which he did not raise his eyes till nightfall.

At day-break on the morrow he set out, with his single attendant, and rode straight through six successive kingdoms. At the royal palace in the seventh kingdom he stopped, greatly to the joy of the attendant, and said:

"There lives the present owner of the Sun-horse; you'll have the kindness just to wait here while I turn myself into a green bird, and fly up to yonder balcony."

"Very good," said the attendant.

Accordingly the sage effected the proposed transformation, flew up to the designated balcony, and tapped against the window with his beak. It was opened by a young, hard-featured woman, royally attired.

"O, what a pretty bird!" exclaimed the hard-featured fair one; "and what a pity my husband is not at home to see it! But no matter, he will be back in the evening, when he has finished his survey of a third part of the kingdom."

Never was pet animal honoured with so circumstantial an ejaculation.

"Out upon the nasty thing!" yelled a hideous old woman, "strangle it at once, or let me do it for you." And, without further ado, she made a sudden rush at the green bird, who, resuming his human shape, quietly walked out of the room.

And here, critical reader, you experience a difficulty. Granted that you were a green bird in a room with the window open, and that somebody wanted to catch you, you would rather fly out of the aforesaid window with the aid of your good wings, than go blundering down stairs on your two clumsy feet, and you cannot conceive why this method was not adopted by the sage. We think we can find a solution in the name of the old lady, which was Striga,—obviously related to the Greek word στρὶγξ, signifying a screech-owl,—since, certainly, a man would have a better chance of escape than a little bird, if a screech-owl was the pursuing foe. Hence, if you please, you may in the above narrative substitute screech-owl for hideous old woman, provided that you can satisfy yourself that a screech-owl was the probable mother of three hard-featured young ladies.

Of Three hard-featured young ladies? Yes; because precisely the same adventure occurred with two other princesses, resident in the same castle. We do not follow the Homeric precision of the Bohemian chronicler in repeating the same story of peril and escape; especially as the reader, if his views in this respect differ from ours, may easily supply the deficiency, by reading the paragraph about the green bird three times: so far modifying it, as to make the second princess declare that she expected her husband (who had gone out to survey two-thirds of the kingdom) on the morrow evening; and the third princess, that she expected hers (who had gone out to survey the whole kingdom) on the evening after the morrow. By way of elucidating our story, it is, however, as well to state that the kingdom was under the joint rule of three muscular brothers, and that the hard-featured young ladies, who were sisters, and daughters of the old woman, or screech-owl, were so many queen-consorts.

The adventures of the sage with the first two kings are miserable enough. He simply waylaid them and killed them, as they came on successive evenings, across a certain bridge. But, with the arrival of the third king, who rode on the Sun-horse, our story revives again.

As soon as the third king reached the bridge, which was stained with the blood of his unfortunate brothers, his first feeling was one of envy, and he exclaimed: "What rascal has snatched a victim from my royal vengeance?"

Rushing forward with his sword, the sage showed that he was the rascal in question. A fierce combat ensued, and lasted until both combatants were fairly tired out.

"This will never do," observed the sage, as they both rested, panting; "we may go on for ever, this way. Suppose we turn ourselves into two wheels, and roll ourselves down a steep hill, on the understanding that the one who is smashed to pieces, is to be considered the loser."

"Nothing can be easier or more equitable," replied the muscular king, and accordingly they walked not unsociably together, to the top of a steep hill, whence, having accomplished the transformation agreed upon, they rolled down, dashing against each other by the way, until the kingly wheel was fairly demolished.

"Ha! ha! there's an end of you," said the sage, resuming his original shape.

"Not at all," replied the king, going through a similar process; "you have only broken my little finger. However, I have a better plan to propose. Let us change ourselves into two flames—I'll be red and you shall be white—and see which can first put out the other."

"Agreed!" replied the sage; "only you shall be white, and I'll be red."

"Very well," granted the muscular king; "so long as we are agreed upon broad principles, we need not quarrel about details."

So they changed themselves into two flames; and began raging at each other in a

most frightful way. That the contest did not come to any decisive result may easily be surmised, since the faculty of burning up another flame is just the faculty a flame does not possess. Luckily, a beggar happened to pass that way, whereupon the white flame cried out:

"Pour a little water on the red flame, and I'll give you a penny."

"No, no," cried the other. "Pour a little water on the white flame, and I'll give you a ducat."

The beggar, who wisely preferred a ducat to a penny, extinguished the white flame—thus bringing the dynasty of the three kings completely to an end. The sage resumed his original shape, swung himself on the Sun-horse, flung a ducat to the beggar, and rode off at full gallop.

The scene that occurred in the palace after the events above recorded was affecting enough. The walls were at once hung with black cloth; the three widows bewailed aloud the loss of their three royal husbands, and the old lady, who seemed more in anger than in sorrow, stalked through the rooms, muttering, clenching her fist, and stamping her foot—all which gestures are utterly at variance with the hypothesis that she was a screech-owl. Suddenly she stopped, a flash of her eye seemed to indicate the occurrence of a bright thought, a stamp of the foot, harder than those which had preceded it, denoted revived energy. The three daughters stared in the midst of their tears, and asked her what she was going to do? By way of answer she calmly seated herself on the poker, clasped the three young widows in her arms, and off they all sailed through the open air.

In the meanwhile the sage and his attendant had been travelling through a desert country with nothing to eat, and getting so exceedingly hungry that they almost longed to cut a steak from the Sun-horse. At last they came to an apple-tree laden with the most tempting fruit, which the ravenous attendant desired to taste. "Stop!" exclaimed the sage, drawing his sword and cutting into the apple tree, from which blood copiously flowed. "That is the old lady's eldest daughter planted by her mother, on purpose to work our destruction, and if you had eaten one of the apples you would have been a dead man." A fountain and a rose tree likewise offered their temptations—less potent, we should imagine, considering the appetite of the tempted party—and were similarly wounded by the sword of the sage, who explained that they were the second and third daughters of the terrible old dame. We purposely cut this part of the narrative as short as we can, for trees, that bleed when they are cut, are among the commonest common-places of fairy lore—to say nothing of the wound inflicted upon poor Polydore by the hand of the pious Eneas, as recorded in the third book of Virgil's immortal epic.

When the adventurous pair had proceeded beyond the limits of old Striga's domain, a new difficulty arose from quite another quarter. A little man, coming nobody knew whence, crept under the horse, and touched his nose with a bridle which he held in his hand. A tumble of the sage from his steed, and the instant departure of the latter with the small man upon his back, was the immediate consequence of this operation. The attendant was not a little astonished at this sudden change of fortune, but the sage, shaking himself quietly declared that it was no more than he had expected.

New devices were now requisite for the recovery of the Sun-horse. Assuming the form of a travelling countryman, the sage followed the little man, and offered his services as a groom. The offer was accepted, and the sage, who went home with the little man, had the privilege of grooming the Sun-horse every day, though, much to his annoyance, he saw no chance of running away with him. Had the little man, who was a potent magician, been in his right senses, he would have detected the real character of his groom; but, poor fellow, he was so completely head-over-ears in love with a certain princess, who lived in a castle situated on the top of a poplar tree which grew out of the midst of the sea, that he could think of nothing else, and even had a notion of employing his disguised enemy as an agent in his hitherto unprosperous love-match. The thought soon resulted in action, and the sage, now habited as a merchant, was despatched in a boat to the foot of the poplar tree, with the hint, that if he brought back the princess he should be richly rewarded, but that, if he failed in the attempt, his punishment would be severe.

Arrived at the foot of the poplar tree, the sage had recourse to the same stratagem that was employed by the Phœnicians for the abduction of Io, as narrated in the Clio of Herodotus. He tempted the princess down into the boat by offering sundry articles of finery for sale, and then put off for the shore. At first, when she perceived that she had been tricked into the power of the little magician, she began to utter loud lamentations, but, in the course of conversation, she soon found that the pretended merchant shared with her a feeling of intense hatred for her adorer, and before they reached the shore, an alliance, offensive and defensive, was concluded between them.

Highly delighted was the little magician at the arrival of the princess, and so completely was he besotted, when she feigned to return his affections, that he immediately began to tell her all his secrets—one of which is the most curious thing in the whole story. He told her that in a wood hard by, there was a large tree—that at the foot of the tree there was a stag—that inside the stag there

was a duck—that inside the duck was a golden egg—and that inside the golden egg was his (the magician's) entire strength. All this information was given to the princess, under the most solemn promise of secresy, and therefore, says the satirical Sclavonic chronicler, she communicated it to the sage, whose course of action was now prompt enough. He went to the wood, he found the tree, he shot the deer, he extricated the duck, he extracted the egg, all in proper House-that-Jack-built order, and by sucking the egg terminated the power of the little magician. The princess was set at liberty; the Sun-horse was taken home to his proper country, much to the delight of the inhabitants; and the king offered the sage half his kingdom as a reward. But, the sage slapped his hand on his heart, in the most heroic fashion, and saying that he preferred his little hut and his big book to all the kingdoms in the world, stalked out of the court in a high state of complacency.

So, if our readers want to fit a moral to this Slovack rigmarole, they may, if they please, take the good old maxim, "Virtue is its own reward."

FAIR-TIME AT LEIPSIC.

"Have you a lodging for the night, friend?" enquires a kind voice near me, speaking to my very thoughts.

"No. I am a stranger in Leipsic."

"And your herberg?" (House of call.)

"I know nothing of it."

The enquirer is a little man with a thin face, and a voice which might be disagreeable, were it not mellowed by good nature. He tells me, then, that he is a jewel-case maker, and has no doubt that I shall find a ready shelter in the herberg of his trade till the morning, if I am willing to accept of it. It is in the little churchyard. In spite of this ominous direction I shake the good man heartily by the hand, and, although I lose him in the darkness and confusion of the railway-station, cling mentally to the little churchyard as a passport to peace and rest. I don't know how it is that I escape interrogation by the police, but once out of the turmoil of the crowd, I find myself wandering by a deep ditch, and the shadowy outline of a high wall, seeking in vain amid the drizzling mist for one of the gates of the city. When almost hopeless of success, a welcome voice enquires my destination; and, under the guidance of a worthy Saxon, I find myself in Kleine Kirche Hof at last. There is the herberg in question, but with no light—welcoming aspect—for it is already ten o'clock, and its guests are all in bed. Dripping with rain, and with a rueful aspect, I prefer my request for a lodging. The "vater" looks dubiously at me out of the corner of one eye, till having inspected my passport, he brightens up a little, and thinks he can find me a bed, but cannot break through the rules of his house so far as to give me any supper. It is too late.

Lighting a small lanthorn he leads the way across a stone-paved yard, and opening one leaf of the folding-doors of a stable at its upper end, inducts me at once into the interior. It also is paved with stones, is small, and is nearly choked up with five or six bedsteads. The vater points to one which happily is as yet untenanted, and says, "Now, make haste, will you? I can't stop here all night." Before I have time to scramble into bed we are already in darkness, and no sooner is the door closed than my bed-fellows, who seemed all fast asleep a moment before, open a rattling fire of enquiries as to my parentage, birthplace, trade, and general condition; and having satisfied all this amiable questioning we fall asleep.

We turn our waking eyes upon a miserable glimmering which finds its way through the wooden bars of our stable-door; but it tells us of morning, of life, and of hope, and we rise with a bound, and are as brisk as bees in our summary toilet. With a dry crust of bread and a cup of coffee, we are fortified for our morning's work. I have a letter of introduction upon Herr Herzlich of the Bruhl, at the sign of the Golden Horn, between the White Lamb and the Brass Candlestick.

Every house in Leipsic has its sign, and the numbers run uninterruptedly through the whole city, as in most German towns, so that the Clown's old joke of "Number One, London," if applied to them, would be no joke at all. I leave the gloomy precints of little churchyard, and descending a slight incline over a pebbly, irregular pavement, with scarcely a sign of footpath, arrive at the lower end of the Bruhl. There is a murmur of business about the place, for this is the first week of the Easter Fair, but there are none of those common sounds usually associated with the name to English ears. No braying of trumpets, clashing of symbols, or hoarse groaning of gongs; no roaring through broad-mouthed horns, smacking of canvas, or pattering of incompetent rifles. All these vulgar noises belonging to a fair, are banished out of the gates of the city: which is itself deeply occupied with sober, earnest trading.

Leipsic has the privilege of holding three markets in the year. The first, because the most important, is called the Ostermesse, or Easter Fair, and commences on Jubilee Sunday after Easter. It continues for three weeks, and is the great cloth market of the year. The second begins on the Sunday after St. Michael, and is called Michialismesse. It is the great book fair, is also of three weeks' duration, and dates, as does the Easter Fair, from the end of the twelfth century. The New Year's Fair commences on the First of

January, and was established in fourteen hundred and fifty-eight. Curiously enough the real business of the fair is negotiated in the week preceding its actual proclamation; it is, then, that the great sales between manufacturers and merchants, and their busy agents from all parts of the continent, are effected, while the three weeks of the actual fair are taken up in minor transactions. No sooner is the freedom of the fair proclaimed than the hubbub begins; the booths, already planted in their allotted spaces—every inch of which must be paid for—are found to be choked up with stock of every description, from very distant countries: while every town and village, within a wide radius, finds itself represented by both wares and customers.

It is not, however, all freedom even at fair time. The guild laws of the different trades, exclusive and jealous as they are, are enforced with the utmost severity. Jews, in general, and certain trades in particular,—shoemakers, for example,—are not allowed the same privileges as the rest, for their liberty to sell is restricted to a shorter period, and woe to the ambitious or unhappy journeyman who shall manufacture, or expose for sale, any article of his trade, either on his own account or for others, if they be not acknowledged as masters by the Guild. Every such article will be seized by the public officers, deposited in the Rathhaus, and severe punishment—in the shape of fines—inflicted on the offender. The last week of the Fair is called the pay-week; the Thursday and Friday in this week being severally pay and assignation days. The traffic at the Easter Fair, before the establishment of railways, was estimated at forty millions of dollars, but since, by their means, increased facilities of transit between Leipsic and the two capitals—Berlin and Dresden—have been afforded, it has risen to seventy millions of dollars, or ten millions, five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

In the meantime, here we are in the Brühl, a street important enough, no doubt, so far as its inhabitants and traffic are concerned, but neither beautiful nor picturesque. The houses are high and flat, and, from a peculiarity of build about their tops, seem to leer at you with one eye. Softly over the pebbles! and mind you don't tread on the pigeons. They are the only creatures in Leipsic that enjoy uncontrolled freedom. They wriggle about the streets without fear of molestation; they sit in rows upon the tops of houses; they whirl in little clouds above our heads; they outnumber, at a moderate estimate, the whole human population of the city, and are as sacred as the Apis or the Brahmin bull. As we proceed along the Brühl, the evidences of the unrestricted traffic become more perceptible. Square sheds of a dingy black hue line one side of the way, and are made in such a manner, that from being mere closed boxes at night, they readily become converted into shops in the daytime, by a falling flap in front, which in some cases is adjusted so as to perform the part of a counter. These booths form the outer depositories of the merchandise of the fair, and are generally filled with small and inexpensive articles. The real riches accumulated in Leipsic during these periods, are stowed in the massive old houses: floor above floor being filled with them, till they jam up the very roof, and in their plenitude flow out into the street. The booths, where not private property, are articles of profitable speculation with the master builders of the city. They are of planed deal painted, and are neatly enough made. They are easily stowed away in ordinary times, and, when required, are readily erected, being simply clammed together with huge hooks and eyes.

We have not proceeded half-way down the Bruhl, when we are accosted by a veritable child of Israel, who in tolerably good English, requests our custom. Will we buy some of those unexceptionable slippers? In spite of my cap and blouse, it is evident that I bear some national peculiarity about me at once readable to the keen eyes of the Jew; and upon this point, I remember that my friend Alcibiade, of Argenteuil, jeweller, once expressed himself to me thus: "You may always distinguish an Englishman," said he, "by two things; his trousers and his gait. The first never fit him, and he always walks as if he was an hour behind time."

We are at the sign of the Golden Horn. Its very door-way is blocked up for the moment by an enormous bale of goods, puffy, and covered with cabalistic characters. When we at length enter the outer gate of the house, we find ourselves in a small courtyard paved with stone and open to the sky, but now choked with boxes and packages, piled one upon the other in such confusion, that they appear to have been rained from above, rather than brought by vulgar trucks and human hands. Herr Herzlich, whose house this is, resides on the third floor. As we ascend the winding stair to his apartments, we perceive that the building occupies the four sides of the courtyard, and that on the third floor a wooden gallery is suspended along one side, and serves as a means of connection between the upper portions of the house. Queerly-shaped bundles, and even loose goods, occupy every available corner; and as we look down from the gallery into a deep window on the opposite side, we perceive a portly moustached gentleman busily counting and arranging piles of Prussian bank-notes, while heaps of golden coin, apparently Dutch ducats, or French louis d'or, are built up in a golden barricade before him. We pause before the door of Herr Herzlich, master goldsmith and house-owner, and prepare to deliver our letter of introduction. They are trying

moments, these first self-presentations; but Herr Herzlich is a true-hearted old Saxon, who raises his black velvet skullcap with one hand, as I announce myself, while with the other he lowers his silver spectacles from his forehead on to his nose. Then, with all sort of comforting words, as to my future prospects in Leipsic, he sends me forth rejoicing.

Once more in the open street, we pass up the crowded way into the market-place. A succession of wooden booths lines the road, and many of the houses have an overhanging floor resting on sturdy posts, which makes the footpath a rude colonnade. Here are piled rolls and bales of cloth, while the booths are crammed with a heterogeneous collection of articles of use and ornament diversified beyond description. A strange knot of gentlemen arrests our attention for a moment. They are clad in long gowns of black serge, and wear highly polished boots reaching to the knee. Some have low crowned hats, others a kind of semi-furred turban, but they all have jet black hair arranged in innumerable wiry ringlets, even to their beards. They are Polish Jews, and trade chiefly in pearls, garnets, turquoise, and a peculiar sort of ill-cut and discoloured rose diamonds.

The market place is scarcely passable for the crowd, and the wooden booths are so thickly studded over its whole space, as to allow of only a narrow footway between them. Here, we see pipes and walking sticks, enough not only for the present, but for generations unborn. Traversing the ground by slow degrees, we bend towards the Dresden gate, and come upon the country people, all handkerchief and waistcoat, who line the path with their little stores of toys, of eggs, butter, and little pats of goats' milk cheese. Here is a farmer who has struggled all the way from Altenburg. He wears a queer round crowned hat, with the rim turned up at the back; a jacket with large pockets outside, a sort of trunk hose, and black boots reaching to the knee. A little beyond him, is a band of musicians with wind instruments, in the full costume of the Berg-leute, or mountaineers of Freiberg. With their jackets of black stuff, trimmed with velvet of the same hue, and edged at the bottom with little square lappets, their dark leggings and brimless hats, they look like a party of Griindoff the miller's men in mourning.

As we approach the gates, the stalls and wares dwindle into insignificance, until they disappear altogether; and so we pass out of the city to the picturesque promenades which surround it. Afar off we hear the booming and occasional squeal of the real fair. It is not without its drollery, and, if not equal to Old Bartelmy in noise and rude humour, has a word to say for itself on the point of decency. It is, however, but child's play after all, and abounds with toys and games, from a halfpenny whistle to an electric machine. Leipsic is now in its waking hours; but a short time hence her fitful three weeks' fever will have passed away, and, weary with excitement, or as some say, plethoric with her gorge of profits, she will sink into a soulless lethargy. Her streets will become deserted, and echo to solitary footsteps; and whole rows of houses, with their lately teeming shops, will be black and tenantless, and barred and locked in grim security. The students will shine among the quiet citizens; the pigeons will flap their wings in idleness, and coo in melancholy tones as they totter about the streets; and the last itinerant player (on the flageolet, of course) will have sounded his last farewell note to the slumbering city.

GEORGE LEVISON; OR, THE SCHOOLFELLOWS

The noisy sparrows in our clematis
Talk'd about rain; a quiet summer dusk
Shadowing the little lawn and garden ground
Which part us from the village street below.
One pale pure star—one altar newly lit,
Amid the carbuncle and beryl burn'd
Of twilight's vast cathedral; but the clouds
Were gravely gathering, and a fitful breeze
Flurried the foliage that till now had droop'd
A picture stedfast on the fading sky,
And wafted, showering from their golden bo[illegible],
The petals of the white rose overblown.

Our wall being low upon the inner side,
A great white rosebush stoops across, to note,
Up to the churchyard gate, down to the brook
And lifted fields beyond with grove and hedge,
The doings of the village, all day long
From when the labourers trudging to their toil
With sickle, scythe, or spade, hear outpost cocks
Whistle a quaint refrain from farm to farm,
Until the hour of shadow and repose,
When footsteps cease and every taper's quench'd,
Children that pass to school, or home again,
One with an arm about another's neck,
Point to the fragrant treasure, clustering rich,
And for a dropping rosebud pay a smile.

The sun was down; the loyal garden blooms
Shut all their dreaming colours; and a Flower
Was closing like the rest, a Flower of Flowers
That herald star which look'd across the world
Found nothing prettier than our little child
Saying his evening prayer at mother's knee,
The white skirt folding on the naked feet,
Too tender for rough ways, his eyes at rest
On his mother's face, a window into heaven.
Kiss'd now, and settled in his cot, he's pleased
With murmuring song, until the large lids droop
And do not rise, and slumber's regular breath
Divides the soft round mouth. So Annie's boy
And mine was put asleep. I heard her foot
Stir overhead. There would be time to-night,
Before the rain, to loiter half-an-hour
As far as to the poplars down the road,
And hear the corncrakes through the meadowy vale,
And watch the childhood of the virgin moon
Over a ruddy sunset's marge of cloud
Sinking its crescent. Sweetheart of my life!

Green be those downs and dells above the sea,
Smooth green for ever, by the plough unhurt,
Nor overdrifted by their neighbouring sands,
Where first I saw you! first since long ago,
When we were children at an inland place
And play'd together. I had often thought,
I wonder should I know that pleasant child?
Hardly, I doubt. I knew her the first glimpse;
E'en while the flexile curvature of hat
Kept all her face in shadow to the chin
And when a breeze to which the harebells danced
Lifted the sun a moment to her eyes,
The ray of recognition flew to mine
Through all the dignity of womanhood.
Like dear old friends we were, yet wondrous new;
The others chatted, she and I not much,
Hearing her ribbon whirring in the wind
(No doubting hopes nor whimsies born as yet)
Was pure felicity, like his who sleeps
Within a sense of some unknown good fortune,
True, or of dreamland undetermined which;
My spirit buoyant as the gulls that swept
That line of cliff above the summer surge,
Smooth-wing'd and snowy in the blue of air.
Since, what vicissitude! We read the past
Bound in a volume, catch the story up
At any leaf we choose, and much forget
How every blind to-morrow was evolved,
How each oracular sentence shaped itself
For after comprehension.

Even so,
This twilight of last summer, it befell,
My wife and boy up stairs, I leaning grave
Against the window, when through favourite paths,
My memory, as if sauntering in a wood,
Took sober joy. An evening which itself
Returns distinctly. Troops of dancing moths
Brush'd the dry grass; I heard, as if from far,
The children playing in the village street,
And saw the widow, our good neighbour, light
Her candle, sealing up the mail. At six,
Announced by cheerful octaves of a horn,
A pair of winking wheels shake the white rose.
And just at tea time, with the day's work done—
A link of the year's order, lest we lose
In floating tangle every thread of life—
Appears in happy hour the lottery bag,
Which, with its punctual "Times," may bring us word
From Annie's home, or some one by the Thames,
The smoky friendly Thames, who thinks of us,
Or sultry Ganges, or Saint Lawrence chill,
Or from the soil of kangaroos and gold,
Magnetic metal! Thus to the four winds
One's ancient comrades scatter through the world.
Where's Georgy now, I thought, our dread, our pride,
George Levison, the sultan of the school?
With Greek and Latin at those fingers' ends
That sway'd the winning oar and bat; a prince
In pocket money and accoutrement;
A Cribb in fist, a Cicero in tongue,
Already victor, when his eye should deign
To fix on any summit of success.
For, in his haughty careless way, he'd hint—
'I've got to push my fortune, by-and-by.'
How we all worshipp'd Georgy Levison!
But when I went to college he was gone,
They said to travel, and he took away
Mentor conjoin'd with Crichton from my hopes,—
No trifling blank. George had done little there,
But could—what could he not? . . . And now, perhaps,
Some city, in the strangers' burial-ground,
Some desert sand, or hollow under sea,
Hides him without an epitaph. So men
Slip under, fit to shape the world anew,
And leave their trace—in schoolboy memories.

Then I went thinking how much changed I am
Since those old school times, not so far away,
Yet now like pre-existence. Can that house,
Those fields and trees, be extant anywhere?
Have not all vanish'd, place, and time, and men?
Or with a journey could I find them all,
And myself with them, as I used to be?
Sore was my battle after quitting these.
No one thing fell as plann'd for. Sorrows came
And sat beside me. Years of toil went round,
And victory's self was pale and garlandless.
Fog rested on my heart, till softly blew
The wind that clear'd it. 'Twas a simple turn
Of life,—a miracle of heavenly love,
For which, thank God!

When Annie call'd me up,
We both bent silent, looking at our boy,
Kiss'd unaware (as angels, may be, kiss
Good mortals) on the smoothly rounded cheek,
Turn'd from the window,—where a fringe of leaves,
With outlines melting in the darkening blue,
Waver'd and peep'd and whisper'd. Would she walk?
Not yet a little were those clouds to stoop
With freshness to the garden and the field.
I waited by our open door, while bats
Flew silently, and musk geranium leaves
Were fragrant in the twilight that had quench'd
Or tamed the dazzling scarlet of their blooms.
Peace, as of heaven itself, possess'd my heart.
A footstep, not the light step of my wife,
Disturb'd it, and, with slacker pace, a man
Came up beside the porch. Accosting whom,
And answering to my name, "I fear," he said,
"You'll hardly recollect me, though indeed
We were at school together on a time.
Do you forget old Georgy Levison?"

He in the red arm chair, I not far off,
Excited, laughing, waiting for his face.
The first flash of the candles told me all,
Or, if not all, enough, and more. Those eyes,
When they look'd up at last, were his indeed,
Though mesh'd in ugly threads as with a snare;
And, while his mouth preserved the imperious curve,
Evasion, vacillation, discontent,
Droop'd on the handsome features like a fog.
His hair hung prematurely grey and thin,
From thread-bare sleeves the wither'd tremulous hands
Protruded. Why paint every touch of blight?

Tea came. He hurried into ceaseless chat,
Glanced at the ways of many foreign towns,
Knew all those great men, landmarks of the time,
And set their worths punctiliously, brought back
Our careless years; paid Annie compliments
To spare, admired the pattern of the cups;
Lauded the cream,—our dairy's, was it not?
A country life was pleasant, certainly,
If one could be content to settle down;
And yet the city had advantages.
He trusted, shortly, underneath his roof
To practise hospitality in turn.
But first to catch the roof, eh? He, ha, ha!
That was a business topic he'd discuss
With his old friend by-and-by——

For me, I long'd
To hide my face and groan; yet look'd at him,
Opposing pain to grief, presence to thought.

Later, when wine came in, and we two sat
The dreary hours together, how he talk'd!
His schemes of life, his schemes of work and wealth,
Intentions and inventions, plots and plans,
Travels and triumphs, failures, golden hopes.
He was a young man still—had just begun
To see his way. I knew what he could do
If once he tried in earnest. He'd return
To Law, next term but one; meanwhile complete
His great work, "The Philosophy of Life,
Or, Man's Relation to the Universe,"
The matter lying ready to his hand.
Forty subscribers more, two guineas each,
Would make it safe to publish. All this time
He fill'd his glass and emptied; and his tongue
Went thick and stammering. When the wine came in
I saw the glistening eye, an eager hand
Made the decanter chatter on the glass
Like ague. He grew maudlin drunk at last,
Shed tears, and moan'd he was a ruin'd man,
Body and soul; then cursed his enemies
By name, and promised punishment; made vaunt
Of genius, learning;—caught my hand again,—
Did I forget my friend—my dear old friend?
Had I a coat to spare? He had no coat
But this one on his back, not one shirt—see!
'Twas all a nightmare, all plain wretched truth.
And how to play physician? Where's the strength
Repairs a slow self-ruin from without?
The fall'n must climb innumerable steps,
With humbleness, and diligence and pain.
How help him to the first of all that steep?

Midnight was past. I had proposed to find
A lodging near us, for, to say the truth,
I could not bid my wife, for such a guest,
In such a plight, prepare the little room
Call'd 'Emma's,' since my sister most was here.
Then with a sudden mustering up of wits,
And even a touch of his old self that quick
Melted my heart anew, he signified
His bed was waiting; he would say good night,
And begg'd me not to stir, he knew his road.
But arm in arm I brought him up the street,
Among the rainpools, and the pattering drops
Drumming upon our canopy, where few
Or none were out of doors; and once or twice
Some casement from an upper story shed
Penurious lamplight.

Tediously we kept
The morning meal in vain expectancy.
Our box of clothes came back; the people said
He paid without a word, and went his way,—
They knew not whither. He return'd no more.
He now is dead.

Months changed about, or ere
The sudden frost of that unhappy guest
Rose from our life,—which, like our village, keeps
The tranquil centre of a cultured vale,
Guarded with hills, but open to the sun,
And every star successive, east or west,
That glorifies the circle of the year.
A grave, secluded life, but kindly fill'd
With natural influences; neither void
Of strength and gladness from profounder springs.
[illegible] since, at many a meditative hour
[illegible]y or night, or with memorial flash,
I see the ghost of Georgy Levison;
A shifting phantom,—now with boyhood's face
And merry curls, now haggard and forlorn,
As when the candles came into the room.

One sells his soul; another squanders it,
The first buys up the world, the second starves.
Poor George was loser palpably enough,—
Supernal Wisdom only knows how much.

A PIECE OF WORK.

SOME months ago we were, in this journal, laughing at a gentleman who is very much in earnest over the establishment in Great Britain of what is known abroad by some nations, and even accredited by one or two governments, as the Movement Cure.* So many twists of such a finger, such and such turns of the right or left leg to a certain extent, take the place of so many drachms of such a tincture, powder, bolus, or electuary. We were amused—not at the notion of a movement cure, but at the ludicrous minuteness with which all the movements of the body were defined for use, in prescriptions to be carefully compounded by the gymnast on the patient's person. The general notion of a movement cure is to our taste. Stir, is the best word in many a recipe. Housekeeper, be careful not to leave off stirring till the pot is taken from the fire. Guest, keep the bottle moving while it lasts. Politician, keep the movement up, while your cause has a spark of life in it. Man, if you have any good matter on hand, move in that matter. To turn seriously from a light thought to an earnest one, we know in whom it is that we are said "to live and move, and have our being,"—to live and move.

Is there a better human remedy against obstructions and dead locks—spiritual, intellectual, or bodily—than to keep moving? A little well sustained activity of movement will enable us to distance trouble on the road of life, and overtake content. We used to be told at school, by Quintus Horatius Flaccus, that Care sits behind the man who rides on horseback; the staff of the pedestrian she fears as the rod by which she has been ten thousand times corrected. What is the want of the age, but progress—forward movement? What is a man's worldly gain, if not advancement—stepping on? What do we say of a legislator, who starts an idea with which he hopes to benefit the nation? He rises to move something. When a bank smashes, we say it stops. When a friend is in difficulty, we say he is at a stand still. Our very street-boys tell us that a hopeless matter is No Go.

For all the ill of life we recommend, then, some form of a movement cure. Monsieur Ling, the Swedish Movement doctor, whose disciple in our land is Dr. Roth, prescribes accordingly, a great variety of movements, which are *to* be made by us and *for us*. He

* See volume xii. page 191.

looks upon running, leaping, climbing, rowing, cricket, as a French cook might look upon raw beef. He has his own system of fricasseed exercise; or, not to abate anything of the honour due to his superior profession, he measures it out into mixtures. Recipe:—six revolutions of the little finger, two cracks of the great toe, one swing forward of the right leg, and six kneads or pinches in the back, for a dose, to be taken night and morning. We know very well what Mr. Burchell would have said to that, and he would have said well; for, it certainly is Fudge.

But, like the cold water cure, it is on the whole, a very wholesome whim. It is an ill whim that blows nobody good, and such a whim as this, blows good to more than its projectors. Stagnant water stinks. The running stream gathers no filth. The rolling stone gathers no moss; that is to say, none of the vegetable rust which shows that it is rotting at the surface.

We applaud, therefore, the movement cure as an idea; and, for the support of some ideas yet more serviceable to society, let us applaud also Dr. Roth, its propagator in Great Britain.

We are not quite sure whether the London College of Physicians would not denounce this one of their brethren as a quack. We do not. We define a quack to be a man who trades upon the false pretence that he can benefit the health of the community. Such a man may be justified by all the colleges on earth in ordering us every day of our lives, the blister repeated, a draught every four hours, and the pills to be taken at bed-time. For his blister, his draughts, and his pills, if they sap the foundations of life—as in the hands of many a practitioner they do—we denounce him as a quack. Dr. Roth has some wholesome notions, and he makes it the whole business of his life to urge them indefatigably. He writes about exercise to the presidents of the Poor Law Board, and of the Board of Health. He says, A number of adult disabled persons are kept, year after year, in workhouses or charitable institutions, and very little or nothing is done to improve or cure their chronic ailments. A number of constitutionally weak infants and children are in the workhouses, who could be cured or considerably improved. That is most true. Nearly one-half—at any rate, two in five—of the inmates of workhouses, are now looked upon as permanently unfit for active duty in the world. That costs life, and it costs money to ratepayers. Why in the world, do you sit down content with such a state of things? Dr. Roth asks us. We tell, in his own words, quoted from a tract four pages long, the very sensible suggestion to which such considerations lead him:

"All constitutionally weak children of several parishes should be brought into an *Union Sanatorium*, where all the available hygienic and medical means, according to the present state of science, should be used, and the education of the children continued as far as their weakly state permits; when healthy, these children might be sent to the union or charity school.

"The curable adult disabled paupers suffering from chronic affections should be also visited, for the sake of cure or improvement.

"The expenses for the cure of such paupers would not be much more than the expenses in the workhouse, where such paupers are frequently kept for years in consequence of their having been neglected at a time when their health could have been restored.

"In order to prevent the increase of the number of disabled paupers, it is most important that the health of the healthy inmates should be kept up to the highest standard, for which purpose the masters and matrons of workhouses, as well as all schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, should have an elementary, popular, and practical knowledge of the injurious and beneficial influences affecting health. This sanitary knowledge should be imparted to the children, whose bodily faculties should be developed simultaneously with their mental faculties.

"This sanitary knowledge should form a part of the instruction in the training-schools of schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, of whom we cannot expect that they should bestow more care on the preservation of the health of their pupils so long as they are entirely ignorant on the subject; the preservation of individual health depends upon the parents and schoolmasters, but not on the medical man who enters on his duties, in the great majority of cases, only after those of the educator have been neglected.

"The importance of a large garden or play-ground, is an indispensable part of a workhouse, has been sufficiently advocated and proved by the condition of those schools and workhouses which are not sufficiently provided in this respect.

"The kitchen fire in workhouses and charitable institutions can, by the aid of hot water or steam, provide the necessary warmth in the various apartments, and sufficient warm water or steam for baths, which are most important in preserving health, in cutting short many diseases at the beginning, or in curing them when developed.

"It is most important not only to diminish the amount of ill-health at present existing among our poor population, but we must prevent, as far as it depends upon ourselves, all the causes artificially producing disease and deteriorating the general health; the number of inmates of our workhouses would thus considerably decrease, and a diminution of poor's rate would go hand-in-hand with the improved health of the paupers."

Dr. Roth is great also on baths, and has contrived a most ingenious "Russian bath" for the more perfect purification of the public. Ablution and exercise are his two main ideas. Wash and work would suit him for a motto. It should be the motto of all healthy folks who take health by the forelock, and retain their grip upon that fugitive. We often see the lady to whom "No Irish need apply," advertising for a servant who, among sundry other good qualities, is to be thoroughly clean and active. Thoroughly clean and active! What more can she be? There is no virtue on earth that man or maid does not possess who is in every respect—

in limb, and heart, and brain—active and clean.

But we go back to the activity—to our active doctor's upholding of rational gymnastics, and to his denunciation of that system of child-crippling usual in schools, where, as he quotes from Horace Mann, "the child who stands most like a post, is most approved; nay, he is rebuked if he does not stand like a post. A head that does not turn to the right or left, an eye that lies moveless in the socket, hands hanging motionless at the side, and feet immoveable as those of a statue, are the points of excellence, while the child is echoing the senseless table of A, B, C."

And now, let us be just to "Ling's system." A part of it, consisting of "Free Exercises," needing no apparatus, might really be used in England, more especially in connection with those unwholesome forcing pits known as seminaries for young ladies. On their account we should be very glad to do our part towards bringing Swedish gymnastics into fashion. Herr Bollcher (we have not the most distant idea who Bollcher is), we find quoted in our doctor's pamphlets; and he says to the Germans what we have said often enough—no, not yet often enough—to the English. We suppose Bollcher to be a doctor at some German Rational Gymnasium. "We will not inquire," he says, "how a child has been brought up to its sixth year with regard to food, clothing, dwelling, and exercise; but we will assume that it has been treated rationally, and is sent at that age as a healthy child to the public school. Now the childish play ceases; instead of the exercise and games which had been strengthening the body, the school is substituted in all its earnestness and rigour for six hours a day. School is not a place where labour is united with play, and application with pleasure, but one for labour and application only. When boys, however, return from school they are usually permitted to exercise themselves freely, and to find for themselves opportunities of making their bodies strong, flexible, and healthy; but this is not the case with girls; they must bear themselves from infancy with the strictest propriety, and their out-of-school hours are therefore employed in sitting occupations, such as reading, writing, and sewing. The only recreation permitted them is playing with toys, which neither rouses the mind nor exercises the body. As girls become older, the requirements of the school become greater, lessons to be done at home diminish their leisure time perhaps by two hours. If the girl is to be introduced into the world in her fourteenth year as a well-endowed young lady, she must begin at least in her tenth year to play the piano and to learn French. Thus the lessons are spread over two hours more, and the mind is daily occupied for ten hours, while nothing is done for the body.

"Can we, then, wonder that in the fair sex of the present day, especially in large towns, among the middle and higher classes, ailments of the muscular and nervous system, deficient development of the bones, and consequently curvatures of the spine, glandular and scrofulous diseases, green sickness, cardialgia, fainting fits, and irregularities occur so frequently? No one who does not wilfully shut his eyes can fail to see the evil of the prevailing fashion of female education."

Dr. Roth does not stop here. He is not content with stating evils and deploring them. He has stirred up a little company of ladies to work actively for its suppression. To him we owe the recent birth of a Ladies' Association for the Diffusion of Sanitary Knowledge, and Promotion of Physical Education. One lady has given the use of a house at Brighton as a contribution to the cause. That house and a room at Dr. Roth's in London are at present "Institutions in which schoolmistresses and pupil-teachers, belonging to any schools for the working classes, can attend, gratuitously, a course of theoretical and practical instruction in all subjects relating to the preservation of health, including the principles of systematic bodily training, in order that they may impart these branches of knowledge to their pupils." By these means it is designed that schoolgirls, the future wives and mothers of the working classes, shall obtain information which is now possessed by very few. Classes are also to be formed for private governesses and other ladies, who would not wish to receive gratuitous instruction. Special attention is to be paid to instruction in the management of infants and children, as being one of the most important duties of women, and one, which the great mortality among infants proves that she performs (often through no fault of her own) very imperfectly. In order to make this part of the instruction thoroughly practical, it is proposed that some orphan infants be reared in the institutions; schoolmistresses will thus have an opportunity of gaining a thoroughly practical knowledge of all matters relating to the preservation of infantile health; and, through them, this knowledge will be imparted to the working classes, who have at present little opportunity for gaining it, except from dearly-bought experience, or from books, which, in many cases, they have neither inclination nor means to purchase, nor intelligence to comprehend. Nursery-maids will be admitted to this part of the instruction; and the association hopes thus to supply nursery-maids to whom infants may be safely entrusted.

This association desires also to be serviceable by causing to be compiled and published interesting, simple, and practically-written tracts on all subjects relating to the preservation of health—such as ventilation, exercise, bathing, clothing, food, cooking, management of infants and children, &c. Ladies will thus be enabled, during their visitation

of the poor, to bring the influence of tract literature to bear upon the physical condition of those visited, as well as upon their spiritual condition, which, pre-eminently important though it is, certainly ought not to be the only subject of the tracts distributed.

Such an idea was urged, ten years ago, upon the medical profession through its journals by another writer, who supported his cause by the issue of two tracts upon health for cottage circulation—one upon Health, one upon Interrupted Health and Sick-room Duties. The tracts were freely used, but the idea on which they were based, although approved, was not adopted. As we set some store by a general notion of the value of a good supply of sanitary tracts, we will, in further commendation of this part of Dr. Roth's subject to the attention of the public, cite the suggestions made in vain by another son of Galen to his brethren, through the Medical Gazette of May the nineteenth, eighteen hundred and forty-eight. It was proposed:

One. That a society be formed for the diffusion of sanitary tracts.—Two. That the chief object of the society be to issue tracts which may be purchased by the clergy of the Christian communities, and circulated by them among their poor parishioners, together with, and in the same manner as, the religious tracts which they are accustomed to distribute. And that, in order to secure this object, the tracts be written in a broad Christian spirit and be kept free from all theology.—Three. That the society consist exclusively of medical men. That membership be constituted by the annual payment of ten shillings, and that the members receive back, in a proportionate supply of tracts, the whole amount of their subscriptions.—Four. That members subscribing a sovereign, have a double vote in the affairs of the society; but that no individual shall have more votes than two.—Five. That the correspondence of the society be transacted by an honorary secretary, and that its funds be in the hands of an editing committee; the committee to consist of three members, resident in London, and elected by vote of the whole society.—Six. That no member of the society receive any remuneration for services performed, and that its officers be reimbursed only for their actual outlay.—Seven. That there be published annually one tract for every ten pounds subscribed to the society, and that all profit remaining after payment of expenses, and setting by a moderate reserve fund, be devoted to the purpose of diminishing the selling price of publications issued.—Eight. That the editing committee accept or decline any tracts voluntarily forwarded to them; and, according to their discretion, request assistance from those members of the profession, whose pens are of acknowledged value, and who are zealous enough to write gratuitously for the public good.—Nine. That all other business of the Society be transacted by general vote, the votes being communicated to the secretary through the post. And that each member be furnished annually with a printed report of the proceedings of the previous year.

Here, then, was a projector casting on the waters bread, which we find after many days, without any trace of so much as a nibble thereupon. The advantage, he said, of grafting sanitary teachings upon the existing system of religious tracts, was, that in no other way could they obtain so readily, a wide and authoritative distribution among those who need them most. The necessity of avoiding all points open to dissent, was obvious enough; cleanliness, at all events, he said, ought to be common among Christians. Ten shillings he thought better than a pound as a subscription, because half-sovereigns can better be afforded by members of an underpaid profession; and the greater the number of Tract distributors, the more equally, of course, would the publication be diffused. The doctors did nothing—though it is not too late for them to take some scheme like this in hand; now let us see what Dr. Roth can produce out of the exertion of the ladies. A fine thing is a woman with a will. There are women with wills to be found up and down the world. If any of them have any of their determination to bring to the aid of the Ladies' Association, before mentioned, let them address the lady who is secretary thereof, and resides at the house of the Association, number Seventeen, Egremont Place, Brighton.

Furthermore, may it be permitted that we write unto you, schoolmasters, and that we write unto you, parents, earnestly begging you to help those who shall come after us to make a wholesome piece of work for the promotion of the public health in about the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty? Give the next generation men who know what lungs and livers are, who understand their duty to their skins, and can overlook with the mind's eye the process of digestion in their stomachs. If there be any sort of machinery that a man ought to know something about, it is that on which he rides up and down in the world, from the day of his first long clothes in the cradle, to the day of his last long clothes in the darkened room. Here we are all riding about pell-mell, on those engines of ours, so delicate and complex in their structure, so wonderfully adjusted to bear wear and tear, so amazingly durable, fine as their structure is. But we contrive to knock them up too soon by reckless stoking, by ignorant shuttings off of steam, by insufficient feeding, by the utmost carelessness in running off the line. Is it not worth while to have some intelligent perception of the nature of the machine we are directing or using every minute of our lives? Let any man walk in a graveyard, read the ages on the tombstones, and ask his heart what all the graves of infants mean? Why the young fathers lie among the old men there, and mothers perish while the little ones are yet crying for milk? The men and women of a future generation, if they are to know how, under artificial circumstances, they are to live natural lives, need some distinct knowledge of the structure of their

bodies, and of those physical wants of their system which they absolutely must supply, if they would live vigorous lives and long ones. They must know better than to let their children's lives fall and be broken by a carelessness really more gross than that of servants who break plates and dishes. Lessons upon the nature and requirements of the human body should be given in all common schools. Man, in a state of nature, needs not to establish and prolong life by discussing how he lives; but man living in civilised society, exposed to twenty thousand circumstances that divert attention from the natural and healthy instincts of the flesh, must use the same wit that has produced another atmosphere of life, in ascertaining—as he can with ease—how to bring it into harmony with all his physical requirements. The preservation of robust health should not be, and is not, inconsistent with enjoyment of the most refined happiness that civilisation brings.

It is a pressing want of civilisation, then, that a correct knowledge of the leading truths of physiology should be communicated in all schools. This truth has been partly recognised by government in England and America, but it is not yet recognised fairly by the public anywhere. Mr. George Combe of Edinburgh contributed a paper on the subject to the recent Conference of the National Association for Social Science. He was not himself able to be present at Birmingham; but the paper, printed for private use, and for convenience of reading, was to be read for him by a friend in the educational section. His friend began, when he was stopped, first, by an objection that the paper was in print. That difficulty was got over; but it was then suppressed upon the ground that it was out of place, since physiology had nothing to do with education. And so the section did not hear what Mr. George Combe had to say. The paper has been since published; we have read it, and are disposed to second heartily all its suggestions. Mr. Combe does not want children to be taught as if they were in training for the medical profession. His desire is, that they should know enough to understand clearly how our bodies are affected by our daily habits, what is apt to produce healthy or unhealthy action in each vital organ—how to economise the force of the machine they are for ever working, and to hinder it, under all sorts of social accidents, from getting out of gear.

We have said that the wisdom of this proposition has been partly recognised by government. The Committee of Council for Education in England and the Commissioners of Education in Ireland are co-operating with the Board of Trade in the introduction of physiology into schools, and it should interest all teachers to know that nine beautifully executed diagrams, illustrative of such a course of study in our common schools, have now been published by the Board. Dr. Hodgson has, moreover, applied his consummate talents as a teacher, to the spread of this sort of instruction. That gentleman's lectures in Edinburgh during the three winters, marked quite an era in the spread of physiological knowledge. In our schools it is a novelty; but for the last six years it has been emphatically recognised by the legislature of Massachusetts.

NUMBER FIVE, HANBURY TERRACE.

I was a stranger among some eight or nine hundred pitiless schoolfellows: a country bumpkin amid the sharp lads of that focus of sharp school practice, Christ's Hospital. Moreover, the natural wateriness of eyes that had so lately bade adieu to all familiar objects was increased by a cold in the head, and my misery was not alleviated by a short allowance of halfpence to expend in the one licensed shop, which is supposed to contain all the objects of a Blue-coat boy's desire. Then I felt ridiculous in petticoats, and the thick regulation shoes which form part of that graceful costume, hurt my ankles; and my heels were swollen with chilblains. The lump of gingerbread, which I stood gnawing, was plentifully bedewed with my tears, and sometimes choked me, between the descent of a morsel, and the ascent of a sob.

"Don't waste your time telling me of your rules and regulations," said a quick, flat, irritable voice at the gate. "I want mee nephew, and ——" Looking up, I beheld that awful functionary, the porter, stretching out one arm, with solemn indignation, to bar the way (but vainly) against the little wiry figure that coolly ducked under it with a quick, springy step, her black silk bag hanging by steel chains, and her baggy umbrella firmly clasped by the handle. She paused, looked round, and defied the porter with a withering look and the end of her sentence: —— "And I'll find him!"

Her search did not take long; her quick eye soon picked me out, and she exclaimed: "I declare that poor, starved little fellow with the red head, is the image of——" She interrupted herself again, pounced upon me, asked my name, and patted my damp red head with a diminutive hand, nearly lost in a large brown glove, the finger ends of which dangled vacantly about. "Yes—of mee poor Ellen! Sure I'd know you anywhere to be her son! Did you ever hear tell of your mother's aunt Honoria, from Ireland? Well, I am aunt Honoria. Ah! I niver thought I'd live to see a grand-nephew of mine in yellow stockings and a petticoat. Bless ye, mee poor child! What are ye crying for?"

The tone in which she spoke was a sort of flat singing. Her utterance was so rapid that her words would have jostled each other out of all order, except for her habit of stopping

short now and then, to give them time to arrange themselves in their proper places. But the kindliness of her "Bless you!" no description could convey. It was a gleam of the pure gold that streaked the granite texture of her character.

The effect my aunt Honoria made upon my juvenile nerves, was rather startling. I was not an heroic youth; so I sobbed out something about being cold, and was immediately swept into the shop by my rapid relative; who, to warm me, bought me a peg-top and four-pennyworth of marbles, the contemplation of which treasures suspended my sobs, and brought consolation to my wretched little heart.

A few well-put queries, soon revealed to her the state of my affairs, and she whisked off to startle the matron of number Nine ward (to which I belonged), from her afternoon nap. I slowly followed—my progress impeded by a broken chilblain—and found the restless spirit of my aunt already domineering over the slow and saturnine presidentess of the ward. The moment I appeared, she pounced upon me, drew off my yellow stocking with astonishing gentleness, and, regarding it with infinite disgust, requested a little warm water, winding up with.

"Be quick, will you, please? and I'll set him to rights in no time."

Then, out of the black bag, came a little box of ointment, and a neat roll of linen rag, and I soon felt a delightful sense of relief and comfort. Finally, the stocking was drawn on again.

"Have you pen and ink here, my good woman?"

Slowly, as if against her will, the matron produced writing materials; and, again, the black bag opened to receive the roll and the ointment, and to give forth a large card; on which my aunt Honoria wrote in big characters, with broad black down-strokes, "Per Paddington Omnibus—to be left at shoemaker's shop, corner New Road." To this she attached a string:

"There," she said, handing it to me. "Hang that round your neck on Wednesday next: it will be a red-letter day—a holiday, you know. Call the omnibus from the gate here. Make the conductor look at your card, and then you will be sure to go all right. You must learn to take care of yourself, mee poor child, and the sooner the better. Now, God bless you! I cannot stop another minute."

Again the finger-ends waved over my head; a rapid and energetic kiss shut up one of my eyes, and the other beheld my aunt stepping away daintily through the damp yard; past the grim porter, to whom she seemed to jerk out some defiant words as she went by. Then she vanished through the gate out into the whirl and rush of Newgate Street.

On the following Wednesday, the omnibus duly deposited me at the shoemaker's. I had not long to wait before being conducted to my aunt's lodging. I found it a charming place to visit, in spite of perpetual injunctions not to touch what did not belong to me without leave. There were, such drawers full of what may most correctly be termed odds and ends! Old watches, and cases, and by-gone apparatus for every description of needle-work; and faded, moonshiny, old miniatures, shadowing forth features too aristocratic to seem at home in a humble third-floor front, in Hanbury Terrace, New Road. Queer scraps of china, transparent and cracked; fragments of plate, forks, and spoons, cleaned down to a thin and weakly condition; duskily-bound albums from which the gilding was worn away, filled with scratchy sketches and incomprehensible conundrums. Then, there was a collection of books in school-room binding, scribbled over the fly-leaves with school-room caricatures, and the oft-repeated name of "Cornelius M'Murrough, his book," in graceful, illegible writing.

"Mee poor brother's hand, mee dear," aunt Honoria would say, "Ah! such a man, mee dear. None of your prosing, pondering, cold-blooded calculators; but full of love, and life, and enjoyment. How could he be expected to be always thinking of the money? No wonder his grasping creditors got the better of him." O'Donnybrook, of the Daily Disseminator, told me, in after-life, that the M'Murrough was the most jovial, disreputable, and generally intoxicated member of their staff

Aunt Honoria would talk by the hour, on this exalted theme, as she sat at a mysterious and complicated work-frame which always stood in the window next the fire-place. It was fringed all round with little bags of every possible hue and texture, out of which, she snatched at intervals, contradictory morsels of floss-silk, worsted, Berlin wool, braid, hooks and eyes, twist, tape, twine, rags, ends of ribbon, beads, buttons, bugles, and every material that the wildest emergency of needle-work could demand.

Questions were dangerous at number Five, Hanbury Terrace. I therefore still remain ignorant of the precise destination of those acres of embroidery, tapestry, and tambour, which I have watched from time to time in progress in that frame. But mature reason inclines me to believe—as I never saw any of the fruits of her labour, either worn by herself, or displayed on her sofas or chairs—that my aunt's performances were exchanged for a consideration which enabled her to exercise a sort of highway and hedge-hunting hospitality towards youthful waifs and strays, cast out by fortune on the ocean of London. She was an admirable story-teller; and often have I and a certain little co-visitor, sat listening entranced to her records of the M'Murroughs, the remarkably pugnacious, rackety race, of which we were scions.

Their principal employment, according to her traditions, when they were not breaking the heads of their foes, the O'Haggertys, was hunting the wild deer; and, when both these excitements palled, they were hurling bars, and running foot-races, or shouting loud choruses to war-songs over their cups. No doubt, therefore, perpetual motion was Miss Honoria M'Murrough's special patrimony, for which, in these degenerate days, the embroidery-frame and a succession of incapables in the shape of what Mrs Crump, the landlady of Number Five, called "gurls," offered the only legitimate excitants.

These historic evenings did not pass without a cloud. I frequently hazarded a disbelief in her stories, that drew down the vials of her wrath on the unhappy red head which had originally attracted her favourable notice. My observations were imbued with what she termed a six-and-eightpenny spirit, "very unlike mee poor brother. It was he, sure, who could tell all the old stories, and sing the old songs. If you were not such a quare little fellow, always wanting to know the use of everything, I would not mind showing ye some pôtry he wrote about the great Malachi M'Murrough," a cheerful monarch, I learnt, who knocked retainers on the head, as readily as he carried off his enemies' beef. And then would come a torrent of reminiscences, pointedly addressed to Mary Lyle, the other little waif.

In spite, however, of my prosaic disposition, my handiness in joining, turning, and carpentering, proved useful in the third-floor front of Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, and, being of use to my aunt, found favour in her eyes. Moreover, she declared that, though Johnny was a quare little fellow, and had not the least taste for the pôtry of life, yet he was kind-hearted, and one whose word she would trust her life to.

Indeed, in spite of my incredulous questionings, Aunt Honoria had no truer admirer than my practical self. I verily believe that those evenings in her "aportments," as she loved to term the third-floor in Number Five, saved my better and more genial spirit from dying out in the atmosphere of cold-hearted routine into which I, a lonely little orphan, was plunged. Moreover, my aunt had a high and chivalrous notion of what a gentleman should be, and was anxious that every wearer of broadcloth, in whose veins a drop of her blood was supposed to flow, should uphold it. Although "mee late brother" was avowedly her beau-ideal of an Irish Gentleman, her own maxims were calculated to form a very different model.

When the yellow-stocking period of my life had merged into the more serious epoch of clerkship in a solicitor's office, at so much, or rather so little, per week, Aunt Honoria continued to rule my destiny. At this time, and for a couple of years previously, she had acquired an inmate in Mary Lyle, my co-listener to the thrilling traditions of the ancient M'Murroughs.

My aunt was never communicative, and snapt up all attempts at cross-examination with silencing abruptness. But I found out that Mary Lyle's father (an ex-companion of the ever-deplored and gifted Cornelius, and "Many and many's the scrape mee poor brother has been led into by that scamp"), after many years' oscillation—scrambling all-fours along the path of life, as Aunt Honoria expressed it—had at length succumbed to repeated fits of delirium-tremens. His helpless daughter, whose career had hitherto been that of general servant to her father, was left undisputed possessor of an ancient violoncello and two bows; the deceased having played on that instrument at any theatre which would engage his services. There were also several manuscript scores of parts, a meerschaum pipe, and a remarkably long file of pawnbroker's duplicates. In less than an hour after the musician's decease, my Aunt Honoria pounced upon the orphan, and swept her into Number Five. Some well-to-do relatives occasionally doled out a pittance towards her support. I well remember a day of delightful and absorbing occupation in dusting, scouring, glueing, and generally repairing an ottoman-bed which my aunt had drawn forth from the depths of a second-hand furniture warehouse in Tottenham Court Road for the use of her protégée, and had been a week bargaining about. This purchase completed the solemn act of adoption. How my Aunt Honoria managed to dress that bewitching little figure with the neat simplicity which was never surprised out of order, and to secure her the basis of a sound education, are secrets known only to the Rewarder of such secrets, and accountable for, only by the rare combination of activity, perseverance, and all-enduring hope which were fused together by the genial warmth of my aunt's self-denying charity.

The evenings when Messrs. Pluckett and Maule's office closed early, soon grew to be delightful hours to me. Our day's work over—for Mary's services were now valued and remunerated at the school at which she had been taught—we listened to the kettle humming in the reddest and tiniest fire imaginable. While my aunt set out the tea-things—a task she never omitted—and I cut bread and butter, what eager discussions arose on the novels we admired and the heroes we adored! Later on a Monday evening, the "gurl" would make her appearance with a newspaper (marked here and there with concentric rings darkly indicative of porter, and held carefully, a fold of her apron intervening between it and her fingers) to deliver the same to my aunt with "Mr. Corrigan's," or sometimes "the Parlour's," compliments, and hopes Miss M'Murrough is quite well.

To which my aunt would reply suitably;

and, perhaps, invite the parlour to "step up," with a running commentary to us: "A very well-informed man, that Corrigan; none of your narrow-minded bigots. I always think he must be connected with the press, he has such a leading-article way of talking." Then my aunt, who was a keen politician, would draw the candle closer, hold up the newspaper in dangerous proximity to the flame, and plunge into the contents; every now and then murmuring loud comments, sometimes complimentary, but more frequently the reverse, on men and things; occasionally reading out remarkably uninteresting passages, which used to clash drolly enough with our young sentimentalities whispered under cover of the newspaper.

I well remember the fatal evening on which—grown by habit secure in my aunt's absorption—I ventured some more than usually demonstrative expression of feelings, which not even the unromantic influence of yellow stockings and the refrigerating routine of a lawyer's office had prevented from growing up in my heart towards my pretty playfellow. Never shall I forget the petrifying effect of my aunt's keen black eyes, piercing through me over the top of the paper. A startling silence and stillness fell down at once upon us, broken only by the loud and awful Hem! with which my aunt cleared her throat for action.

What terrific address might have followed, who can tell? had not a tap at the door at the imminent moment announced the never more welcome Corrigan. My aunt was more than commonly upright and stately on that occasion, and alluded frequently to "mee late brother's" intimacy with many political characters. On Mr. C.'s remarking that the eloquent mimber for Ballykillruddery was, he feared, playing a double game with his party—his name having been missed from two divisions, and he known to have got a cousin into the post-office, and his nurse's step-daughter's nephew into the police—Miss M'Murrough observed: "What was to be expected from the son of a small Ballykillruddery attorney? It was mee father first made a man of him," she continued. "Mee father was always for encouraging cleverness; and I well reminiber Peter Flyn—mee father's butler, Mr. Corrigan—saying he thought the sight would never come back to his eyes the first time he saw little Micke Brady sitting down to dinner with The Master. Times are a good deal changed since that, sir, but I have often heard mee late brother mention that Micke Brady was not a bad sort of fellow, and often gave him orders to get people into places—I don't understand rightly where—but I know he did not quite forget what he owed our family."

"Then, faith, ma'am," said Mr. C., who was remarkable for the ease of his manners, "you should give the honourable mimber a remuider now, and make him get this young gentleman a place under government; for he is all and all with the Marquis of Clanjamfrey."

"It would be shorter to spake to the marquis meeself," replied my Aunt Honoria, with dignity. "He is only a fourth cousin once removed on mee mother's side."

At this piece of information Mr. Corrigan twisted his mouth for one half second into the expression of a whistle; and then opened it to observe, that, for his part, though he despised the adventitious glare of rank, he would not leave such a cousin in ignorance of the lad's existence, and of his willingness to serve his country. To which my aunt rejoined sharply, that it was easy to despise what we did not possess; and, as to making Lord Clanjamfrey of use, there had been a feud between the families, and she did not know if she would condescend to ask a favour of him.

I confess that my faith in Aunt Honoria's influence with cabinet ministers and members of parliament was far from strong; and the only effect her discourse produced on my mind was to raise dim, hopeless desires, that some one or other would, some day, get me a government clerkship with a rising-salary paid quarterly.

After having been transfixed on that fatal Monday evening by my aunt's keen optics, I was naturally more prudent in my attentions to Mary Lyle; who became all the more pensive and sad, in spite of the sharp, short, burning little assurance of affection I always managed to snatch on the stairs, when she lighted me down.

At last, dear old Aunt Honoria could hold out no longer; and, one Sunday evening, there was an unprecedented tremulousness and hesitation in her manner. She looked at us, too, now and then, in a tender, earnest way, that seemed to be bringing tears into her eyes. Presently, with unsteady voice, she laid her hand upon my arm, and said, "It looks a foolish business enough, mee poor children, but I can't say ye no! And perhaps your love for each other, and hoping to be together, will help you on; for, it's wearying to work hard without any hope beyond getting the bare food and raiment. But now think well, mee dears, and consider whether you have the stuff in you that can wait patiently and faithfully for long years, and whether you love each other too much to do anything rash—ay! a long engagement is a terrible trial, but where's the use of more talking?—it's little a pair like you will mind advice now, so ye must run the chances. Our fathers and mothers did before, only God guide ye through them, mee darlin'," she concluded, kissing Mary heartily; and, giving her eyes a furtive rub, rushed into a furious attack upon the gurl for not having brought up the kettle, and "it going on for siven o'clock."

From this period I became, by slow degrees, dimly conscious that a certain mystery

pervaded my aunt's manner, and even her movements. More than once, on Mary's observing that she ought to take another cup of tea, because she had come in so very late and seemed to have been so very far that day, my aunt snapt her up hastily, declaring that she had only been round the corner to rebuke the butterman, or to exhort the laundress. Twice also did I, in the course of my professional duties, run against her in the neighbourhood of the Treasury, and once found myself face to face with her black reticule and baggy umbrella at the entrance to the House of Commons; but, a short and confused account of business connected with "mee late brother," and a recommendation not to indulge useless curiosity, silenced me.

One August evening, more than a year after the above-mentioned encounters, I mounted the stairs at Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, with a heavy heart. Messrs. Pluckett and Maule had that morning refused my modest request for an increase of salary after five years' service, and had insinuated a doubt as to whether they would require my services much longer.

When I opened the door, my aunt, bolt upright, was reading a letter, and Mary, her bright hair a little disordered, was clinging round her in tears. No sooner did they perceive me than they both made a rush to embrace me. My amazement was not soon diminished, for, during several minutes, I could distinguish nothing comprehensible in their exclamations.

"It was a true word of Corrigan's, that I ought to make use of mee relations, an old stock like ours is sure to have some influence," exclaimed my aunt.

"And you will be free from five every evening, and have a fortnight's holiday to go anywhere you like every year," whispered Mary.

"Eighty pounds a-year to begin on, mee precious boy," continued my aunt rapturously, "and a certain rise—if you behave well—(and there is no fear of ye), may-be to the head clerkship and four hundred a-year, and all through y'r poor Aunt Honoria."

After some urgent entreaties and skilful cross examination, I extricated the true state of the case. The letter contained an appointment for me in her Majesty's Hank and Wax office, with all the advantages incoherently set forth by my aunt and Mary. For this, Miss Honoria M'Murrough had besieged the eloquent member for Ballykillruddery, her cousin the marquis, and every parliamentary acquaintance of "mee poor brother," with a pertinacity which she confessed that evening, over a raking pot of tea, had but little food for hope at the outset. "But, mee dear, 'nothing venture nothing have;' so I went on and on, through rain and storm, and waiting rooms and impudent flunkies, till, what with old letters to mee poor brother about his newspaper, and what with being tired of the sight of me, and little Micke Brady acting like a rale friend at last, I got the appointment, and your fortune's made."

What a joyous confused tea drinking! What castles in the air! What overleaping all intermediate steps! What arranging of furniture in our future domicile, and settling how my aunt should keep house when we went on our summer tours.

In another year I was able to take my pretty Mary to a cosy little home of our own, where, before long, my aunt found her presence so really useful as well as welcome, that she yielded to our entreaties to tear herself away from Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, and to take up her abode for the rest of her active life with us.

And this was—and is—the end of Number Five, Hanbury Terrace, aforesaid.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SIXTEENTH.

Published at the Office, No. 16, Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by BRADBURY & EVANS, Whitefriars, London.

THE PERILS

OF

CERTAIN ENGLISH PRISONERS,

AND THEIR TREASURE

IN WOMEN, CHILDREN, SILVER, AND JEWELS.

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CHRISTMAS, 1857. Price **3d.**

INDEX.

CHAPTER I.

THE ISLAND OF SILVER-STORE.

It was in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and forty-four, that I, Gill Davis to command, His Mark, having then the honor to be a private in the Royal Marines, stood a-leaning over the bulwarks of the armed sloop Christopher Columbus, in the South American waters off the Mosquito shore.

My lady remarks to me, before I go any further, that there is no such christian-name as Gill, and that her confident opinion is, that the name given to me in the baptism wherein I was made, &c., was Gilbert. She is certain to be right, but I never heard of it. I was a foundling child, picked up somewhere or another, and I always understood my christian-name to be Gill. It is true that I was called Gills when employed at Snorridge Bottom betwixt Chatham and Maidstone, to frighten birds; but that had nothing to do with the Baptism wherein I was made, &c, and wherein a number of things were promised for me by somebody, who let me alone ever afterwards as to performing any of them, and who, I consider, must have been the Beadle. Such name of Gills was entirely owing to my cheeks, or gills, which at that time of my life were of a raspy description.

My lady stops me again, before I go any further, by laughing exactly in her old way and waving the feather of her pen at me. That action on her part, calls to my mind as I look at her hand with the rings on it—— Well! I won't! To be sure it will come in, in its own place. But it's always strange to me, noticing the quiet hand, and noticing it (as I have done, you know, so many times) a-fondling children and grandchildren asleep, to think that when blood and honor were up—there! I won't! not at present!—Scratch it out.

She won't scratch it out, and quite honorable; because we have made an understanding that everything is to be taken down, and that nothing that is once taken down shall be scratched out. I have the great misfortune not to be able to read and write, and I am speaking my true and faithful account of those Adventures, and my lady is writing it, word for word.

I say, there I was, a-leaning over the bulwarks of the sloop Christopher Columbus in the South American waters off the Mosquito shore: a subject of his Gracious Majesty King George of England, and a private in the Royal Marines.

In those climates, you don't want to do much. I was doing nothing. I was thinking of the shepherd (my father, I wonder ?) on the hill-sides by Snorridge Bottom, with a long staff, and with a rough white coat in all weathers all the year round, who used to let me lie in a corner of his hut by night, and who used to let me go about with him and his sheep by day when I could get nothing else to do, and who used to give me so little of his victuals and so much of his staff, that I ran away from him—which was what he wanted all along, I expect—to be knocked about the world in preference to Snorridge Bottom. I had been knocked about the world for nine-and-twenty years in all, when I stood looking along those bright blue South American waters. Looking after the shepherd, I may say. Watching him in a half-waking dream, with my eyes half-shut, as he, and his flock of sheep, and his two

dogs, seemed to move away from the ship's side, far away over the blue water, and go right down into the sky.

"It's rising out of the water, steady," a voice said close to me. I had been thinking on so, that it like woke me with a start, though it was no stranger voice than the voice of Harry Charker, my own comrade.

"What's rising out of the water, steady?" I asked my comrade.

"What?" says he. "The Island."

"O! The Island!" says I, turning my eyes towards it. "True. I forgot the Island."

"Forgot the port you're going to? That's odd, an't it?"

"It is odd," says I.

"And odd," he said, slowly considering with himself, "an't even. Is it, Gill?"

He had always a remark just like that to make, and seldom another. As soon as he had brought a thing round to what it was not, he was satisfied. He was one of the best of men, and, in a certain sort of a way, one with the least to say for himself. I qualify it, because, besides being able to read and write like a Quarter master, he had always one most excellent idea in his mind. That was, Duty. Upon my soul, I don't believe, though I admire learning beyond everything, that he could have got a better idea out of all the books in the world, if he had learnt them every word, and been the cleverest of scholars.

My comrade and I had been quartered in Jamaica, and from there we had been drafted off to the British settlement of Belize, lying away West and North of the Mosquito coast. At Belize there had been great alarm of one cruel gang of pirates (there were always more pirates than enough in those Caribbean Seas), and as they got the better of our English cruisers by running into out-of-the-way creeks and shallows, and taking the land when they were hotly pressed, the governor of Belize had received orders from home to keep a sharp look-out for them along shore. Now, there was an armed sloop came once a-year from Port Royal, Jamaica, to the Island, laden with all manner of necessaries, to eat and to drink, and to wear, and to use in various ways; and it was aboard of that sloop which had touched at Belize, that I was a-standing, leaning over the bulwarks.

The Island was occupied by a very small English colony. It had been given the name of Silver-Store. The reason of its being so called, was, that the English colony owned and worked a silver mine over on the mainland, in Honduras, and used this island as a safe and convenient place to store their silver in, until it was annually fetched away by the sloop. It was brought down from the mine to the coast on the backs of mules, attended by friendly Indians and guarded by white men; from thence, it was conveyed over to Silver-Store, when the weather was fair, in the canoes of that country; from Silver-Store, it was carried to Jamaica by the armed sloop once a-year, as I have already mentioned; from Jamaica it went, of course, all over the world.

How I came to be aboard the armed sloop, is easily told. Four-and-twenty marines under command of a lieutenant—that officer's name was Linderwood—had been told off at Belize, to proceed to Silver-Store, in aid of boats and seamen stationed there for the chace of the Pirates. The island was considered a good post of observation against the pirates, both by land and sea; neither the pirate ship nor yet her boats had been seen by any of us, but they had been so much heard of, that the reinforcement was sent. Of that party, I was one. It included a corporal and a serjeant. Charker was corporal, and the serjeant's name was Drooce. He was the most tyrannical non-commissioned officer in His Majesty's service.

The night came on, soon after I had had the foregoing words with Charker. All the wonderful bright colors went out of the sea and sky, in a few minutes, and all the stars in the Heavens seemed to shine out together, and to look down at themselves in the sea, over one another's shoulders, millions deep. Next morning, we cast anchor off the Island. There was a snug harbor within a little reef; there was a sandy beach; there were cocoa-nut trees with high straight stems, quite bare, and foliage at the top like plumes of magnificent green feathers; there were all the objects that are usually seen in those parts, and I am not going to describe them, having something else to tell about.

Great rejoicings, to be sure, were made on our arrival. All the flags in the place were hoisted, all the guns in the place were fired, and all the people in the place came down to look at us. One of those Sambo fellows—they call those natives Sambos, when they are half-negro and half-Indian—had come off outside the reef, to pilot us in, and remained on board after we had let go our anchor. He was called Christian George King, and was fonder of all hands than anybody else was. Now, I confess, for myself, that on that first day, if I had been captain of the Christopher Columbus, instead of private in the Royal Marines, I should have kicked Christian George King—who was no more a Christian, than he was a King, or a George—over the side, without exactly knowing why, except that it was the right thing to do.

But, I must likewise confess, that I was not in a particularly pleasant humor, when I stood under arms that morning, aboard the Christopher Columbus in the harbor of the Island of Silver-Store. I had had a hard life, and the life of the English on the Island seemed too easy and too gay, to please me. "Here you are," I thought to myself, "good

scholars and good livers; able to read what you like, able to write what you like, able to eat and drink what you like, and spend what you like, and do what you like; and much *you* care for a poor, ignorant Private in the Royal Marines! Yet it's hard, too, I think, that you should have all the halfpence, and I all the kicks; you all the smooth, and I all the rough; you all the oil, and I all the vinegar." It was as envious a thing to think as might be, let alone its being nonsensical; but, I thought it. I took it so much amiss, that, when a very beautiful young English lady came aboard, I grunted to myself, "Ah! *you* have got a lover, I'll be bound!" As if there was any new offence to me in that, if she had!

She was sister to the captain of our sloop, who had been in a poor way for some time, and who was so ill then that he was obliged to be carried ashore. She was the child of a military officer, and had come out there with her sister, who was married to one of the owners of the silver-mine, and who had three children with her. It was easy to see that she was the light and spirit of the Island. After I had got a good look at her, I grunted to myself again, in an even worse state of mind than before, "I'll be damned, if I don't hate him, whoever he is!"

My officer, Lieutenant Linderwood, was as ill as the captain of the sloop, and was carried ashore, too. They were both young men of about my age, who had been delicate in the West India climate. I even took *that*, in bad part. I thought I was much fitter for the work than they were, and that if all of us had our deserts, I should be both of them rolled into one. (It may be imagined what sort of an officer of marines I should have made, without the power of reading a written order. And as to any knowledge how to command the sloop—Lord! I should have sunk her in a quarter of an hour!)

However, such were my reflections; and when we men were ashore and dismissed, I strolled about the place along with Charker, making my observations in a similar spirit.

It was a pretty place: in all its arrangements partly South American and partly English, and very agreeable to look at on that account, being like a bit of home that had got chipped off and had floated away to that spot, accommodating itself to circumstances as it drifted along. The huts of the Sambos, to the number of five-and-twenty, perhaps, were down by the beach to the left of the anchorage. On the right was a sort of barrack, with a South American Flag and the Union Jack, flying from the same staff, where the little English colony could all come together, if they saw occasion. It was a walled square of building, with a sort of pleasure-ground inside, and inside that again a sunken block like a powder magazine, with a little square trench round it, and steps down to the door. Charker and I were looking in at the gate, which was not guarded; and I had said to Charker, in reference to the bit like a powder magazine, "that's where they keep the silver, you see;" and Charker had said to me, after thinking it over, "And silver an't gold. Is it, Gill?" when the beautiful young English lady I had been so bilious about, looked out of a door, or a window—at all events looked out, from under a bright awning. She no sooner saw us two in uniform, than she came out so quickly that she was still putting on her broad Mexican hat of plaited straw when we saluted.

"Would you like to come in," she said, "and see the place? It is rather a curious place."

We thanked the young lady, and said we didn't wish to be troublesome; but, she said it could be no trouble to an English soldier's daughter, to show English soldiers how their countrymen and countrywomen fared, so far away from England; and consequently we saluted again, and went in. Then, as we stood in the shade, she showed us (being as affable as beautiful), how the different families lived in their separate houses, and how, there was a general house for stores, and a general reading-room, and a general room for music and dancing, and a room for Church; and how there were other houses on the rising-ground called the Signal Hill, where they lived in the hotter weather.

"Your officer has been carried up there," she said, "and my brother, too, for the better air. At present, our few residents are dispersed over both spots: deducting, that is to say, such of our number as are always going to, or coming from, or staying at, the Mine."

("*He* is among one of those parties," I thought, "and I wish somebody would knock his head off.")

"Some of our married ladies live here," she said, "during at least half the year, as lonely as widows, with their children."

"Many children here, ma'am?"

"Seventeen. There are thirteen married ladies, and there are eight like me."

There were not eight like her—there was not one like her—in the world. She meant, single.

"Which, with about thirty Englishmen of various degrees," said the young lady, "form the little colony now on the Island. I don't count the sailors, for they don't belong to us. Nor the soldiers," she gave us a gracious smile when she spoke of the soldiers, "for the same reason."

"Nor the Sambos, ma'am," said I.

"No."

"Under your favor, and with your leave, ma'am," said I, "are they trustworthy?"

"Perfectly! We are all very kind to them, and they are very grateful to us."

"Indeed, ma'am? Now—Christian George King?——"

"Very much attached to us all. Would die for us."

She was, as in my uneducated way I have observed very beautiful women almost always to be, so composed, that her composure gave great weight to what she said, and I believed it.

Then, she pointed out to us the building like a powder magazine, and explained to us in what manner the silver was brought from the mine, and was brought over from the mainland, and was stored there. The Christopher Columbus would have a rich lading, she said, for there had been a great yield that year, a much richer yield than usual, and there was a chest of jewels besides the silver.

When we had looked about us, and were getting sheepish, through fearing we were troublesome, she turned us over to a young woman, English born but West India bred, who served her as her maid. This young woman was the widow of a non-commissioned officer in a regiment of the line. She had got married and widowed at St. Vincent, with only a few months between the two events. She was a little saucy woman, with a bright pair of eyes, rather a neat little foot and figure, and rather a neat little turned-up nose. The sort of young woman, I considered at the time, who appeared to invite you to give her a kiss, and who would have slapped your face if you accepted the invitation.

I couldn't make out her name at first; for, when she gave it in answer to my inquiry, it sounded like Beltot, which didn't sound right. But, when we became better acquainted—which was while Charker and I were drinking sugar-cane sangaree, which she made in a most excellent manner—I found that her Christian name was Isabella, which they shortened into Bell, and that the name of the deceased non-commissioned officer was Tott. Being the kind of neat little woman it was natural to make a toy of,—I never saw a woman so like a toy in my life—she had got the plaything name of Belltott. In short, she had no other name on the island. Even Mr. Commissioner Pordage (and *he* was a grave one!) formally addressed her as Mrs. Belltott. But, I shall come to Mr. Commissioner Pordage presently.

The name of the captain of the sloop was Captain Maryon, and therefore it was no news to hear from Mrs. Belltott, that his sister, the beautiful unmarried young English lady, was Miss Maryon. The novelty was, that her Christian name was Marion too. Marion Maryon. Many a time I have run off those two names in my thoughts, like a bit of verse. O many, and many, and many, a time!

We saw out all the drink that was produced, like good men and true, and then took our leaves, and went down to the beach. The weather was beautiful; the wind steady, low, and gentle; the island, a picture; the sea, a picture; the sky, a picture. In that country there are two rainy seasons in the year. One sets in at about our English Midsummer; the other, about a fortnight after our English Michaelmas. It was the beginning of August at that time; the first of these rainy seasons was well over; and everything was in its most beautiful growth, and had its loveliest look upon it.

"They enjoy themselves here," I says to Charker, turning surly again. "This is better than private-soldiering."

We had come down to the beach, to be friendly with the boat's-crew who were camped and hutted there; and we were approaching towards their quarters over the sand, when Christian George King comes up from the landing-place at a wolf's-trot, crying, "Yup, So-Jeer!"—which was that Sambo Pilot's barbarous way of saying, Hallo, Soldier! I have stated myself to be a man of no learning, and, if I entertain prejudices, I hope allowance may be made. I will now confess to one. It may be a right one or it may be a wrong one; but, I never did like Natives, except in the form of oysters.

So, when Christian George King, who was individually unpleasant to me besides, comes a trotting along the sand, clucking "Yup, So-Jeer!" I had a thundering good mind to let fly at him with my right. I certainly should have done it, but that it would have exposed me to reprimand.

"Yup, So Jeer!" says he. "Bad job."

"What do you mean?" says I.

"Yup, So-Jeer!" says he, "Ship Leakee."

"Ship leaky?" says I.

"Iss," says he, with a nod that looked as if it was jerked out of him by a most violent hiccup—which is the way with those savages.

I cast my eyes at Charker, and we both heard the pumps going aboard the sloop, and saw the signal run up, "Come on board; hands wanted from the shore." In no time some of the sloop's liberty-men were already running down to the water's edge, and the party of seamen, under orders against the Pirates, were putting off to the Columbus in two boats.

"Oh Christian George King sar berry sorry!" says that Sambo vagabond, then. "Christian George King cry, English fashion!" His English fashion of crying was to screw his black knuckles into his eyes, howl like a dog, and roll himself on his back on the sand. It was trying not to kick him, but I gave Charker the word, "Double-quick, Harry!" and we got down to the water's edge, and got on board the sloop.

By some means or other, she had sprung such a leak, that no pumping would keep her free; and what between the two fears that she would go down in the harbor, and that, even if she did not, all the supplies she had brought for the little colony would be destroyed by the sea-water as it rose in her, there was great confusion. In the midst of it, Captain Maryon was heard hailing from the beach.

He had been carried down in his hammock, and looked very bad; but, he insisted on being stood there on his feet; and I saw him, myself, come off in the boat, sitting upright in the stern-sheets, as if nothing was wrong with him.

A quick sort of council was held, and Captain Maryon soon resolved that we must all fall to work to get the cargo out, and, that when that was done, the guns and heavy matters must be got out, and that the sloop must be hauled ashore, and careened, and the leak stopped. We were all mustered (the Pirate-Chace party volunteering), and told off into parties, with so many hours of spell and so many hours of relief, and we all went at it with a will. Christian George King was entered one of the party in which I worked, at his own request, and he went at it with as good a will as any of the rest. He went at it with so much heartiness, to say the truth, that he rose in my good opinion, almost as fast as the water rose in the ship. Which was fast enough, and faster.

Mr. Commissioner Pordage kept in a red and black japanned box, like a family lump sugar box, some document or other which some Sambo chief or other had got drunk and spilt some ink over (as well as I could understand the matter), and by that means had given up lawful possession of the Island. Through having hold of this box, Mr. Pordage got his title of Commissioner. He was styled Consul, too, and spoke of himself as "Government."

He was a stiff-jointed, high nosed old gentleman, without an ounce of fat on him, of a very angry temper and a very yellow complexion. Mrs. Commissioner Pordage, making allowance for difference of sex, was much the same. Mr. Kitten, a small, youngish, bald, botanical and mineralogical gentleman, also connected with the mine—but everybody there was that, more or less—was sometimes called by Mr. Commissioner Pordage, his Vice-commissioner, and sometimes his Deputy-consul. Or sometimes he spoke of Mr. Kitten, merely as being "under Government."

The beach was beginning to be a lively scene with the preparations for careening the sloop, and, with cargo, and spars, and rigging, and water-casks, dotted about it, and with temporary quarters for the men rising up there out of such sails and odds and ends as could be best set on one side to make them, when Mr. Commissioner Pordage comes down in a high fluster, and asks for Captain Maryon. The Captain, ill as he was, was slung in his hammock betwixt two trees, that he might direct; and he raised his head, and answered for himself.

"Captain Maryon," cries Mr. Commissioner Pordage, "this is not official. This is not regular."

"Sir," says the Captain, "it hath been arranged with the clerk and supercargo, that you should be communicated with, and requested to render any little assistance that may lie in your power. I am quite certain that hath been duly done."

"Captain Maryon," replies Mr. Commissioner Pordage, "there hath been no written correspondence. No documents have passed, no memoranda have been made, no minutes have been made, no entries and counter-entries appear in the official muniments. This is indecent. I call upon you, sir, to desist, until all is regular, or Government will take this up."

"Sir," says Captain Maryon, chafing a little, as he looked out of his hammock; "between the chances of Government taking this up, and my ship taking herself down, I much prefer to trust myself to the former."

"You do, sir!" cries Mr. Commissioner Pordage.

"I do, sir," says Captain Maryon, lying down again.

"Then, Mr. Kitten," says the Commissioner, "send up instantly for my Diplomatic coat."

He was dressed in a linen suit at that moment; but, Mr. Kitten started off himself and brought down the Diplomatic coat, which was a blue cloth one, gold-laced, and with a crown on the button.

"Now, Mr. Kitten," says Pordage, "I instruct you, as Vice-commissioner, and Deputy-consul of this place, to demand of Captain Maryon, of the sloop Christopher Columbus, whether he drives me to the act of putting this coat on!"

"Mr. Pordage," says Captain Maryon, looking out of his hammock again, "as I can hear what you say, I can answer it without troubling the gentleman. I should be sorry that you should be at the pains of putting on too hot a coat on my account; but, otherwise, you may put it on hind-side before, or inside-out, or with your legs in the sleeves, or your head in the skirts, for any objection that I have to offer to your thoroughly pleasing yourself."

"Very good, Captain Maryon," says Pordage, in a tremendous passion. "Very good, sir. Be the consequences on your own head! Mr. Kitten, as it has come to this, help me on with it."

When he had given that order, he walked off in the coat, and all our names were taken, and I was afterwards told that Mr. Kitten wrote from his dictation more than a bushel of large paper on the subject, which cost more before it was done with, than ever could be calculated, and which only got done with after all, by being lost.

Our work went on merrily, nevertheless, and the Christopher Columbus, hauled up, lay helpless on her side like a great fish out of water. While she was in that state, there was a feast, or a ball, or an entertainment, or more properly all three together, given us in honor of the ship, and the ship's company, and the other visitors. At that assembly, I believe, I saw all the inhabitants then upon

the Island, without any exception. I took no particular notice of more than a few, but I found it very agreeable in that little corner of the world to see the children, who were of all ages, and mostly very pretty—as they mostly are. There was one handsome elderly lady, with very dark eyes and grey hair, that I inquired about. I was told that her name was Mrs. Venning; and her married daughter, a fair slight thing, was pointed out to me by the name of Fanny Fisher. Quite a child she looked, with a little copy of herself holding to her dress; and her husband, just come back from the mine, exceeding proud of her. They were a good-looking set of people on the whole, but I didn't like them. I was out of sorts; in conversation with Charker, I found fault with all of them. I said of Mrs. Venning, she was proud; of Mrs. Fisher, she was a delicate little baby-fool. What did I think of this one? Why, he was a fine gentleman. What did I say to that one? Why, she was a fine lady. What could you expect them to be (I asked Charker), nursed in that climate, with the tropical night shining for them, musical instruments playing to them, great trees bending over them, soft lamps lighting them, fire-flies sparkling in among them, bright flowers and birds brought into existence to please their eyes, delicious drinks to be had for the pouring out, delicious fruits to be got for the picking, and every one dancing and murmuring happily in the scented air, with the sea breaking low on the reef for a pleasant chorus.

"Fine gentlemen and fine ladies, Harry?" I says to Charker. "Yes, I think so! Dolls! Dolls! Not the sort of stuff for wear, that comes of poor private soldiering in the Royal Marines!"

However, I could not gainsay that they were very hospitable people, and that they treated us uncommonly well. Every man of us was at the entertainment, and Mrs. Belltott had more partners than she could dance with: though she danced all night, too. As to Jack (whether of the Christopher Columbus, or of the Pirate pursuit party, it made no difference), he danced with his brother Jack, danced with himself, danced with the moon, the stars, the trees, the prospect, anything. I didn't greatly take to the chief-officer of that party, with his bright eyes, brown face, and easy figure. I didn't much like his way when he first happened to come where we were, with Miss Maryon on his arm. "Oh, Captain Carton," she says, "here are two friends of mine!" He says, "Indeed? These two Marines?"—meaning Charker and self. "Yes," says she, "I showed these two friends of mine when they first came, all the wonders of Silver-Store." He gave us a laughing look, and says he, "You are in luck, men. I would be disrated and go before the mast to-morrow, to be shown the way upward again by such a guide. You are in luck, men." When we had saluted, and he and the young lady had waltzed away, I said, "You are a pretty fellow, too, to talk of luck. You may go to the Devil!"

Mr. Commissioner Pordage and Mrs. Commissioner, showed among the company on that occasion like the King and Queen of a much Greater Britain than Great Britain. Only two other circumstances in that jovial night made much separate impression on me. One was this. A man in our draft of marines, named Tom Packer, a wild unsteady young fellow, but the son of a respectable shipwright in Portsmouth Yard, and a good scholar who had been well brought up, comes to me after a spell of dancing, and takes me aside by the elbow, and says, swearing angrily:

"Gill Davis, I hope I may not be the death of Serjeant Drooce one day!"

Now, I knew Drooce always had borne particularly hard on this man, and I knew this man to be of a very hot temper: so, I said:

"Tut, nonsense! don't talk so to me! If there's a man in the corps who scorns the name of an assassin, that man and Tom Packer are one."

Tom wipes his head, being in a mortal sweat, and says he:

"I hope so, but I can't answer for myself when he lords it over me, as he has just now done, before a woman. I tell you what, Gill! Mark my words! It will go hard with Serjeant Drooce, if ever we are in an engagement together, and he has to look to me to save him. Let him say a prayer then, if he knows one, for it's all over with him, and he is on his Death-bed. Mark my words!"

I did mark his words, and very soon afterwards, too, as will shortly be taken down.

The other circumstance that I noticed at that ball, was, the gaiety and attachment of Christian George King. The innocent spirits that Sambo Pilot was in, and the impossibility he found himself under of showing all the little colony, but especially the ladies and children, how fond he was of them, how devoted to them, and how faithful to them for life and death, for present, future, and everlasting, made a great impression on me. If ever a man, Sambo or no Sambo, was trustful and trusted, to what may be called quite an infantine and sweetly beautiful extent, surely, I thought that morning when I did at last lie down to rest, it was that Sambo Pilot, Christian George King.

This may account for my dreaming of him. He stuck in my sleep, cornerwise, and I couldn't get him out. He was always flitting about me, dancing round me, and peeping in over my hammock, though I woke and dozed off again fifty times. At last, when I opened my eyes, there he really was, looking in at the open side of the little dark hut; which was made of leaves, and had Charker's hammock slung in it as well as mine.

"So-Jeer!" says he, in a sort of a low croak. "Yup!"

"Hallo!" says I, starting up. "What? You *are* there, are you?"

"Iss," says he. "Christian George King got news."

"What news has he got?"

"Pirates out!"

I was on my feet in a second. So was Charker. We were both aware that Captain Carton, in command of the boats, constantly watched the main land for a secret signal, though, of course, it was not known to such as us what the signal was.

Christian George King had vanished before we touched the ground. But, the word was already passing from hut to hut to turn out quietly, and we knew that the nimble barbarian had got hold of the truth, or something near it.

In a space among the trees behind the encampment of us visitors, naval and military, was a snugly-screened spot, where we kept the stores that were in use, and did our cookery. The word was passed to assemble here. It was very quickly given, and was given (so far as we were concerned) by Serjeant Drooce, who was as good in a soldier point of view, as he was bad in a tyrannical one. We were ordered to drop into this space, quietly, behind the trees, one by one. As we assembled here, the seamen assembled too. Within ten minutes, as I should estimate, we were all here, except the usual guard upon the beach. The beach (we could see it through the wood) looked as it always had done in the hottest time of the day. The guard were in the shadow of the sloop's hull, and nothing was moving but the sea, and that moved very faintly. Work had always been knocked off at that hour, until the sun grew less fierce, and the sea-breeze rose; so that its being holiday with us, made no difference, just then, in the look of the place. But, I may mention that it was a holiday, and the first we had had since our hard work began. Last night's ball had been given, on the leak's being repaired, and the careening done. The worst of the work was over, and to-morrow we were to begin to get the sloop afloat again.

We marines were now drawn up here, under arms. The chace-party were drawn up separate. The men of the Columbus were drawn up separate. The officers stepped out into the midst of the three parties, and spoke so' as all might hear. Captain Carton was the officer in command, and he had a spy-glass in his hand. His coxswain stood by him with another spy-glass, and with a slate on which he seemed to have been taking down signals.

"Now, men!" says Captain Carton; "I have to let you know, for your satisfaction: Firstly, that there are ten pirate-boats, strongly-manned and armed, lying hidden up a creek yonder on the coast, under the overhanging branches of the dense trees. Secondly, that they will certainly come out this night when the moon rises, on a pillaging and murdering expedition, of which some part of the main land is the object. Thirdly—don't cheer, men!—that we will give chace, and, if we can get at them, rid the world of them, please God!"

Nobody spoke, that I heard, and nobody moved, that I saw. Yet there was a kind of ring, as if every man answered and approved with the best blood that was inside of him.

"Sir," says Captain Maryon, "I beg to volunteer on this service, with my boats. My people volunteer, to the ship's boys."

"In His Majesty's name and service," the other answers, touching his hat, "I accept your aid with pleasure. Lieutenant Linderwood, how will you divide your men?"

I was ashamed—I give it out to be written down as large and plain as possible—I was heart and soul ashamed of my thoughts of those two sick officers, Captain Maryon and Lieutenant Linderwood, when I saw them, then and there. The spirit in those two gentlemen beat down their illness (and very ill I knew them to be) like Saint George beating down the Dragon. Pain and weakness, want of ease and want of rest, had no more place in their minds than fear itself. Meaning now to express for my lady to write down, exactly what I felt then and there, I felt this: "You two brave fellows that I have been so grudgeful of, I know that if you were dying you would put it off to get up and do your best, and then you would be so modest that in lying down again to die, you would hardly say, 'I did it!'"

It did me good. It really did me good.

But, to go back to where I broke off. Says Captain Carton to Lieutenant Linderwood, "Sir, how will you divide your men? There is not room for all; and a few men should, in any case, be left here."

There was some debate about it. At last, it was resolved to leave eight Marines and four seamen on the Island, besides the sloop's two boys. And because it was considered that the friendly Sambos would only want to be commanded in case of any danger (though none at all was apprehended there), the officers were in favour of leaving the two non-commissioned officers, Drooce and Charker. It was a heavy disappointment to them, just as my being one of the left was a heavy disappointment to me—then, but not soon afterwards. We men drew lots for it, and I drew "Island." So did Tom Packer. So, of course, did four more of our rank and file.

When this was settled, verbal instructions were given to all hands to keep the intended expedition secret, in order that the women and children might not be alarmed, or the expedition put in a difficulty by more volunteers. The assembly was to be on that same spot, at sunset. Every man was to keep

up an appearance, meanwhile, of occupying himself in his usual way. That is to say, every man excepting four old trusty seamen, who were appointed, with an officer, to see to the arms and ammunition, and to muffle the rullocks of the boats, and to make everything as trim and swift and silent as it could be made.

The Sambo Pilot had been present all the while, in case of his being wanted, and had said to the officer in command, five hundred times over if he had said it once, that Christian George King would stay with the So-Jeers, and take care of the booffer ladies and the booffer childs—booffer being that native's expression for beautiful. He was now asked a few questions concerning the putting off of the boats, and in particular whether there was any way of embarking at the back of the Island: which Captain Carton would have half liked to do, and then have dropped round in its shadow and slanted across to the main. But, "No," says Christian George King. "No, no, no! Told you so, ten time. No, no, no! All reef, all rock, all swim, all drown!" Striking out as he said it, like a swimmer gone mad, and turning over on his back on dry land, and spluttering himself to death, in a manner that made him quite an exhibition.

The sun went down, after appearing to be a long time about it, and the assembly was called. Every man answered to his name, of course, and was at his post. It was not yet black dark, and the roll was only just gone through, when up comes Mr Commissioner Pordage with his Diplomatic coat on.

"Captain Carton," says he, "Sir, what is this?"

"This, Mr. Commissioner," (he was very short with him) "is an expedition against the Pirates. It is a secret expedition, so please to keep it a secret."

"Sir," says Commissioner Pordage, "I trust there is going to be no unnecessary cruelty committed?"

"Sir," returns the officer, "I trust not."

"That is not enough, sir," cries Commissioner Pordage, getting wroth. "Captain Carton, I give you notice. Government requires you to treat the enemy with great delicacy, consideration, clemency, and forbearance."

"Sir," says Captain Carton, "I am an English Officer, commanding English Men, and I hope I am not likely to disappoint the Government's just expectations. But, I presume you know that these villains under their black flag have despoiled our countrymen of their property, burnt their homes, barbarously murdered them and their little children, and worse than murdered their wives and daughters?"

"Perhaps I do, Captain Carton," answers Pordage, waving his hand, with dignity; "perhaps I do not. It is not customary, sir, for Government to commit itself."

"It matters very little, Mr. Pordage, whether or no. Believing that I hold my commission by the allowance of God, and not that I have received it direct from the Devil, I shall certainly use it, with all avoidance of unnecessary suffering and with all merciful swiftness of execution, to exterminate these people from the face of the earth. Let me recommend you to go home, sir, and to keep out of the night-air."

Never another syllable did that officer say to the Commissioner, but turned away to his men. The Commissioner buttoned his Diplomatic coat to the chin, said, "Mr. Kitten, attend me!" gasped, half choked himself, and took himself off.

It now fell very dark, indeed. I have seldom, if ever, seen it darker, nor yet so dark. The moon was not due until one in the morning, and it was but a little after nine when our men lay down where they were mustered. It was pretended that they were to take a nap, but everybody knew that no nap was to be got under the circumstances. Though all were very quiet, there was a restlessness among the people; much what I have seen among the people on a race course, when the bell has rung for the saddling for a great race with large stakes on it.

At ten, they put off; only one boat putting off at a time; another following in five minutes; both then lying on their oars until another followed. Ahead of all, paddling his own outlandish little canoe without a sound, went the Sambo pilot, to take them safely outside the reef. No light was shown but once, and that was in the commanding officer's own hand. I lighted the dark lantern for him, and he took it from me when he embarked. They had blue lights and such like with them, but kept themselves as dark as Murder.

The expedition got away with wonderful quietness, and Christian George King soon came back, dancing with joy.

"Yup, So-Jeer," says he to myself in a very objectionable kind of convulsions, "Christian George King sar berry glad. Pirates all be blown a-pieces. Yup! Yup!"

My reply to that cannibal was, "However glad you may be, hold your noise, and don't dance jigs and slap your knees about it, for I can't abear to see you do it."

I was on duty then; we twelve who were left, being divided into four watches of three each, three hours' spell. I was relieved at twelve. A little before that time, I had challenged, and Miss Maryon and Mrs. Belltott had come in.

"Good Davis," says Miss Maryon, "what is the matter? Where is my brother?"

I told her what was the matter, and where her brother was.

"O Heaven help him!" says she, clasping her hands and looking up—she was close in front of me, and she looked most lovely to be sure; "he is not sufficiently recovered, not strong enough, for such strife!"

"If you had seen him, miss," I told her, "as I saw him when he volunteered, you would have known that his spirit is strong enough for any strife. It will bear his body, miss, to wherever duty calls him. It will always bear him to an honorable life, or a brave death."

"Heaven bless you!" says she, touching my arm. "I know it. Heaven bless you!"

Mrs. Belltott surprised me by trembling and saying nothing. They were still standing looking towards the sea and listening, after the relief had come round. It continuing very dark, I asked to be allowed to take them back. Miss Maryon thanked me, and she put her arm in mine, and I did take them back. I have now got to make a confession that will appear singular. After I had left them, I laid myself down on my face on the beach, and cried, for the first time since I had frightened birds as a boy at Snorridge Bottom, to think what a poor, ignorant, low-placed, private soldier I was.

It was only for half a minute or so. A man can't at all times be quite master of himself, and it was only for half a minute or so. Then I up and went to my hut, and turned into my hammock, and fell asleep with wet eyelashes, and a sore, sore heart. Just as I had often done when I was a child, and had been worse used than usual.

I slept (as a child under those circumstances might) very sound, and yet very sore at heart all through my sleep. I was awoke by the words, "He is a determined man." I had sprung out of my hammock, and had seized my firelock, and was standing on the ground, saying the words myself "He is a determined man." But, the curiosity of my state was, that I seemed to be repeating them after somebody, and to have been wonderfully startled by hearing them

As soon as I came to myself, I went out of the hut, and away to where the guard was. Charker challenged. "Who goes there?" "A friend." "Not Gill?" says he, as he shouldered his piece. "Gill," says I. "Why, what the deuce do you do out of your hammock?" says he. "Too hot for sleep," says I; "is all right?" "Right!" says Charker, "yes, yes; all's right enough here; what should be wrong here? It's the boats that we want to know of. Except for fire-flies twinkling about, and the lonesome splashes of great creatures as they drop into the water, there's nothing going on here to ease a man's mind from the boats."

The moon was above the sea, and had risen, I should say, some half-an-hour. As Charker spoke, with his face towards the sea, I, looking landward, suddenly laid my right hand on his breast, and said, "Don't move. Don't turn. Don't raise your voice! You never saw a Maltese face here?"

"No. What do you mean?" he asks, staring at me.

"Nor yet an English face, with one eye and a patch across the nose?"

"No. What ails you? What do you mean?"

I had seen both, looking at us round the stem of a cocoa nut tree, where the moon struck them. I had seen that Sambo Pilot, with one hand laid on the stem of the tree, drawing them back into the heavy shadow. I had seen their naked cutlasses twinkle and shine, like bits of the moonshine in the water that had got blown ashore among the trees by the light wind. I had seen it all, in a moment. And I saw in a moment (as any man would), that the signalled move of the pirates on the main-land was a plot and a feint; that the leak had been made to disable the sloop; that the boats had been tempted away, to leave the Island unprotected; that the pirates had landed by some secreted way at the back; and that Christian George King was a double-dyed traitor, and a most infernal villain.

I considered, still all in one and the same moment, that Charker was a brave man, but not quick with his head; and that Serjeant Drooce, with a much better head, was close by. All I said to Charker was, "I am afraid we are betrayed. Turn your back full to the moonlight on the sea, and cover the stem of the cocoa-nut tree which will then be right before you, at the height of a man's heart. Are you right?"

"I am right," says Charker, turning instantly, and falling into the position with a nerve of iron; "and right a'nt left. Is it Gill?"

A few seconds brought me to Serjeant Drooce's hut. He was fast asleep, and being a heavy sleeper, I had to lay my hand upon him to rouse him. The instant I touched him he came rolling out of his hammock, and upon me like a tiger. And a tiger he was, except that he knew what he was up to, in his utmost heat, as well as any man.

I had to struggle with him pretty hard to bring him to his senses, panting all the while (for he gave me a breather), "Serjeant, I am Gill Davis! Treachery! Pirates on the Island!"

The last words brought him round, and he took his hands off. "I have seen two of them within this minute," said I. And so I told him what I had told Harry Charker.

His soldierly, though tyrannical, head was clear in an instant. He didn't waste one word, even of surprise. "Order the guard," says he, "to draw off quietly into the Fort." (They called the enclosure I have before mentioned, the Fort, though it was not much of that.) "Then get you to the Fort as quick as you can, rouse up every soul there, and fasten the gate. I will bring in all those who are up at the Signal Hill. If we are surrounded before we can join you, you must make a sally and cut us out if you can. The word among our men is, 'Women and children!'"

He burst away, like fire going before the wind over dry reeds. He roused up the seven men who were off duty, and had them bursting away with him, before they knew they were not asleep. I reported orders to Charker, and ran to the Fort, as I have never run at any other time in all my life: no, not even in a dream.

The gate was not fast, and had no good fastening: only a double wooden bar, a poor chain, and a bad lock. Those, I secured as well as they could be secured in a few seconds by one pair of hands, and so ran to that part of the building where Miss Maryon lived. I called to her loudly by her name until she answered. I then called loudly all the names I knew—Mrs. Macey (Miss Maryon's married sister), Mr. Macey, Mrs. Venning, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, even Mr. and Mrs. Pordage. Then I called out, "All you gentlemen here, get up and defend the place! We are caught in a trap. Pirates have landed. We are attacked!"

At the terrible word "Pirates!"—for, those villains had done such deeds in those seas as never can be told in writing, and can scarcely be so much as thought of—cries and screams rose up from every part of the place. Quickly, lights moved about from window to window, and the cries moved about with them, and men, women and children came flying down into the square. I remarked to myself, even then, what a number of things I seemed to see at once. I noticed Mrs. Macey coming towards me, carrying all her three children together. I noticed Mr. Pordage, in the greatest terror, in vain trying to get on his Diplomatic coat; and Mr. Kitten respectfully tying his pocket-handkerchief over Mrs. Pordage's nightcap. I noticed Mrs. Belltott run out screaming, and shrink upon the ground near me, and cover her face in her hands, and lie, all of a bundle, shivering. But, what I noticed with the greatest pleasure was, the determined eyes with which those men of the Mine that I had thought fine gentlemen, came round me with what arms they had: to the full as cool and resolute as I could be, for my life—aye, and for my soul, too, into the bargain!

The chief person being Mr. Macey, I told him how the three men of the guard would be at the gate directly, if they were not already there, and how Serjeant Drooce and the other seven were gone to bring in the outlying part of the people of Silver-store. I next urged him, for the love all who were dear to him, to trust no Sambo, and, above all, if he could get any good chance at Christian George King, not to lose it, but to put him out of the world. "I will follow your advice to the letter, Davis," says he; "what next?" My answer was, "I think, sir, I would recommend you next, to order down such heavy furniture and lumber as can be moved, and make a barricade within the gate." "That's good again," says he; "will you see it done?" "I'll willingly help to do it," says I, "unless or until my superior, Serjeant Drooce, gives me other orders." He shook me by the hand, and having told off some of his companions to help me, bestirred himself to look to the arms and ammunition. A proper quick, brave, steady, ready gentleman!

One of their three little children was deaf and dumb. Miss Maryon had been from the first with all the children, soothing them, and dressing them (poor little things, they had been brought out of their beds), and making them believe that it was a game of play, so that some of them were now even laughing. I had been working hard with the others at the barricade, and had got up a pretty good breastwork within the gate. Drooce and the seven had come back, bringing in the people from the Signal Hill, and had worked along with us: but, I had not so much as spoken a word to Drooce, nor had Drooce so much as spoken a word to me, for we were both too busy. The breastwork was now finished, and I found Miss Maryon at my side, with a child in her arms. Her dark hair was fastened round her head with a band. She had a quantity of it, and it looked even richer and more precious, put up hastily out of her way, than I had seen it look when it was carefully arranged. She was very pale, but extraordinarily quiet and still.

"Dear good Davis," said she, "I have been waiting to speak one word to you."

I turned to her directly. If I had received a musket-ball in the heart, and she had stood there, I almost believe I should have turned to her before I dropped.

"This pretty little creature," said she, kissing the child in her arms, who was playing with her hair and trying to pull it down, "cannot hear what we say—can hear nothing. I trust you so much, and have such great confidence in you, that I want you to make me a promise."

"What is it, Miss?"

"That if we are defeated, and you are absolutely sure of my being taken, you will kill me."

"I shall not be alive to do it, Miss. I shall have died in your defence before it comes to that. They must step across my body, to lay a hand on you."

"But, if you are alive, you brave soldier." How she looked at me! "And if you cannot save me from the Pirates, living, you will save me, dead. Tell me so."

Well! I told her I would do that, at the last, if all else failed. She took my hand—my rough, coarse hand—and put it to her lips. She put it to the child's lips, and the child kissed it. I believe I had the strength of half a dozen men in me, from that moment, until the fight was over.

All this time, Mr. Commissioner Pordage had been wanting to make a Proclamation to

the Pirates, to lay down their arms and go away; and everybody had been hustling him about and tumbling over him, while he was calling for pen and ink to write it with. Mrs. Pordage, too, had some curious ideas about the British respectability of her night-cap (which had as many frills to it, growing in layers one inside another, as if it was a white vegetable of the artichoke sort), and she wouldn't take the nightcap off, and would be angry when it got crushed by the other ladies who were handing things about, and, in short, she gave as much trouble as her husband did. But, as we were now forming for the defence of the place, they were both poked out of the way with no ceremony. The children and ladies were got into the little trench which surrounded the silver-house (we were afraid of leaving them in any of the light buildings, lest they should be set on fire), and we made the best disposition we could. There was a pretty good store, in point of amount, of tolerable swords and cutlasses. Those were issued. There were, also, perhaps a score or so of spare muskets. Those were brought out. To my astonishment, little Mrs. Fisher that I had taken for a doll and a baby, was not only very active in that service, but volunteered to load the spare arms.

"For, I understand it well," says she, cheerfully, without a shake in her voice.

"I am a soldier's daughter and a sailor's sister, and I understand it too," says Miss Maryon, just in the same way.

Steady and busy behind where I stood, those two beautiful and delicate young women fell to handling the guns, hammering the flints, looking to the locks, and quietly directing others to pass up powder and bullets from hand to hand, as unflinching as the best of tried soldiers.

Serjeant Drooce had brought in word that the pirates were very strong in numbers—over a hundred, was his estimate—and that they were not, even then, all landed; for, he had seen them in a very good position on the further side of the Signal Hill, evidently waiting for the rest of their men to come up. In the present pause, the first we had had since the alarm, he was telling this over again to Mr. Macey, when Mr. Macey suddenly cried out:

"The signal! Nobody has thought of the signal!"

We knew of no signal, so we could not have thought of it. "What signal may you mean, sir?" says Serjeant Drooce, looking sharp at him.

"There is a pile of wood upon the Signal Hill. If it could be lighted—which never has been done yet—it would be a signal of distress to the mainland."

Charker cries, directly: "Serjeant Drooce, dispatch me on that duty. Give me the two men who were on guard with me to-night, and I'll light the fire, if it can be done."

"And if it can't, Corporal——" Mr. Macey strikes in.

"Look at these ladies and children, sir!" says Charker. "I'd sooner *light myself*, than not try any chance to save them."

We gave him a Hurrah!—it burst from us, come of it what might—and he got his two men, and was let out at the gate, and crept away. I had no sooner come back to my place from being one of the party to handle the gate, than Miss Maryon said in a low voice behind me:

"Davis, will you look at this powder. This is not right?"

I turned my head. Christian George King again, and treachery again! Sea-water had been conveyed into the magazine, and every grain of powder was spoiled!

"Stay a moment," said Serjeant Drooce, when I had told him, without causing a movement in a muscle of his face: "look to your pouch, my lad. You Tom Packer, look to your pouch, confound you! Look to your pouches, all you Marines."

The same artful savage had got at them, somehow or another, and the cartridges were all unserviceable. "Hum!" says the Serjeant, "Look to your loading, men. You are right so far?"

Yes; we were right so far.

"Well, my lads, and gentlemen all," says the Serjeant, "this will be a hand-to-hand affair, and so much the better."

He treated himself to a pinch of snuff, and stood up, square-shouldered and broad-chested, in the light of the moon—which was now very bright—as cool as if he was waiting for a play to begin. He stood quiet, and we all stood quiet, for a matter of something like half-an-hour. I took notice from such whispered talk as there was, how little we that the silver did not belong to, thought about it, and how much the people that it did belong to, thought about it. At the end of the half-hour, it was reported from the gate that Charker and the two were falling back on us, pursued by about a dozen.

"Sally! Gate-party, under Gill Davis," says the Sergeant, "and bring 'em in! Like men, now!"

We were not long about it, and we brought them in. "Don't take me," says Charker, holding me round the neck, and stumbling down at my feet when the gate was fast, "don't take me near the ladies or the children, Gill. They had better not see Death, till it can't be helped. They'll see it soon enough."

"Harry!" I answered, holding up his head. "Comrade!"

He was cut to pieces. The signal had been secured by the first pirate party that landed; his hair was all singed off, and his face was blackened with the running pitch from a torch.

He made no complaint of pain, or of anything. "Good bye, old chap," was all he

said, with a smile. "I've got my death. And Death a'nt life. Is it, Gill?"

Having helped to lay his poor body on one side, I went back to my post. Serjeant Drooce looked at me, with his eyebrows a little lifted. I nodded. "Close up here, men, and gentlemen all!" said the Serjeant. "A place too many, in the line."

The Pirates were so close upon us at this time, that the foremost of them were already before the gate. More and more came up, with a great noise, and shouting loudly. When we believed from the sound that they were all there, we gave three English cheers. The poor little children joined, and were so fully convinced of our being at play, that they enjoyed the noise, and were heard clapping their hands in the silence that followed.

Our disposition was this, beginning with the rear. Mrs. Venning, holding her daughter's child in her arms, sat on the steps of the little square trench surrounding the silver-house, encouraging and directing those women and children as she might have done in the happiest and easiest time of her life. Then, there was an armed line, under Mr. Macey, across the width of the enclosure, facing that way and having their backs towards the gate, in order that they might watch the walls and prevent our being taken by surprise. Then, there was a space of eight or ten feet deep, in which the spare arms were, and in which Miss Maryon and Mrs. Fisher, their hands and dresses blackened with the spoilt gunpowder, worked on their knees, tying such things as knives, old bayonets, and spear-heads, to the muzzles of the useless muskets. Then, there was a second armed line, under Serjeant Drooce, also across the width of the enclosure, but facing to the gate. Then, came the breastwork we had made, with a zig-zag way through it for me and my little party to hold good in retreating, as long as we could, when we were driven from the gate. We all knew that it was impossible to hold the place long, and that our only hope was in the timely discovery of the plot by the boats, and in their coming back.

I and my men were now thrown forward to the gate. From a spy hole, I could see the whole crowd of Pirates. There were Malays among them, Dutch, Maltese, Greeks, Sambos, Negroes, and Convict Englishmen from the West India Islands; among the last, him with the one eye and the patch across the nose. There were some Portuguese, too, and a few Spaniards. The captain was a Portuguese; a little man with very large ear-rings under a very broad hat, and a great bright shawl twisted about his shoulders. They were all strongly armed, but like a boarding party, with pikes, swords, cutlasses, and axes. I noticed a good many pistols, but not a gun of any kind among them. This gave me to understand that they had considered that a continued roll of musketry might perhaps have been heard on the mainland; also, that for the reason that fire would be seen from the mainland they would not set the Fort in flames and roast us alive; which was one of their favorite ways of carrying on. I looked about for Christian George King, and if I had seen him I am much mistaken if he would not have received my one round of ball-cartridge in his head. But, no Christian George King was visible.

A sort of a wild Portuguese demon, who seemed either fierce-mad or fierce-drunk—but, they all seemed one or the other—came forward with the black flag, and gave it a wave or two. After that, the Portuguese captain called out in shrill English. "I say you! English fools! Open the gate! Surrender!"

As we kept close and quiet, he said something to his men which I didn't understand, and when he had said it, the one-eyed English rascal with the patch (who had stepped out when he began), said it again in English. It was only this. "Boys of the black flag, this is to be quickly done. Take all the prisoners you can. If they don't yield, kill the children to make them. Forward!" Then, they all came on at the gate, and, in another half minute were smashing and splitting it in.

We struck at them through the gaps and shivers, and we dropped many of them, too; but, their very weight would have carried such a gate, if they had been unarmed. I soon found Serjeant Drooce at my side, forming us six remaining marines in line—Tom Packer next to me—and ordering us to fall back three paces, and, as they broke in, to give them our one little volley at short distance. "Then," says he, "receive them behind your breastwork on the bayonet, and at least let every man of you pin one of the cursed cockchafers through the body."

We checked them by our fire, slight as it was, and we checked them at the breastwork. However, they broke over it like swarms of devils—they were, really and truly, more devils than men—and then it was hand to hand, indeed.

We clubbed our muskets and laid about us; even then, those two ladies—always behind me—were steady and ready with the arms. I had a lot of Maltese and Malays upon me, and, but for a broadsword that Miss Maryon's own hand put in mine, should have got my end from them. But, was that all? No. I saw a heap of banded dark hair and a white dress come thrice between me and them, under my own raised right arm, which each time might have destroyed the wearer of the white dress; and each time one of the lot went down, struck dead.

Drooce was armed with a broad-sword, too, and did such things with it, that there was a cry, in half-a dozen languages, of "Kill that serjeant!" as I knew, by the cry being raised in English, and taken up in other tongues. I had received a severe cut

across the left arm a few moments before, and should have known nothing of it, except supposing that somebody had struck me a smart blow, if I had not felt weak, and seen myself covered with spouting blood, and, at the same instant of time, seen Miss Maryon tearing her dress, and binding it with Mrs. Fisher's help round the wound. They called to Tom Packer, who was scouring by, to stop and guard me for one minute, while I was bound, or I should bleed to death in trying to defend myself. Tom stopped directly, with a good sabre in his hand.

In that same moment—all things seem to happen in that same moment, at such a time—half-a-dozen had rushed howling at Serjeant Drooce. The Serjeant, stepping back against the wall, stopped one howl for ever with such a terrible blow, and waited for the rest to come on, with such a wonderfully unmoved face, that they stopped and looked at him.

"See him now!" cried Tom Packer. "Now, when I could cut him out! Gill! Did I tell you to mark my words?"

I implored Tom Packer in the Lord's name, as well as I could in my faintness, to go to the Serjeant's aid.

"I hate and detest him," says Tom, moodily wavering. "Still, he is a brave man." Then he calls out, "Serjeant Drooce, Serjeant Drooce! Tell me you have driven me too hard, and are sorry for it."

The Serjeant, without turning his eyes from his assailants, which would have been instant death to him, answers:

"No. I won't."

"Serjeant Drooce!" cries Tom, in a kind of an agony. "I have passed my word that I would never save you from Death, if I could, but would leave you to die. Tell me you have driven me too hard and are sorry for it, and that shall go for nothing."

One of the group laid the Serjeant's bald bare head open. The Serjeant laid him dead.

"I tell you," says the Serjeant, breathing a little short, and waiting for the next attack. "No. I won't. If you are not man enough to strike for a fellow-soldier because he wants help, and because of nothing else, I'll go into the other world and look for a better man."

Tom swept upon them, and cut him out. Tom and he fought their way through another knot of them, and sent them flying, and came over to where I was beginning again to feel, with inexpressible joy, that I had got a sword in my hand.

They had hardly come to us, when I heard, above all the other noises, a tremendous cry of women's voices. I also saw Miss Maryon, with quite a new face, suddenly clap her two hands over Mrs. Fisher's eyes. I looked towards the silver-house, and saw Mrs. Venning—standing upright on the top of the steps of the trench, with her grey hair and her dark eyes—hide her daughter's child behind her, among the folds of her dress, strike a pirate with her other hand, and fall, shot by his pistol.

The cry arose again, and there was a terrible and confusing rush of the women into the midst of the struggle. In another moment, something came tumbling down upon me that I thought was the wall. It was a heap of Sambos who had come over the wall; and of four men who clung to my legs like serpents, one who clung to my right leg was Christian George King.

"Yup, So-Jeer!" says he, "Christian George King sar berry glad So-Jeer a prisoner. Christian George King been waiting for So-Jeer sech long time. Yup, yup!"

What could I do, with five-and-twenty of them on me, but be tied hand and foot? So, I was tied hand and foot. It was all over now—boats not come back—all lost! When I was fast bound and was put up against the wall, the one-eyed English convict came up with the Portuguese Captain, to have a look at me.

"See!" says he, "Here's the determined man! If you had slept sounder, last night, you'd have slept your soundest last night, my determined man."

The Portuguese Captain laughed in a cool way, and, with the flat of his cutlass, hit me crosswise, as if I was the bough of a tree that he played with: first on the face, and then across the chest and the wounded arm. I looked him steady in the face without tumbling while he looked at me, I am happy to say; but, when they went away, I fell, and lay there.

The sun was up, when I was roused and told to come down to the beach and be embarked. I was full of aches and pains, and could not at first remember; but, I remembered quite soon enough. The killed were lying about all over the place, and the Pirates were burying their dead, and taking away their wounded on hastily-made litters, to the back of the Island. As for us prisoners, some of their boats had come round to the usual harbour, to carry us off. We looked a wretched few, I thought, when I got down there; still, it was another sign that we had fought well, and made the enemy suffer.

The Portuguese Captain had all the women already embarked in the boat he himself commanded, which was just putting off when I got down. Miss Maryon sat on one side of him, and gave me a moment's look, as full of quiet courage, and pity, and confidence, as if it had been an hour long. On the other side of him was poor little Mrs. Fisher, weeping for her child and her mother. I was shoved into the same boat with Drooce and Packer, and the remainder of our party of marines: of whom we had lost two privates, besides Charker, my poor, brave comrade. We all made a melancholy passage, under the hot sun, over to the mainland. There, we landed in a solitary place, and were mustered on the

sea sand. Mr. and Mrs. Macey and their children were amongst us, Mr. and Mrs. Pordage, Mr. Kitten, Mr. Fisher, and Mrs. Belltott. We mustered only fourteen men, fifteen women, and seven children. Those were all that remained of the English who had lain down to sleep last night, unsuspecting and happy, on the Island of Silver-Store.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRISON IN THE WOODS.

THERE we all stood, huddled up on the beach under the burning sun, with the pirates closing us in on every side—as forlorn a company of helpless men, women, and children as ever was gathered together out of any nation in the world. I kept my thoughts to myself; but I did not in my heart believe that any one of our lives was worth five minutes' purchase.

The man on whose will our safety or our destruction depended was the Pirate Captain. All our eyes, by a kind of instinct, fixed themselves on him—excepting in the case of the poor children, who, too frightened to cry, stood hiding their faces against their mothers' gowns. The ruler who held all the ruffians about us in subjection, was, judging by appearances, the very last man I should have picked out as likely to fill a place of power among any body of men, good or bad, under heaven. By nation, he was a Portuguese; and, by name, he was generally spoken of among his men as The Don. He was a little, active, weazen, monkey-faced man dressed in the brightest colours and the finest-made clothes I ever saw. His three-cornered hat was smartly cocked on one side. His coat-skirts were stiffened and stuck out, like the skirts of the dandies in the Mall in London. When the dance was given at the Island, I saw no such lace on any lady's dress there as I saw on his cravat and ruffles. Round his neck he wore a thick gold chain, with a diamond cross hanging from it. His lean, wiry, brown fingers were covered with rings. Over his shoulders, and falling down in front to below his waist, he wore a sort of sling of broad scarlet cloth, embroidered with beads and little feathers, and holding, at the lower part, four loaded pistols, two on a side, lying ready to either hand. His face was mere skin and bone, and one of his wrinkled cheeks had a blue scar running all across it, which drew up that part of his face, and showed his white shining teeth on that side of his mouth. An uglier, meaner, weaker, man-monkey to look at, I never saw; and yet there was not one of his crew, from his mate to his cabin-boy, who did not obey him as if he had been the greatest monarch in the world. As for the Sambos, including especially that evil-minded scoundrel, Christian George King, they never went near him without seeming to want to roll before him on the ground, for the sake of winning the honour of having one of his little dancing-master's feet set on their black bullock bodies.

There this fellow stood, while we were looking at him, with his hands in his pockets, smoking a cigar. His mate (the one-eyed Englishman), stood by him; a big, hulking fellow he was, who might have eaten the Captain up, pistols and all, and looked about for more afterwards. The Don himself seemed, to an ignorant man like me, to have a gift of speaking in any tongue he liked. I can testify that his English rattled out of his crooked lips as fast as if it was natural to them; making allowance, of course, for his foreign way of clipping his words.

"Now, Captain," says the big mate, running his eye over us as if we were a herd of cattle, "here they are. What's to be done with them?"

"Are they all off the Island?" says the Pirate Captain.

"All of them that are alive," says the mate.

"Good, and very good," says the captain. "Now, Giant Georgy, some paper, a pen, and a horn of ink."

Those things were brought immediately.

"Something to write on," says the Pirate Captain. "What? Ha! why not a broad nigger back?"

He pointed with the end of his cigar to one of the Sambos. The man was pulled forward, and set down on his knees with his shoulders rounded. The Pirate Captain laid the paper on them, and took a dip of ink—then suddenly turned up his snub-nose with a look of disgust, and, removing the paper again, took from his pocket a fine cambric handkerchief edged with lace, smelt at the scent on it, and afterwards laid it delicately over the Sambo's shoulders.

"A table of black man's back, with the sun on it, close under my nose—ah, Giant-Georgy, pah! pah!" says the Pirate Captain, putting the paper on the handkerchief, with another grimace expressive of great disgust.

He began to write immediately, waiting from time to time to consider a little with himself; and once stopping, apparently, to count our numbers as we stood before him. To think of that villain knowing how to write, and of my not being able to make so much as a decent pothook, if it had been to save my life!

When he had done, he signed to one of his men to take the scented handkerchief off the Sambo's back, and told the sailor he might keep it for his trouble. Then, holding the written paper open in his hand, he came forward a step or two closer to us, and said, with a grin, and a mock bow, which made my fingers itch with wanting to be at him:

"I have the honour of addressing myself to the ladies. According to my reckoning they are fifteen ladies in all. Does any one of them belong to the chief officer of the sloop?"

There was a momentary silence.

"You don't answer me," says the Pirate Captain. "Now, I mean to be answered. Look here, women." He drew one of his four pistols out of his gay scarlet sling, and walked up to Tom Packer, who happened to be standing nearest to him of the men prisoners. "This is a pistol, and it is loaded. I put the barrel to the head of this man with my right hand, and I take out my watch with my left. I wait five minutes for an answer. If I don't get it in five minutes, I blow this man's brains out. I wait five minutes again, and if I don't get an answer, I blow the next man's brains out. And so I go on, if you are obstinate, and your nerves are strong, till not one of your soldiers or your sailors is left. On my word of honour, as a gentleman buccanier, I promise you that. Ask my men if I ever broke my word."

He rested the barrel of the pistol against Tom Packer's head, and looked at his watch, as perfectly composed, in his cat-like cruelty, as if he was waiting for the boiling of an egg.

"If you think it best not to answer him, ladies," says Tom, "never mind me. It's my trade to risk my life; and I shall lose it in a good cause."

"A brave man," said the Pirate Captain, lightly. "Well, ladies, are you going to sacrifice the brave man?"

"We are going to save him," said Miss Maryon, "as he has striven to save us. *I* belong to the captain of the sloop. I am his sister." She stopped, and whispered anxiously to Mrs. Macey, who was standing with her. "Don't acknowledge yourself, as I have done—you have children."

"Good!" said the Pirate Captain. "The answer is given, and the brains may stop in the brave man's head." He put his watch and pistol back, and took two or three quick puffs at his cigar to keep it alight—then handed the paper he had written on, and his penfull of ink, to Miss Maryon.

"Read that over," he said, "and sign it for yourself, and the women and children with you."

Saying those words, he turned round briskly on his heel, and began talking, in a whisper, to Giant Georgy, the big English mate. What he was talking about, of course, I could not hear; but I noticed that he motioned several times straight into the interior of the country.

"Davis," said Miss Maryon, "look at this."

She crossed before her sister, as she spoke, and held the paper which the Pirate Captain had given to her, under my eyes—my bound arms not allowing me to take it myself. Never to my dying day shall I forget the shame I felt, when I was obliged to acknowledge to Miss Maryon that I could not read a word of it!

"There are better men than me, ma'am," I said, with a sinking heart, "who can read it, and advise you for the best."

"None better," she answered, quietly. "None, whose advice I would so willingly take. I have seen enough, to feel sure of that. Listen, Davis, while I read."

Her pale face turned paler still, as she fixed her eyes on the paper. Lowering her voice to a whisper, so that the women and children near might not hear, she read me these lines:

"To the Captains of English men of war, and to the commanders of vessels of other nations, cruising in the Caribbean Seas.

"The precious metal and the jewels laid up in the English Island of Silver Store, are in the possession of the Buccaniers at sea.

"The women and children of the Island of Silver Store, to the number of Twenty Two, are in the possession of the Buccaniers, on land.

"They will be taken up the country, with fourteen men prisoners (whose lives the Buccaniers have private reasons of their own for preserving), to a place of confinement, which is unapproachable by strangers. They will be kept there until a certain day, previously agreed on between the Buccaniers at sea, and the Buccaniers on land.

"If by that time, no news from the party at sea, reaches the party on land, it will be taken for granted that the expedition which conveys away the silver and jewels has been met, engaged, and conquered by superior force; that the Treasure has been taken from its present owners; and that the Buccaniers guarding it, have been made prisoners, to be dealt with according to the law.

"The absence of the expected news at the appointed time, being interpreted in this way, it will be the next object of the Buccaniers on land to take reprisals for the loss and the injury inflicted on their companions at sea. The lives of the women and children of the Island of Silver Store are absolutely at their mercy; and those lives will pay the forfeit, if the Treasure is taken away, and if the men in possession of it come to harm.

"This paper will be nailed to the lid of the largest chest taken from the Island. Any officer whom the chances of war may bring within reading distance of it, is warned to pause and consider, before his conduct signs the death-warrant of the women and children of an English colony.

"Signed, under the Black Flag,

"PEDRO MENDEZ,

"Commander of the Buccaniers, and Chief of the Guard over the English Prisoners."

"The statement above written, in so far as it regards the situation we are now placed in, may be depended on as the truth.

"Signed, on behalf of the imprisoned women and children of the Island of Silver Store."

"Beneath this last line," said Miss Maryon, pointing to it, "is a blank space, in which I am expected to sign my name."

"And in five minutes' time," added the Pirate Captain, who had stolen close up to us, "or the same consequences will follow which I had the pleasure of explaining to you a few minutes ago."

He again drew out his watch and pistol; but, this time, it was my head that he touched with the barrel.

"When Tom Packer spoke for himself, miss, a little while ago," I said, "please to consider that he spoke for me."

"Another brave man!" said the Pirate Captain, with his ape's grin. "Am I to fire my pistol this time, or am I to put it back again as I did before?"

Miss Maryon did not seem to hear him. Her kind eyes rested for a moment on my face, and then looked up to the bright Heaven above us.

"Whether I sign, or whether I do not sign," she said, "we are still in the hands of God, and the future which His wisdom has appointed will not the less surely come."

With those words she placed the paper on my breast, signed it, and handed it back to the Pirate Captain.

"This is our secret, Davis," she whispered. "Let us keep the dreadful knowledge of it to ourselves as long as we can."

I have another singular confession to make—I hardly expect anybody to believe me when I mention the circumstance—but it is not the less the plain truth that, even in the midst of that frightful situation, I felt, for a few moments, a sensation of happiness while Miss Maryon's hand was holding the paper on my breast, and while her lips were telling me that there was a secret between us which we were to keep together.

The Pirate Captain carried the signed paper at once to his mate.

"Go back to the Island," he says, "and nail that with your own hands on the lid of the largest chest. There is no occasion to hurry the business of shipping the Treasure, because there is nobody on the Island to make signals that may draw attention to it from the sea. I have provided for that; and I have provided for the chance of your being outmanœuvred afterwards, by English, or other cruisers. Here are your sailing orders" (he took them from his pocket while he spoke), "your directions for the disposal of the Treasure, and your appointment of the day and the place for communicating again with me and my prisoners. I have done my part—go you, now, and do yours."

Hearing the clearness with which he gave his orders; knowing what the devilish scheme was that he had invented for preventing the recovery of the Treasure, even if our ships happened to meet and capture the pirates at sea; remembering what the look and the speech of him had been, when he put his pistol to my head and Tom Packer's; I began to understand how it was that this little, weak, weazen, wicked spider had got the first place and kept it among the villains about him.

The mate moved off, with his orders, towards the sea. Before he got there, the Pirate Captain beckoned another of the crew to come to him; and spoke a few words in his own, or in some other foreign language. I guessed what they meant, when I saw thirty of the pirates told off together, and set in a circle all round us. The rest were marched away after the mate. In the same manner the Sambos were divided next. Ten, including Christian George King, were left with us; and the others were sent down to the canoes. When this had been done, the Pirate Captain looked at his watch; pointed to some trees, about a mile off, which fringed the land as it rose from the beach; said to an American among the pirates round us, who seemed to hold the place of second mate, "In two hours from this time;" and then walked away briskly, with one of his men after him, to some baggage piled up below us on the beach.

We were marched off at once to the shady place under the trees, and allowed to sit down there, in the cool, with our guard in a ring round us. Feeling certain from what I saw, and from what I knew to be contained in the written paper signed by Miss Maryon, that we were on the point of undertaking a long journey up the country, I anxiously examined my fellow prisoners to see how fit they looked for encountering bodily hardship and fatigue: to say nothing of mental suspense and terror, over and above.

With all possible respect for an official gentleman, I must admit that Mr. Commissioner Pordage struck me as being, beyond any comparison, the most helpless individual in our unfortunate company. What with the fright he had suffered, the danger he had gone through, and the bewilderment of finding himself torn clean away from his safe Government moorings, his poor unfortunate brains seemed to be as completely discomposed as his Diplomatic coat. He was perfectly harmless and quiet, but also perfectly light-headed—as anybody could discover who looked at his dazed eyes or listened to his maundering talk. I tried him with a word or two about our miserable situation; thinking that, if any subject would get a trifle of sense out of him, it must surely be that.

"You will observe," said Mr. Pordage, looking at the torn cuffs of his Diplomatic coat instead of at me, "that I cannot take cognisance of our situation. No memorandum of it has been drawn up; no report in connexion with it has been presented to me. I cannot possibly recognise it until the necessary minutes and memorandums and reports have reached me through the proper channels. When our miserable situation presents itself to me, on paper, I shall bring it under the notice of Government; and Government, after a proper interval, will bring it back again under my notice; and then I shall have something to say about it. Not a minute before,—no, my man, not a minute before!"

Speaking of Mr. Pordage's wanderings of mind, reminds me that it is necessary to say a word next, about the much more serious case of Serjeant Drooce. The cut on his head, acted on by the heat of the climate, had driven him, to all appearance, stark mad. Besides the danger to himself, if he broke out before the Pirates, there was the danger to the women and children, of trusting him among them—a misfortune which, in our captive condition, it was impossible to avoid. Most providentially, however (as I found on inquiry) Tom Packer, who had saved his life, had a power of controlling him, which none of the rest of us possessed. Some shattered recollection of the manner in which he had been preserved from death, seemed to be still left in a corner of his memory. Whenever he showed symptoms of breaking out, Tom looked at him, and repeated with his hand and arm the action of cutting out right and left which had been the means of his saving the sergeant. On seeing that, Drooce always huddled himself up close to Tom, and fell silent. We,—that is, Packer and I—arranged it together that he was always to keep near Drooce, whatever happened, and however far we might be marched before we reached the place of our imprisonment.

The rest of us men—meaning Mr. Macey, Mr. Fisher, two of my comrades of the Marines, and five of the sloop's crew—were, making allowance for a little smarting in our wounds, in tolerable health, and not half so much broken in spirit by troubles, past, present, and to come, as some persons might be apt to imagine. As for the seamen, especially, no stranger who looked at their jolly brown faces would ever have imagined that they were prisoners, and in peril of their lives. They sat together, chewing their quids, and looking out good-humouredly at the sea, like a gang of liberty-men resting themselves on shore. "Take it easy, soldier," says one of the six, seeing me looking at him. "And, if you can't do that, take it as easy as you can." I thought, at the time, that many a wiser man might have given me less sensible advice than this, though it was only offered by a boatswain's mate.

A movement among the Pirates attracted my notice to the beach below us, and I saw their Captain approaching our halting-place, having changed his fine clothes for garments that were fit to travel in.

His coming back to us had the effect of producing unmistakable signs of preparation for a long journey. Shortly after he appeared, three Indians came up, leading three loaded mules; and these were followed, in a few minutes, by two of the Sambos, carrying between them a copper full of smoking meat and broth. After having been shared among the Pirates, this mess was set down before us, with some wooden bowls floating about in it, to dip out the food with. Seeing that we hesitated before touching it, the Pirate Captain recommended us not to be too mealy-mouthed, as that was meat from our own stores on the Island, and the last we were likely to taste for a long time to come. The sailors, without any more ado about it, professed their readiness to follow this advice, muttering among themselves that good meat was a good thing, though the devil himself had cooked it. The Pirate Captain then, observing that we were all ready to accept the food, ordered the bonds that confined the hands of us men to be loosened and cast off, so that we might help ourselves. After we had served the women and children, we fell to. It was a good meal—though I can't say that I myself had much appetite for it. Jack, to use his own phrase, stowed away a double allowance. The jolly faces of the seamen lengthened a good deal, however, when they found there was nothing to drink afterwards but plain water. One of them, a fat man, named Short, went so far as to say that, in the turn things seemed to have taken, he should like to make his will before we started, as the stoppage of his grog and the stoppage of his life were two events that would occur uncommonly close together.

When we had done, we were all ordered to stand up. The Pirates approached me and the other men, to bind our arms again; but, the Captain stopped them.

"No," says he. "I want them to get on at a good pace; and they will do that best with their arms free. Now, prisoners," he continued, addressing us, "I don't mean to have any lagging on the road. I have fed you up with good meat, and you have no excuse for not stepping out briskly—women, children, and all. You men are without weapons and without food, and you know nothing of the country you are going to travel through. If you are mad enough, in this helpless condition, to attempt escaping on the march, you will be shot, as sure as you all stand there,—and if the bullet misses, you will starve to death in forests that have no path and no end."

Having addressed us in those words, he turned again to his men. I wondered then, as I had wondered once or twice already, what those private reasons might be, which he had mentioned in his written paper, for sparing the lives of us male prisoners. I hoped he would refer to them now—but I was disappointed.

"While the country allows it," he went on, addressing his crew, "march in a square, and keep the prisoners inside. Whether it is man, woman, or child, shoot any one of them who tries to escape, on peril of being shot yourselves if you miss. Put the Indians and mules in front, and the Sambos next to them. Draw up the prisoners all together. Tell off seven men to march before them,

and seven more for each side; and leave the other nine for the rear-guard. A fourth mule for me, when I get tired, and another Indian to carry my guitar."

His guitar! To think of the murderous thief having a turn for strumming tunes, and wanting to cultivate it on such an expedition as ours! I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the guitar brought forward in a neat green case, with the piratical skull and cross-bones and the Pirate Captain's initials painted on it in white.

"I can stand a good deal," whispers Tom Packer to me, looking hard at the guitar; "but con-found me, Davis, if it's not a trifle too much to be taken prisoner by such a fellow as that!"

The Pirate Captain lights another cigar.

"March!" says he, with a screech like a cat, and a flourish with his sword, of the sort that a stage-player would give at the head of a mock army.

We all moved off, leaving the clump of trees to the right, going, we knew not whither, to unknown sufferings and an unknown fate. The land that lay before us was wild and open, without fences or habitations. Here and there, cattle wandered about over it, and a few stray Indians. Beyond, in the distance, as far as we could see, rose a prospect of mountains and forests. Above us, was the pitiless sun, in a sky that was too brightly blue to look at. Behind us, was the calm murmuring ocean, with the dear island home which the women and children had lost, rising in the distance like a little green garden on the bosom of the sea. After half-an-hour's walking, we began to descend into the plain, and the last glimpse of the Island of Silver-Store disappeared from our view.

The order of march which we prisoners now maintained among ourselves, being the order which, with certain occasional variations, we observed for the next three days, I may as well give some description of it in this place, before I get occupied with other things, and forget it.

I myself, and the sailor I have mentioned under the name of Short, led the march. After us came Miss Maryon, and Mr. and Mrs. Macey. They were followed by two of my comrades of the Marines, with Mrs. Pordage, Mrs. Belltott, and two of the strongest of the ladies to look after them. Mr. Fisher, the ship's boy, and the three remaining men of the sloop's crew, with the rest of the women and children came next; Tom Packer, taking care of Serjeant Drooce, brought up the rear. So long as we got on quickly enough, the pirates showed no disposition to interfere, with our order of march; but, if there were any signs of lagging—and God knows it was hard enough work for a man to walk under that burning sun!—the villains threatened the weakest of our company with the points of their swords. The younger among the children gave out, as might have been expected, poor things, very early on the march. Short and I set the example of taking two of them up, pick-a-back, which was followed directly by the rest of the men. Two of Mrs. Macey's three children fell to our share; the eldest, travelling behind us on his father's back. Short hoisted the next in age, a girl, on his broad shoulders. I see him now as if it was yesterday, with the perspiration pouring down his fat face and bushy whiskers, rolling along as if he was on the deck of a ship, and making a sling of his neck-handkerchief, with his clever sailor's fingers, to support the little girl on his back. "I expect you'll marry me, my darling, when you grow up," says he, in his oily, joking voice. And the poor child, in her innocence, laid her weary head down on his shoulder, and gravely and faithfully promised that she would.

A lighter weight fell to my share. I had the youngest of the children, the pretty little boy, already mentioned, who had been deaf and dumb from his birth. His mother's voice trembled sadly, as she thanked me for taking him up, and tenderly put his little dress right while she walked behind me. "He is very little and light of his age," says the poor lady, trying hard to speak steady. "He won't give you much trouble, Davis—he has always been a very patient child from the first." The boy's little frail arms clasped themselves round my neck while she was speaking; and something or other seemed to stop in my throat the cheerful answer that I wanted to make. I walked on with what must have looked, I am afraid, like a gruff silence; the poor child humming softly on my back, in his unchanging, dumb way, till he hummed himself to sleep. Often and often, since that time, in dreams, I have felt those small arms round my neck again, and have heard that dumb murmuring song in my ear, dying away fainter and fainter, till nothing was left but the light breath rising and falling regularly on my cheek, telling me that my little fellow-prisoner had forgotten his troubles in sleep.

We marched, as well as I could guess, somewhere about seven miles that day—a short spell enough, judging by distance, but a terrible long one judging by heat. Our halting place was by the banks of a stream, across which, at a little distance, some wild pigs were swimming as we came up. Beyond us, was the same view of forests and mountains that I have already mentioned; and all round us, was a perfect wilderness of flowers. The shrubs, the bushes, the ground, all blazed again with magnificent colours, under the evening sun. When we were ordered to halt, wherever we set a child down, there that child had laps and laps full of flowers growing within reach of its hand. We sat on flowers, eat on flowers, slept at night on flowers—any chance handful of which would have been well worth a golden guinea among

the gentlefolks in England. It was a sight not easily described, to see niggers, savages, and Pirates, hideous, filthy, and ferocious in the last degree to look at, squatting about grimly upon a natural carpet of beauty, of the sort that is painted in pictures with pretty fairies dancing on it.

The mules were unloaded, and left to roll among the flowers to their hearts' content. A neat tent was set up for the Pirate Captain, at the door of which, after eating a good meal, he laid himself down in a languishing attitude, with a nosegay in the bosom of his waistcoat, and his guitar on his knees, and jingled away at the strings, singing foreign songs, with a shrill voice and with his nose conceitedly turned up in the air. I was obliged to caution Short and the sailors—or they would, to a dead certainty, have put all our lives in peril by openly laughing at him.

We had but a poor supper that night. The Pirates now kept the provisions they had brought from the Island, for their own use; and we had to share the miserable starvation diet of the country, with the Indians and the Sambos. This consisted of black beans fried, and of things they call Tortillas, meaning, in plain English, flat cakes made of crushed Indian corn, and baked on a clay griddle. Not only was this food insipid, but the dirty manner in which the Indians prepared it, was disgusting. However, complaint was useless; for we could see for ourselves, that no other provision had been brought for the prisoners. I heard some grumbling among our men, and some little fretfulness among the children, which their mothers soon quieted. I myself was indifferent enough to the quality of the food; for I had noticed a circumstance, just before it was brought to us, which occupied my mind with more serious considerations. One of the mules was unloaded near us, and I observed among the baggage a large bundle of new axes, doubtless taken from some ship. After puzzling my brains for some time to know what they could be wanted for, I came to the conclusion that they were to be employed in cutting our way through, when we came to the forests. To think of the kind of travelling which those preparations promised—if the view I took of them was the right one—and then to look at the women and children, exhausted by the first day's march, was sufficient to make any man uneasy. It weighed heavily enough on my mind, I know, when I woke up among the flowers, from time to time, that night.

Our sleeping arrangements, though we had not a single civilised comfort, were, thanks to the flowers, simple and easy enough. For the first time in their lives, the women and children laid down together, with the sky for a roof, and the kind earth for a bed. We men shook ourselves down, as well as we could, all round them; and the Pirates, relieving guard regularly, ranged themselves outside of all. In that tropical climate, and at that hot time, the night was only pleasantly cool. The bubbling of the stream, and, now and then, the course of the breeze through the flowers, was all we heard. During the hours of darkness, it occurred to me—and I have no doubt the same idea struck my comrades—that a body of determined men, making a dash for it, might now have stood a fair chance of escaping. We were still near enough to the sea-shore to be certain of not losing our way; and the plain was almost as smooth, for a good long run, as a natural race-course. However, the mere act of dwelling on such a notion, was waste of time and thought, situated as we were with regard to the women and children. They were, so to speak, the hostages who insured our submission to captivity, or to any other hardship that might be inflicted on us; a result which I have no doubt the Pirate Captain had foreseen, when he made us all prisoners together on taking possession of the Island.

We were roused up at four in the morning, to travel on before the heat set in; our march under yesterday's broiling sun having been only undertaken for the purpose of getting us away from the sea-shore, and from possible help in that quarter, without loss of time. We forded the stream, wading through it waist-deep: except the children, who crossed on our shoulders. An hour before noon, we halted under two immense wild cotton-trees, about half a mile from a little brook, which probably ran into the stream we had passed in the morning. Late in the afternoon we were on foot again, and encamped for the night at three deserted huts, built of mud and poles. There were the remains of an enclosure here, intended, as I thought, for cattle; and there was an old well, from which our supply of water was got. The greater part of the women were very tired and sorrowful that night; but Miss Maryon did wonders in cheering them up.

On the third morning, we began to skirt the edge of a mountain, carrying our store of water with us from the well. We men prisoners had our full share of the burden. What with that, what with the way being all up-hill, and what with the necessity of helping on the weaker members of our company, that day's march was the hardest I remember to have ever got through. Towards evening, after resting again in the middle of the day, we stopped for the night on the verge of the forest. A dim, lowering, awful sight it was, to look up at the mighty wall of trees, stretching in front, and on either side of us without a limit and without a break. Through the night, though there was no wind blowing over our encampment, we heard deep, moaning, rushing sounds rolling about, at intervals, in the great inner wilderness of leaves; and, now and then, those among us who slept, were

startled up by distant crashes in the depths of the forest—the death-knells of falling trees. We kept fires alight, in case of wild animals stealing out on us in the darkness; and the flaring red light, and the thick, winding smoke, alternately showed and hid the forest-prospect in a strangely treacherous and ghostly way. The children shuddered with fear; even the Pirate Captain forgot, for the first time, to jingle his eternal guitar.

When we were mustered in the morning for the march, I fully expected to see the axes unpacked. To my surprise they were not disturbed. The Indians drew their long chopping-knives (called machetes in the language of that country); made for a place among the trees where I could see no signs of a path; and began cutting at the bushes and shrubs, and at the wild vines and creepers, twirling down together in all sorts of fantastic forms, from the lofty branches. After clearing a few dozen yards inwards they came out to us again, whooping and showing their wicked teeth, as they laid hold of the mules' halters to lead them on. The Pirate Captain, before we moved after, took out a pocket compass, set it, pondered over it for some time, shrugged his shoulders, and screeched out "March," as usual. We entered the forest, leaving behind us the last chance of escape, and the last hope of ever getting back to the regions of humanity and civilisation. By this time, we had walked inland, as nearly as I could estimate, about thirty miles.

The order of our march was now, of necessity, somewhat changed. We all followed each other in a long line, shut in, however, as before, in front and in rear, by the Indians, the Sambos, and the pirates. Though none of us could see a vestige of any path, it was clear that our guides knew where they were going; for, we were never stopped by any obstacles, except the shrubs and wild vines which they could cut through with their chopping-knives. Sometimes, we marched under great branches which met like arches high over our heads. Sometimes, the boughs were so low that we had to stoop to pass under them. Sometimes, we wound in and out among mighty trunks of trees, with their gnarled roots twisting up far above the ground, and with creepers in full flower twining down in hundreds from their lofty branches. The size of the leaves and the countless multitude of the trees shut out the sun, and made a solemn dimness which it was awful and without hope to walk through. Hours would pass without our hearing a sound but the dreary rustle of our own feet over the leafy ground. At other times, whole troops of parrots, with feathers of all the colours of the rainbow, chattered and shrieked at us; and processions of monkeys, fifty or sixty at a time, followed our progress in the boughs overhead; passing through the thick leaves with a sound like the rush of a steady wind. Every now and then, the children were startled by lizard-like creatures, three feet long, running up the trunks of the trees as we passed by them; more than once, swarms of locusts tormented us, startled out of their hiding-places by the monkeys in the boughs. For five days we marched incessantly through this dismal forest-region, only catching a clear glimpse of the sky above us, on three occasions in all that time. The distance we walked each day seemed to be regulated by the positions of springs and streams in the forest, which the Indians knew of. Sometimes those springs and streams lay near together; and our day's work was short. Sometimes they were far apart; and the march was long and weary. On all occasions, two of the Indians, followed by two of the Sambos, disappeared as soon as we encamped for the night; and returned, in a longer or shorter time, bringing water with them. Towards the latter part of the journey, weariness had so completely mastered the weakest among our company, that they ceased to take notice of anything. They walked without looking to the right or to the left, and they eat their wretched food and lay down to sleep with a silent despair that was shocking. Mr. Pordage left off maundering now, and Serjeant Drooce was so quiet and biddable, that Tom Packer had an easy time of it with him at last. Those among us who still talked, began to get a habit of dropping our voices to a whisper. Short's jokes languished and dwindled; Miss Maryon's voice, still kind and tender as ever, began to lose its clearness; and the poor children, when they got weary and cried, shed tears silently, like old people. It seemed as if the darkness and the hush of the endless forest had cast its shadow on our spirits, and had stolen drearily into our inmost hearts.

On the sixth day, we saw the blessed sunshine on the ground before us, once more. Prisoners as we were, there was a feeling of freedom on stepping into the light again, and on looking up, without interruption, into the clear blue Heaven, from which no human creature can keep any other human creature, when the time comes for rising to it. A turn in the path brought us out suddenly at an Indian village—a wretched place, made up of two rows of huts built with poles, the crevices between them stopped with mud, and the roofs thatched in the coarsest manner with palm-leaves. The savages squatted about, jumped to their feet in terror as we came in view; but, seeing the Indians at the head of our party, took heart, and began chattering and screeching, just like the parrots we had left in the forest. Our guides answered in their gibberish; some lean, half-wild dogs yelped and howled incessantly; and the Pirates discharged their muskets and loaded them again, to make sure that their

powder had not got damp on the march. No want of muskets among them now! The noise and the light and the confusion, after the silence, darkness, and discipline that we had been used to for the last five days, so bewildered us all, that it was quite a relief to sit down on the ground and let the guard about us shut out our view on every side.

"Davis! Are we at the end of the march?" says Miss Maryon, touching my arm.

The other women looked anxiously at me, as she put the question. I got on my feet, and saw the Pirate Captain communicating with the Indians of the village. His hands were making signs in the fussy foreign way, all the time he was speaking. Sometimes, they pointed away to where the forest began again beyond us; and sometimes they went up both together to his mouth, as if he was wishful of getting a fresh supply of the necessaries of life.

My eyes next turned towards the mules. Nobody was employed in unpacking the baggage; nobody went near that bundle of axes which had weighed on my mind so much already, and the mystery of which still tormented me in secret. I came to the conclusion that we were not yet at the end of our journey; I communicated my opinion to Miss Maryon. She got up herself, with my help, and looked about her, and made the remark, very justly, that all the huts in the village would not suffice to hold us. At the same time, I pointed out to her that the mule which the Pirate Captain had ridden had been relieved of his saddle, and was being led away, at that moment, to a patch of grass behind one of the huts.

"That looks as if we were not going much farther on," says I.

"Thank Heaven if it be so, for the sake of the poor children!" says Miss Maryon. "Davis, suppose something happened which gave us a chance of escaping? Do you think we could ever find our way back to the sea?"

"Not a hope of getting back, miss. If the Pirates were to let us go this very instant, those pathless forests would keep us in prison for ever."

"Too true! Too true!" she said, and said no more.

In another half-hour we were roused up, and marched away from the village (as I had thought we should be) into the forest again. This time, though there was by no means so much cutting through the underwood needed as in our previous experience, we were accompanied by at least a dozen Indians, who seemed to me to be following us out of sheer idleness and curiosity. We had walked, as well as I could calculate, more than an hour, and I was trudging along with the little deaf-and-dumb boy on my back, as usual, thinking, not very hopefully, of our future prospects, when I was startled by a moan in my ear from the child. One of his arms was trembling round my neck, and the other pointed away towards my right hand. I looked in that direction—and there, as if it had started up out of the ground to dispute our passage through the forest, was a hideous monster carved in stone, twice my height at least. The thing loomed out of a ghostly white, against the dark curtain of trees all round it. Spots of rank moss stuck about over its great glaring stone-face; its stumpy hands were tucked up into its breast; its legs and feet were four times the size of any human limbs; its body and the flat space of spare stone which rose above its head, were all covered with mysterious devices—little grinning men's faces, heads of crocodiles and apes, twisting knots and twirling knobs, strangely shaped leaves, winding lattice-work; legs, arms, fingers, toes, skulls, bones, and such like. The monstrous statue leaned over on one side, and was only kept from falling to the ground by the roots of a great tree which had wound themselves all round the lower half of it. Altogether, it was as horrible and ghastly an object to come upon suddenly, in the unknown depths of a great forest, as the mind (or, at all events, my mind) can conceive. When I say that the first meeting with the statue struck me speechless, nobody can wonder that the children actually screamed with terror at the sight of it.

"It's only a great big doll, my darling," says Short, at his wit's end how to quiet the little girl on his back. "We'll get a nice soft bit of wood soon, and show these nasty savages how to make a better one."

While he was speaking, Miss Maryon was close behind me, soothing the deaf-and-dumb boy by signs which I could not understand.

"I have heard of these things, Davis," she says. "They are idols, made by a lost race of people, who lived, no one can say how many hundred or how many thousand years ago. That hideous thing was carved and worshipped while the great tree that now supports it was yet a seed in the ground. We must get the children used to these stone monsters. I believe we are coming to many more of them. I believe we are close to the remains of one of those mysterious ruined cities which have long been supposed to exist in this part of the world."

Before I could answer, the word of command from the rear drove us on again. In passing the idol, some of the Pirates fired their muskets at it. The echoes from the reports rang back on us with a sharp rattling sound. We pushed on a few paces, when the Indians a-head suddenly stopped, flourished their chopping-knives, and all screamed out together "El Palacio!" The Englishmen among the Pirates took up the cry, and, running forward through the trees on either side of us, roared out, "The Palace!" Other voices joined theirs in other tongues; and, for a minute or two, there was a general confusion of everybody,—the first that had

occurred since we were marched away, prisoners, from the sea-shore.

I tightened my hold of the child on my back; took Miss Maryon closer to me, to save her from being roughly jostled by the men about us; and marched up as near to the front as the press and the trees would let me. Looking over the heads of the Indians, and between the trunks, I beheld a sight which I shall never forget: no, not to my dying day.

A wilderness of ruins spread out before me, overrun by a forest of trees. In every direction, look where I would, a frightful confusion of idols, pillars, blocks of stone, heavy walls, and flights of steps, met my eye; some, whole and upright; others, broken and scattered on the ground; and all, whatever their condition, overgrown and clasped about by roots, branches, and curling vines, that writhed round them like so many great snakes. Every here and there, strange buildings stood up, with walls on the tops of which three men might have marched abreast—buildings with their roofs burst off or tumbled in, and with the trees springing up from inside, and waving their restless shadows mournfully over the ruins. High in the midst of this desolation, towered a broad platform of rocky earth, scarped away on three sides, so as to make it unapproachable except by scaling ladders. On the fourth side, the flat of the platform was reached by a flight of stone steps, of such mighty size and strength that they might have been made for the use of a race of giants. They led to a huge building girded all round with a row of thick pillars, long enough and broad enough to cover the whole flat space of ground; solid enough, as to the walls, to stand for ever; but broken in, at most places, as to the roof; and overshadowed by the trees that sprang up from inside, like the smaller houses already mentioned, below it. This was the dismal ruin which was called the Palace; and this was the Prison in the Woods which was to be the place of our captivity.

The screeching voice of the Pirate Captain restored order in our ranks, and sent the Indians forward with their chopping-knives to the steps of the Palace. We were directed to follow them across the ruins, and in and out among the trees. Out of every ugly crevice crack in the great stairs, there sprouted up flowers, long grasses, and beautiful large-leaved plants and bushes. When we had toiled to the top of the flight, we could look back from the height over the dark waving top of the forest behind us. More than a glimpse of the magnificent sight, however, was not allowed: we were ordered still to follow the Indians. They had already disappeared in the inside of the Palace; and we went in after them.

We found ourselves, first, under a square portico, supported upon immense flat slabs of stone, which were carved all over, at top and bottom, with death's-heads set in the midst of circles of sculptured flowers. I guessed the length of the portico to be, at the very least, three hundred feet. In the inside wall of it, appeared four high gaping doorways; three of them were entirely choked up by fallen stones: so jammed together, and so girt about by roots and climbing plants, that no force short of a blast of gunpowder, could possibly have dislodged them. The fourth entrance had, at some former time, been kept just clear enough to allow of the passing of one man at once through the gap that had been made in the fallen stones. Through this, the only passage left into the Palace, or out of it, we followed the Indians into a great hall, nearly one half of which was still covered by the remains of the roof. In the unsheltered half: surrounded by broken stones and with a carved human head, five times the size of life, leaning against it: rose the straight, naked trunk of a beautiful tree, that shot up high above the ruins, and dropped its enormous branches from the very top of it, bending down towards us, in curves like plumes of immense green feathers. In this hall, which was big enough to hold double our number, we were ordered to make a halt, while the Pirate Captain, accompanied by three of his crew, followed the Indians through a doorway, leading off to the left hand, as we stood with our backs to the portico. In front of us, towards the right, was another doorway, through which we could see some of the Indians, cutting away with their knives, right and left, at the overspreading underwood. Even the noise of the hacking, and the hum and murmur of the people outside, who were unloading the mules, seemed to be sounds too faint and trifling to break the awful stillness of the ruins. To my ears, at least, the unearthly silence was deepened rather than broken by the few feeble sounds which tried to disturb it. The wailings of the poor children were stifled within them. The whispers of the women, and the heavy breathing of the overlaboured men, sank and sank gradually till they were heard no more. Looking back now, at the whole course of our troubles, I think I can safely say that nothing—not even the first discovery of the treachery on the Island—tried our courage and endurance like that interval of speechless waiting in the Palace, with the hush of the ruined city, and the dimness of the endless forest, all about us.

When we next saw the Pirate Captain, he appeared at the doorway to the right, just as the Pirates began to crowd in from the portico, with the baggage they had taken from the mules.

"There is the way for the Buccaniers," squeaks the Pirate Captain, addressing the American mate, and pointing to the doorway on the left. "Three big rooms, that will hold you all, and that have more of the roof left on them than any of the others. The prisoners,"

he continues, turning to us, and pointing to the doorway behind him, "will file in, that way, and will find two rooms for them, with the ceilings on the floor, and the trees in their places. I myself, because my soul is big, shall live alone in this grand hall. My bed shall be there in the sheltered corner; and I shall eat, and drink, and smoke, and sing, and enjoy myself, with one eye always on my prisoners, and the other eye always on my guard outside."

Having delivered this piece of eloquence, he pointed with his sword to the prisoners' doorway. We all passed through it quickly, glad to be out of the sight and hearing of him.

The two rooms set apart for us, communicated with each other. The inner one of the two had a second doorway, leading, as I supposed, further into the building, but so choked up by rubbish, as to be impassable, except by climbing, and that must have been skilful climbing too. Seeing that this accident cut off all easy means of approach to the room from the Pirates' side, we determined, supposing nobody meddled with us, to establish the women and children here; and to take the room nearest to the Pirate Captain and his guard for ourselves.

The first thing to be done was to clear away the rubbish in the women's room. The ceiling was, indeed, as the Pirate Captain had told us, all on the floor; and the growth of trees, shrubs, weeds, and flowers, springing up everywhere among the fragments of stone, was so prodigious in this part of the Palace, that, but for the walls with their barbarous sculptures all round, we should certainly have believed ourselves to be encamped in the forest, without a building near us. All the lighter parts of the rubbish in the women's room we disposed of, cleverly, by piling it in the doorway on the Pirates' side, so as to make any approach from that direction all but impossible, even by climbing. The heavy blocks of stone—and it took two men to lift some of them that were not the heaviest—we piled up in the middle of the floor. Having by this means cleared away plenty of space round the walls, we gathered up all the litter of young branches, bushes, and leaves which the Indians had chopped away; added to them as much as was required of the underwood still standing; and laid the whole smooth and even, to make beds. I noticed, while we were at this work, that the ship's boy—whose name was Robert—was particularly helpful and considerate with the children, when it became necessary to quiet them and to get them to lie down. He was a rough boy to look at, and not very sharp; but, he managed better, and was more naturally tender-hearted with the little ones than any of the rest of us. This may seem a small thing to mention; but Robert's attentive ways with the children, attached them to him; and that attachment, as will be hereafter shown, turned out to be of great benefit to us, at a very dangerous and very important time.

Our next piece of work was to clear our own room. It was close at the side of the Palace; and a break in the outward wall looked down over the sheer precipice on which the building stood. We stopped this up, breast high, in case of accidents, with the rubbish on the floor; we then made our beds, just as we had made the women's beds already.

A little later, we heard the Pirate Captain in the hall, which he kept to himself for his big soul and his little body, giving orders to the American mate about the guard. On mustering the Pirates, it turned out that two of them, who had been wounded in the fight on the Island, were unfit for duty. Twenty-eight, therefore, remained. These, the Pirate Captain divided into companies of seven, who were to mount guard, in turn, for a spell of six hours each company; the relief coming round, as a matter of course, four times in the twenty-four hours. Of the guard of seven, two were stationed under the portico; one was placed as a look-out, on the top landing of the great flight of steps; and two were appointed to patrol the ground below, in front of the Palace. This left only two men to watch the three remaining sides of the building. So far as any risks of attack were concerned, the precipices at the back and sides of the Palace were a sufficient defence for it, if a good watch was kept on the weak side. But what the Pirate Captain dreaded was the chance of our escaping; and he would not trust the precipices to keep us, knowing we had sailors in our company, and suspecting that they might hit on some substitute for ropes, and lower themselves and their fellow-prisoners down from the back or the sides of the Palace, in the dark. Accordingly, the Pirate Captain settled it that two men out of each company should do double duty, after nightfall: the choice of them to be decided by casting dice. This gave four men to patrol round the sides and the back of the building: a sufficient number to keep a bright look-out. The Pirates murmured a little at the prospect of double duty; but, there was no remedy for it. The Indians, having a superstitious horror of remaining in the ruined city after dark, had bargained to be allowed to go back to their village, every afternoon. And, as for the Sambos, the Pirate Captain knew them better than the English had known them at Silver-Store, and would have nothing to do with them in any matter of importance.

The setting of the watch was completed without much delay. If any of us had felt the slightest hope of escaping, up to this time, the position of our prison and the number of sentinels appointed to guard it, would have been more than enough to extinguish that hope for ever.

An hour before sunset, the Indians—whose

only business at the Palace was to supply us with food from the village, and to prepare the food for eating—made their last batch of Tortillas, and then left the ruins in a body, at the usual trot of those savages when they are travelling in a hurry.

When the sun had set, the darkness came down upon us, I might almost say, with a rush. Bats whizzed about, and the low warning hum of Mosquitos sounded close to our ears. Flying beetles, with lights in their heads, each light as bright as the light of a dozen glowworms, sparkled through the darkness, in a wonderful manner, all night long. When one of them settled on the walls, he lighted up the hideous sculptures for a yard all round him, at the very least. Outside, in the forest, the dreadful stillness seemed to be drawing its breath, from time to time, when the night-wind swept lightly through the million-million leaves. Sometimes, the surge of monkeys travelling through the boughs, burst out with a sound like waves on a sandy shore; sometimes, the noise of falling branches and trunks rang out suddenly with a crash, as if the great ruins about us were splitting into pieces; sometimes, when the silence was at its deepest—when even the tread of the watch outside had ceased—the quick rustle of a lizard or a snake, sounded treacherously close at our ears. It was long before the children in the women's room were all quieted and hushed to sleep—longer still before we, their elders, could compose our spirits for the night. After all sounds died away among us, and when I thought that I was the only one still awake, I heard Miss Maryon's voice saying, softly, "God help and deliver us!" A man in our room, moving on his bed of leaves, repeated the words after her; and the ship's boy, Robert, half-asleep, half-awake, whispered to himself sleepily, "Amen!" After that, the silence returned upon us, and was broken no more. So the night passed—the first night in our Prison in the Woods.

With the morning, came the discovery of a new project of the Pirate Captain's, for which none of us had been prepared.

Soon after sunrise, the Pirate Captain looked into our room, and ordered all the men in it out into the large hall, where he lived with his big soul and his little body. After eyeing us narrowly, he directed three of the sailors, myself, and two of my comrades, to step apart from the rest. When we had obeyed, the bundle of axes which had troubled my mind so much, was brought into the hall; and four men of the guard, then on duty, armed with muskets and pistols, were marched in afterwards. Six of the axes were chosen and put into our hands, the Pirate Captain pointing warningly, as we took them, to the men with fire-arms in the front of us. He and his mate, both armed to the teeth, then led the way out to the steps; we followed; the other four Pirates came after us. We were formed, down the steps, in single file; the Pirate Captain at the head; I myself next to him; a Pirate next to me; and so on to the end, in such order as to keep a man with a loaded musket between each one or two of us prisoners. I looked behind me as we started, and saw two of the Sambos—that Christian George King was one of them—following us. We marched round the back of the Palace, and over the ruins beyond it, till we came to a track through the forest, the first I had seen. After a quarter of an hour's walking, I saw the sunlight, bright beyond the trees in front of us. In another minute or two, we stood under the clear sky, and beheld at our feet a broad river, running with a swift silent current, and overshadowed by the forest, rising as thick as ever on the bank that was opposite to us.

On the bank where we stood, the trees were young; some great tempest of past years having made havoc in this part of the forest, and torn away the old growth to make room for the new. The young trees grew up, mostly, straight and slender,—that is to say, slender for South America, the slightest of them being, certainly, as thick as my leg. After peeping and peering about at the timber, with the look of a man who owned it all, the Pirate Captain sat himself down cross-legged on the grass, and did us the honor to address us.

"Aha! you English, what do you think I have kept you alive for?" says he. "Because I am fond of you? Bah! Because I don't like to kill you? Bah! What for, then? Because I want the use of your arms to work for me. See those trees!" He waved his hand backwards and forwards, over the whole prospect. "Cut them all down—lop off the branches—smooth them into poles—shape them into beams—chop them into planks. Camarado!" he went on, turning to the mate, "I mean to roof in the Palace again, and to lay new floors over the rubbish of stones. I will make the big house good and dry to live in, in the rainy weather—I will barricade the steps of it for defence against an army,—I will make it my strong castle of retreat for me and my men, and our treasure, and our prisoners, and all that we have, when the English cruisers of the devil get too many for us along the coast. To work, you six! Look at those four men of mine,—their muskets are loaded. Look at these two Sambos who will stop here to fetch help if they want it. Remember the women and children you have left at the Palace—and at your peril and at their peril, turn those axes in your hands from their proper work! You understand? You English fools?"

With those words he jumped to his feet, and ordered the niggers to remain and place themselves at the orders of our guard. Having given these last directions, and having taken his mate's opinion as to whether

three of the Buccaniers would not be enough to watch the Palace in the day, when the six stoutest men ot the prisoners were away from it, the Pirate Captain offered his little weazen arm to the American, and strutted back to his castle, on better terms with himself than ever.

As soon as he and the mate were gone, Christian George King tumbled himself down on the grass, and kicked up his ugly heels in convulsions of delight.

"Oh, golly, golly, golly!" says he. "You dam English do work, and Christian George King look on. Yup, Sojeer! whack at them tree!"

I paid no attention to the brute, being better occupied in noticing my next comrade, Short. I had remarked that all the while the Pirate Captain was speaking, he was looking hard at the river, as if the sight of a large sheet of water did his sailorly eyes good. When we began to use the axes, greatly to my astonishment, he buckled to at his work like a man who had his whole heart in it: chuckling to himself at every chop, and wagging his head as if he was in the forecastle again telling his best yarns.

"You seem to be in spirits, Short?" I says, setting to on a tree close by him.

"The river's put a notion in my head," says he. "Chop away, Gill, as hard as you can, or they may hear us talking."

"What notion has the river put in your head?" I asked that man, following his directions.

"You don't know where that river runs to, I suppose?" says Short. "No more don't I. But, did it say anything particular to you, Gill, when you first set eyes on it? It said to *me*, as plain as words could speak, 'I'm the road out of this. Come and try me!'—Steady! Don't stop to look at the water. Chop away, man, chop away."

"The road out of this?" says I. "A road without any coaches, Short. I don't see so much as the ruins of one old canoe lying about anywhere."

Short chuckles again, and buries his axe in his tree.

"What are we cutting down these here trees for?" says he.

"Roofs and floors for the Pirate Captain's castle," says I.

"*Rafts for ourselves!*" says he, with another tremendous chop at the tree, which brought it to the ground—the first that had fallen.

His words struck through me as if I had been shot. For the first time since our imprisonment I now saw, clear as daylight, a chance of escape. Only a chance, to be sure; but, still a chance.

Although the guard stood several paces away from us, and could by no possibility hear a word that we said, through the noise of the axes, Short was too cautious to talk any more.

"Wait till night," he said, lopping the branches off the tree. "Pass the word on in a whisper to the nearest of our men to work with a will; and say, with a wink of your eye, there's a good reason for it."

After we had been allowed to knock off for that day, the Pirates had no cause to complain of the work we had done; and they reported us to the Pirate Captain as obedient and industrious, so far. When we lay down at night, I took the next place on the leaves to Short. We waited till the rest were asleep, and till we heard the Pirate Captain snoring in the great hall, before we began to talk again about the river and the rafts. This is the amount of what Short whispered in my ear on that occasion:

He told me he had calculated that it would take two large rafts to bear all our company, and that timber enough to make such two rafts might be cut down by six men in ten days, or, at most, in a fortnight. As for the means of fastening the rafts—the lashings, he called them—the stout vines and creepers supplied them abundantly; and the timbers of both rafts might be connected together, in this way, firmly enough for river navigation, in about five hours. That was the very shortest time the job would take, done by the willing hands of men who knew that they were working for their lives, said Short.

These were the means of escape. How to turn them to account was the next question. Short could not answer it; and though I tried all that night, neither could I.

The difficulty was one which, I think, might have puzzled wiser heads than ours. How were six-and-thirty living souls (being the number of us prisoners, including the children) to be got out of the Palace safely, in the face of the guard that watched it? And, even if that was accomplished, when could we count on gaining five hours all to ourselves for the business of making the rafts? The compassing of either of these two designs, absolutely necessary as they both were to our escape, seemed to be nothing more or less than a rank impossibility. Towards morning, I got a wild notion into my head about letting ourselves down from the back of the Palace, in the dark, and taking our chance of being able to seize the sentinels at that part of the building, unawares, and gag them before they could give the alarm to the Pirates in front. But, Short, when I mentioned my plan to him, would not hear of it. He said that men by themselves—provided they had not got a madman, like Drooce, and a maundering old gentleman, like Mr. Pordage, among them—might, perhaps, run some such desperate risk as I proposed; but, that letting women and children, to say nothing of Drooce and Pordage, down a precipice in the dark, with make-shift ropes which might give way at a moment's notice, was out of the question. It was impossible, on further reflection, not to see that Short's view of the matter was the right

one. I acknowledged as much, and then I put it to Short whether our wisest course would not be to let one or two of the sharpest of our fellow-prisoners into our secret, and see what they said. Short asked me which two I had in my mind when I made that proposal?

"Mr. Macey," says I, "because he is naturally quick, and has improved his gifts by learning, and Miss Maryon——"

"How can a woman help us?" says Short, breaking in on me.

"A woman with a clear head and a high courage and a patient resolution — all of which Miss Maryon has got, above all the world—may do more to help us, in our present strait, than any man of our company," says I.

"Well," says Short, "I daresay you're right. Speak to anybody you please, Gill; but, whatever you do, man, stick to it at the trees. Let's get the timber down—that's the first thing to be done, anyhow."

Before we were mustered for work, I took an opportunity of privately mentioning to Miss Maryon and Mr. Macey what had passed between Short and me. They were both thunderstruck at the notion of the rafts. Miss Maryon, as I had expected, made lighter of the terrible difficulties in the way of carrying out our scheme than Mr. Macey did.

"We are left here to watch and think, all day," she whispered—and I could almost hear the quick beating of her heart. "While you are making the best of your time among the trees, we will make the best of ours in the Palace. I can say no more, now—I can hardly speak at all for thinking of what you have told me. Bless you, bless you, for making me hope once more! Go now—we must not risk the consequences of being seen talking together. When you come back at night, look at me. If I close my eyes, it is a sign that nothing has been thought of yet. If I keep them open, take the first safe opportunity of speaking secretly to me or to Mr. Macey."

She turned away; and I went back to my comrades. Half an hour afterwards, we were off for our second day's work among the trees.

When we came back, I looked at Miss Maryon. She closed her eyes. So, nothing had been thought of, yet.

Six more days we worked at cutting down the trees, always meriting the same good character for industry from our Pirate-guard. Six more evenings I looked at Miss Maryon; and six times her closed eyes gave me the same disheartening answer. On the ninth day of our work, Short whispered to me, that if we plied our axes for three days longer, he considered we should have more than timber enough down, to make the rafts. He had thought of nothing, I had thought of nothing, Miss Maryon and Mr. Macey had thought of nothing. I was beginning to get low in spirits; but, Short was just as cool and easy as ever. "Chop away, Davis," was all he said. "The river won't run dry yet awhile. Chop away!"

We knocked off, earlier than usual that day, the Pirates having a feast in prospect, off a wild hog. It was still broad daylight (out of the forest) when we came back, and when I looked once more in Miss Maryon's face.

I saw a flush in her cheeks; and her eyes met mine brightly. My heart beat quicker at the glance of them; for I saw that the time had come, and that the difficulty was conquered.

We waited till the light was fading, and the Pirates were in the midst of their feast. Then, she beckoned me into the inner room, and I sat down by her in the dimmest corner of it.

"You have thought of something, at last, Miss?"

"I have. But the merit of the thought is not all mine. Chance—no! Providence—suggested the design; and the instrument with which its merciful Wisdom has worked, is—a child."

She stopped, and looked all round her anxiously, before she went on.

"This afternoon," she says, "I was sitting against the trunk of that tree, thinking of what has been the subject of my thoughts ever since you spoke to me. My sister's little girl was whiling away the tedious time, by asking Mr. Kitten to tell her the names of the different plants which are still left growing about the room. You know he is a learned man in such matters?"

I knew that; and have, I believe, formerly given that out, for my Lady to take in writing.

"I was too much occupied," she went on, "to pay attention to them, till they came close to the tree against which I was sitting. Under it and about it, there grew a plant with very elegantly-shaped leaves, and with a kind of berry on it. The child showed it to Mr. Kitten; and saying, 'Those berries look good to eat,' stretched out her hand towards them. Mr. Kitten stopped her. 'You must never touch that,' he said. 'Why not?' the child asked. 'Because if you eat much of it, it would poison you.' 'And if I only eat a little?' said the child, laughing. 'If you only eat a little,' said Mr. Kitten, 'it would throw you into a deep sleep—a sleep that none of us could wake you from, when it was time for breakfast—a sleep that would make your mama think you were dead.' Those words were hardly spoken, when the thought that I have now to tell you of, flashed across my mind. But, before I say anything more, answer me one question. Am I right in supposing that our attempt at escape must be made in the night?"

"At night, certainly," says I, "because we can be most sure, then, that the Pirates off guard are all in this building, and not likely to leave it."

"I understand. Now, Davis, hear what I have observed of the habits of the men who keep us imprisoned in this place. The first change of guard at night, is at nine o'clock. At that time, seven men come in from watching, and nine men (the extra night-guard) go out to replace them; each party being on duty, as you know, for six hours. I have observed, at the nine o'clock change of guard, that the seven men who come off duty, and the nine who go on, have a supply of baked cakes of Indian corn, reserved expressly for their use. They divide the food between them; the Pirate Captain (who is always astir at the change of guard) generally taking a cake for himself, when the rest of the men take theirs. This makes altogether, seventeen men who partake of food especially reserved for them, at nine o'clock. So far you understand me?"

"Clearly, Miss."

"The next thing I have noticed, is the manner in which that food is prepared. About two hours before sunset, the Pirate Captain walks out to smoke, after he has eaten the meal which he calls his dinner. In his absence from the hall, the Indians light their fire on the unsheltered side of it, and prepare the last batch of food before they leave us for the night. They knead up two separate masses of dough. The largest is the first which is separated into cakes and baked. That is taken for the use of us prisoners and of the men who are off duty all the night. The second and smaller piece of dough is then prepared for the nine o'clock change of guard. On that food—come nearer, Davis, I must say it in a whisper—on that food all our chances of escape now turn. If we can drug it unobserved, the Pirates who go off duty, the Pirates who go on duty, and the Captain, who is more to be feared than all the rest, will be as absolutely insensible to our leaving the Palace, as if they were every one of them dead men."

I was unable to speak—I was unable even to fetch my breath at those words.

"I have taken Mr. Kitten, as a matter of necessity, into our confidence," she said. "I have learnt from him a simple way of obtaining the juice of that plant which he forbade the child to eat. I have also made myself acquainted with the quantity which it is necessary to use for our purpose; and I have resolved that no hands but mine shall be charged with the work of kneading it into the dough."

"Not you, Miss,—not you. Let one of us—let me—run that risk."

"You have work enough and risk enough already," said Miss Maryon. "It is time that the women, for whom you have suffered and ventured so much, should take their share. Besides, the risk is not great, where the Indians only are concerned. They are idle and curious. I have seen, with my own eyes, that they are as easily tempted away from their occupation by any chance sight or chance noise as if they were children; and I have already arranged with Mr. Macey that he is to excite their curiosity by suddenly pulling down one of the loose stones in that doorway, when the right time comes. The Indians are certain to run in here to find out what is the matter. Mr. Macey will tell them that he has seen a snake,—they will hunt for the creature (as I have seen them hunt, over and over again, in this ruined place)—and while they are so engaged, the opportunity that I want, the two minutes to myself, which are all that I require, will be mine. Dread the Pirate Captain, Davis, for the slightest caprice of his may ruin all our hopes,—but never dread the Indians, and never doubt me."

Nobody, who had looked in her face at that moment—or at any moment that ever I knew of—could have doubted her.

"There is one thing more," she went on. "When is the attempt to be made?"

"In three days' time," I answered; "there will be timber enough down to make the rafts."

"In three days' time, then, let us decide the question of our freedom or our death." She spoke those words with a firmness that amazed me. "Rest now," she said. "Rest and hope."

The third day was the hottest we had yet experienced; we were kept longer at work than usual; and when we had done, we left on the bank enough, and more than enough, of timber and poles, to make both the rafts.

The Indians had gone when we got back to the Palace, and the Pirate Captain was still smoking on the flight of steps. As we crossed the hall, I looked on one side and saw the Tortillas set up in a pile, waiting for the men who came in and went out at nine o'clock.

At the door which opened between our room and the women's room, Miss Maryon was waiting for us.

"Is it done?" I asked in a whisper.

"It is done," she answered.

It was, then, by Mr. Macey's watch (which he had kept hidden about him throughout our imprisonment), seven o'clock. We had two hours to wait: hours of suspense, but hours of rest also for the overworked men who had been cutting the wood. Before I lay down, I looked into the inner room. The women were all sitting together; and I saw by the looks they cast on me that Miss Maryon had told them of what was coming with the night. The children were much as usual, playing quiet games among themselves. In the men's room, I noticed that Mr. Macey had posted himself along with Tom Packer, close to Serjeant Drooce, and that Mr. Fisher seemed to be taking great pains to make himself agreeable to Mr. Pordage. I was glad to see that the two gentlemen of the

company, who were quick-witted and experienced in most things, were already taking in hand the two unreasonable men.

The evening brought no coolness with it. The heat was so oppressive that we all panted under it. The stillness in the forest was awful. We could almost hear the falling of the leaves.

Half-past seven, eight, half-past eight, a quarter to nine,—Nine. The tramp of feet came up the steps on one side, and the tramp of feet came into the hall, on the other. There was a confusion of voices,—then, the voice of the Pirate Captain, speaking in his own language,—then, the voice of the American mate, ordering out the guard,—then silence.

I crawled to the door of our room, and laid myself down behind it, where I could see a strip of the hall, being that part of it in which the way out was situated. Here, also, the Pirate Captain's tent had been set up, about twelve or fourteen feet from the door. Two torches were burning before it. By their light, I saw the guard on duty file out, each man munching his Tortilla, and each man grumbling over it. At the same time, in the part of the hall which I could not see, I heard the men off duty grumbling also. The Pirate Captain, who had entered his tent the minute before, came out of it, and calling to the American mate, at the far end of the hall, asked sharply in English, what that murmuring meant.

"The men complain of the Tortillas," the mate tells him. "They say, they are nastier than ever to-night."

"Bring me one, and let me taste it," said the Captain. I had often before heard people talk of their hearts being in their mouths, but I never really knew what the sensation was, till I heard that order given.

The Tortilla was brought to him. He nibbled a bit off it, spat the morsel out with disgust, and threw the rest of the cake away.

"Those Indian beasts have burnt the Tortillas," he said, "and their dirty hides shall suffer for it to-morrow morning." With those words, he whisked round on his heel, and went back into his tent.

Some of the men had crept up behind me, and, looking over my head, had seen what I saw. They passed the account of it in whispers to those who could not see; and they, in their turn, repeated it to the women. In five minutes everybody in the two rooms knew that the scheme had failed with the very man whose sleep it was most important to secure. I heard no stifled crying among the women or stifled cursing among the men. The despair of that time was too deep for tears, and too deep for words.

I myself could not take my eyes off the tent. In a little while he came out of it again, puffing and panting with the heat. He lighted a cigar at one of the torches, and laid himself down on his cloak just inside the doorway leading into the portico, so that all the air from outside might blow over him. Little as he was, he was big enough to lie right across the narrow way out.

He smoked and he smoked, slowly and more slowly, for, what seemed to me to be, hours, but for what, by the watch, was little more than ten minutes after all. Then, the cigar dropped out of his mouth—his hand sought for it, and sank lazily by his side—his head turned over a little towards the door—and he fell off: not into the drugged sleep that there was safety in, but into his light, natural sleep, which a touch on his body might have disturbed.

"Now's the time to gag him," says Short, creeping up close to me, and taking off his jacket and shoes.

"Steady," says I. "Don't let's try that till we can try nothing else. There are men asleep near us who have not eaten the drugged cakes—the Pirate Captain is light and active—and if the gag slips on his mouth, we are all done for. I'll go to his head, Short, with my jacket ready in my hands. When I'm there, do you lead the way with your mates, and step gently into the portico, over his body. Every minute of your time is precious on account of making the rafts. Leave the rest of the men to get the women and children over; and leave me to gag him if he stirs while we are getting out."

"Shake hands on it, Davis," says Short, getting to his feet. "A team of horses wouldn't have dragged me out first, if you hadn't said that about the rafts."

"Wait a bit," says I, "till I speak to Mr. Kitten."

I crawled back into the room, taking care to keep out of the way of the stones in the middle of it, and asked Mr. Kitten how long it would be before the drugged cakes acted on the men outside who had eaten them? He said we ought to wait another quarter of an hour, to make quite sure. At the same time, Mr. Macey whispered in my ear to let him pass over the Pirate Captain's body, alone with the dangerous man of our company—Serjeant Drooce. "I know how to deal with mad people," says he. "I have persuaded the Sergeant that if he is quiet, and if he steps carefully, I can help him to escape from Tom Packer, whom he is beginning look on as his keeper. He has been as stealthy and quiet as a cat ever since—and I will answer for him till we get to the river side."

What a relief it was to hear that! I was turning round to get back to Short, when a hand touched me lightly.

"I have heard you talking," whispered Miss Maryon; "and I will prepare all in my room for the risk we must now run. Robert, the ship's boy, whom the children are so fond of, shall help us to persuade them, once more, that we are going to play a game. If you can get one of the torches from the tent, and

pass it in here, it may prevent some of us from stumbling. Don't be afraid of the women and children, Davis. They shall not endanger the brave men who are saving them."

I left her at once to get the torch. The Pirate Captain was still fast asleep as I stole on tiptoe, into the hall, and took it from the tent. When I returned, and gave it to Miss Maryon, her sister's little deaf and dumb boy saw me, and, slipping between us, caught tight hold of one of my hands. Having been used to riding on my shoulders for so many days, he had taken a fancy to me; and, when I tried to put him away, he only clung the tighter, and began to murmur in his helpless dumb way. Slight as the noise was which the poor little fellow could make, we all dreaded it. His mother wrung her hands in despair when she heard him; and Mr. Fisher whispered to me for Heaven's sake to quiet the child, and humour him at any cost. I immediately took him up in my arms, and went back to Short.

"Sling him on my back," says I, "as you slung the little girl on your own the first day of the march. I want both my hands, and the child won't be quiet away from me."

Short did as I asked him in two minutes. As soon as he had finished, Mr. Macey passed the word on to me, that the quarter of an hour was up; that it was time to try the experiment with Drooce; and that it was necessary for us all to humour him by feigning sleep. We obeyed. Looking out of the corner of my eye, I saw Mr. Macey take the mad Serjeant's arm, point round to us all, and then lead him out. Holding tight by Mr. Macey, Drooce stepped as lightly as a woman, with as bright and wicked a look of cunning as ever I saw in any human eyes. They crossed the hall—Mr. Macey pointed to the Pirate Captain, and whispered, "Hush!"—the Serjeant imitated the action and repeated the word—then the two stepped over his body (Drooce cautiously raising his feet the highest), and disappeared through the portico. We waited to hear if there was any noise or confusion. Not a sound.

I got up, and Short handed me his jacket for the gag. The child, having been startled from his sleep by the light of the torch, when I brought it in, had fallen off again, already, on my shoulder. "Now for it," says I, and stole out into the hall.

I stopped at the tent, went in, and took the first knife I could find there. With the weapon between my teeth, with the little innocent asleep on my shoulder, with the jacket held ready in both hands, I kneeled down on one knee at the Pirate Captain's head, and fixed my eyes steadily on his ugly sleeping face.

The sailors came out first, with their shoes in their hands. No sound of footsteps from any one of them. No movement in the ugly face as they passed over it.

The women and children were ready next. Robert, the ship's boy, lifted the children over: most of them holding their little hands over their mouths to keep from laughing—so well had Robert persuaded them that we were only playing a game. The women passed next, all as light as air; after them, in obedience to a sign from me, my comrades of the Marines, holding their shoes in their hands, as the sailors had done before them. So far, not a word had been spoken, not a mistake had been made—so far, not a change of any sort had passed over the Pirate Captain's face.

There were left now in the hall, besides myself and the child on my back, only Mr. Fisher and Mr. Pordage. Mr. Pordage! Up to that moment, in the risk and excitement of the time, I had not once thought of him.

I was forced to think of him now, though; and with anything but a friendly feeling.

At the sight of the Pirate Captain, asleep across the way out, the unfortunate, mischievous old simpleton tossed up his head, and folded his arms, and was on the point of breaking out loud into a spoken document of some kind, when Mr. Fisher wisely and quickly clapped a hand over his mouth.

"Government despatches outside," whispers Mr. Fisher, in an agony. "Secret service. Forty-nine reports from head-quarters, all waiting for you half a mile off. I'll show you the way, sir. Don't wake that man there, who is asleep: he must know nothing about it—he represents the Public."

Mr. Pordage suddenly looked very knowing and hugely satisfied with himself. He followed Mr. Fisher to within a foot of the Pirate Captain's body—then stopped short.

"How many reports?" he asked, very anxiously.

"Forty-nine," said Mr. Fisher. "Come along, sir,—and step clean over the Public, whatever you do."

Mr. Pordage instantly stepped over, as jauntily as if he was going to dance. At the moment of his crossing, a hanging rag of his cursed, useless, unfortunate, limp Diplomatic coat touched the Pirate Captain's forehead, and woke him.

I drew back softly, with the child still asleep on my shoulder, into the black shadow of the wall behind me. At the instant when the Pirate Captain awoke, I had been looking at Mr. Pordage, and had consequently lost the chance of applying the gag to his mouth suddenly, at the right time.

On rousing up, he turned his face inwards, towards the prisoners' room. If he had turned it outwards, he must to a dead certainty have seen the tail of Mr. Pordage's coat, disappearing in the portico.

Though he was awake enough to move, he was not awake enough to have the full possession of his sharp senses. The drowsiness of his sleep still hung about him. He

yawned, stretched himself, spat wearily, sat up, spat again, got on his legs, and stood up, within three feet of the shadow in which I was hiding behind him.

I forgot the knife in my teeth,—I declare solemnly, in the frightful suspense of that moment, I forgot it—and doubled my fist as if I was an unarmed man, with the purpose of stunning him by a blow on the head if he came any nearer. I suppose I waited, with my fist clenched, nearly a minute, while he waited, yawning and spitting. At the end of that time, he made for his tent, and I heard him (with what thankfulness no words can tell!) roll himself down, with another yawn, on his bed inside.

I waited—in the interest of us all—to make quite sure, before I left, that he was asleep again. In what I reckoned as about five minutes' time, I heard him snoring, and felt free to take myself and my little sleeping comrade out of the prison, at last.

The drugged guards in the portico were sitting together, dead asleep, with their backs against the wall. The third man was lying flat, on the landing of the steps. Their arms and ammunition were gone: wisely taken by our men—to defend us, if we were meddled with before we escaped, and to kill food for us when we committed ourselves to the river.

At the bottom of the steps I was startled by seeing two women standing together. They were Mrs. Macey and Miss Maryon: the first, waiting to see her child safe; the second (God bless her for it!) waiting to see *me* safe.

In a quarter of an hour we were by the river-side, and saw the work bravely begun: the sailors and the marines under their orders, labouring at the rafts in the shallow water by the bank; Mr. Macey and Mr. Fisher rolling down fresh timber as it was wanted; the women cutting the vines, creepers, and withies for the lashings. We brought with us three more pair of hands to help; and all worked with such a will, that, in four hours and twenty minutes, by Mr. Macey's watch, the rafts, though not finished as they ought to have been, were still strong enough to float us away.

Short, another seaman, and the ship's boy, got aboard the first raft, carrying with them poles and spare timber. Miss Maryon, Mrs. Fisher and her husband, Mrs. Macey and her husband and three children, Mr. and Mrs. Pordage, Mr. Kitten, myself, and women and children besides, to make up eighteen, were the passengers on the leading raft. The second raft, under the guidance of the two other sailors, held Serjeant Drooce (gagged, for he now threatened to be noisy again), Tom Packer, the two marines, Mrs. Belltott, and the rest of the women and children. We all got on board silently and quickly, with a fine moonlight over our heads, and without accidents or delays of any kind.

It was a good half-hour before the time would come for the change of guard at the prison, when the lashings which tied us to the bank were cast off, and we floated away, a company of free people, on the current of an unknown river.

CHAPTER III.

THE RAFTS ON THE RIVER.

We contrived to keep afloat all that night, and, the stream running strong with us, to glide a long way down the river. But, we found the night to be a dangerous time for such navigation, on account of the eddies and rapids, and it was therefore settled next day that in future we would bring-to at sunset, and encamp on the shore. As we knew of no boats that the Pirates possessed, up at the Prison in the Woods, we settled always to encamp on the opposite side of the stream, so as to have the breadth of the river between our sleep and them. Our opinion was, that if they were acquainted with any near way by land to the mouth of this river, they would come up it in force, and re-take us or kill us, according as they could; but, that if that was not the case, and if the river ran by none of their secret stations, we might escape.

When I say we settled this or that, I do not mean that we planned anything with any confidence as to what might happen an hour hence. So much had happened in one night, and such great changes had been violently and suddenly made in the fortunes of many among us, that we had got better used to uncertainty, in a little while, than I dare say most people do in the course of their lives.

The difficulties we soon got into, through the off-settings and point-currents of the stream, made the likelihood of our being drowned, alone—to say nothing of our being retaken—as broad and plain as the sun at noon-day to all of us. But, we all worked hard at managing the rafts, under the direction of the seamen (of our own skill, I think we never could have prevented them from oversetting), and we also worked hard at making good the defects in their first hasty construction—which the water soon found out. While we humbly resigned ourselves to going down, if it was the will of Our Father that was in Heaven, we humbly made up our minds, that we would all do the best that was in us.

And so we held on, gliding with the stream. It drove us to this bank, and it drove us to that bank, and it turned us, and whirled us; but yet it carried us on. Sometimes much too slowly, sometimes much too fast, but yet it carried us on.

My little deaf and dumb boy slumbered a good deal now, and that was the case with all the children. They caused very little trouble to any one. They seemed, in my eyes, to get more like one another, not only in quiet manner, but in the face, too. The motion of the raft was usually so much

the same, the scene was usually so much the same, the sound of the soft wash and ripple of the water was usually so much the same, that they were made drowsy, as they might have been by the constant playing of one tune. Even on the grown people, who worked hard and felt anxiety, the same things produced something of the same effect. Every day was so like the other, that I soon lost count of the days, myself, and had to ask Miss Maryon, for instance, whether this was the third or fourth? Miss Maryon had a pocket-book and pencil, and she kept the log; that is to say, she entered up a clear little journal of the time, and of the distances our seamen thought we had made, each night.

So, as I say, we kept afloat and glided on. All day long, and every day, the water, and the woods, and sky; all day long, and every day, the constant watching of both sides of the river, and far a-head at every bold turn and sweep it made, for any signs of Pirate-boats, or Pirate-dwellings. So, as I say, we kept afloat and glided on. The days melting themselves together to that degree, that I could hardly believe my ears when I asked "How many, now, Miss?" and she answered, "Seven."

To be sure, poor Mr. Pordage had, by about now, got his Diplomatic coat into such a state as never was seen. What with the mud of the river, what with the water of the river, what with the sun, and the dews, and the tearing boughs, and the thickets, it hung about him in discoloured shreds like a mop. The sun had touched him a bit. He had taken to always polishing one particular button, which just held on to his left wrist, and to always calling for stationery. I suppose that man called for pens, ink, and paper, tape, and sealing-wax, upwards of one thousand times in four and twenty hours. He had an idea that we should never get out of that river unless we were written out of it in a formal Memorandum; and the more we laboured at navigating the rafts, the more he ordered us not to touch them at our peril, and the more he sat and roared for stationery.

Mrs. Pordage, similarly, persisted in wearing her night-cap. I doubt if any one but ourselves who had seen the progress of that article of dress, could by this time have told what it was meant for. It had got so limp and ragged that she couldn't see out of her eyes for it. It was so dirty, that whether it was vegetable matter out of a swamp, or weeds out of the river, or an old porter's-knot from England, I don't think any new spectator could have said. Yet, this unfortunate old woman had a notion that it was not only vastly genteel, but that it was the correct thing as to propriety. And she really did carry herself over the other ladies who had no night-caps, and who were forced to tie up their hair how they could, in a superior manner that was perfectly amazing.

I don't know what she looked like, sitting in that blessed night-cap, on a log of wood, outside the hut or cabin upon our raft. She would have rather resembled a fortune-teller in one of the picture-books that used to be in the shop windows in my boyhood, except for her stateliness. But, Lord bless my heart, the dignity with which she sat and moped, with her head in that bundle of tatters, was like nothing else in the world! She was not on speaking terms with more than three of the ladies. Some of them had, what she called, "taken precedence" of her—in getting into, or out of, that miserable little shelter!—and others had not called to pay their respects, or something of that kind. So, there she sat, in her own state and ceremony, while her husband sat on the same log of wood, ordering us one and all to let the raft go to the bottom, and to bring him stationery.

What with this noise on the part of Mr. Commissioner Pordage, and what with the cries of Serjeant Drooce on the raft astern (which were sometimes more than Tom Packer could silence), we often made our slow way down the river, anything but quietly. Yet, that it was of great importance that no ears should be able to hear us from the woods on the banks, could not be doubted. We were looked for, to a certainty, and we might be retaken at any moment. It was an anxious time; it was, indeed, indeed, an anxious time.

On the seventh night of our voyage on the rafts, we made fast, as usual, on the opposite side of the river to that from which we had started, in as dark a place as we could pick out. Our little encampment was soon made, and supper was eaten, and the children fell asleep. The watch was set, and everything made orderly for the night. Such a starlight night, with such blue in the sky, and such black in the places of heavy shade on the banks of the great stream!

Those two ladies, Miss Maryon and Mrs. Fisher, had always kept near me since the night of the attack. Mr. Fisher, who was untiring in the work of our raft, had said to me:

"My dear little childless wife has grown so attached to you, Davis, and you are such a gentle fellow, as well as such a determined one;" our party had adopted that last expression from the one-eyed English pirate, and I repeat what Mr. Fisher said, only because he said it; "that it takes a load off my mind to leave her in your charge."

I said to him: "Your lady is in far better charge than mine, sir, having Miss Maryon to take care of her; but, you may rely upon it, that I will guard them both—faithful and true."

Says he: "I do rely upon it, Davis, and I heartily wish all the silver on our old Island was yours."

That seventh starlight night, as I have said, we made our camp, and got our supper, and set our watch, and the children fell asleep. It was solemn and beautiful in those

wild and solitary parts, to see them, every night before they lay down, kneeling under the bright sky, saying their little prayers at women's laps. At that time we men all uncovered, and mostly kept at a distance. When the innocent creatures rose up, we murmured "Amen!" all together. For, though we had not heard what they said, we knew it must be good for us.

At that time, too, as was only natural, those poor mothers in our company whose children had been killed, shed many tears. I thought the sight seemed to console them while it made them cry; but, whether I was right or wrong in that, they wept very much. On this seventh night, Mrs. Fisher had cried for her lost darling until she cried herself asleep. She was lying on a little couch of leaves and such-like (I made the best little couch I could, for them every night), and Miss Maryon had covered her, and sat by her, holding her hand. The stars looked down upon them. As for me, I guarded them.

"Davis!" says Miss Maryon. (I am not going to say what a voice she had. I couldn't if I tried.)

"I am here, Miss."

"The river sounds as if it were swollen to-night."

"We all think, Miss, that we are coming near the sea."

"Do you believe, now, we shall escape?"

"I do now, Miss, really believe it." I had always said I did; but, I had in my own mind been doubtful.

"How glad you will be, my good Davis, to see England again!"

I have another confession to make that will appear singular. When she said these words, something rose in my throat; and the stars I looked away at, seemed to break into sparkles that fell down my face and burnt it.

"England is not much to me, Miss, except as a name."

"Oh! So true an Englishman should not say that!—Are you not well to-night, Davis?" Very kindly, and with a quick change.

"Quite well, Miss."

"Are you sure? Your voice sounds altered in my hearing."

"No, Miss, I am a stronger man than ever. But, England is nothing to me."

Miss Maryon sat silent for so long a while, that I believed she had done speaking to me for one time. However, she had not; for by and by she said in a distinct, clear tone:

"No, good friend; you must not say, that England is nothing to you. It is to be much to you, yet—everything to you. You have to take back to England the good name you have earned here, and the gratitude and attachment and respect you have won here; and you have to make some good English girl very happy and proud, by marrying her; and I shall one day see her, I hope, and make her happier and prouder still, by telling her what noble services her husband's were in South America, and what a noble friend he was to me there."

Though she spoke these kind words in a cheering manner, she spoke them compassionately. I said nothing. It will appear to be another strange confession, that I paced to and fro, within call, all that night, a most unhappy man reproaching myself all the night long. "You are as ignorant as any man alive; you are as obscure as any man alive; you are as poor as any man alive; you are no better than the mud under your foot." That was the way in which I went on against myself until the morning.

With the day, came the day's labour. What I should have done without the labour, I don't know. We were afloat again at the usual hour, and were again making our way down the river. It was broader, and clearer of obstructions than it had been, and it seemed to flow faster. This was one of Drooce's quiet days; Mr. Pordage, besides being sulky, had almost lost his voice; and we made good way, and with little noise.

There was always a seaman forward on the raft, keeping a bright look-out. Suddenly, in the full heat of the day, when the children were slumbering, and the very trees and reeds appeared to be slumbering, this man—it was Short—holds up his hand, and cries with great caution:

"Avast! Voices ahead!"

We held on against the stream as soon as we could bring her up, and the other raft followed suit. At first, Mr. Macey, Mr. Fisher, and myself, could hear nothing; though both the seamen aboard of us agreed that they could hear voices and oars. After a little pause, however, we united in thinking that we *could* hear the sound of voices, and the dip of oars. But, you can hear a long way in those countries, and there was a bend of the river before us, and nothing was to be seen except such waters and such banks as we were now in the eighth day (and might, for the matter of our feelings, have been in the eightieth), of having seen with anxious eyes.

It was soon decided to put a man ashore who should creep through the wood, see what was coming, and warn the rafts. The rafts in the meantime to keep the middle of the stream. The man to be put ashore, and not to swim ashore, as the first thing could be more quickly done than the second. The raft conveying him, to get back into mid-stream, and to hold on along with the other, as well as it could, until signalled by the man. In case of danger, the man to shift for himself until it should be safe to take him aboard again. I volunteered to be the man.

We knew that the voices and oars must come up slowly against the stream; and our seamen knew, by the set of the stream, under which bank they would come. I was put ashore accordingly. The raft got off well, and I broke into the wood.

Steaming hot it was, and a tearing place to

get through. So much the better for me, since it was something to contend against and do. I cut off the bend in the river, at a great saving of space, came to the water's edge again, and hid myself, and waited. I could now hear the dip of the oars very distinctly; the voices had ceased.

The sound came on in a regular tune, and as I lay hidden, I fancied the tune so played to be, "Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King! Chris'en—George—King!" over and over again, always the same, with the pauses always at the same places. I had likewise time to make up my mind that if these were the Pirates, I could and would (barring my being shot), swim off to my raft, in spite of my wound, the moment I had given the alarm, and hold my old post by Miss Maryon.

"Chris'en — George — King! Chris'en — George—King! Chris'en—George—King!" coming up, now, very near.

I took a look at the branches about me, to see where a shower of bullets would be most likely to do me least hurt; and I took a look back at the track I had made in forcing my way in; and now I was wholly prepared and fully ready for them.

"Chris'en — George — King! Chrise'n— George—King! Chris'en—George—King!" Here they were!

Who were they? The barbarous Pirates, scum of all nations, headed by such men as the hideous little Portuguese monkey, and the one-eyed English convict with the gash across his face, that ought to have gashed his wicked head off? The worst men in the world picked out from the worst, to do the cruellest and most atrocious deeds that ever stained it? The howling, murdering, black-flag waving, mad, and drunken crowd of devils that had overcome us by numbers and by treachery? No. These were English men in English boats—good blue-jackets and red-coats—marines that I knew myself, and sailors that knew our seamen! At the helm of the first boat, Captain Carton, eager and steady. At the helm of the second boat, Captain Maryon, brave and bold. At the helm of the third boat, an old seaman, with determination carved into his watchful face, like the figure-head of a ship. Every man doubly and trebly armed from head to foot. Every man lying-to at his work, with a will that had all his heart and soul in it. Every man looking out for any trace of friend or enemy, and burning to be the first to do good, or avenge evil. Every man with his face on fire when he saw me, his countryman who had been taken prisoner, and hailed me with a cheer, as Captain Carton's boat ran in and took me on board.

I reported, "All escaped, sir! All well, all safe, all here!"

God bless me—and God bless them—what a cheer! It turned me weak, as I was passed on from hand to hand to the stern of the boat: every hand patting me or grasping me in some way or other, in the moment of my going by.

"Hold up, my brave fellow," says Captain Carton, clapping me on the shoulder like a friend, and giving me a flask. "Put your lips to that, and they'll be red again. Now, boys, give way!"

The banks flew by us, as if the mightiest stream that ever ran was with us; and so it was, I am sure, meaning the stream of those men's ardour and spirit. The banks flew by us, and we came in sight of the rafts—the banks flew by us, and we came alongside of the rafts—the banks stopped; and there was a tumult of laughing and crying and kissing and shaking of hands, and catching up of children and setting of them down again, and a wild hurry of thankfulness and joy that melted every one and softened all hearts.

I had taken notice, in Captain Carton's boat, that there was a curious and quite new sort of fitting on board. It was a kind of a little bower made of flowers, and it was set up behind the captain, and betwixt him and the rudder. Not only was this arbor, so to call it, neatly made of flowers, but it was ornamented in a singular way. Some of the men had taken the ribbons and buckles off their hats, and hung them among the flowers; others, had made festoons and streamers of their handkerchiefs, and hung them there; others, had intermixed such trifles as bits of glass and shining fragments of lockets and tobacco-boxes, with the flowers; so that altogether it was a very bright and lively object in the sunshine. But, why there, or what for, I did not understand.

Now, as soon as the first bewilderment was over, Captain Carton gave the order to land for the present. But, this boat of his, with two hands left in her, immediately put off again when the men were out of her, and kept off, some yards from the shore. As she floated there, with the two hands gently backing water to keep her from going down the stream, this pretty little arbor attracted many eyes. None of the boat's crew, however, had anything to say about it, except that it was the captain's fancy.

The captain, with the women and children clustering round him, and the men of all ranks grouped outside them, and all listening, stood telling how the Expedition, deceived by its bad intelligence, had chased the light Pirate boats all that fatal night, and had still followed in their wake next day, and had never suspected until many hours too late that the great Pirate body had drawn off in the darkness when the chace began, and shot over to the Island. He stood telling how the Expedition, supposing the whole array of armed boats to be ahead of it, got tempted into shallows and went aground; but, not without having its revenge upon the two decoy-boats, both of which it had come up with, overland, and sent to the bottom

with all on board. He stood telling how the Expedition, fearing then that the case stood as it did, got afloat again, by great exertion, after the loss of four more tides, and returned to the Island, where they found the sloop scuttled and the treasure gone. He stood telling how my officer, Lieutenant Linderwood, was left upon the Island, with as strong a force as could be got together hurriedly from the mainland, and how the three boats we saw before us were manned and armed and had come away, exploring the coast and inlets, in search of any tidings of us. He stood telling all this, with his face to the river; and, as he stood telling it, the little arbor of flowers floated in the sunshine before all the faces there.

Leaning on Captain Carton's shoulder, between him and Miss Maryon, was Mrs. Fisher, her head drooping on her arm. She asked him, without raising it, when he had told so much, whether he had found her mother?

"Be comforted! She lies," said the Captain, gently, "under the cocoa-nut trees on the beach."

"And my child, Captain Carton, did you find my child, too? Does my darling rest with my mother?"

"No. Your pretty child sleeps," said the Captain, "under a shade of flowers."

His voice shook; but, there was something in it that struck all the hearers. At that moment, there sprung from the arbor in his boat, a little creature, clapping her hands and stretching out her arms, and crying, "Dear papa! Dear mamma! I am not killed. I am saved. I am coming to kiss you. Take me to them, take me to them, good, kind sailors!"

Nobody who saw that scene has ever forgotten it, I am sure, or ever will forget it. The child had kept quite still, where her brave grandmama had put her (first whispering in her ear, "Whatever happens to me, do not stir, my dear!"), and had remained quiet until the fort was deserted; she had then crept out of the trench, and gone into her mother's house; and there, alone on the solitary Island, in her mother's room, and asleep on her mother's bed, the Captain had found her. Nothing could induce her to be parted from him after he took her up in his arms, and he had brought her away with him, and the men had made the bower for her. To see those men now, was a sight. The joy of the women was beautiful; the joy of those women who had lost their own children, was quite sacred and divine; but, the ecstasies of Captain Carton's boat's crew, when their pet was restored to her parents, were wonderful for the tenderness they showed in the midst of roughness. As the Captain stood with the child in his arms, and the child's own little arms now clinging round his neck, now round her father's, now round her mother's, now round some one who pressed up to kiss her, the boat's crew shook hands with one another, waved their hats over their heads, laughed, sang, cried, danced—and all among themselves, without wanting to interfere with anybody—in a manner never to be represented. At last, I saw the coxswain and another, two very hard-faced men with grizzled heads who had been the heartiest of the hearty all along, close with one another, get each of them the other's head under his arm, and pummel away at it with his fist as hard as he could, in his excess of joy.

When we had well rested and refreshed ourselves—and very glad we were to have some of the heartening things to eat and drink that had come up in the boats—we recommenced our voyage down the river: rafts, and boats, and all. I said to myself, it was a very different kind of voyage now, from what it had been; and I fell into my proper place and station among my fellow-soldiers.

But, when we halted for the night, I found that Miss Maryon had spoken to Captain Carton concerning me. For, the Captain came straight up to me, and says he, "My brave fellow, you have been Miss Maryon's body-guard all along, and you shall remain so. Nobody shall supersede you in the distinction and pleasure of protecting that young lady." I thanked his honor in the fittest words I could find, and that night I was placed on my old post of watching the place where she slept. More than once in the night, I saw Captain Carton come out into the air, and stroll about there, to see that all was well. I have now this other singular confession to make, that I saw him with a heavy heart. Yes; I saw him with a heavy, heavy heart.

In the day-time, I had the like post in Captain Carton's boat. I had a special station of my own, behind Miss Maryon, and no hands but hers ever touched my wound. (It has been healed these many long years; but, no other hands have ever touched it.) Mr. Pordage was kept tolerably quiet now, with pen and ink, and began to pick up his senses a little. Seated in the second boat, he made documents with Mr. Kitten, pretty well all day; and he generally handed in a Protest about something whenever we stopped. The Captain, however, made so very light of these papers that it grew into a saying among the men, when one of them wanted a match for his pipe, "Hand us over a Protest, Jack!" As to Mrs. Pordage, she still wore the nightcap, and she now had cut all the ladies on account of her not having been formally and separately rescued by Captain Carton before anybody else. The end of Mr. Pordage, to bring to an end all I know about him, was, that he got great compliments at home for his conduct on these trying occasions, and that he died of yellow jaundice, a Governor and a K.C.B.

Serjeant Drooce had fallen from a high fever into a low one, Tom Packer—the only man who could have pulled the Serjeant

through it—kept hospital a-board the old raft, and Mrs. Belltott, as brisk as ever again (but the spirit of that little woman, when things tried it, was not equal to appearances), was head-nurse under his directions. Before we got down to the Mosquito coast, the joke had been made by one of our men, that we should see her gazetted Mrs. Tom Packer, *vice* Belltott exchanged.

When we reached the coast, we got native boats as substitutes for the rafts; and we rowed along under the land; and in that beautiful climate, and upon that beautiful water, the blooming days were like enchantment. Ah! They were running away, faster than any sea or river, and there was no tide to bring them back. We were coming very near the settlement where the people of Silver-Store were to be left, and from which we Marines were under orders to return to Belize.

Captain Carton had, in the boat by him, a curious long-barreled Spanish gun, and he had said to Miss Maryon one day that it was the best of guns, and had turned his head to me, and said:

"Gill Davis, load her fresh with a couple of slugs, against a chance of showing how good she is."

So, I had discharged the gun over the sea, and had loaded her, according to orders, and there it had lain at the Captain's feet, convenient to the Captain's hand.

The last day but one of our journey was an uncommonly hot day. We started very early; but, there was no cool air on the sea as the day got on, and by noon the heat was really hard to bear, considering that there were women and children to bear it. Now, we happened to open, just at that time, a very pleasant little cove or bay, where there was a deep shade from a great growth of trees. Now, the Captain, therefore, made the signal to the other boats to follow him in and lie by a while.

The men who were off duty went ashore, and lay down, but were ordered, for caution's sake, not to stray, and to keep within view. The others rested on their oars, and dozed. Awnings had been made of one thing and another, in all the boats, and the passengers found it cooler to be under them in the shade, when there was room enough, than to be in the thick woods. So, the passengers were all afloat, and mostly sleeping. I kept my post behind Miss Maryon, and she was on Captain Carton's right in the boat, and Mrs. Fisher sat on her right again. The Captain had Mrs. Fisher's daughter on his knee. He and the two ladies were talking about the Pirates, and were talking softly: partly, because people do talk softly under such indolent circumstances, and partly because the little girl had gone off asleep.

I think I have before given it out for my Lady to write down, that Captain Carton had a fine bright eye of his own. All at once, he darted me a side look, as much as to say. "Steady—don't take on—I see something!"—and gave the child into her mother's arms. That eye of his was so easy to understand, that I obeyed it by not so much as looking either to the right or to the left out of a corner of my own, or changing my attitude the least trifle. The Captain went on talking in the same mild and easy way; but began—with his arms resting across his knees, and his head a little hanging forward, as if the heat were rather too much for him—began to play with the Spanish gun.

"They had laid their plans, you see," says the Captain, taking up the Spanish gun across his knees, and looking, lazily, at the inlaying on the stock, "with a great deal of art; and the corrupt or blundering local authorities were so easily deceived;" he ran his left hand idly along the barrel, but I saw, with my breath held, that he covered the action of cocking the gun with his right —"so easily deceived, that they summoned us out to come into the trap. But my intention as to future operations ——" In a flash the Spanish gun was at his bright eye, and he fired.

All started up; innumerable echoes repeated the sound of the discharge; a cloud of bright-colored birds flew out of the woods screaming; a handful of leaves were scattered in the place where the shot had struck; a crackling of branches was heard; and some lithe but heavy creature sprang into the air, and fell forward, head down, over the muddy bank.

"What is it?" cries Captain Maryon from his boat. All silent then, but the echoes rolling away.

"It is a Traitor and a Spy," said Captain Carton, handing me the gun to load again. "And I think the other name of the animal is Christian George King!"

Shot through the heart. Some of the people ran round to the spot, and drew him out, with the slime and wet trickling down his face; but, his face itself would never stir any more to the end of time.

"Leave him hanging to that tree," cried Captain Carton; his boat's crew giving way, and he leaping ashore. "But first into this wood, every man in his place. And boats! Out of gunshot!"

It was a quick change, well-meant and well made, though it ended in disappointment. No Pirates were there; no one but the Spy was found. It was supposed that the Pirates, unable to retake us, and expecting a great attack upon them, to be the consequence of our escape, had made from the ruins in the Forest, taken to their ship along with the Treasure, and left the Spy to pick up what intelligence he could. In the evening we went away, and he was left hanging to the tree, all alone, with the red sun making a kind of a dead sunset on his black face.

Next day, we gained the settlement on the

Mosquito coast for which we were bound. Having stayed there to refresh, seven days, and having been much commended, and highly spoken of, and finely entertained, we Marines stood under orders to march from the Town-Gate (it was neither much of a town nor much of a gate), at five in the morning.

My officer had joined us before then. When we turned out at the gate, all the people were there; in the front of them all those who had been our fellow-prisoners, and all the seamen.

"Davis," says Lieutenant Linderwood. "Stand out, my friend!"

I stood out from the ranks, and Miss Maryon and Captain Carton came up to me.

"Dear Davis," says Miss Maryon, while the tears fell fast down her face, "your grateful friends, in most unwillingly taking leave of you, ask the favour that, while you bear away with you their affectionate remembrance which nothing can ever impair, you will also take this purse of money—far more valuable to you, we all know, for the deep attachment and thankfulness with which it is offered, than for its own contents, though we hope those may prove useful to you, too, in after life."

I got out, in answer, that I thankfully accepted the attachment and affection, but not the money. Captain Carton looked at me very attentively, and stepped back, and moved away. I made him my bow as he stepped back, to thank him for being so delicate.

"No, miss," said I, "I think it would break my heart to accept of money. But, if you could condescend to give to a man so ignorant and common as myself, any little thing you have worn—such as a bit of ribbon—"

She took a ring from her finger, and put it in my hand. And she rested her hand in mine, while she said these words:

"The brave gentlemen of old—but not one of them was braver, or had a nobler nature than you—took such gifts from ladies, and did all their good actions for the givers' sakes. If you will do yours for mine, I shall think with pride that I continue to have some share in the life of a gallant and generous man."

For the second time in my life, she kissed my hand. I made so bold, for the first time, as to kiss hers; and I tied the ring at my breast, and I fell back to my place.

Then, the horse-litter went out at the gate, with Serjeant Drooce in it; and the horse-litter went out at the gate with Mrs. Belltott in it; and Lieutenant Linderwood gave the word of command, "Quick march!" and, cheered and cried for, we went out of the gate too, marching along the level plain towards the serene blue sky as if we were marching straight to Heaven.

When I have added here that the Pirate scheme was blown to shivers, by the Pirate-ship which had the Treasure on board being so vigorously attacked by one of His Majesty's cruisers, among the West India Keys, and being so swiftly boarded and carried, that nobody suspected anything about the scheme until three-fourths of the Pirates were killed, and the other fourth were in irons, and the Treasure was recovered; I come to the last singular confession I have got to make.

It is this. I well knew what an immense and hopeless distance there was between me and Miss Maryon; I well knew that I was no fitter company for her than I was for the angels; I well knew that she was as high above my reach as the sky over my head; and yet I loved her. What put it in my low heart to be so daring, or whether such a thing ever happened before or since, as that a man so uninstructed and obscure as myself got his unhappy thoughts lifted up to such a height, while knowing very well how presumptuous and impossible to be realised they were, I am unable to say; still, the suffering to me was just as great as if I had been a gentleman. I suffered agony—agony. I suffered hard, and I suffered long. I thought of her last words to me, however, and I never disgraced them. If it had not been for those dear words, I think I should have lost myself in despair and recklessness.

The ring will be found lying on my heart, of course, and will be laid with me wherever I am laid. I am getting on in years now, though I am able and hearty. I was recommended for promotion, and everything was done to reward me that could be done; but, my total want of all learning stood in my way, and I found myself so completely out of the road to it, that I could not conquer any learning, though I tried. I was long in the service, and I respected it, and was respected in it, and the service is dear to me at this present hour.

At this present hour, when I give this out to my Lady to be written down, all my old pain has softened away, and I am as happy as a man can be, at this present fine old country-house of Admiral Sir George Carton, Baronet. It was my Lady Carton who herself sought me out, over a great many miles of the wide world, and found me in Hospital wounded, and brought me here. It is my Lady Carton who writes down my words. My Lady was Miss Maryon. And now, that I conclude what I had to tell, I see my Lady's honored grey hair droop over her face, as she leans a little lower at her desk; and I fervently thank her for being so tender as I see she is, towards the past pain and trouble of her poor, old, faithful, humble soldier.

THE END OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1857.

[illegible] Wellington Street North, Strand. Printed by [illegible] Evans, Whitefriars, London